

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 23, 1864.

NUMBER 22.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL! EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBUG, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No clap-trap operation to gull the public, but a genuine money-making thing! Read the Circular of instruction once only, and you will understand it perfectly. A lady has just written to me that she is making as high as TWENTY DOLLARS SOME DAYS! giving instructions in this art. Thousands of Soldiers are making money rapidly at it. It is a thing that takes better than anything ever offered. You can make money with it home or abroad—on steam boats or railroad cars, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in pursuing it, not only because it will yield a handsome income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A mere trifle is necessary to start with.

There is scarcely one person out of thousands who ever pays any attention to advertisements of this kind, thinking they are humbugs. Consequently those who do send for instructions will have a broad field to make money in. There is a class of persons in this world who would think that because they have been humbugged out of a dollar or so, that everything that is advertised is a humbug. Consequently they try no more. The person who succeeds is the one that keeps on trying until he hits something that pays him.

This art cost me one thousand dollars, and I expect to make money out of it—and all who purchase the art of me will do the same. One Dollar sent to me will insure the prompt return of a card of instructions in the art. The money will be returned to those not satisfied.

Address: WALTER T. TINSLEY,

No. 1 Park Place, New York.

Oct. 21, 1863—3m.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—Dr. Harvey's Female Pills have never yet failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction, or stoppage of nature, or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from spinal affections, prolapse, Uteri, the whites, or other weaknesses of the uterine organs. The pills are perfectly harmless on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate female without causing distress—the same time they act like a charm by strengthening, invigorating and restoring the system to a healthy condition and by bringing on the monthly period with regularity, so that from what causes the obstruction may arise. They should however, NOT be taken during the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time, as miscarriage would be the result.

Each box contains 60 pills. Price \$1.

Dr. Harvey's Treatise on diseases of Females, pregnancy, miscarriage, barrenness, sterility, Reproduction, and abuses of Nature, and emphatically the ladies' Private Medical Adviser, a pamphlet of 64 pages sent free to any address. Six cents required to pay postage.

The Pills and book will be sent by mail when desired, securely sealed and prepaid by J. BRYAN, M. D. General A. C.

No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Sold by all the principal druggists.

Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS—Warranted in all cases. Can be relied on! Never fail to cure! Do not nauseate! Are speedily in action! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without detection! Upward of 200 cures the past month—one of them very severe cases. Over one hundred physicians have used them in their practice, and all speak well of their efficacy, and approve their composition, which is entirely vegetable, and harmless on the system. Hundreds of certificates can be shown.

Bell's Specific Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pill. They are adapted for male and female, old or young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and speedy cure in all cases of Seminal Weakness, or Seminal Discharge, or Stricture, or any of its train of evils, such as Urinary and Vaginal Discharges, the whites, nightly or involuntary Emissions, Incontinence, Gonorrhea, Debility and Irritability, Impotence, Weakness or loss of Power, nervous Debility, &c., all of which arise principally from Sexual Excesses or self-abuse, or some constitutional derangement, and incapacitates the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhea, Gleet and Stricture, and in Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box.

Sold by all the principal druggists. Price \$1.

They will be sent by mail, securely sealed, and confidentially, on receipt of the money, by J. BRYAN, M. D.

No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Consulting Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send, free to all, the following valuable work, in sealed envelope:

THE FIFTEENTH THOUSAND—DR. BELL'S TREATISE on self-abuse, Premature decay, impotence and loss of power, sexual diseases, venereal weakness, nightly emissions, genital debility, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which should be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure in the severest stages is plainly set forth. Two stamps required to postulate.

Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

PROSPECTUS

THE PHILADELPHIA AGE, 1864.

The only Democratic Daily Journal Published in Philadelphia. The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws.

The Daily Age, which advocates the principles and policy of the Democratic party, is issued every morning (Sundays excepted) and contains the latest Telegraphic News from all parts of the World; with carefully prepared articles on Government, Politics, Trade, Finance, etc., and prompt editorial comments on the questions and affairs of the day; Market Reports, Prices Current, Stock Quotations, Marine Intelligence, Reports of Public Gatherings, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, Legal Reports, Theatrical Criticisms, Reviews of Literature Art and Music, Agricultural Matters, and discussions of whatever subject is of general interest and importance.

The Weekly Age, is a complete compendium of the News of the Week, and contains the chief editorials, the prices current and market reports, stock quotations, correspondence and general news matter published in the Daily Age. It also contains a great variety of other matter, rendering it in all respects a first class family journal, particularly adapted to the Politician, the Merchant, the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Literary man, and all classes of readers. It has, in fact, every characteristic of a Live Newspaper, fitted for the Counting House, the Workshop, the Farmer's Fireside, and the general reader.

TERMS.

DAILY.

One Year, By Mail, \$8 00

Six Months, " " 5 00

Three Months, " " 2 00

For any period less than three months, at the rate of Seventy five cents per month.

WEEKLY.

One Year, By Mail, \$5 00

Six Months, " " 3 00

Three Months, " " 1 50

Clubs of 10, " " 17 50

" 20, " " 30 00

with an extra copy gratis for getting up the club.

Payment required invariably in Advance.

Specimen copies of the Daily and Weekly will be sent gratis to any address, on application.

The Publishers of The Age can easily fill their columns with the unsought and most liberal commendations of the press throughout the country; but they prefer that it should stand altogether upon claims to public confidence, well known and established. They believe it has acquired this reputation by the candor, fearlessness and independence with which it has been conducted. Through times of extraordinary confusion of ideas on public subjects, and latterly of almost unexampled public trial. It is now, and will be, as heretofore, the champion of truly national principles, opposed alike to radicalism and fanaticism in every form, and devoted to the maintenance of good government, law and order.

The Publishers of The Age conceive that it renders peculiar services and has peculiar claims upon all men by whom its principles are valued, and who by the proper means, look to promote and secure the Constitutional restoration of the Union. These can best show their sense of the untiring efforts of the publishers, in behalf of this great and unparalleled cause, by earnestly sustaining this paper in all its business relations.

Address: GLOBE BROS. & WELSH,

No. 430 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

March 16, 1864.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

We do not believe that even in this age of cheap publications any work can be more reasonable than the terms of the Scientific American at \$2 per annum with 25 per cent. discount for clubs of 10 to form a yearly volume of 832 pages quarto, with an immense number of original engravings of patented machines, valuable inventions, and objects of scientific interest. There is not an industrial pursuit which does not receive a share of its attention. It contains official list of patents, claims, important statistics, practical recipes for domestic purposes, and has long stood, both in this country and in Europe, as the highest authority in the mechanical arts and sciences. There is no publication more valuable to the farmer, the miller, the engineer, the iron founder, the mechanic, or the manufacturer. We have never known a number without learning something we never knew before, and obtaining valuable information for the benefit of our readers. The Publishers, Messrs. Mun & Co., of 37 Park Row, New York, have deserved the success which they have achieved. No one should visit that city without calling at their palatial establishment, which is a museum of inventions, and collecting from the entire world. If any of our friends do not know this work and will take our advice, they will mail \$2 and become subscribers immediately, or by applying to the Publishers they can obtain a specimen copy gratis, which will be sure to confirm the truth of our recommendation.

Old Things Become New.

The undersigned would beg leave to inform his old friends, and "the rest of mankind," that he has lately returned from the service of his country, and again re-opened his OLD ESTABLISHMENT, ED TAILORING SALOON, with a view of making an entire new wardrobe, as well as mending old ones, for all mankind, (and any body else,) who may favor him with their work in his line.

He is prepared to do work NEAT, FASHIONABLE and SUBSTANTIAL, and hopes by so doing, and strict attention to business to merit and receive a due share of patronage. But remember, all that these terms require money, or something to live upon, he therefore, hopes and trusts, that when he has done his part, his customers will do theirs, by furnishing the "ready John," or ready trade. For truly the "Laborer is worthy of his hire."

BERNARD RUPERT.

Bloomburg, Sept. 10 1862.

BLANKS! BLANKS! BLANKS!

DEEDS, SUMMONS,

EXECUTIONS, SUBPENAS,

of proper & desirable forms, for sale at the office of the "Star of the North."

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

WM. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd 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 taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows:

One square, twelve lines three times \$1 00

Every subsequent insertion, " " 25

One square, three months, " " 3 00

One year, " " " " 8 00

Choice Poetry.

EXEMPT.

Exempt from what? a knapsack, gun, a blanket and uniform?

Some weary marches in the sun.

And nights out-doors amid the storm.

That's all; my boy, I pray you wait

Before you laugh and say "all right!"

Your papers have not waited your fate,

You have the battle yet to fight!

Exempt! come, have you brains, a tongue,

Within your breast a living heart?

Then stand where you belong—among

The men who fight on Freedom's part!

You need not search to find a foe;

'Behold he meets you in the street,

He follows you wherever you go,

He flings himself beneath your feet.

Stand to your guns! I'll brave and calm;

Beware the foe with whom you deal—

His mouth is full of deadly harm,

His lies are worse than cutting steel.

Exempt! there's no such thing my boy!

You're not exempt while war endures;

Think you your pale face can destroy

Your country's right to you and yours?

Exempt! no more of that poor word—

Or fill it with a better sense;

So shall your country's voice be heard,

A calling you to her defence!

THE STORY OF A JUG.

It is a true tale of one whose name is "a familiar in our mouths as household words," but who shall be known here as Bernard Barton.

Bernard was born in one of those homelike, cleanly, and honest looking villages of Massachusetts, of which there are so many, and which we shall call by way of distinction Middletons. Bernard was an only child, and his father, there's no denying the fact, was a harsh & very harsh man, and apt to regard the faults of the boy much more harshly than they deserved. Bernard was without a mother, she having died when he was but three years of age, since which time he had been under the charge of a grand-mother, who had become domiciled at the Barton homestead, and who made up by petting for the rough usage he received from his father. The only other member of the family was Marion, an orphan, whom Bernard had called "cousin," and who was of that relation some score of times removed. Between Marion and Bernard there was six years difference, and the little blue-eyed child looked up to the boy of sixteen as to some superior being, whose wisdom surpassed all comprehension; for Bernard, though born and educated upon a farm, and to do farm work, was both a reader and a thinker, and by some means, even with his very limited opportunity, had managed to pick up a vast deal of knowledge unusual for a lad of his age. This picking up, however, was something not in accordance with the taste of Mr. Barton, who could see nothing in books, and was no believer in learning beyond what was necessary to enable him to read the daily chapter, and keep his farm accounts. He believed in work, and in having the best kept farm in the country; and believing this, and this only, it was not strange that he was severe upon the boyish dreaming habits of Bernard, and classed them only as laziness. The boy writhed under his father's treatment, and labored and moaned over the tasks set him to perform, but never to his father uttered a word of complaint; all this was poured into the grandmother's ears, and from her lips came all the consolation that Bernard received, save such as could be given by little Marion, who, though too young to fairly understand the matter in its proper bearings, could always, when she saw the cloud upon Bernard's face, kiss away some of it.

"I don't believe he cares any more for me than a stranger," Bernard would say.

"Oh! you're wrong, Bernard. Your father does not want to praise you before your face, but I know he loves you, and wishes to make you happy. He thinks his own way is right," was the grandmother's response.

"Happy! if he wants me to be happy, why doesn't he send me to school. No! no! he wants me to be a farmer and a gardener. I never will be a farmer in the world!"

"There! there, now! come dry your eyes, Barney, and go fetch me a cool drink. You know I never care a cent for a drink if you don't draw it for me out of the north corner of the well!"

The boy knew that the appearance of the stone pitcher was like a peace offering and that with it grandmother generally closed the scenes of tears and repinings; sometimes, perhaps, in special cases, accompanying it by wiping away the falling tears with her ample check apron and a kiss.

There was no getting over the old lady's style of comforting, and the boy always took the pitcher with a smile, and bore it back brimming with the crystal fluid, from, as the old lady expressed it, "the north corner of the well."

This was Bernard Barton's daily life, and daily trouble, until he was sixteen. Vague dreams of breaking away from it, and venturing out upon the great sea of the world, chased each other occasionally through his brain; but they never took shape, and so the old story had gone on from day to day, and from year to year. Dreams of something beyond the boundaries of the farm, of something that should lead him among men, and make the name of Bernard Barton heard. Dreams of a time when he would have unlimited hours of study, and "would not be obliged to fly with or hide his books, as though they were some stolen property."

One day, a terribly sultry one in August, Bernard had just come in from the barn for his midday meal, which still stood untouched upon the table, when Mr. Barton made his appearance. There was something upon his face that foretold a storm, and there was not long to wait for it.

"I thought I told you to mend and rehang that corn crib door, Bernard," were his first words.

"Yes, sir! and you also told me this morning that I must mend Sorrel's harness. I couldn't do both, father; was the boy's reply.

"Sorrel's harness! why it oughtn't have taken you half an hour to do that."

"You'll think differently, father, when you've seen it."

"Oh! you've always an excuse," said the father, angrily; you spend more time in inventing excuses than in doing your work."

A flush flew over the face of Bernard, and the tears came starting into his eyes. His father saw it, but he had no pity on such weakness.

"You idle away your time over some newspaper or books, and then your work isn't done, and if you're spoken to there's nothing but whining and crying. You don't earn your salt, and you'll never be good for anything as long as you live."

The boy's breast heaved as though it he sprang from the table, and hurried into the kitchen, where, in an instant, he was followed by grandmother and Marion.

"Go back, go back, Bernard. Go back and eat your dinner. Let your father have his full swing, and don't say anything. He'll get over it soon, when he sees you've been at work this morning. Go back, child!"

"No, grandmother, never! This is too much! I'll never eat bread that is begrudged me, even though it is my father's."

"Oh! he'll get over it in an hour, and be sorry, Bernard. Go into your dinner, and forget it!"

"He may be sorry many times, grandma, but he never tells me so, and I can't stand this any longer!"

Marion crept up to his side, and drew his rough hand up to her cheek. Grandmother forced a smile to her face, and bringing forth the inevitable stone jug thrust it into Bernard's hand, wiping off his face as she did so, and kissing him twice, said—

"Ah! well, never mind, Bernard, you'll soon be a man. Now, then, bring me a cool drink from the north corner, mind; there, that's a good boy."

Bernard could not restrain a smile as he took the jug, even though his heart was breaking, and throwing an arm around grandmother's neck, he kissed her quickly, then stooping to Marion's bright red lips and tear-dimmed eyes, he drew them into his bosom, and with one little word of love he did the same, and then set out for the well. It was but fifty yards away from the house, this well with the cool north corner, but within that fifty yards what thoughts went trooping through the hot brain of Bernard. Grandma was in no hurry for the water, he argued, and he would cool that heated head, and dry away all traces of the tears before he went back to the house. A little stroll down the road to get the south-west breeze would do it, and so Bernard sat the stone jug inside the hedge, covered it with leaves, and ran down the road against the wind. On he went, but the south-west wind did not cool his heated brain, he went farther still, until in a few minutes he found himself passing through the village of Middletons, and still striking southward with a head hotter than ever.

Ten years must now pass over Middletons, and subsequently the same period over the heads of all about it. Just about dusk a stranger alighted from the stage at the tavern, looking earnestly and familiarly up and down main street, and into the face of the landlord, though claiming no acquaintance with him. His request was that his baggage should be retained there until sent for, and as for himself, he wanted nothing, but would walk to his final destination as he knew the way well. On he went, treading every foot of the road as though he knew it thoroughly, until he reached the Barton homestead. Here there had been changes, but not in the outer appearance of the old place. Farmer Barton had been dead for some years, but otherwise save such as time inevitable brings, there had been little changes. The stranger made his way straight toward the house, reaching the windows that led into the little sitting-room; and there paused. There were voices inside speaking.

"Ten years ago, this very night," said one, "and how very strange it is that we have never heard a word of that poor boy."

"He can't be alive, grandma; I'm sure that if Bernard were living he would not have let so long a time pass without letting us hear from him."

"No! no! Marion. I am content to wait. I know that I shall not die without seeing Bernard."

"And grandma, if you should see him now, perhaps you would not know him."

"Not know him! yes, indeed, I would know my boy whenever I would see him, and at any time. Shall I never forget, Marion, the day when he went out with the stone jug, and both our kisses warm upon his lips, and never came back? His poor father held out for many years against him, and even forbade his name to be mentioned, but in his last sickness he moaned for Bernard, sorrowed for his harshness to the boy. He felt that he had done wrong, Marion, or he would not have left the farm and all that he had labored for so hard, to be reclaimed by Bernard, if he ever should return. No! no! Marion, Bernard will come back some day, and bring me another jug of water from the north corner of the well. I haven't enjoyed a drink of water since he went away."

The stranger had heard all this, looking in upon the old grandmother and the beautiful girl who sat sewing beside the shaded lamp and dropping her brown curls over her white, plump hands, and then, without waiting for more, moved silently away from the window.

Down the lane he went, towards the well, and groping for a moment in the hedge, he drew forth a stone jug. In a few moments it was cleaned, filled with sparkling water, and on its way to the house; and the grandmother and the fair girl with the dropping curls were startled to see a tall, sun-brown, richly dressed man, enter the sitting-room, bearing before him a great stone jug, and saying:

"Here's the water, grandma, you sent me for."

The old lady was not long in recovering herself.

"Put it on the table, Bernard, and come and kiss me." And then in an instant the whole three were locked in each other's arms, Marion covered with blushes, and grandma laughing aloud from very happiness.

I cannot close my story without a sequel. Bernard's ten years, as a rolling stone, had overthrown the proverb, for he had not only gathered moss, but he had gained fame. And when, in two weeks after, he said to Marion, as they were walking in the moonlight up and down the lane that led to the old well, these words, it told the whole tale of the struggle:

"I knew, dear Marion, that this day would come, and I struggled for my wealth to meet it."

"I felt that I should some day come back and claim my child-love, and that I should find her, but I did not look upon my wealth as a means to sit down and wear away a listless life. There is work yet for me to do in the world, and I shall do it. This spot shall be our home always, but I must still work, and you as my wife shall help me."

And he did work, not upon the corn crib or upon Sorrel's harness, but upon the world's work; until all the world knew of him, and of the Story of a Jug.

Address of the Democratic Senators.

To the Democrats of Pennsylvania: FELLOW-CITIZENS—At this juncture in the proceedings of the Senate of Pennsylvania, the undersigned deem it their right and duty to address you.

For more than two months we have unitedly and determinedly without an effort on the part of the Republican members of that body to subvert the organic law, to ignore the precedents of seventy years of our history, and to trample under foot the rights of their equals and peers. In so doing we have been actuated by the high resolve, that by no act of the representatives of the only law-abiding political organization in this Commonwealth should the rights and constitutional privileges of the people be subverted. We have relied with unshaken faith upon the people for our support and vindication, and to the end that their verdict may be rendered with a full knowledge of the facts, we beg leave to present a brief history of our position during the protracted and exciting contest which has just closed.

The members of the Senate assembled in the Senate Chamber at Harrisburg on Tuesday, January 18th, A. D. 1864, at 2 P. M. Of the twenty-two Senators holding over, all were present save Major White, who was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels; of those present, twelve were Democrats, and nine Republicans. The Senate was called to order by the Hon. J. P. Penney, the Speaker elected at the close of the session of 1863. The Secretary of the Commonwealth was then introduced and presented the returns from the districts which had elected Senators in October, 1863. The returns were opened and read, by which it appeared that four Democrats and seven Republicans had been elected all of whom were present, thereby causing a tie in the vote between the two great political organizations of the country as represented on that floor.

Upon the reading of the certificates of election, it would have been the duty of the Senator elected Speaker at the close of the session of 1863, to have vacated the chair, and he had been governed in his action by the

express terms of the Constitution, which, by section X, Article I prescribes that the General Assembly shall meet on the 1st Tuesday of January in every year, and by section XI of the same article, that "each House" (i. e. when they meet on that day) shall elect its Speaker and other officers. It appears to the undersigned that the words "each House shall elect its Speaker" are sufficiently certain to determine the question that no one elected Speaker by the Senate of 1863 could exercise the duties of that office over the Senate of 1864—the latter being a new and distinct body, made up of other members who had never participated in an election for Speaker, and as by the express terms of the Constitution, "each House shall (when they meet on the first Tuesday in January in each year) elect its Speaker and other officers," it is manifest and clear that the Senator from Allegheny had no shadow of right to exercise the duties of speaker over this new Senate which had never elected him its Speaker, and we have never recognized him as such. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the words of the Constitution are ambiguous and certain, then precedent and usage, if they exist, must determine their meaning, and by this test the undersigned desire that their position may be tried.

During a period of seventy years, from 1794 until this day, there is but one, other instance where a Speaker elected by a former Senate attempted to exercise the duties of his office over a succeeding and new Senate, and that was during the "Buck Shot War," when the late Charles B. Penrose, the Speaker holding over, entertained two motions relative to contested seats; but when these were determined, even he vacated the chair, and did not dare to resume it, until by the vote of the new Senate he was elected Speaker. If the republican members of the Senate of 1864 can gather comfort from this one solitary exception in the unbroken line of precedents, they are welcome to it. The boldness and magnitude of their act of usurpation has destroyed its significance as a deed of revolution.

The Senator from Allegheny, notwithstanding the express words of the Constitution, with their meaning illustrated by the action of all former Speakers, save one, for a period of seventy years, after the reading of the certificates of election which created the new Senate, failed to vacate the chair, which he occupied by courtesy and for the sake of convenience. He requested the new Senators to come forward to be sworn. The Republican Senators did and, also the Democratic Senators; the latter however, under a protest, in which, in brief and emphatic terms, they denied his right to administer the oath of office to them, they having been elected members of a body of which he had never been elected Speaker. It is here to be observed that for the reason that it was the evident intention of the Republicans, should the Democrats refuse to take the oath, to leave their names off the roll, whereby our opponents would have secured a clear majority of those voting.

After this act of usurpation the new Senate, by a unanimous vote, adopted a resolution to proceed to an election for Speaker. If it is not true that the office was vacant, (as the undersigned contend,) why the necessity to elect a Speaker? But under this resolution several ballots were held on that, the first day of our meeting, each resulting in a tie between the Republican candidate, Mr. Penney, and the Democratic candidate Mr. Clymer. The Senate adjourned until the next day, when, after several ineffectual ballots, the Senator from Berks, Mr. Clymer, on behalf of the undersigned, made the following proposition of compromise, viz: That the Republicans should select a Speaker of the Senate, the Democrats the Clerk, and so alternately until all were filled. This basis of settlement the undersigned considered to be just. It was made, not for the purpose of securing place or position, but to vindicate a principle. It was precisely the basis of compromise adopted in 1855, when the Democrats having an actual majority (although not present) were given the Speaker, the Know Nothings of that day (at present Republicans) the clerk, and so alternately to the end of the list. But this proposition the Republican Senators of 1864 refused to accept. They had entered upon usurpation, and they determined to adhere to it with all its consequences.

During the protracted struggle which followed, this offer of compromise was renewed from time to time; it was always rejected, and not one proposition tending to a solution of the difficulty ever came from the Republican side, save the absurd suggestion of the Senator from Erie, Mr. Lowry, that he would vote for the Democratic candidate for Speaker, provided either he or some one of the undersigned would agree never to vote on any party or test question.

It is thus a matter of history that the Republican Senators refused a fair and just proposition which had been accepted, would have organized the Senate on the second day of its meeting. They attempt to justify their conduct on two grounds. First, that the Senate is ever organized, the Speaker of a former Senate being the Speaker of the subsequent one; Second, that Major White, if present, would have given them a majority.

We have heretofore exposed the fallacy of the first position by reference to the words of the Constitution, and to the unbroken precedents of seventy years. In addition, we will present a test which will so clearly

expose the unwarrantable and unconstitutional nature of the claim, that no one, however premeditated, may mistake or misunderstand it.

By the XXIII section, Article I, of the Constitution of this State, it is provided that all bills passed by the Legislature and presented to the Governor for his signature, shall become laws without signature, unless sent back (with his objections) within three days after their next meeting.

In 1855 the Legislature on the second day of January. The contest for Speaker was prolonged until the fifth, when the Hon. William M. Hiestor of Berks