

Democrat

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HALES & HOY will attend to my business during my absence in Congress, and will be assisted by me in the trial of all causes springing to them. JAMES T. HALE.
December 15, 1859.

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Customers will find my stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices.
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Office on Allegheny street, in the building formerly occupied by Linn & Wilson.

Select Poetry.

My Mother, O! My Mother.

BY PINKEY JOHNSON.

Oh mother! I turn my wayward feet
Down yonder rural lane,
While memories of the happy past
Come back to me again.
I see through branches of the trees
The house where I was born—
Where first I felt the bliss of life.
In youth's unclouded morn'
O'er more I stand beside the hearth
Where once my mother smiled,
And though kind voices greet me now,
She welcomes not her child.
I fall within the outstretched arms
Of my poor orphan brother,
Oh! would to God I'd died for thee
My mother O! my mother!

O mother! 'tis a selfish thought
To wish thee back again,
To call thee from thy home of bliss
To wear earth's weary chain.
Yet could I call thee but one hour,
How would I pour thy name,
My heart's full weight of grief,
My love and misery.

And thou shouldst kiss away my tears
And smile away my pain,
And smile words of untold joy
When we shall meet again.
Oh! we should have a heaven on earth,
And live but for each other.
But oh! the angels called thee home,
My mother, O! my mother!

Mother! I kneel not by thy side,
Nor caught thy feeble breath,
When thou wert folded in the arms
Of the destroyer—Death,
I did not see the peaceful smile
That lit thy gentle brow,
But thy last blessing on thy boy
Is with me even now.
And I can calm my clasped heart,
With holy thoughts of bliss,
That thou hast gone to brighter scenes
Than in a world like this.
And true religion's magic power
Shall help my grief to smother,
And whisper 'Thou in Paradise
Shalt see thy sainted mother.'

Washington Gossip.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The Treasury Department has returned to Gov. Pakeny a draft payable to New York, for the salary of the sub-treasurer at Charleston not having been paid, because there were no funds there.

Over a half dozen applications for patents have been received lately from inventors residing in States which have seceded. These enterprising people seem to consider the "United States" yet in existence, whatever others may suppose.

Troops are pouring in rapidly for the defence of this city. Two companies arrived today.

The officers of the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have situated quarrels at numerous bridges to prevent their threatened destruction by seceders when Mr. Lincoln passes over this railroad on his way to be inaugurated on the fourth of next month.

A salute of thirty six guns was fired here today in honor of the admission of Kansas into the Union.

Col. Lander, whose superintendence of the Overland Wagon Road was so satisfactory, has resigned that office.

Private advices from Charleston, furnish important information as to the plans of the South Carolina Government for the capture of Fort Sumter. On the east side of the harbor, opposite Sumter, in a little village, called Mount Pleasant, containing about 250 inhabitants. At this place the Carolinians are mounting heavy guns, which they have taken down by land. The guns at Fort Sumter are not mounted with reference to any attack from this point, although it is within easy range. The plan is, therefore, to open fire upon Sumter from Mount Pleasant and the western shore simultaneously, with the hope of making a breach in the fort on the eastern side, through which it is proposed the storming parties from the flotilla shall enter.

Twenty men are required, it is said, to man one gun at Fort Sumter. As Major Anderson has a very small force, it is supposed he will be unable to spare any of his men for returning the fire of Mount Pleasant, as that would leave Fort Sumter defenceless on the opposite side, where it will be attacked at the same time.

Such being the plan of the South Carolina Government, it would seem that Major Anderson ought at once to be reinforced, unless the Government be willing to allow him to surrender, which is not within the bounds of credibility. For the President has made up his mind that there must be a contest sooner or later, and has therefore determined to meet the issue whenever it may be presented.

Great troops are pouring into Washington daily. Several houses in E street, between 4th, 5th and 7th streets, have been rented for quarters, this morning a young ladies' school evacuated its building, opposite the Baptist Church on E street, to make way for a sterner and rougher tenantry. With General Scott for his next door neighbor on the right, two companies of United States troops a few doors to the left, and a park of artillery grimly ironing through a vacant lot in front, your correspondent may be said to occupy a "strong position," in a military point of view, at least.

Ether McDowell—A Strange Story.

J. F. McGinnis in his history of the North Branch Valley relates the following history of a successful imposition practised upon the people of Jersey Shore, in 1803:

About the year 1803, a remarkable circumstance transpired at the upper end of the lough of Jersey Shore, well remembered by all the old people living at that time. Pine trees, in considerable numbers, were then standing on the spot which I now speak of. An old Dutchman, named Martin Reese, had built a cabin near where the public road crosses the canal, on the farm now owned by Mark Stonaker, Esq., and made some improvements. Rising very early one frosty morning in October, he was surprised on going to his door, to find a beautiful female in a state of nudity, with her hands tied behind her back, and a gag over her mouth, standing in front of the cabin, against a tree. He relieved her from this uncomfortable position as soon as possible, and tendered her the hospitalities of his humble cabin. She appeared to be chilled through with the cold, and could scarcely speak for some time. On being asked her name, she related that she had been traveling on horse back from her father's house in Kentucky, to visit an uncle who resided in Pennsylvania, who was sent expressly to attend her. But having a large amount of gold in her possession, an evil spirit prompted him to rob her; and in a lonely spot near Pine Creek, he presented a pistol to her breast and compelled her to dismount, and deliver up what money she possessed; when he immediately stripped her, tied her, and left her in this shameful and deplorable condition, to starve with hunger or be devoured by wild beasts. She had remained in that condition nearly all night, when, at the most desperate struggles she had released herself and made her way to his cabin. After being refreshed, she willingly went with the family to the spot, and pointed out the place where she had been tied, and the path she had beaten round the tree trying to free herself.

There was something artless in her appearance, and her modest demeanor and delicate frame, left no doubt in the minds of those who saw her, that her statements were true, and that she had been fairly dealt with. She appeared to be overwhelmed with distress at the thought of her situation among strangers. She gave her name as Ether McDowell.

Mr. Greer, father of Judge Greer, of the Supreme Court, resided close by, and took her to his family, and kindly provided for her wants. A great deal of sympathy was excited in her behalf, and the neighbors vied with each other in making her presents of clothing. Several gentlemen now living, presented her with valuable silk dresses, and other articles, which she accepted, and kindly thanked them for their liberality.

Meanwhile the news spread throughout the country, and the public indignation was highly excited against the villain Cornett. Handbills, offering a reward for his apprehension were put in circulation, and the chivalry of the West Branch started in all directions to look for the scoundrel. He had twenty four hours' start, however, and being well mounted, eluded all observation and effected his escape.

The artless girl remained in the neighborhood, caressed and entertained by the sympathizing people, who could not do enough to alleviate her wants. Her manners were so simple, her actions so lady like and refined, and her description of the thief so minute, that no doubt was left of her being truthfully treated. Letters in the meantime were dispatched to her father at Montreal, but weeks elapsed and no answer came. Still the public confidence in her was unshaken.

The intelligence having spread far and near, strangers in great numbers flocked to see her, and loaded her with presents. They were always fascinated with her beauty, her simple and captivating charms. Being at the hotel kept by Duffies, at Larry's Creek, a gentleman named Hutchinson, from Milton, called to see her. She eyed him closely, and seemed to keep shy of him, which attracted his attention, and he thought he detected something familiar in her countenance. He requested to have some private conversation with her, which she positively refused, when he exclaimed, calling her by name, "I believe you are the identical young woman who once worked for me in Milton as a journeyman tailor!" This was a power, and she became greatly excited, which aroused a suspicion among the people that she might be an impostress. And such she ultimately turned out to be. The pretty Ether McDowell had deceived and humbugged them in a shameful manner, and never was robbed as she represented.

A bundle of men's clothing had also been found near the spot where she was found, secured in a hollow log, which went to confirm the suspicion. At length she confessed that such was the fact—that she had been playing the impostress, being of a romantic turn of mind, she had actually passed herself off as a young man and worked as a journeyman tailor.

It was now remembered that a young man, answering her description, had crossed the White Deer Mountains into Nippenose Valley, and staid over night with the family

One Kind Aft.

When Mary and I were married, we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to house-keeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—the chairs, I told Mary she must turn up a tub; for I could not run in debt. No, no, it was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. M., found us out, and kindly offered to let us have a dozen chairs, which were added to our stock. They were glad to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M.—and now me—she has turned a poor widow;—but she shall never want while I have any thing, never!—said the old man, with a beaming face. "I don't forget those old chairs."

It was the intention of the old chairs, which ministered to the poor widow. She was living on the interest and the compound interest of a little friendly set done years before, and it sufficed for her and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great and moral law. "Love thy neighbor," and we should often see it, could we look into the hidden path of life, and find that it is not self-interest, nor riches, nor fame that binds heart and hand. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than they. It is these, the friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one towards another, which roll a wealth of its power to curse, extracts bitterness from sorrow, and opens walls of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence. Merchant's Ledger.

A Strange Career.

The Philadelphia Press of a late date, has an editorial notice of Dr. Dyott, the well known dealer in patent medicines in that city, who recently died at an advanced age. The article gave the following strange facts connected with his remarkable career:

When he came to this country he had but a few shillings. Observing that very little attention was paid to boot-lacking in Philadelphia, he took being polished, and no blacking made—he rented a cellar and small room above it, in Second or Third Street, above Chestnut, and commenced to manufacture blacking. It took the greater part of his money to buy the materials, and he was obliged to work in the street, and to do his work at night, with his own hands, and sold it by day in his little shop above, brushing the buyer's shoes to show them how to use it. He soon found sale for all he could make, and wanting suitable bottles to put it in, (for it was not liquid) he walked up to the glass works, then in Kensington, to have them made, and not knowing the distance, or exactly how to get there, he preferred walking to taking a horse, for fear the turnpike toll would take too much of his money; for at that time he supposed it was an expensive ride to Philadelphia as it was near London. By this pursuit he made money rapidly, and soon obtained enough to establish a drug store, of which business he has since done some advantage as a grocer's apprentice in England, where he learned the art of manufacturing boot blacking.

He soon rose, by the system of newspaper patenting, to be the largest manufacturer of patent medicines and drugs in the United States, and did an immense business. At one time, about the year 1819 he kept the most elegant riding establishment in this city or county, driving four horses in his elegant English coach with three or four outriders in livery. A few years after he became embarrassed, broke up his coach style of living, and worked through his difficulties by making his creditors take drugs and medicines. After this he was enlarged his business, bought the glass works where his blacking bottles were made, and was, no doubt, at this time a rich man. But his business was carried on in a somewhat wild manner, and had gone beyond his knowledge or control when in 1835 or 1836, he added to it that of banking. He next had an act of incorporation. He had purely a private bank of issue. He published a statement that he had deposited a large amount of real estate, for the redemption of his notes, to some of the prominent citizens of Philadelphia. In the general derangement of the business of the country in 1837, the doctor and his bank broke down, and his deed of trust for his bank was found to be worthless. He was then indicted for fraud, and sentenced to the penitentiary. Others were also tried for conspiracy with him, but acquitted.

Such changes in the life of one man are not common—making boot blacking and brushing boots, at the same time; in a few years riding in his own four horse carriage, with outriders; then in the penitentiary; and, after all dying calmly, at a ripe old age, in comfortable circumstances.

A HOPE IN THE SEW.—John Mitchell writes thus to the Charleston Mercury from Paris: "There is hardly a day light enough to read, but only the kind of ghastly twilight which seems with gloomy images. I walk moodily along the quays, and almost fear to enter the broad shadow of Notre Dame. In the Morgue two corpses lie stark. Men say here that something is the matter with the sun, which is the cause of the cold, wet summer, and autumn; they say there is a hole in that luminary, (unless) which was well enough known before—but that it has grown larger of late, and is now a put or chain vast enough for so small a ball as our earth to roll about in."

In reply to questions by foreign ministers, as to how the subjects of their respective nations are to act in order to avoid all violations of the revenue laws of the United States, and to escape injury from the anomalous state of things at Charleston, Secretary Black has stated that the right of the Federal Government to impose duties on goods imported into the limits of the United States is exclusive, and that the question whether the condition of things at Charleston will or will not be regarded as a sufficient reason for not inflicting the penalties incurred by the subjects of foreign nations, will be settled when it practically arises.

Special Message of the President.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

I deem it my duty to submit to Congress a series of resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Virginia, on the 19th ult., having in view a peaceful settlement of the existing questions which now threaten the Union.— They were delivered to me on Thursday, the 21st inst., by ex-President Tyler, who has left his dignified and honored retirement in the hope that he may render service to his country in its hour of peril. These resolutions, it will be perceived, extend an invitation to all such States, whether slave holding or non-slave holding, as are willing to unite with Virginia in the earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally formed, and consistently with its principles, so as to afford to the people of the Slaveholding States adequate guarantees for the security of their rights, to appoint Commissioners, to meet, on the 4th day of February next, in the city of Washington, several Commissioners appointed by Virginia, to confer with those appointed by the other States, and to propose some suitable adjustment. I confess I hail this movement on the part of Virginia, with great satisfaction. From the past history of this ancient and renowned Commonwealth, we have the fullest assurance that what she has undertaken she will accomplish, if it can be done by able, enlightened, and persevering efforts. It is highly gratifying to know that other patriotic States have appointed, and are appointing, Commissioners to meet those of Virginia in council. When assembled, they will constitute a body entire, in an eminent degree, to the confidence of the country. The General Assembly of Virginia has also resolved that ex-President Tyler is hereby appointed, by the concurrent vote of each branch of the General Assembly, a Commissioner to the President of the United States, and Judge John Robinson is hereby appointed, by a like vote, a Commissioner to the State of South Carolina, and the other States that have seceded, or shall secede with instructions respectfully to request the President of the United States and the authorities of such States to agree to abstain, pending the proceedings contemplated by the action of this General Assembly, from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between the States and the Government of the United States. However strong may be my desire to enter into such an agreement, I am convinced that I do not possess the power.—Congress, and Congress alone, under the law-making power, can exercise the discretion of agreeing to abstain from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms between this or any other Government. It would, therefore, be usurpation for the Executive to attempt to restrain their hands from an agreement in regard to matters over which he has no control. If he were thus to act they might pass laws which he should be bound to obey, though in conflict with his agreement.

Under existing circumstances, my present actual power is confined within narrow limits. It is my duty at all times to defend and protect the public property within the seceding States, so far as this may be practically and especially to employ the constitutional means to protect the property of the United States, and in preserve the public peace at this seat of the Federal Government. If the seceding States abstain from any and all acts calculated to produce a collision of arms, then the danger so much to be deprecated will no longer exist. Defence, and not aggression, has been the policy of the Administration from the beginning.— But would I can enter into no engagement such as that proposed, I cordially commend to Congress, with much confidence that it will meet their approbation, to abstain from passing any law calculated to produce a collision of arms, pending the proceedings contemplated by the action of the General Assembly of Virginia. I am one of those who will never despair of the Republic. I yet cherish the belief that the American people will perpetuate the Union of the States on some terms just and honorable for all sections of the country. I trust that the mediation of Virginia may be the destined means under Providence of accomplishing this inestimable benefit. Glorious as are the memories of her past history, such an achievement, both in relation to her own fate and the welfare of the whole country, would surpass them all.

JAMES BROWMAN,
Washington City, Jan. 28, 1861.

The Charleston Mercury of the 28th says: "The Legislature last night again altered the design of the State flag. It now consists of a blue field with a white palmetto tree in the middle, upright. The white crescent in the upper flag staff corner remains as before, the horns pointing upward. This may be regarded as final."

Dobbs, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, seceder warrants should be printed on "trailing paper," and wedding notes on "foolscap."

When you pity the suffering, do not put your hand upon your heart, but in your pocket. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Beautiful Answers.

A pupil of the Albe Seord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—A line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line which has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the match maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God's omniscience; He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to cook a meal of victuals for you; taste enough to dress neatly; pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue."

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has appointed the following gentlemen commissioners to the Washington convention: William M. Meredith, Thomas White, James Pollock, David Wilton, Thomas E. Franklin, Andrew V. Isonis, and William McKennan.

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man and struck right and left to all who opposed him. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river, he heard the ferryman swearing furiously at the sermons of Peter Cartwright and threatening that if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman, "Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and structures upon Peter Cartwright. Having finished he turned to Peter and said, "Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.
"Well, you've just been using my name improperly; and said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.
"My name is Peter Cartwright," instantly the ferryman seized the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength; for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nose of his trowers, and plunged him into the water, saying:
"I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art."

"Thou hast him, we should say."
"Did you ever pray?"
"No."
"Then its time you did."
"Nor never will," answered the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the depths again.
"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.
The gasping victim shouted:
"I do anything you bid me."
"Then follow me; 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' &c. Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:
"Now let me go."

"Not yet," said Peter, "you must make three promises:—First, that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; secondly, that you will bear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher free of expense. Do you promise and row?"

"I promise," said the ferryman.
And strange to say, that man afterwards became a shining light.

The North Carolina House has concurred in the Senate amendments to the convention bill, and it has thus finally passed. It provides for putting the question to the people at the time of electing delegates; "convention or no convention." It also restricts the action of the convention to Federal affairs. The election takes place the 28th of February.

At the October election, Mr. Verree, a Republican, was returned to Congress from the third district in Philadelphia by twenty two majority. Mr. Kline, Democrat, his opponent, contests his election, and an official recount of the votes just finished, shows a majority of nine votes for Mr. Kline.