

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 14, 1857.

NUMBER 40.

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; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty five cents for each additional insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Choice Poetry.

From the Village Record.
"LIVE FOR SOMETHING."

"Live for something," let thy purpose
Be as broad as yonder sky;
Place the standard—speak the watchword,
"Live for something, live for something."
"Tis the golden arrows of high heaven,
Daring souls have gone before thee,
Making smoother still the way;
Face the danger—meet the tempest,
Crown'd heroes alone delay.

"Live for something," thought the Father,
Gave thee not the grasping mind,
Fill the measure of thy talent,
Spurning not the task designed.
They are worse than dead, who basely
Leave the field as yet unwon;
Bend thy ear and nerve thy spirit,
Thought it be the signal gun.

"Live for something," hold no treaty
With the demon of despair,
Keep thy forehead to the sunlight,
Thus shalt see "the promise" there.
Through the old prophets struggled,
Through the flames that upward rolled,
Thus the great men of the present
Have their glowing names enrolled.

Fear not; cowards may be near thee,
With their tongues to poison faith,
Lead no ear but face thy duty,
Even unto chains and death.
Batter far to die relying.
On some truth the crowd had spurned,
Than to live forever sighing,
That no stone is left unturned.

"Live for something," make thy mission,
Worthy of a noble soul.
Stand not trembling lest the life bark
Strike against the rocks of moral shame.
Spread the sails and favoring breezes,
Yell shall wait thy safely on;
Till the "Islands of the blessed,"
Lift their green shores to the sun.

"Live for something!"—from the ages
Comes a deep prophetic tone,
Speaking through the dusty caverns,
"Make the hidden things thy own."
Grasp and give with hands unswerving,
For the future hath its store;
And the world like hungry children,
Cries unceasing "Give me more!"

"Live for something," thought a Newton
Sent his great thoughts round the spheres;
Learned their secrets, found their motions,
Stored them up for future years.
Thought with simple kite a Franklin
Drew the lightning to his side—
They are richer pearls ungrasped,
Greater power yet unapplied.

"Live for something," win a garland,
That shall stand the blasts of time—
Mid the shrieking winds around thee,
Fearless tread the path sublime;
Then, thought but a seeming cypher
In the long Eternal sum;
Thou shalt find the Father,
In the Kingdom yet to come.

BE FRANK AND DETERMINED.—Never affect
to be other than what you are. Learn to say
"I do not know," and "I cannot afford it,"
with most decorous distinctness and emphasis.
Men will then believe you when you say,
"I do know," and "I can afford it."
Never be ashamed to pass for just what you
truly are, and who you are, and you are on
solid ground. A man is already of consequence
in the world, when it is known that
we can implicitly rely on him—that when he
says he knows a thing, he will do. Such a
reputation will give a man more real en-
joyment, and is of far greater value to him,
than all the results which display and pre-
tension can compass.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."—In one of the
interior provinces of India there is said to
be a man who every morning goes to a distant
tough standing by the road side, and
filling it with water, returns to his daily
duties. The caravans passing that way call
and sate their thirst. He never knows
whom he blesses, and they never know
their benefactor. He is satisfied that some
weary pilgrims are refreshed by his kind-
ness, but who they are matters not. They
will never return to reward him personally,
but his reward is the consciousness of hav-
ing done a generous act.

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 meeting, 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 soon to dodge his head,
and proved to be the guilty party.

A young man, desirous of marrying
a daughter of a well known merchant, after
many attempts to broach the subject to the
old gentleman, in a very stammering manner
commenced—"Mr. O—, are you willing
to let me have your daughter Jane?" "Of
course I am," gruffly replied the old man;
"and I wish you would get some other likely
fellows to marry the rest of them!"

OUR GRANDMOTHER.

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fire-place therein, with its smooth old jamb of stone—smooth with many knives that have been sharpened there. There are andirons with rings in the tops, wherein many temples of flame have been built, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad, worn hearth, by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful" and walked upon floors of tessellated gold. There are togs in the corner, where-with we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams—the shovel which when we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samples in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all, and said she wished there were more of us to love, and took all the school in the hollow for grand-children beside. A great, expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that their loom of sicken texture.

We can see her to-day—those mild blue eyes with more beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hide—within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion, but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over the window, as she came in and plucked the four leaf clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's disheveled head, when a small voice cries, "Grandma!" from the old red cradle. "Grandma," Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up, one by one, and look for a hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor, lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little, dim window, and never comes out in the world; and our petitions are granted, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud! So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them; and so sweetly did she breathe the white roses in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and appro-
ached harm! How the rodest of us soft-
ened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries which she had plucked, the little eggs she had found, the "turn over" she had baked, the rinklet she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us—the offspring of the beat.

What treasure of story fell from those old lips—of good faries and evil, of the old times she was a girl; and we wonder if ever—but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer—but that she ever was "little." And, then, when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing, mother, grand ma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart, that is neither chilled nor dead—and grandmother sang—"To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert room now a days; but then it was the old kitchen and the old fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times; and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them though it is a hand's breadth to the sun-st."

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane, that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her thoughts were seen, when the hall door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it she

OLD SONGS.

old smile she wore!—to sit there around the fire and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Wood," who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadow; and how strangely glad we feel when the robin-red-breast covered them with leaves; and last of all, when the angels took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now—but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our heart with memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attributed what ever we may to the school and school-master, the rays which make that little we call life, radiate from the God-swept circles of the hearstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and fathers ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the firelight, and it looks like rain in the sun's shining. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song; and the voice that sang it, when a light-haired and light-hearted girl, she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the days to come. Of the days that are no more! What a spell we waste to bring them back again! What woe can we unsay, what deeds undo, to set back just this once, the ancient clock of time!

So all of little hands were forever clinging to her garment, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came home once more to the homestead.

We thought we were men and women, but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as the fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shades in the door way, and she said, "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's,"—for she has almost forgotten the folden hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and the grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother that Edward has brought," says some one, "for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song of children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old, she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were is weeping; she hears the half suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand—"Here my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold, the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed-time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told; it was bed time at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever.—But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of her heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER,
God bless her forever.

THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.—Lichtenstein says that the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces where he lies crouching upon the ground, gathering himself for the effort.

The hunters, he says, make a rope never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with most perfect certainty. He adds that if a person has the misfortune to meet a lion, his only hope of safety is to stand perfectly still, even though the animal crouches to make a spring—that spring will not be hazarded if the man has only nerve enough to remain motionless as a statue, and look steadily at the lion. The animal hesitates, rises slowly, retreats some steps, again retreats, till having thus by degrees got quite out of what he seems to feel as the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

THE LADIES' DRESSES.—A friend of ours alleges that a considerable portion of the increased importations, is the result of the ladies needing so much more stuff for their dresses than they used to. He says that by the fashions, great circumference, &c. it requires just about twice as much silk to make a lady's dress as in the good old times—and the ladies are no more comfortably nor handsomely clothed. The Extra sum thus wasted, he contends, if it could have been saved, might have greatly mitigated the present state of affairs. Thus the dress expansion has conducted to a financial contraction.

We wonder whether the French had not an eye to increasing their silk business, when they set the present ridiculous fashions?

HARD TIMES.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears.
While we all seek sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears.
Oh, hard times come again no more.
Chor.—'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh, hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door,
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
Oh, hard times come again no more.
Chor.—'Tis the song, &c.

There's a pale drooping maiden, who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er,
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day.
Oh, hard times come again no more.
Chor.—'Tis the song, &c.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the trouble-d wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore.
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely grave,
Oh, hard times come again no more.
Chor.—'Tis the song, &c.

The Character and Policy of Republicanism in the States.

The party calling itself Republican has been in existence three years without one beneficial result flowing from its policy and teachings. In a majority of the Northern States it has had unlimited sway, and in nearly all of these States its rule has been characterized by corruption, profligate expenditures of the public money, increase of taxation and general recklessness. It has brought no good to State or Nation, but has been the parent of unmix'd and bitter evil. We need but to turn to the condition of the several States in which Governors or other State officers are to be elected this fall for the proof of this.

In Massachusetts a contest is now progressing for Governor. N. P. Banks, the notorious "Union slider," is the Republican candidate. He is the representative of the extreme school of Republicanism with all its bitter hatred of the South and everything southern; an advocate of laws nullifying the act of Congress for the reclamation of fugitive slaves; in favor of the removal of Judge Loring to satisfy the demands of the Abolitionists for a victim because he had the firmness to execute those laws when his oath of office peremptorily demanded it; and in favor of building up a sectional party at the North to exterminate slavery and degrade the South. While he and his party were engaged in the work of prolonging and increasing this destructive sectional feeling, the interests of the State have been suffering from neglect and corruption. In five years there has been \$2,610,000 of taxes levied, and yet up to the first of this year the public debt has increased about the same amount. This money has been expended by the Republican party in visionary improvements which have only enriched the contractors and speculators; yet not a word can be got out of Mr. Banks on the subject of State policy. The slavery question receives his undivided attention.

New York is even in a worse condition.—In that State, important State officers are to be elected this fall. Republican rule has produced the same bitter fruits. Reckless extravagance in public expenditures have been pushed so far that the State has been obliged to suspend operations on the public canals. Ten millions of money confided to the hands of the Seward managers has been expended; the treasury is exhausted, and not a dollar's loan can be obtained on the credit of the State.

The Albany Argus says:
"In the list of Bankruptcies, which just now darken the money-columns of our journals and shed their gloom over the business of the people, we may expect to see recorded that of 'The State of New York—Seward, Weed & Co., managers—suspended. Outstanding liabilities about thirty millions—third failure—character bad—will have to liquidate.' The people have often had to blush for the State, when it has been in the hands of our opponents. But they have again and again been ejected by promises of reform. They will listen no longer; but will take the matter into their own hands—drive out these bankrupt money-changers from the Capitol, and set about the work of redeeming New York—redeeming its political character and its future credit and sinking honor."

With these fruits of a ruinous and corrupt State policy staring them in the face, the Republicans of New York meet in convention, public State issues, resolve that they will resist the Dred Scott decision to the last, and howl over Kansas with which they have as much practical concern as with the domestic affairs of Madagascar or the police regulations of St. Petersburg.

Look at the third great State in which the Republican party has had unlimited sway.—Ohio has been the prey of corrupt office holders; her treasury has been plundered, and her people need, for their future a security a system that will prevent such depletions in future. But Republicanism cannot pass in its career of universal philanthropy, to mend the evils resulting from mismanagement of State affairs. They nominate Chase the present Governor and an avowed Abolitionist in favor of negro equality and negro suffrage, for re-election, to divert the public mind as much as possible from State issues, take a bold step in advance of their Republican brethren in other States, and advocate the amendment of the Constitution of the United

STATES, SO AS TO DEPRIVE THE SOUTH OF THE FIFTH BASIS OF NEGRO REPRESENTATION.

In our own State sham-Republicanism is marked by the same general characteristics as in Massachusetts, New York and Ohio.—Wilmot has much to say about "slave drivers" and "women floggers" in Virginia, much about "bleeding Kansas," much about the rule of "southern aristocracy," and much about matters with which we have not the most minute practical concern, but not a word on the immediate interest of the great State of Pennsylvania. Not a syllable escapes his lips in condemnation of the act of profligate and purchased Legislature that offered to sell the sovereignty of the State; not a word to foreshadow his opinions on the important subject of class legislation and the granting of special privileges; not an expression indicating his views on the impending contest over the tonnage tax; in fact nothing that practically touches the pockets, the prospects or the future policy of the State of Pennsylvania.

In Congress, Republicanism showed the same ugly features as in the States. While the members of this party were engaged in bewailing the condition of Kansas and uttering diatribes against the South, they had no eye for internal corruption, no denunciations for those of her members who were selling their votes, and proscribing their positions for money; but when Matteson and others were detected and exposed, the greater portion of the Republican members came forward with their denials, their quibbles, and their votes, to shield the culprits from merited exposure.

Republicanism is not a system of political dogmas adopted by every emergency that may arise in the affairs of State or nation, but being founded on a single idea it pursues that idea while every material interest goes to wreck around it. Such is always the characteristic of mock philanthropy. Dickens has portrayed the character to perfection in Mrs. Jellyby, whose mind was completely absorbed in the collection of funds and in unremitting correspondence for the regeneration of Africa and the settlement of Baraboo-lah-Glah, while her household was neglected and running to rack, her children, dirty and uneducated, left to take care of themselves, and that every unimpotent individual, her husband whose soul was too confined to comprehend the advantages of African philanthropy—permitted to seek his meals and his society wherever he could get them. If his great novelist had our Banks, our Searles and our Wilmots in his eye, he could not have drawn the character more perfectly.

What good has Republicanism done the country? Where is the single individual who has been benefited by its doctrines or its practice? On the contrary, has it not sown dissent in the Nation? Has it not been the parent or extravagance and corruption in the States? Is it not managed by profligates and spendthrifts? It remains for the people of Pennsylvania to teach the Mrs. Jellybys, who declaim about the woes of Kansas and Africa, that they have practical interests at home to attend to without heeding the concerns of those who are able to take care of themselves.

How to EDUCATE CHILDREN.—Hall's Journal of Health contains the following suggestive paragraph, which ought to be remembered and acted upon by every parent and guardian in the land. The writer says:
"Had I the choice of only four things to be taught my children, they should be: To sing well, to read well, to write well, and to sketch well. Perfection in these will earn their possessor a maintenance in any country, and will enable him to amuse himself or entertain a company, whether it be under a rock in the desert or upon a crag in the sea."

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! Is it not managed by profligates and spendthrifts? It remains for the people of Pennsylvania to teach the Mrs. Jellybys, who declaim about the woes of Kansas and Africa, that they have practical interests at home to attend to without heeding the concerns of those who are able to take care of themselves.

It is stated 'by authority' that a new fashion is about to be introduced by the ladies—no less in fact, than an immense calash which is to be attached to the waists of the clear creatures, to be raised and lowered at pleasure, like the top of a buggy.

A somewhat eccentric, yet celebrated Judge, some years ago, was asked by a counsellor to put down a certain case for the last Friday in the month of March, which happened to be Good Friday. His honor indignantly replied—"No; I won't set any case down for that day. There never was but one Judge who tried a cause on that day—that was Pontius Pilate, sir."

A New York editor says he went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself when he awoke in the morning, crawling out between two of the shortest stitches.

This is not surprising when it is remembered how very small some of the New York editors are.

The price asked for Mount Vernon and the Tomb of Washington is \$200,000.—It has been proposed in Virginia that Freemasons make up the money necessary to purchase it by the subscription of one dollar or less from each individual.

SENATOR DOUGLAS, BY AN OPPOSITION PAPER.

The following sketch of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, by the editor of a Republican paper, the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, is graphic and amusing. It appears that he was a passenger with Judge Douglas on a trip in the cars from St. Louis to Chicago, at the close of the celebration of the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in June last.

The little man, with a big, round head, a brow almost as broad as Webster's, and a quick, active eye, that rolls under the heavy, projecting brow, watching every other man, and not allowing a motion to escape him— with arms too short for his body, which is full and round, as though it never lacked the juices that supply life; and with small duck legs, which, had they grown as thick as his back-bone (and they would probably, if Providence had not foreseen that he would want back-bone more than legs in his battle of life), would have made him of respectable stature; that little man is no less than the great politician of the West, who has attracted more attention in the last four years than any other man of the nation, and done more to give direction to public affairs than even the President, with a million and a half of voters at his back, and the army, navy, and treasury of North America at his command. It is the "Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglas, with whom we parted company at Vincennes, and who has slowly come along, feeling the public pulse, to learn the political health of the "huckers," up to Springfield, the capital of the State.

The means of success in Senator Douglas are very apparent. First he is really and intellectually a great man. Eastern people who view him only as a low politician, should disabuse their minds in relation to one who is to exercise a wide influence in the affairs of the country, and very probably—(or he is yet young—to be the head of the Republic. He is massive in his conceptions, broad and comprehensive in his views and in a good measure is endowed with all those powers of mind that make a statesman.

But he is greater still in energy of character. There are those who think that a defeat of him next year would be his death in politics; but the man who sprung from a cabinet maker's shop in Vermont, and without father or friends worked his way to an honorable place upon the bench of judges, who entered Illinois with less than fifteen cents in money and not one cent in credit, and has acquired great wealth and the highest station and influence, is not easily to be whipped out. But he is great in mind, and great in energy, he is greatest in those winning manners with which the world calls him a demagogue. Scarcely a man, woman, or child in the cars escaped his attention, or was passed by unspoken to. At one moment he talks with the old, stern-visaged politician, who has been sown by thousand defeats and disappointments, in the next to that well-formed and genial Kentuckian, who has just sought a free State; now he sits down with the little girl approaching her teens, and talks of her school studies; and he pats the little boy on the head, and in the presence of his fond mother and proud father (what father is not proud to see his boy noticed!) says a word of his mild eyes or glossy locks.

Again the lady is approached with a fair word and a bland smile, and goes home pleased to tell her husband or father how he looks and what he says, and then half a dozen are about him, all standing together. He can talk religion with the priest as well as politics with the statesman; he can congratulate the newly appointed office-holder, who has supplanted his friend, tell the displaced friend of the "good time coming," when his wing shall be up; and at every station, more regularly than the conductor, Mr. Douglas is upon the platform, with a good bye to the leaving, and a welcome to the departing traveler—a shake of the hand with one man that stands at the depot, and the touch of a hat to another. He knows everybody; can tell the question which affects each locality; call the name of every farm owner on the way; tell all travellers some thing of the homes, they left that they never knew themselves, and suggests what they are adapted for in this life, and what place they deserve in heaven.

Now such a man as that, in contact with everybody, knowing everybody, and capable of pleasing everybody; and at the bottom wrapped up with the one idea of preferment, power, and dominion among men, is not easily to be put down; and his opponents might as well believe at once, that when they fight him they fight a strong man—a little giant indeed. He would be popular in Boston or anywhere else, had he the "three thousand clergymen" he denounced would have their hearts stolen if he should speak to them a half hour.

Pennsylvania Legislature—Extra Session.

HARRISBURG, OCTOBER 5TH, 1857.

SENATE.—The Senate was called to order at noon by the Speaker, Mr. Finney.

The roll was called, and all the members answered to their names except Mr. Crabb.

The Proclamation of the Governor was read.

A committee of two were appointed to inform the House that the Senate was ready to proceed to business, and a committee of three were appointed to examine the petition of the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association, and report thereon.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth

MR. JORDAN'S MESSAGE.

was introduced, and presented the Governor's message. It was read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Jordan read a bill in place concerning the banks, which was read and ordered to be printed. On motion it was referred to a special committee of seven.

Mr. Brown read two bills, one a supplement to the Act of April 16th, 1850, regulating the banks, another, entitled an Act relating to the floating debt of railroads, and navigation companies.

He also read a series of joint resolutions instructing the State Senators and Members of Congress, in relation to the control and restraint by Congress of paper money.

A motion to print 1000 copies more of each of these bills was discussed.

The motion to print was finally adopted unanimously, and referred to a special committee of five.

Mr. Wright read a bill prohibiting the banks from issuing notes of a less denomination than twenty dollars. Ordered to be printed and referred to the Committee on Banks.

Mr. Lewis presented a bill relative to the banks of the Commonwealth, which legalizes the suspension of specie payments, and fixes a time for resumption. Referred to a select committee of five.

Mr. Straub presented a bill to extend relief to the people, by suspending the collection of debts due the banks from the people.—Read and referred to the Committee of Finance.

The Speaker presented the memorial of the Committee of Bank Presidents of Philadelphia, which was read and referred to a Special Committee of seven.

Mr. Gazzam presented the proceedings of the meeting of the Board of Trade and citizens of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Taggart presented a bill concerning the Banks, which was read and referred to the Special Committee of seven.

Mr. Souther submitted a resolution calling on the State Treasurer to inform the Senate what amount of money belonging to the State is deposited in the Banks, and what amount in Bank notes, and on what Banks, are in the Treasury. Laid over for the present.

Mr. Browne gave notice that he would tomorrow offer a resolution calling on the Banks for a statement of their present condition.

Mr. Scofield read a resolution to adjourn sine die on Monday next.

Mr. Taggart moved to amend by charging the day of adjournment to Tuesday.

Pending a discussion which ensued, the Senate adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

ABSTRACT OF THE BILLS PRESENTED.

SENATE.—The following is an abstract of Mr. Jordan's bill, of which 1000 copies were ordered to be printed, and which was referred to a special committee:

SEC. 1. Suspends the operation of all acts declaring the suspension of specie payments by Banks a forfeiture of the charter; and renews all penalties for such violation of the charter. It authorizes loans and discounts, and the issue by the Banks of their own and other notes for a period of — days, and requires the dividends to 6 per cent. per annum.

SEC. 2. Requires the publication of quarterly statements of the condition of the banks of the Commonwealth in the newspapers.

SEC. 3. Requires all Banks during their suspension of specie payment to receive the notes of all other Banks in payment for debts which were issued on the 24th of September, under certain regulations.

SEC. 4. Requires that the deposits of the State Treasurer in any of the Banks shall be paid in specie.

SEC. 5. Authorizing a stay of execution on judgment for one year, in all cases where the defendant's estate, in the opinion of a Court, is worthy the amount of the judgment, or where security be given.

SEC. 6. Where the act shall take effect immediately on its passage, and the provisions be accepted by the Banks within sixty days.

MR. BROWNE'S PROPOSED SUPPLEMENT TO THE ACT OF APRIL 16TH, 1850, REGULATING BANKS.

The First Section requires that the Banks of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh shall publish a weekly statement of their assets and liabilities; and the country Banks, on or before the tenth day of each month, shall furnish an exhibit of their affairs as they were on the Monday of each week of the next preceding month to the Auditor-General, who is to arrange them in tabular form, and publish in one of the newspapers at the seat of Government.

Section 2. Limits the Bank dividends to 6 per cent. per annum, clear of State taxes, until said bank shall have accumulated a reserve or contingent fund, not less than 25, nor more than 30 per cent. on the capital stock. And thereafter limits the dividends to 9 per cent. per annum, clear of State taxes. All the earnings above nine per cent. to be paid into the State Treasury.

SEC. 3. Requires said reserve or contingent fund as a fund to be received in State, or United States Treasuries, and deposited with the Auditor-General, and an additional security to that now provided by law for the redemption of the notes of said Banks, and to be applied to that purpose on the failure of such Bank to redeem its notes in gold and silver.

SEC. 4. Prohibits Banks, Savings Funds, and Trust Companies from dealing in, or purchasing bank notes, at less than their par value.

SEC. 5. Prohibits Banks from acquiring or purchasing any real estate.

SEC. 6. Prohibits either — days the closing