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SUMMER'S GONE.

BY CHARLES S. BAILEY.

The time of love and gentle flowers
Has slowly passed away;
The birds have flown to other climes
To sing their cheerful lay.
No more upon the smiling earth,
Do flowers sweetly shine,
For death put forth his hand and says,
No! no! they are all mine.

The morning chill, the evening air,
Do tell the mournful tale
Of death to all the lovely tints
That deck the sunlit vale.
I saw a flower sweetly shine
To greet the early day,
And death put forth his hand and said,
No! no! but pass away.

Sweet summer's gone, sweet summer's gone,
The blooming time of flowers,
When love and song were all the theme,
And swiftly flew the hours.
No more the trees put forth their leaves—
In living brightness shine—
For death put forth his hand and says,
They all, they all, are mine.

But as the seasons pass along,
The flowers bloom again;
The spring beside the sparkling rill,
And grow upon the plain.
For like the soul that flies from earth,
And leaves this place of woe,
The flowers of the Christian heart,
A second spring shall know.

From Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1840.
A CITY STREET.

I love the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild-flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love no less than these,
The crowded city street;
For habits of men where'er they be,
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city street
Life's most extreme estates,
The gorgeous domes of palaces;
The prison's doleful grates;
The hearths by household virtues blest,
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed
And richly clothed, pass by;
I see the shivering homeless wretch,
With hunger in his eye;
For life's severest contrast meet
Forever in the city street!

And to fly, princely palaces—
What dreary deeds of woe,
What untold, mortal agonies
Their arras chambers know!
Yet without all smooth and fair,
As heaven's blue dome of summer air!

And even the portliest citizen,
Within his doors doth hide
Some household grief, some secret care,
From all the world beside.
It ever was, it must be so,
For human heritage is woe!

Hence it is that a city street
Can deepest thought impart,
For all its people, high and low,
Are kindred to my heart;
And with a yearning love I share
In all their joy, their pain, their care!

MARY HOWITT.

STORY OF OUR VILLAGE, OR THE HAPPY MATCH.

"Now," said Harry Hemphill to his young wife when they went to house-keeping, "it is my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her, first because he loved her, and in the second place because he knew she was sensible, economical and industrious; just the reason which should influence every sensible man in his choice, now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible, consequently each had the same motives to act with the other. His business called for his whole attention; he wished, therefore, to pursue it undisturbed by other cares. For himself he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course not disposed to spend any thing abroad, in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to enjoy in the bosom of his own family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them the better by turning her attention to them. Her husband's business-dog habits, his temperate, correct life, had all the power of example; increasing her esteem and doubling her anxiety to possess him.

They had married without waiting to get rich. They neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health and disposition to improve it, they had nevertheless a strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they began the world.

To attach a man to his home it is necessary that home should have attractions. Harry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toils and weariness of the day, and there he found it. When perplexed or low spirited he retired thither, and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found solace in the sunshine of affection, that in the domestic circle beamed upon him, and chased every cloud from his brow. However others treated him, there was always kindness confidence and esteem. If others deceived him and hypocrisy with its shameless face smiled on him to delude and injure him, there all was sincerity of the heart which makes amends for suffering and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a wife a good housekeeper, a good domestic economist as that kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well directed industry which thrives and gives strong promise that her care and prudence will have profitable issue, and Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to his business with steady purpose and untiring zeal. He obtained credit by his plain honest dealings; custom by his faithful punctuality and constant care, friends by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village. None was ever deceived who trusted to his work. He always drove his business a little beforehand, for he said things go badly when the cart gets before the horse.

I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character. A wealthy old farmer was accosted in the road, at the end of the village by a youngster who was making a dash in business, and who wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars. The wily old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had, and sided off from him as soon as he could.

He rode directly down to Hemphill's and told him he had a sum of money to loan, and wished he would take it;—the payments should be made easy—just as they would suit him. Indeed replied Harry; you have come to a bad market! I have a little cash to spare myself, and have been looking around these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in business all went like clock work at home. The family expenditures were carefully made, not a farthing was wasted, not a scrap lost. The furniture was all neat and useful rather than ornamental. The table plain, frugal, but wholesome and well spread.

Little went to the dressmaker or the tailor. No extravagance in dress, no costly company visiting; and yet the whole neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill, and loved her. She was kind without ostentation; sociable without being troublesome. And while few people lived more comfortably, none lived more economically.

The results of such management can never disappoint the reasonable expectations of those who build upon them.—Even the angry frown of misfortune is put at defiance. A vintage ground is soon gained which the storm seldom reaches; and a reward comes in its proper time, to crown the meed of lives thus spent.

The music of Harry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise; and as the coach bore us by the cool and quiet residence of the village, I saw that the door was open and the breakfast smoking upon the table. Mary in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy and her household affairs, and a stranger who I happened to be my fellow passenger to the city, observing it said: "There's a thriving family, my word for it! And so spoke well. There are certain things wanting right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer."

the adjacent school house green the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their noisy mirth.—"There," said an old friend, "lives Harry Hemphill; that is his farm, these are his own and adopted children, educated at his own expense. Having made an ample fortune by his industry and prudence he spends his large income in deeds of charity; and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of all this."

My heart expanded then, it expands still, when I think of them. And I pen this simple history in the hope that as it is entirely inimitable, some who read it will attempt imitations.

YOUNG PAUGUS.

The "old French War" was over. The banner of England had long streamed above the towers of Quebec. The Indians had left the woods and lakes of New Hampshire, for the broader waters and deeper forests of Canada and the west. Time had benumbed the iron sinews of the rangers—untamable by any other enemy—or they were sleeping "each in his narrow cell forever laid." Where the red man once roamed after the moose, prowled upon the scout, or lighted the council fire—now stood the infant village and the peaceful neighborhood. The waterfall, at whose foaming foot the Indian once darted his rude spear into the salmon, or hooked the trout upon his curved bivouac, now turned the clumsy grist mill, whether the jagging farmer brought his "rya and Indian," over moor and hill, through bush and swamp, in safety. The congregations, as they gathered together "at meeting," no longer brought their charged guns to their house of worship, or feared the prayers of their minister would be interrupted by the war whoop—of Lovewell's men scorching a survivor remained, of the few that lived through the desperate fight at Pigwacket, Chamberlain was yet alive. He was an old grey-headed man. He had long given over hunting, and peace had changed his war spear into an implement of husbandry; of all his hunting and fighting gears nothing remained to him but the gun that shot old Paugus at Lovewell's pond, and the bullet pouch and yellow powder horn, covered over with Indian devices, which were the spoil of the savage in that terrible encounter. These he had preserved with an old man's care. His cottage, from which went the solitary smoke that caught the eye of Capt. Lovewell and his men, now was the centre of a considerable hamlet. A wild stream ran past it, and a little way below it, tumbled down a fall, on which stood one of the rude saw mills of that day. Old Chamberlain, once the swift hunter and the strong and proud warrior, was now its humble owner, and more humble tender. He had survived his wife and his children. Few of his neighbors ventured to be familiar with him, on account of the stern peculiarity of his character, and he passed his days in solitude, excepting such associations as men had with him in his humble vocations.

In the year 1787, towards the close of one of those fair days in autumn, which make up the Indian summer, a number of the villagers of P— had gathered into their one story tavern, to talk over the affairs of the little public, as was their wont—when they were surprised and startled by the entrance of a young Indian among them. An Indian at that time had got to be a rarity in P— He was tall, over 6 feet, and finely formed after the fashion of the forest. He had a belt of wampum around his waist and from it hung his tomahawk. A long gun was in his hand, and he stood in his moccasins with the grace and dignity of the son of a chief. He placed his gun behind the door, and silently took his seat by himself. A little before sunset, the farmers left the Inn and returned to their homes. One old hunter remained with the landlord and the young savage. The hunter eyed the Indian with keen attention—his suspicions were awakened at the sight of this warrior armed, so remote from the residence of the nearest tribe, and in a time of peace.—He was acquainted with the Indian character in old wars, and his suspicions were heightened and confirmed, when he heard the young chief ask the landlord in a low and indifferent tone if "one Chamberlain dwelt in the village?"

The landlord pointed out to him the mill where the old man labored, and the village where he dwelt. The Indian took his gun and went out. "Some of the blood of old Paugus," said the hunter, and I'll venture my life, come to avenge the death of that old chief upon Chamberlain. "I'll give the old man warning." He hastily stepped out and followed a winding foot path that led down to the saw mill, where the old man was still at his toils. He reached the mill and told Chamberlain, that young Paugus from Canada, had come with his rifle and his tomahawk, to avenge upon him the death of that chief. Chamberlain's cheeks turned ashy pale, and he sternly replied, "tell young Paugus I have the gun that slew his father, and he had better return to the forest than molest me in my old age," and as he spoke he pointed to the long gun, as it hung upon the pegs of the moose horn, driven in the saw mill plate, and near it was suspended the bullet pouch and powder horn of Pigwacket. The hunter had given his warning and retired. The man was sitting at the south of Moosehill lock. Chamberlain took down his gun—the flint—charged it—took the pouch and the horn, flung them upon his side; hung up near the saw gate, the old garments he had worn at work through the day, hoisted the gate of the mill and set it rapidly a-going, looked keenly around him in every direction, and retired to a clematis, a few rods distant, and crouched with a clump of thick bushes, and crouched down to await the approach of his mysterious enemy. He was not, however, mysterious to Chamberlain. The old man remembered every trait of the Indian character, and calculated with great accuracy as to the time and manner of young Paugus' advance. Just as it was growing dusky to distinguish a human form, except towards the west, the old man descried him creeping cautiously from a bunch of bushes 8 or 10 rods above the mill by the side of the torrent, with his cocked rifle before him and his hand upon the lock. The young savage heard the noise of the saw gate, and could discern it in rapid motion, and shrunk back in

the thicket. He came out again a little distance from where he went in, and with wary motions of the ambush, reconnoitered the mill. Chamberlain eyed him all the while as a catamount eyes the fox. Young Paugus came out of the ambush the third time, and in a new quarter, and was stealthily advancing, when something seemed to catch his eye in the form of his father's slayer—he stopped short—brought his rifle to his eye, and with a quick aim fired. The report rung sharp and low upon the still air, as if the gun itself was muffled, or afraid to speak above its breath.—Young Paugus crept out upon a mill log that extended over the rapid, and stretched himself up to his full height, as if he ascertained, without advancing, the success of his shot. The old man could spare him no longer. He saw the well remembered form of the old Pigwacket chief, as the young savage stood against the sky of the west, which was still red with the rays of the sunken sun. He leveled the fatal gun—it blazed—young Paugus leaped into the air 6 feet as the ball whistled through his heart, and his lifeless body fell into the rapid that foamed below him, while his vengeful spirit fled, and mingled with that sterner one which parted long before at Lovewell's pond in "the land where their fathers had gone."

Chamberlain returned slowly and gloomily to his cottage. The next morning, a bullet hole through the centre of the old garment he had hung at the saw gate, admonished him, that the aim as well as the vengeance of old Paugus, had descended to his sons, and as he mused upon those he had slain, and reflected that, although he was old, he might have again to lift his gun against the blood of Paugus, or himself fall by their avenging hand—he wished bitterly that some other bullet than his own had slain that renowned Indian, and that they had never met, to quench their battle thirst and scour out their foul guns, upon the beach of Lovewell's pond.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS RESPECTING LABOR.

If there is one subject more than another, upon which the opinions of the American public require to be set right, it appears to us to be the great one of labor. We do not pretend to assign any cause other than exist every where,—the natural tendencies of mankind to separate into castes, in which freedom from labor is considered the great good, and where necessity of submitting to it is associated with the ideas of degradation and dependence. In European countries, where the ancient forms of society tolerate such artificial distinctions, they may be expected to prevail; where one man is born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and another with an iron chain about his neck, freedom from which is impossible, we should not be surprised to find such erroneous ideas of labor; but here, in republican America, where every man makes or mars his own fortunes, and is the architect of his own destiny, to dream of any other distinctions than such as merit confers is preposterous, or to talk of labor being disgraced or degraded, is a gross perversion of terms. Still with such facts staring them in the face, there are multitudes in our country who have yet to learn, "that any condition of life is honorable, which shall permit them to be independent, and preserve them from dishonor."

If the opinion that labor is degrading, personal labor with the hands we mean, was a harmless error, (if any error can be considered such); if it did not have a blighting and pestiferous influence on the prospects of thousands in our country, it might be allowed to pass without notice, but such is not the case. Let this notion become instilled into the head of any individual, man or woman, and unless they muster philosophy sufficient to shake it off, they become useless to society, a curse to themselves, and not unfrequently a burden their friends would willingly shake off but cannot.

We see the influence of this feeling in the anxiety shown by parents to crowd their sons into what are called the learned professions, in preference to giving them a sound practical education, and fitting them for usefulness as farmers or mechanics. Is the acquisition of wealth more general with professional men, than with well-informed, industrious farmers or mechanics?—It is believed not, but the boy and the man is flattered with the idea that he is going to escape the primal curse, and that when mixing with his fellow men, he shall not be classed with the common mass that toil for their daily bread. Poor fool! if such are his reasons for spending so many years of his life, and so much money in obtaining what is better than a slave at the oar, for of one it may be said he is useful in one way at least, while the other is not only useless to the world, but by his example serves to perpetuate error.—Educate the young as much as you please; but do not educate them for places where they are not wanted; nor in such a way as to render them worthless members of community, incapable of getting a direct living in any honorable way. If a change of circumstances or unavoidable necessity, throw them upon their own resources. That is not education, at least not such as we require in this country, which only accumulates abstract knowledge, without regard to utility or condition, or that physical or mental training so indispensable in a country like ours.

If the pernicious influence of this notion of the degradation of labor is thus perceptible on our young men, it is still more fearfully marked on the conduct and condition of our females. In all parts of the world, the female of pure mind, good habits, and sound constitution—feminine in short, fit to become the mothers of men, early men as are to control the destinies of our people, have been found in the domestic associations of rural life. Trained up under the eye of a judicious mother; taught that she is useful in whatever sphere they are placed, is one of the duties of woman; free from the contagious example of splendid vice, and the poisonous influence of the moral atmosphere of the city, the daughters of the country would remain the noble and pure-hearted women their mothers were, unindicted by the prevalent vices of the day.—There is every reason to fear that such is not the case: that the feelings which emanate from

the atmosphere of wealth, idleness, and vice, are insensibly spreading over the country, and penetrating bosoms that should be sacred to noble aspirations. A father may be worth his hundreds of thousands, but in that reason why his daughters should not be so instructed and trained as to be able properly to sustain the high obligation which is expected to rest on them as women and as mothers, in any of the situations in which an honorable woman may be placed! A thousand examples may be shown where wealth has glided away, and those who have been educated, improperly educated we say, with expectations that they were always to abound in riches, have found themselves cast on the wide world, and its cold charities, without the disposition or the power to help or provide in any honorable way, for themselves. The fault is in their education. It has been instilled into them, that to be qualified for usefulness was a disgrace; that the more helpless, and we may add worthless, a woman was, the more she was to be prized; that to inquire what were the duties and the probable destiny of an American woman, were an infringement of her high prerogative; and if the teacher had pronounced her finished, and the fashionable world accomplished, the great end of education had been gained. She gets married, and then what does the world, what does her husband care for such things, as the most valuable portion of her life has been spent in acquiring! Will playing on the piano, or dancing, or singing, make a shirt for the husband or a dress for the babe! Will an acquaintance with all the dogmas construct a pudding or a loaf of bread! Will years spent in the study of rhetoric or metaphysics, qualify her to do her own marketing, or make her skillful in the selection of cabbages or potatoes! If a rich man wishes a doll, he buys a china one and places it on his mantle; he certainly, if he is a man of sense, does not wish his wife to be one; and on nine-tenths of the females who spend their years in these studies the money and time is as really thrown away, as if spent in gilding the edge of the domestic dinner pot. No person who looks at things as they are, can wonder at the increasing numbers of unmarried women in our country. The man who marries, in every case, (or if there are exceptions, they are so few as not to be worth notice,) wishes a wife that will take care of his property as well as himself, that is competent to take charge of his house in every respect, and see that every thing is cared for and managed as it should be; and when so many of our females receive an education for directly the reverse of these things, it is not to be wondered at, that the industrious young man who has his fortune to make, and wishes to rise in the world, stands aloof and lets them pass on in single blessedness. The ability to make a good wife and mother does not come instinctively. The duties must be learned, an apprenticeship must be served, and she who declines this most fall when she comes to the trial. The ambition of women should be to beautify and adorn the domestic circle; her proper place is the bosom of the family; and it is only there she can be qualified to fulfill her high destiny. For a poor girl, or one in moderate circumstances, the very best place is a situation in an orderly well conducted family; yet how often do we see them declining to labor in a family, and preferring the quasi slavery of a cotton factory, the last place in the world, a fashionable female academy expected, to fit a woman for domestic society and usefulness.

A poor boy commenced his life in the country; and there he gains vigor of constitution and energy of will. He goes to the city and amasses a large property. His wife was selected for the qualities he admired, thrift and good housewifery. His sons and his daughters are educated with all the fashionable addition of age, and the consequent cordial dislike of labor in any form. Misfortune overtakes the family, and from the heights of gentility they are plunged to the abyss of destitution. How many of these sons and daughters will have energy and decision of character enough to accommodate themselves to their new condition; to set, about in earnest the art of being useful, of being able by honest industry to provide for themselves! We wish we could say there was any probability that a single one would do so. On the contrary, it is almost certain they will cling to former associations, still strive for the former good society, and gradually sink down into a kind of shabby gentility, the principal ingredients of which are poverty and pride. Too often, however, to keep up appearances, resort is had to courses which debase the mind, and are sure precursors to infamy, degradation and ruin.—Let it be fully impressed on the mind of every one that labor, personal labor, in itself is never disgraced; and that the ability to provide for themselves, is a duty enjoined by God himself on every individual.

shall make any loans or discounts, or issue any bills for circulation, until at least one half of its capital stock shall have been paid into the bank in gold and silver, and permanently deposited for the use of such bank, nor until the amount shall have been ascertained, and the certificate thereof deposited with the treasurer of the state, as provided in the succeeding section. And no such bank shall continue to make loans or discounts for a longer space than two years after commencing business under such act of incorporation, unless the whole of the capital stock allowed by the charter shall have been paid in, subject to the provisions of the succeeding section.

Sec. 3. The commissioner appointed according to the provisions of the eighth chapter of revised statutes, shall, on the application of such banking company, examine the amount paid for capital stock, and ascertain by the oaths of a majority of the directors, that such money has been paid in by the stockholders toward the payment of their shares, and not for any other purpose; and that it is intended that the same shall remain in said bank as a part of its capital stock, and the said commissioner shall make a certificate thereof to the treasurer of the State.

Sec. 4. No such banking corporation, re-chartered as mentioned in the first section, shall continue in operation, or take any benefit by reason of such re-charter, unless such corporation shall have remaining in such bank, or shall cause to be paid into such bank for capital, funds which shall be available at the time, to the full amount of the capital stock which shall have been paid in, under its original charter, and the amount ascertained, and the certificate thereof deposited with the treasurer according to the provisions of the preceding section.

Sec. 5. Every such bank, whose charter shall be extended, shall, within one year after such extension takes effect, pay in all its capital, to be ascertained and certified in the manner provided in the 3d section; provided that such corporation may reduce its capital stock to any sum not below the amount actually paid in at the time of the renewal of its charter, and may, within one year from the time of its renewal, file with the treasurer of the state a certificate under the seal of the corporation, setting forth the sum to which the capital stock is to be reduced; and the sum so certified, after the filing of such certificate, shall be taken to be the amount of the capital stock of such bank.

Sec. 6. No part of the capital stock of any bank shall, at any time, during the period, for which it is authorized to continue its banking operations, be withdrawn from such bank.

Sec. 7. The stock property, and concerns, of every such bank, shall be managed and conducted by directors to such number, and appointed in such manner, as the act of incorporation shall direct, who shall be stockholders and inhabitants of the state, and shall hold their offices until others are appointed and qualified to act; and a majority of the directors shall be required to constitute a quorum.

Sec. 8. The directors of any such bank shall be liable to pay to the creditors and stockholders of such bank, all losses which may be sustained in consequence of any violation, by them, of the provisions of this act, or of any other law, or their own fault, or of any number of such directors may be sued in the same action by any claimant under the provisions of this section.

Sec. 9. Further to secure the liabilities mentioned in the fifth section, each of the directors shall execute a bond to the treasurer of the state, in an equal amount, the aggregate amount of which bonds shall be equal to the amount of capital stock actually paid in, with a condition for the payment and discharge of the liabilities mentioned in said eighth section; and such bonds shall be secured by one or more sufficient securities, residing in this state and of directors, or by sufficient mortgage of real estate, to be examined and approved by the said commissioner; and such bonds shall be the security, and may be prosecuted for the benefit of any claimants under the provisions of the eighth section.

Sec. 10. No director shall enter upon, or discharge any of the duties of his office, nor shall the bank go into operation, until such bonds have been executed and approved, as mentioned in the preceding section.

Sec. 11. Any director who may have paid more than his share of the liabilities mentioned in the preceding sections, may have any proper action, in law or equity, against such other directors as shall not have paid their full shares.

Sec. 12. The directors, after being qualified to act as such in the manner required by law, may appoint one of their number to be president of such bank; and may appoint and remove at pleasure, a cashier, and other necessary officers and servants, and fix their compensation; and make all necessary by-laws and regulations not inconsistent with the act of incorporation, or the laws of this state, to regulate—

1. The conduct and duties of the several officers;

2. The times and places of holding, and the manner of notifying the meetings of the directors and of the corporation;

3. The terms and conditions on which all loans and discounts shall be made, and other negotiations of the corporation shall be transacted;

4. The disposition of the stock, property, and effects, of said corporation;

5. The election of directors and filling vacancies in their office.

And all other regulations necessary for the proper management of the business of the bank, and to carry into effect the purposes of its incorporation.

Sec. 13. The cashier of the bank shall be required, before he enters upon the duties of his office, to give a bond to the treasurer of this state, with sufficient securities, to be approved by the said commissioner, in the sum of not less than twenty thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, which shall be for the security, and may be prosecuted for the benefit, not only of the corporation, but of all others interested.

Sec. 14. Any such bank may loan and negotiate its moneys and effects, by discounting on banking principles, upon such security as

Laws of Vermont.

STATE OF VERMONT.

Secretary's Office, Oct. 30, 1840.

In conformity to the provisions of the 11th section of the fifth chapter of Revised Statutes, the secretary of state hereby designates this and other acts, for publication in the newspapers printed in this state.

C. L. KNAPP, Secretary of State.

An Act relating to Banks. It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, as follows:

Sec. 1. Any banking company chartered or rechartered, at the present session, or any future session, shall be subject to the provisions of this act, and to the control at all times, of the legislature, to alter, amend, or repeal, as the public good may require; and shall be subject to the provisions of the first twenty-seven, and the fortieth and forty-first sections of the eighth chapter of the revised statutes; but shall not be subject to the remaining sections of said eighth chapter, except so far as the same are re-enacted in this act. Provided, that no such corporation shall be issued or incorporated for the payment of loans which shall have accrued previous to their act of incorporation or re-charter, by the failure of any safety-fund bank.

Sec. 2. No such banking company, incorporated as mentioned in the preceding section

The Boston fire department were called out in the month of Sept, and Oct, and were by fire during that period was near 50,000.