

TWENTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.
EXTRA SESSION.

IN SENATE.

TUESDAY, June 22, 1864.

Mr. Allen of Ohio presented the resolution of the body of the citizens of Cincinnati, protesting against the establishment of a National Bank as a violation of the Constitution, and declaring that, in case a law should pass, chartering such institutions, measures should be adopted to remove it, and suggesting that the representatives of the State and the district to co-operate in giving effect to the object of the meeting. Mr. Allen, in presenting these resolutions, gave notice that he would, to the utmost of his power, labor to accomplish the object of the resolution, and to have it referred to the Senate. He said that, on the day that a National Bank charter should receive the signature of the President, he would introduce a bill for its repeal. He said, further, that he would make the effort to place on the Journal of the Senate a protest against the chartering of such a bank by the Constitution.

This bill would, he said, be all concerned that the rights acquired under the charter, by those accepting it, were not to abridge the rights of the people under the Constitution.

Mr. Allen moved that the resolutions laid on the table be referred to Mr. Clay, and that a committee be appointed to consider them. Mr. Allen abstained from the debate, and moved that the motion to print his laid on the table, and declared that he would not withdraw it. This precluded Mr. Allen from any reply, and although he expounded his views very briefly, he did not give any reason for his opposition. His object doubtless was to prevent Mr. Allen from throwing back the imputation of threatening civil war and rebellion. Such result could only come from a defiance of the Government by the bank, in case the people should will the repeal of the charter. Mr. Clay's drilled majority voted his motion, which was, in effect to gag Mr. Allen.

The bill to incorporate the District banks was taken up, and after a protracted discussion, occasioned by the several amendments proposed, it was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. The bill was amended so as to extend the limit to the 4th of July, 1843, and to prohibit the issuing or circulating of the notes of non-specie paying banks. A motion to allow them to issue one and two dollar bills was carried 19, to 18. The bill making appropriations to defray the expenses of the extra session of Congress was reported back from the Committee on Finance, and was passed.

The Senate then adjourned until ten o'clock in the morning.

IN SENATE.

After Mr. Morehead of Ky.,¹ had concluded his remarks in favor of extending the charters of the banks in the District of Columbia,

"Mr. Allen said he understood the Senator from Kentucky had said that the Pennsylvania Bank and the United States bank was chartered by a legislature, a majority were then democrats. He would thank the senator from Pennsylvania to inform them of the real state of the facts."

"Mr. Buchanan said there was a decided majority of whigs and anti-slavery men in the House of Representatives, and this in consequence of the division of the democratic party into the friends of Mr. Wolf and Muhlenberg. The democratic party thought they had a majority in the Senate; but five or six Senators, who had been the most terrible enemies of the slaves, were overruled, and by the aid of their votes in the bill had it passed. These gentlemen are now among the most influential and leading—it was going to my respectable—members of the Whig party."

"Mr. Allen. Have any of them been appointed to office since the accession of the Whig party?"

"Mr. Buchanan. That is a matter for consideration in executive session."

IN SENATE.

TUESDAY, June 24.

Mr. Buchanan's resolution, asking information in regard to the removals and appointments made by the new administration, was taken up in the morning hour. It was moved that the bill be referred to get the resolution passed, and the cause sent to the Department, but obstacles were interposed to an inquiry, always passed before, as master of course. Mr. Mangum objected a few days since, that it was done as well as in the way of morale, who but himself could have done that to follow, and that it would be well to wait until the voluminous list was compiled before the inquiry was pressed.

If we understood Mr. Mangum rightly, too much had been done at this time to answer the call. They are, however, so busy in cutting off heads, that they can not take time to make a list of them. This was pretty much the case during the French revolution. The tribunals were more engaged in passing upon new cases of punishment than in trying old for execution were full of mistakes. There were many instances of persons ordered to be liberated, who had perished days before by the guillotine, in consequence of wrong lists being sent to the prison. And was it not, it seems, so intent on exacting that the friends in the Senate are instructed that they can request now to furnish lists of the excommunicated for the information of Congress and the country?

Mr. Buchanan urged his motion this morning with earnestness.

Mr. McRoberts followed up the discussion, and exhibited the greater number of the points in the bill, and the reasons for his opposition from the new principles broached in relation to it. He alluded to the remarkable inconsistency which distinguished the constitutional principles laid down in the men in power, before the election, and after the election.

He brought before the Senate his extraordinary edict put forth by Mr. Webster, in which the exercise of the political rights guaranteed by the Constitution was made a political crime, punishable by forfeiture of office; and in this way a political party was created.

He also exhibited the edict of the Secretary of the Treasury, which the legislation of the country had never countenanced, but on the contrary had absolutely repudiated.

Mr. McRoberts exposed, with great force, the utter repugnance of this act to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, and the "right of every man to think and opinions by writing or speaking," Mr. McRoberts exhibited in those new political crimes created by the edict in the circular, and he argued that it was directly at war with the doctrine of General Harrison's inaugural, and Mr. Secretary Webster's declaration of rights, because if every citizen entitles himself to the right of writing or speaking, it would make it a crime to do it in a way to "influence the opinions of others."

He also exhibited the edict of the Secretary of the Treasury, which he believed to be in conflict with the Constitution.

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From the Sunday Mercury.
MACHINE POETRY.

The only apology I can offer to the readers of the Sunday Mercury for not furnishing them with machine poetry for two or three weeks past is that Bill has been out drunk, and wouldn't turn the crank. He is now, however, right side up; and, with his valuable assistance, I will astonish the world with

Lova's Victim.

Oh, list to me Liza,
You sweet little bougher!
Love makes me feel dizzy,
Like brown sugar!
My heart is racing—
My brains are all burning—
And the sweet cream of feeling
Is curled by churning;
For my heart's deathly jacket
Is up and down jumping;
And it keeps up a racket
With its bumping and thumping:
Oh show me one smile, 'tis my last application;
I crave nothing further—'twill be my salvation.

Oh, Liza, I'm worried—
I feel it all over;
I'm up and down—
I'm down and over;
The joys of my bosom
Have cut stock and vanished';
I know'd I should lose 'em;
The world has grown dreary,
In its sackcloth of sorrow;
Of life I am weary,
And I wish that the morrow
Would cover my grave in that peace-giv'-
ing valley;
Where else could not for you, nor for Susan,
nor Sally.

I know tis a sin to—
But I'm bent on the notion;
I'll have no more—
The deep, and briny ocean,
Where mad eels and cat fish
On my body shall riot,
And founders and flat fish
Select me for diet;
There soundly I'll number
Beneath the rough bellow,
And crave without number
What's left of my pillow!
But my spirit still wanders through the gay
social bower,
And frisks with a mermaid—it shall, by the
powers!—
Srossa.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.
SHORT PATENT SERMON.

At the particular request of the editor of the *Rahway Herald*, I will preach on this occasion, from the following text:

If ye are honest, honorable men,

Go ye and—pay the piper.

Mathew's—When there are some few trifles in this world which you are too apt to overlook on account of their apparent unimportance, the neglect of which has plunged thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their characters into inextricable degradation. Among these trifles, that of owing a debt to one's own master, is the most common, and attended with the worst of consequences. . . . takes off all the silent burns from the fleshes of feelings—creates a sort of misanthropic coldness about the heart—skins off all the cream that may chance to rise upon the nose of a good man—and makes him a scoundrel openly upon the brother man as does a dog upon one of his species while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. One debt begets another. I have always observed, that every man who is sure to owe him a grudge, and he is always more ready to pay compound interest on the latter than on the former. Oh, my friends, to be ever head and ears in love is as bad a predicament as a person ought ever be in, to be constantly in love. You can't tell of eight or nine meet being haunted by the ghost of some insatiate creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrocephalus—make him bite a wheelbarrow—cause it to run mad, and create a general consternation among the lamp posts.

Mathew's—Papa was born in London in 1684, and died in Rushmore, in England, in 1719. He established the colony of Pennsylvania, which took his name from him. It was granted to him in consideration of debts due his father for services of the colony. He afterwards purchased it from the Indians, and gave it to them with perfect fairness. He resided most of the time in England, and governed his colony by the assistance of deputies. About the commencement of the Revolution, the debts of the colony paid him 2700000 dollars.

The character of Penn is really amiable, benevolent, and human; and his labors were devoted to the good of mankind. The man who wrote the printer out of a single cent, can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubt of finding happiness in any other. He will, however, go to the grave one time shall have bedecked his brow with the silvery blossoms of age; and the green leaves of hope will fall before the fire bid of enjoyment has expanded. It is true the mushrooms of power may spring during a short night of fornication, but will die the next morning beneath the scorching rays of remorse. How can you, my friends, ever have the wickedness and cruelty to cheat the printer, when you consider how much he has done, and is every day doing more for you? He is poor, but the treasures of your minds some of the best gifts that anything shrouded a Gun can hold—stow—sye, riches with which you would not part for the possession of the whole world and a mortgage on a small corner in heaven. With the keys of magic, as it were, he opens the closed and closed doors of the human understanding—dulls the darkness of ignorance, and lit up the lamp of knowledge and wisdom.

The mighty engine—the Press—is surrounded by a halo of glory, and its influence extends all over the broad empire of the world, illuminating the darkest aves of the heart; and the printer—the man who tells at this soul-enlightening au-

gment—is often robbed of his hard-earned bread by those whom he delivered from mental bondage, and placed in a paradise to lay off and grow fat upon the fruits of his labor.

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have hearts moistened by the dew of money, instead of grizzled with oil—if you have heads decked with gold, and if there be none among you in this congregation whose account is not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society, like a giraffe: be respected by the wife and the good—free from the curse of a guilty conscience—either mortification of repented dust—and escape from falling into the clutches of those licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for the morrow—because there is no tomorrow: for you are here to abide. For you deemed promise an added egg in the great nest of the future: the debtor's hope and the creditor's curse!—if you are dishonest, low-minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will ever pay the printer, as long as you have a home, and no longer—no character to sustain—and no friends to cultivate. But, let me tell you my friends, that if you don't do it, your path to the tomb will be strown with thorns—you will have to gather your daily food from brambles, and your children die of the dysentery, and your wives die of the consumption, and your neighbors enjoy the blessings of health. I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had Peace with his Master? He said he thought he had squared up. I enquired if he had forgotten all his sins? He said, "Yes." I asked him if he had made his peace with his printer. He hesitated for a moment, and then said he believed he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good-bye to the world. His desire was immediately gratified; and from that instant and to persons in this city and vicinity; except in some instances where the tickets have been returned to the manager.

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