

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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### For the Star of the North. FACTS AND FANCIES.

The evening was lovely. The sun was sinking behind the distant hills—all nature seemed at peace, it was a time for reflection, and my thoughts turned to the days of my childhood—to the bright happy scenes of the days of my infancy—to those hours of innocent mirth and gaiety that will never, never return; and I pictured to myself the pleasant white cottage among the hills, and memory led me back to the cool shaded spring where a large willow threw its graceful branches over the pure cold water, and near by was a rustic arbor, over which my sister, brother and I had trained with so much care a luxuriant grape vine. For several summers we used all the means in our power to have it bring forth fruit, but in vain. In spite of all our efforts, our toil, our training, not a single grape made its appearance. Yet ungrateful as it seemed to us, we cherished it still, and when our father would have destroyed it, we entreated him to spare it; for though it bore no fruit, yet its beautiful foliage sheltered us from the summer's sun.

At last I must not forget the orchard that grew on the hill side. Oh! what delicious peaches we used to gather, and apples too. With what delight would we ramble through the woods and meadows and gather the lovely wild flowers. And I remember what pleasure I took in calling them fairy throats, and imagining that perhaps there sometimes dwelt in each violet a little spirit that had its home in that bright happy place that our mother used to tell us of, methinks she called it HEAVEN. Yes often would she gather us around her, and point to the skies, and talk to us of that delightful place, and tell us that before long she hoped to dwell there. And leave us alone mother? We would ask, what will we do without you? Then she would tell us of a being who was always willing to take care of us, even though our parents were gone.

And I remember too with what satisfaction I watched the stars as they made their appearance one by one in the evening and fancy they were windows in Heaven through which the angels looked down and watched us.

A thousand other fancies flitted through my brain and I busied myself in building splendid glass castles in the air, when the shrill but well known voice of a female fell upon my ear like a thunder-bolt:—  
"Why, Jennie Ann, what upon earth are you about? I thought you went out an hour ago to milk the cows!" I started, looked around me, and with some surprise and chagrin found myself seated on the top of a six rail fence staring toward the West with all the interest of a practiced gazer, viewing bright fancies and building air castles which faded away at the sound of that shrill voice, like mist before the sun. Jumping down from my seat in position, seizing the milking pail which lay at my feet, I went to perform my duty with a heart neither heavier nor lighter than it had been an hour before.

### Buck Horn.

### Death of Lord Raglan.

Lord Raglan died nominally of dysentery. But it will be observed that his seizure comes just after the failures of the English attack on the Redan, in which an old blunder that the British made at the battle of New Orleans was repeated, and where, under a murderous fire, it was discovered that by some oversight the scaling ladders had been forgotten. The French General had complained of inefficient support, and his government had remonstrated with that of Great Britain, and applied for his recall. In such circumstances, there can be but little doubt that his death is rather to be attributed to non-success and anticipated disgrace, than to the ordinary effect of disease.

The Emperor Nicholas died a few months since, unquestionably more from a constitution worn out by disappointed ambition producing disease, than any other cause. Marshall St. Arnaud was hurried to his grave by the anxieties of the desperate undertaking of landing in the Crimea under a decimating disease. General Canrobert has so far failed to meet expectations, and retired in dejection while the Russian Generals in command have all failed of a single achievement. We say nothing of the host of inferior men who have died or been disabled, or dismissed, or retired in disgust, from Admiral Napier to Admiral Boxer. So far the war has exhibited much personal bravery and heroic conduct, but a miserable want of generalship and efficiency all round. Pelissier began with a few brilliant strokes, but all at once comes under an eclipse, and seems unable to emerge again.

It is war, therefore, in which no General, no Ministry and no country engaged has gained a particle of glory or of territory, but in which all have sunk immense amounts of treasure, and lost public confidence; in which all kinds of scientific inventions have

been tried, and nothing effected beyond the satisfactory discovery of the value of earth-works to counteract them all. It seems as if it were a war made expressly to exhibit the vanity of war and nothing else. So far it has not laid bare quite so much of its wickedness, perhaps, as usual. Fewer cities have been sacked, and fewer innocent, peaceful inhabitants slaughtered, because Kerich and Balaklava have been the only towns captured. Thus far the horrors of war have fallen almost exclusively on the armies, and not the peaceful citizens; on public, not on private property; on the officers with more severity than on the men. In fact, it seems to be an unmitigated exposure of the curse of war, without any one thing to arouse the sympathies of spectators in favor of either party, but simply to awaken a feeling of pity for both.

What sympathy can the United States feel in behalf of the Allies? Louis Napoleon is not less an Emperor than Alexander. His government is more at war with the liberty of its citizens, and is a greater outrage on freedom, because there is in France a greater sense of freedom to outrage than in Russia. The Allies, if they had been successful as they hoped, would have been very apt, in the flush of victory, to turn against this country. In Europe, the alliance with France has tied the hands of England, so as to make her policy less in favor of liberty on the continent, and more for upholding despotism, than it has been for a generation. It is equally idle to talk of our sympathizing with Russia in this struggle. A perfect despotism the destroyer of Hungary, the prop of absolutism in Europe, bent on extending its dominions by conquest, it is impossible to believe the world has anything to hope from her success as a nation. True, her Emperor has always been polite and liberal in his intercourse with the United States; has employed her citizens, contracted and paid liberally for their locomotives and their ships, but her people are half barbarous, the best apology perhaps that can be made for them for entrepaining and firing upon a flag of truce.

Nor is there any hope of liberty, or good of any kind, growing out of the present contest. Even the sick man, Turkey, will be bled to death by its physicians, as much as by his foes. If France and England capture the Crimea, they will quarrel over the spoils; and if they fail, they will quarrel through mutual recrimination. All Europe is coming round, increasingly, to the position of the United States, in seeing nothing whatever to hope from the present struggle, let it terminate as it may. If it only make all nations less disposed to meddle in each other's quarrels, less in favor of war, and more disposed for peace, it will not, however, have been without its utilities.—Lodge.

### A Country Singing Master at the Opera.

New York, August 4, 1854.

Dear Jake— I've seen sights since I left home. I've seen ships and monkeys, and the "clips of the sun, and Barnum, and organ grinders, and Julien and the Musical Congress; I've been in the Crystal Palace, and the tombs, and lots of other places too numerous to write about. But I want to tell you that I have been to the opera of *Massa Yellow to-night*, to see 'em operate. None hardly but big bugs and us musicians go to the opera, for it costs a dollar, and that's more than some people can pay for singing, and preaching a whole year. I can't tell you much about it, for several of the operators belong to the choirs in the fashionable churches in the city, and have learned to sing that nobody can understand them. Now, Jake, I'll tell you what 'opera style' is. When you see a girl, or anybody else, wriggle and twist, and turn her head, and roll her eyes like a pious duck in a shower, and not speak plain enough for you to understand a word, that's 'opera style.' That's the kind most all choirs hereabouts are trying to imitate, and some of them come mighty nigh it too. Well, as I could not understand the words of the opera, I will tell you what I can remember about the operation.

When I went in, there was only three or four hundred people; for this is a very select opera, and but few go to it, because they can't appreciate it. Some fellows sat in front of a big platform playing on some fiddles and brass horns, and such like. I tell you, they made 'em screech. The racket betwix the *nanny roogins* when they went round town dressed up so funny. Well, after they played awhile, a great painted sheet was rolled up. It was covered with pictures, you know, like the pretty bed of ours that that fellow stamped those pea-fowls, and elephants, and wagon wheels on. When it rolled up, there stood a fellow dressed like a monkey. He sung and tried to walk, but went one way and then another way, then strutted just to show his fine clothes. After he had sung some heathen language awhile, out came lots of girls with no dresses on—only just petticoats all sorts of colors, and some of the ugliest looking fellows you ever did see, with 'em. They sung a song, and then a woman came out with a shiny dress on. She had a scolloped thing on her head. I suppose it is what they call the 'primas da-no'; but I should call it a crown. She was mighty proud of it, but soon something hurt her; for oh! how she put her hand on her bosom and squalled! Then she went round to the fellows, who bowed, and that made her feel every, but soon she squalled again, and everybody clapped their hands as if they were glad but I pitied her, and wanted her taken off and given a dose of paregoric, or something. At last, after a hard squall, she sat down in a chair when out ran a girl with her sister's clothes on! Jake, it's a fact; her coat didn't

come down to her knees! She ran, whirled round and round, kicked her heels higher than her head, and the people laughed but I was ashamed. I never before seen anything like it in my life.

Then came out a girl that cut up and made all sorts of motions. She didn't say anything but she did expose herself so that when they got done they knelt down and prayed. I suppose they were praying about her acting so shamefully, for they looked mighty sorry. I don't know what they said, for they seemed to use the language of the Mormon preacher out by Hans Ingledyno's—the *Adamic* language.

After the prayer was done, some of 'em went behind the partition, (I tell you it looks very queer,) and soon they felt happy and sang mighty pretty. But they stole the tune, for it was 'composed expressly' for a book for school girls when they wanted to sing about flowers and make a queen. I've sung it lots of times. After a little while, out came the girl with the crown on, holding off one of the most Arabic looking fellows you ever saw. He looked like the picture of some Turkey chap fighting with Russians. Well, this girl was tickled to think she was married, (that's natural, you know, with 'em all,) and she let go his arm, galloped off one side, and told a chap something that nobody could understand. He bowed; then she went to another, and he smiled; and she went to all, but when she came to the girls they did not smile, no, they were all disappointed.

All this time that dumb girl was running round, making motions, and pointing at the new husband. I believe, Jake, he had been doing something wrong, or this poor girl wouldn't have looked so bad. She looked as sorrowful as the picture of the 'Maid and her Milk-pail,' in our spelling-book. Right here the curtain dropped, and the fiddling fellows crept through some holes under the platform. I didn't much like their playing, for it was too loud. It reminded me of many who play on the organ at church. They make the organ swallow the choir, and that is not tasty. I believe the words ought to be heard when people sing.

Well pretty soon the curtain rolled up, and then I saw why it had dropped, for every one had pulled off his or her clothes and put on others to go a fishing, and there they stood a fixing their fish seines. While they worked, one man sang, and it gave 'em fish, and they jumped up and ran off. The two men came out, and sang to one another, and motioned as if they would fight. When they got through—would you believe it? Some of the women who came to listen, threw flowers at them. I reckon it was to get them to try it again, to see if they couldn't do better, and they did.

Soon the dumb girl, who couldn't speak, ran out as if she was going to drown herself; but I tell you it was only pretence. It was just like Nancy Bandy, who always fainted in meeting when she could be sure to fall into the arms of some nice young man. Just so it was with this girl. The fellow got his arms around her and she made believe she wanted to get away but she didn't though.—Soon a chap behind the partition saw what was going on, and raised a yell which brought the whole crowd to the platform. They squalled, and bowed, and courtesied, and pointed and shook hands. What under the sun they did it for, I couldn't tell. Soon down dropped the curtain, and the fiddlers crept under the platform again.

In a few minutes up went the curtain, and sure as I'm living, the man had been fishing, and the women had been to the barn hunting eggs and here they had them to sell. Every one seemed anxious as hack drivers down to the steamboat landing to secure patronage. I couldn't keep from laughing just to look at 'em and hear them tell how good and cheap their traps were. They would make good hands to stand in mock auctions and sell watches to green western fellows. Soon a queer looking chap said something to two girls, who laid down their plunder, and he put his arm around them—and they let him, too—and they walked on the platform. What do you think they were going to do? Why, each was trying to see which could put the foot the highest and turn round the fastest.

The way the short clothes stood out and formed a periphery was a caution. I felt so ashamed that I just looked at the toe of my left boot, and supposed that everybody else was doing the same; but on looking cautious-ly round, I found the spectators, men and women, were looking with all their might, and some had spy-glasses. This did astonish me. But the fact is, Jake, I tell you that the shorter and lighter the petticoats, the longer and heavier the stamping. Well, the rest of the operators looked at these dancers for a while, and not being able, I suppose, to stand such wickedness, they all fell on their knees and prayed again, and no wonder. Well, soon after the prayer, a chap who seemed to have a spite against the girl that made the people believe that she couldn't talk, tried to catch her. The man jumped in ahead of him, and they fought with tin swords and pop-guns, and such like, and tickled the fellow, and down dropped the curtain. Whether that was the end of the opera or not, I don't know; but I thought it ought to be, so I came off.

Now, Jake, what do you think of it? I would like to tell you about some of the church singing here, but this letter is a heap too long already; so you must wait until my next.  
Your affectionate brother,  
WILLIAM BILKINS.

### From the Presbyterian Critic. THE AMERICAN PARTY.

There is no demand whatever, for a great national movement against the Catholic Church. The recent excitement in the country has been, in the main, the result of a corrupt movement of unprincipled politicians, to excite the Protestant feeling of the people, and to ride into power upon the tide. They have run foul of the great maxim, which they have so conspicuously set forward among their principles, as if for the purpose of exposing the profligacy of the whole movement, by violating in practice what they profess in theory. It is absurd to deny, that making the mere religious sentiments of a man, the reason of relating to vote for him, is a violation of the great principle of religious liberty. It is allowing a principle of discriminating the political aspect of a vote to be sound and just; which would be wicked and unprincipled, if embodied in a law. If our neighbors make their dislike to our Presbyterian sentiments, the ground for their refusing to vote for us, it is perfectly useless to disguise, that we are under political responsibility for religious opinions—that, quoad hoc, we are suffering for them. The objectionable feature in this view of the case, is making religious opinion unattended by any viciousness of action growing out of it, a ground for an universal discrimination in political affairs, affecting permanently large masses of citizens. This is our first and great objection to the American or Know-Nothing party; it is violating the very principle of religious liberty, which it professes to conserve; and has adopted a construction of that principle which strips it of all practical force, leaving it a dead letter in the statute book, and abandoning its control over the political action of the people.

We object again to a political movement against the Catholic church, because there is no necessity for it, provided the people of this country will properly employ the legitimate agencies of opposition which are in their power. The simple and sufficient condition of the preservation of the Republic from the arts of Romanism is, the full and efficient support of the Protestant Church—the complete and animated maintenance of the Domestic Missionary enterprise of the various Protestant denominations. This is the great conservative element of our political system; to sustain and vivify it with the vigorous energy which it ought to possess, and it need not be feared that any of the great social or political interests that are conditioned upon it, will ever come to harm.—It is the only—not less than the only legitimate power which can be effectively employed to restrain Popery, and maintain the institutions of our government. All persecution no matter how disguised in form, or limited in extent, will endure to the benefit of the body enduring it. The policy then, of restraining Popery by political disabilities inflicted upon the individual Catholic, is suicidal in the extreme. It will concentrate and intensify the attachment of its members, and render them more and more unapproachable by Protestant instruction. It will create sympathy, and thus open wide the door to proselytism, and it will put the Church in an attitude far more attractive, as the victim of an unjustifiable crusade, than it is at all entitled to assume from its intrinsic charms. How long is the world to be learning the lesson and never coming to the knowledge of the truth, that all means but reason and love, to effect the opinions of men, only result in strengthening attachment to their original convictions! The principle of this opposition to Popery is vicious, and the more completely it is carried into effect, the more disastrous will be the result. The more completely the political victory over Popery, the more it will be benefited. The only effective—as it is the only lawful, general and permanent agency of opposition to the Popish Church, is the true Protestant Church of Christ under its various forms.—We have no right to complain of the inefficiency of a means, until we have employed it fully, and tested all its capacities. Let the people of the United States double their support of the great Domestic Missionary work, and they may safely abandon all political agitations against the Catholic Church.

We object again to the American party, that is condensing the Catholic and Foreign element in our population into a political body, distinct from the mass of our citizens, armed with all their power to do mischief, and animated by all that hostility which is natural to men suffering under an ostracism of their religion and birth, and provoked by an attempt to diminish their full equality with other citizens. Now what does Know-Nothingism propose to do with the remedy of this evil which it has created? It only proposes to render the Catholic and Foreign citizens ineligible to office, and to limit their power to vote, and to limit their emigration to the United States, by great means of mischief, to be used to use them. There can be no doubt that the Pope's control over the American party, is a great evil, and that the Pope's control over the American party, is a great evil, and that the Pope's control over the American party, is a great evil.

absolute incompatibility of the Catholic Church and the free institutions of this country. This is the premise: its inference is to render the individual Catholic ineligible to office: the true inference from the premise as they construe it is, that the Catholic Church ought not to be tolerated at all. On the other issue, the premise is, that the foreign element in our population is dangerous to the government: the inference is, the reduction of a part of the right of citizenship—the eligibility to office, in the foreigners already here, and an extension of the term of naturalization. The true inference is, the prohibition of all emigration for the future, and the avoidance of every thing that would expatriate the foreign element already in the midst of us; the careful observance of every thing which would tend to strengthen their attachment to the institutions of the country.

These are the results which logically issue from the premises of the Know-Nothing creed, and which they are logically required to assume. But they dare not do it: the measure they propose to adopt—the exclusion from office—in ridiculously incomplete as a practical expedient: it is a most impotent and tame conclusion, as a logical inference. It is absolutely necessary, either to cease this political crusade against large masses of the people, or to make it effectual to accomplish, not only the ends it holds in view, but to prevent the incidental evils the effort at reform has created in its progress. Nothing short of a far more effective diminution of the common rights of citizenship than has yet dared to assume the shape of a public proposition, will meet the ends which the American party are seeking to accomplish. It is absurd to admit large classes of men to all the common rights of citizenship, except one, and that by no means the most important one. If there is a reason why they should be deprived of one, it is a reason why they should be deprived of all. If it is right to allow them to vote, it is right to allow them to be voted for; the one right is almost, if not altogether, correlative of the other. Any argument which would prove a man disqualified for office, would prove him disqualified to vote. There may be special reasons why particular offices, involving the representation of the national character, as well as the national policy, should be exclusively occupied by native born citizens; but this is very different in nature, and proceeds upon a wholly different principle of political wisdom, from the universal declaration of ineligibility to all office, among large masses of citizens. That eligibility, attaches as an incident, or inheres among the mass of the common rights of citizenship; and it is absurd to admit the citizenship in general, and deny this single capacity which it involves. This principle of action involves the explanation of the difficulty raised by the writer in the Critic for May, in relation to the eligibility of a Chinese or a Mahomedan. This question will be settled by the settlement of a previous question, and that is, whether large masses of such persons, Pagans and Polygamists, are to be admitted at all to the permanent and general participation in the rights of citizenship in a Christian Country?

It is on this question, the great Mormon issue now ripening for trial, will be determined in a few years. Conceding this issue as determined in the affirmative, all minor questions, such as eligibility to office, and propriety of voting such persons into office, are settled: it is absurd to question the ordinary propriety of allowing by vote, what is allowed by law. The whole question, as a general proposition, is determined by the permanent admission of large masses of persons in view to the common rights of citizenship. It is one thing to allow specific privileges to individual foreigners residing on our soil, for specific purposes; but it is altogether another, to disfranchise in part, and by a principle designed to be permanent, immense masses of men already present, and so recognized. We insist, therefore, that the whole movement must retrace its progress, or go forward: it is unwise in the extreme to leave all their power for mischief in their hands, resulting in part from their simple existence in the country as a part of its population, and, in part, from the privileges they are all to be left them—and then expect retrace them to use it, by attempting to reduce their full political equality with citizens of other birth and other religious opinions.

We object in the last place, and with deep severity of conviction, to the principles of organization adopted by the American or Know-Nothing party, and to some of the particular features which they have embodied in their order. If ever any principle was at war with the very foundation of the American Republic, it is the principle of a high bound organization of political parties, necessary, dangerous, hostile to the fundamental maxims of Republican liberty, and in its existing aspect, demoralizing in the degree. It strikes a blow at that great fundamental maxim of the government—the intelligence of the people—an essential element of republican liberty. What matters how much intelligence the people may have, if political men will conceal from them the elements upon which to employ that intelligence, in the foundation of an opinion and the adoption of a policy. The duties of a man is correlative. If it is the duty of the people to require knowledge of any party claiming their suffrage, before they endorse them, and it is the duty of that party to give it. No party has a right to retire into the dark, bind itself to secrecy under oath, unfold what they please and conceal what they please

from the people; the shadow of a moral right to give their sanction to that, of the propriety of which, they are not informed. Moreover, this principle of organization will prove utterly subversive of the Constitution of the United States, by placing the legislation of Congress in the hands of an irresponsible association of its members; in a body unknown to the Constitution, distinct from Congress its self, existing within but independent of all responsibility to any public or recognized law.—The Congressional Council, itself at war with the Constitution, will be under the control of the National Council; and the result will be, that the Congress of the United States will become, under the full success of Know-Nothing principles, a mere registry of decrees to a body in the heart of the country—unknown to the Constitution—existing, no one can tell where—aiming at, no one can tell what. It is a principle of party organization, which, by demanding the unlimited submission of the minority to the majority, annihilates the balance power of a Parliamentary opposition, and all the advantages that belong to it. It extinguishes the personal independence of the voter, destroys the jurisdiction of conscience over the political conduct, and make it a condition to the preservation of his integrity, if the voter should happen to scruple a measure or a man proposed by the Order that he absolutely abandon the party altogether.

Lastly, if this principle of secrecy and obligation under oath, is legitimate for one party, it is legitimate for all: every party may adopt it: the Sag Nicht! clubs of the foreigners of the West, are wholly justified; and the whole political destinies of the country may be controlled by secret oath bound organizations—a hybrid mixture of Masonry and a political caucus, with all good in either spoiled by the conjunction. Can any man in this nation contemplate such a prospect—the legitimate result of the principle of organization adopted by the Know-Nothing party—without emotions of alarm amounting to terror? It is a principle, legitimate in a condition of society, where the lives of men are dependent on the fidelity of their political associates; it is utterly abominable in any other. Yet the accomplished writer in the Critic for May, would place such a principle, in point of political morality on the same footing with the vote by ballot!

We have only to add, that if the Nationality, the Federal Union, and the Protestant civilization of this country is dependent upon the conservatism of this new political combination, its past acts indicate most fearfully that gloomy times are ahead.

### In Debt or Out of Debt.

Under the old Romans, the debtor who could not satisfy his creditor, became the slave of the man to whom he owed money. It would even seem also that, in some cases, the law permitted the creditor to put his debtor to death, and this not in the gentlest manner either.

In this day, the debtor is no longer liable to be sold in open market, to be driven under the whip, or to be tortured to death in revenge for having cheated his creditor. But, though he escapes being reduced to the nominal condition of slavery, actually he is no longer his own master, but, in part at least, belongs to another.

The debtor cannot leave his State without the consent of his creditor. He cannot enjoy the complete fruits of his labor, for he has to pay interest on his debts, even when he makes no attempt to liquidate the principal. He cannot even avail himself to the full of the chances that fortune presents, for he dare not, in justice to his creditors, embark in ventures of great hazard. The debtor is, therefore, still in bondage. He is a citizen shorn of half his privileges. He fills a position of quasi slavery.

To this condition, moreover, he has generally sunk by his own folly. Though sometimes he has only indiscretions to answer for, quite as often he is chargeable with wilful extravagance. Rarely is he wholly without fault. Extravagance, indolence, want of thrift, and other purely personal faults, make shipwreck of the largest proportion of those who fall into debt; a few, indeed, become victims to circumstances, which no human foresight could divine; but these form the exception, not the rule. The ordinary debtor, therefore, has little cause to censure others for his state of bondage. He was a slave to his appetites, or to culpable inefficiency, before he became a slave to his debts; and, in fact, he became the slave of the last, because he was already a slave to the first. If he has sacrificed his independence, it has been by pursuing a line of conduct which he knew, or ought to have known, would reduce him to the state of a dependant. As nations cannot remain free without self-discipline, so neither without it can a man be exempt from debt. It is as idle for the one to deplore his partial slavery, as it is for the other to bewail the liberties he wondrously threw away.—Our vices, whether we act in an individual or national capacity, are the real tyrants that degrade and subjugate us.

Who would be free himself must strike the blow. The quotation is as applicable to the debtor as it is to a people groaning in chains. He who would recover his lost freedom, must retrace the steps by which he sacrificed it. As man falls from his "high estate" of pristine freedom from debt, by extravagance, neglect of business, and want of prudence, so he can only recover it by thrift, energy, caution and self denial. The practice of these virtues, also, must be severe in proportion to the extent of his involvements. The thorny road to be travelled will appear

the more difficult from the rose-leaves with which formerly he so thoughtlessly strewn his path. But hard though the way may be, it is not impossible to a strong self-reliant soul; and the struggle always strengthens and ennobles the character. Great men make themselves such by discipline, as the oak hardens by cold or tempest. Never despair, even if in debt. Some of our noblest men were once in debt. To have been in debt, and recovered from it, is, in some respects, a prouder boast than never to have known what it was to owe money.

To every one who is in debt, we say, begin from this hour to get out of it, else you will lose all that is left in you which is noble or independent, or heroic. The longer you remain in debt, the more degraded you will become. Don't put off for a single day beginning to reform, for the task will be the harder with every hour of delay. Be up and doing! Now, or never!—Lodge.

### Merited Tribute.

The Wilkesbarre Record pays the following handsome compliment to the memory of Samuel P. Collings. From a late antagonist the tribute is doubly valuable:

"The knell of death again grates upon our ear, bearing the sad intelligence that SAMUEL P. COLLINGS Esq., U. S. Consul at Tangier, Morocco, is dead. This community, amongst whom his life has been spent, felt the blow severely as it came borne upon the wings of the telegraph last Wednesday.

Mr. Collings, as the editor of a paper in this place, has ably and powerfully served the Democratic party for a life time, and although so faithful an advocate of its doctrines, the first reward ever received for his arduous services, was the consulship to Tangier, given by President Pierce last spring. For many years his life has hung upon a single slender thread, threatening to be snapped at any moment by the slightest jar. Frequent attacks of bleeding at the lungs had kept the physical man weak, but the mind worked with renewed and redoubled energy, seeming to defy the ravages of the disease that was wasting away the body. When the appointment came, doubts arose whether his health would bear the long journey. Hearing of his arrival in safety, we had hoped the new climate and scenes would work a favorable change; and scarcely is the hope entertained, ere the unwelcome tidings is brought over the waters that he is no more. 'Tis hard to die in a foreign land. He has left a sorrowing family there, to retrace their steps to this valley with hearts cast down in sadness. His wife, her sister, and two of his children had gone with him and were just settled in their new home when the destroyer came. To them the blow comes with a weight almost too heavy to bear.

To eulogize the deceased would be folly. The mere mention of his death will recall his life to every one who sees this notice.—His qualities were of that fearless manly character that we can but admire. In the political contests of this country, his pen has been wielded with a force seldom equaled. Probably no one in all this region was so familiar with the politics not only local, but of the Nation, as Mr. Collings. His head was clear and his pen was always ready to trace out the ideas with a power that has caused many a one to wince under its inflictions when opposed in a contest. Vigor and clearness were his characteristics in writing—a scorn of anything not honorable, marked his actions. Even those who differed with him, will admire his bold and fiery opposition.

"At the battle of Cerro Gordo, General La Vega commanded one of the most efficient batteries in the engagement, and was taken at his post. Amongst the prisoners marched before the American lines after the surrender, rode La Vega, with the proud bearing of the soldier. As his horse came opposite the head of Gen. Worth's line, a soldier with clear voice said—"Who was the last man to leave the guns?" Instantly, as if by magic, the whole line shouted "General La Vega!" This, from a conquering enemy, must have shot with pride through his veins. So in the political fights here, we might ask, who fought the battle bravely? and the answer would be SAMUEL P. COLLINGS."

A GOOD CLAIM.—Mr. Albert Stoughton, of Boston, was recently killed by being thrown from his horse, in consequence of some boys throwing a bunch of fire crackers in the street. The friends of Mr. Stoughton have brought suit against the city for damages, alleging that as the crackers were fired in violation of law, the city is responsible for the mischief which occurred from a neglect of enforcing the proper means to see the ordinances enforced. The family has undoubtedly a very good legal claim, and enforcing it in this manner will probably have a good effect on the city authorities.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT POWELLTON.—Ex-Governor Bigler has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address on the occasion of the next Agricultural Exhibition, to be held at Powellton on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of September next. The exhibition promises to be one of the most brilliant and successful affairs of the kind ever held in this State.

In connection with the subject of Agricultural Fairs, we see the list of prizes for the State Fair, at Harrisburg, is published, and makes a more liberal allowance, and embraces a much larger range than usual, which will tend to make the exhibition better attended and more interesting to the public.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.