The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office on the Corner of Bath and Washington streets.

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2,00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2,50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at TEN CENTS per line for each of the first four insertions, and FIVE CENTS per line for each subsequent insertion less than three months.

Regular monthly and yearly advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	2 50	4 00	5 00	6 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	4 00	5 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	21 00	36 +0	50	65
3 "	6 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00					
5 "	9 50	18 00	25 00	30 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

Special notices will be inserted at TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS per line, and local and editorial notices at FIFTEEN CENTS per line.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.—Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

DR. F. O. ALLEMAN can be consulted at his office, at all hours, Mapleton, Pa. [march6,72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

DR. R. R. WIESTLING, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office removed to No. 618½ Hill street, (SMITH'S BUILDING.) [apr.5,'71-1y.

DR. J. C. FLEMMING respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office No. 743 Washingtpn Street. may24.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street Huntingdon. [jan.4,'71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

H. GLAZIER, Notary Public, corner of Washington and Smith streets, Huntingdon, Pa. [jan.12'71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. R. PATTON, Druggist and Apothecary, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Huntingdon, Pa. Prescriptions accurately compounded. Pure Liquors for Medicinal purposes. [nov.23,'70.

J. HALL MUSSER, Attorney-at-Law, No. 219 Hill st., Huntingdon, Pa. [jan.4,'71.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness.
Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of Estates, &c.; and all other Legal Business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch.
☞ Office in room lately occupied by R. Milton Speer, Esq. [jan.4,'71.

MILES ZENTMYER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business. Office in Cunningham's new building. [jan.4,'71.

R. ALLISON MILLER. H. BUCHANAN.
MILLER & BUCHANAN,
DENTISTS,
No. 228 Hill Street,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
April 5, '71-1y.

P. M. & M. S. LYTLE, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will attend to all kinds of legal business entrusted to their care.
Office on the south side of Hill street, fourth door west of Smith. [jan.4,'71.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

JOHN SCOTT. S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY
SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Pensions, and all claims of soldiers and soldiers' heirs against the Government will be promptly prosecuted.
Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

T. W. MYTON, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with J. Sewell Stewart, Esq. [jan.4,'71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Miscellaneous.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa. JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. January 4, 1871.

COLORED PRINTING DONE AT the Journal Office, at Philadelphia prices

NEAR THE RAILROAD DEPOT,
COR. WAYNE and JUNIATA STREETT
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
M'CLAIN & CO., PROPRIETORS. Mch15-tf

ROBT. KING, Merchant Tailor, 412 Washington street, Huntingdon, Pa., a liberal share of patronage respectfully solicited. April 12, 1871.

LEWISTOWN BOILER WORKS. GEORGE PAWLING & CO., Manufacturers of Locomotive and Stationary Boilers, Tanks, Pipes, Filling-Barrows for Furnaces, and Sheet Iron Work of every description. Works on Logan street, Lewistown, Pa.
All orders promptly attended to. Repairing done at short notice. [Apr 5,'71,1y.*

A. R. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand and for sale. [ap19,'71-6m

Tariff and Free Trade.

We are indebted to the publishers of the *American Working People* for the accompanying sketch and description of the workings of free trade and protection. This journal, not quite a year old, has over 20,000 subscribers, and is the best tariff publication in the United States. It is the true friend and supporter of workingmen, and no workingman should fail to have it. Forward $1,50 to the Iron World Publishing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Free trade has here produced its legitimate fruit—idleness and poverty.

Only two businesses thrive under it, whisky selling and the "old iron and rags" business. In the foreground we see an industrious but poverty-stricken miner compelled to carry his tools, with which, in times past, he had earned his bread, to the well-dressed, well-fed vulture in the shape of a man who buys iron and rags.—He has no more need of his picks. The mine where he worked for years is empty and silent. He has just returned from a hunt through it for the last few picks he could find that he might sell them for bread. The boats that used to wait impatiently at the tipple for their cargo of coal have stopped coming. The men that bought the coal have no money to buy. The mills and foundaries and furnaces and shops that used it are closed and idle and need no more. They could not sell what they made because English goods come in cheaper. The farmers could not buy those cheap goods because they could not sell their corn and wheat and rye and oats. This poor man belonged to a free trade club, who believed that protective duties made everything dear—and he voted for free trade candidates at every election, until finally the free traders in Congress were strong enough to drag us into free trade with its consequent poverty. There is no school house where his children can be educated, and they live in rags and idleness.

The ground beneath his feet is filled with coal, but he cannot dig it. He is selling for a few cents his power to earn his bread. His house is in ruins, and his equally unhappy wife, with a neighbor woman and her son, are returning to the miserable place they still call home, with a bundle of sticks to build a fire to cook—what?

Despair is on his countenance, and well it may be, for starvation stares him in the face.

A few dispirited comrades hang around the village bar-room to spend a few cents in drink. "P. Murphy's Miners' Home" is truly their only home. It is only when a glass or two of strong whisky deadens their senses to their poverty, that they feel any happiness.

The coal road is broken, the cars are rotting, the mills in the distance are idle and in ruins, and general desolation prevails.

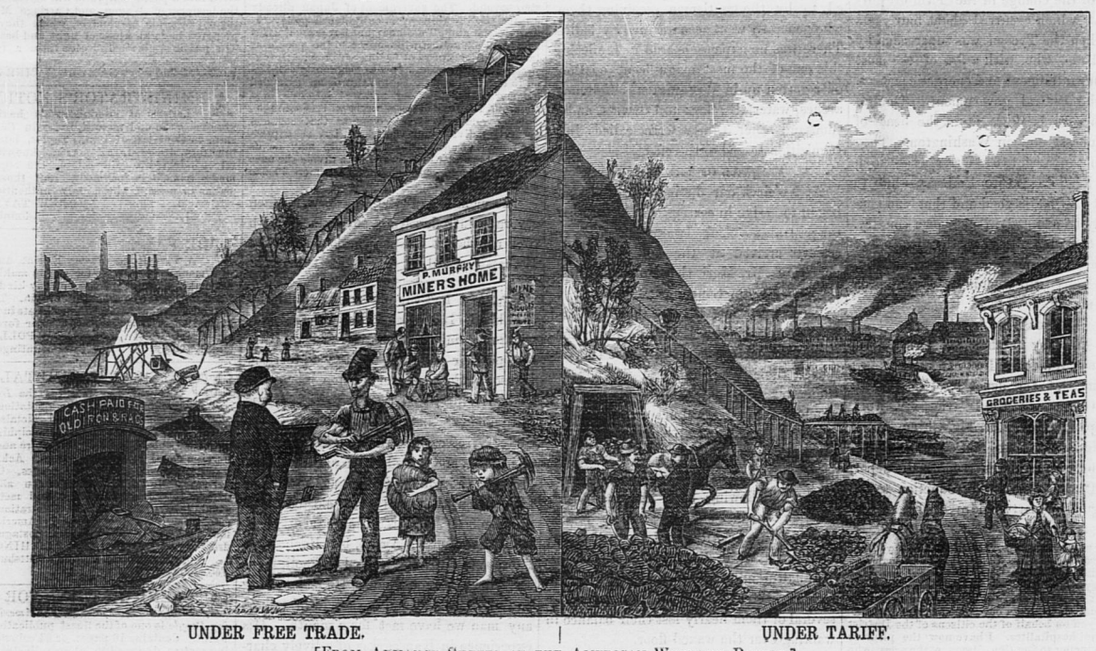
These are facts which any man can testify to who can recall the days of 1856–57, when free trade prostrated us with a storm of poverty.

But look on the other picture. Instead of a whisky shop we see a grocery store—instead of idle, hopeless men we see happy and industrious men. The coal is descending the hill, where hundreds of miners are at work, with happy families, in comfortable homes, waiting for their return. The miner is happy, for he knows his wife and children are not out picking up sticks and chips, and the wife and children are happy, for they know the husband and father is not hanging around a saloon. A well-covered table awaits him, and a well-dressed family welcome him. The river is full of life—a boat is smoking and foaming up stream to the mills, in the background, with its tow of coal, where a thousand hardy iron men are earning good wages, which goes to employ farmers, build school houses, railroads, &c. This scene needs few words to teach the lesson intended by it. It is a picture familiar to all. Workingmen, which would you rather do—carry your implements to an old iron dealer, while your wife is picking up sticks to build a fire to boil once more a five-cent bone of meat for supper, or see your wife coming home—as she is in the picture—well dressed, with a basket full of as good food as they have to sell. You can have your choice. It is in your power to choose. You will some day be called upon to determine. Free traders and British manufacturers are spending thousands of dollars to fill the country with tracts and literature to deceive the voters of the country. The crisis will come some day, and if you are not strong enough you will sell your implements and live in reality the life of poverty here represented.

Prepare yourself.

The following we clip to-day from an English paper. Read it and see what it means:

"America begins to make a respectable appearance among our customers. The day is near at hand when this (America) will be an important outlet for Cleveland iron. The Western States have increased in power through increased representation in Congress; the result is an addition to the ranks of free traders. It is said that the composition of the Committee of Ways and Means insures a proposal to reduce the import tariff this session on pig iron. The import duty is at present seven dollars per ton, *but a reduction to the extent of two or three dollars per ton* is expected in well informed quarters. It remains a matter of surprise that the production of pig iron in the States which at present is estimated at 2,000,000 tons per annum, does not increase at a greater ratio. The country has enormous coal fields in the neighborhood of mountains of iron stone, with railways in close proximity, and these could be worked to good profits."



UNDER FREE TRADE. UNDER TARIFF.

[FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF THE AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE.]

The Story-Teller.

Deaf Smith, the Spy.

Despite the cloud that hangs over the closing days of Sam Houston's life, I have always entertained a strong admiration for the hero of San Jacinto. I am fully conscious of his weaknesses, some of which were quite glaring, but he had a certain pluck, a Jacksonian stubbornness, which commanded the respect of even his enemies.

There is an incident of Sam Houston's career which is not generally known, but which brings out as prominently as any act of his, the sterling courage to which I refer, and at the same time brings into notice one of the most extraordinary men of whom I have ever heard—that is the individual known as Deaf Smith, the Texan spy, an intimate friend of Sam Houston.

At the time Texas succeeded in establishing her independence, the constitution provided that the city of Austin should be the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept; but the proviso was inserted giving the President discretionary power to remove them temporarily to some safe point in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the power or a sudden insurrection.

About two years after the Texan revolution, the warlike Comanches became so daring as to commit several outrages in sight of the capital itself, whereupon Houston considered this condition of matters warranted his availing himself of the provisions of the constitution already mentioned.

He resided at that time at Washington, on the Brazos, from which he dispatched a messenger, with an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to that place, and which he announced to be the seat of government, *pro temporara.*

This produced the most intense excitement in Austin. The hotel keepers, groceries, boarding houses and gambling saloons foresaw irretrievable ruin. They gathered together and denounced the proposed "outrage." Gradually the mutterings took shape, until, despite the constitutional warranty for the step, it was resolved that the thing should not be done.

A mass meeting was called of the citizens and farmers of the neighborhood, and the most fiery and incendiary speeches were made. When the feeling of all were worked up to the proper pitch, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the execution of the mandate by armed resistance.

A company of armed men were organized on the spot. At their head was placed Col. Morton, one of the most noted duelists in the Republic. He had achieved quite a fame during the war just closed, and was, unquestionably, a brave man, and was as unprincipled as he was desperate. He was a fellow of no little importance, and it was with no little pride that he took charge of the men, who unanimously called upon him to be their leader.

So noted, indeed, was Col. Morton, that a great many were convinced that when Gen. Houston learned that he headed this determined band he would hasten to retract his ground, and recall the offending command. But they mistook the mettle of the old hero.

Col. Morton, puffed up with his "brief authority," declared that if the President did succeed in removing the records by power of overwhelming numbers, he would hunt him down like a wolf, and slay him whenever he found him, whether on the streets or in bed. He went so far even to send him a letter to this effect, and here is the identical answer he received:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archieves, I shall instantly come and take them, and if Colonel Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear-cap. SAM HOUSTON."

On the reception of this answer the excitement became greater than ever. The guard was doubled around the State House, and picked sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the capital, the military paraded on the streets from morning until night, and a caucus of the ringleaders was held in the city hall. Everything threatened a coming storm.

Thus matters stood for several days, when the caucus at the city hall were startled by the sudden arrival of a stranger among them.

He did not knock at the door nor attempt to ask permission there, but climbed, unnoticed, with the celerity of a monkey, a small oak which grew beside the wall, and, without a word of warning, sprang through a lofty window, and landed in the very room where the astonished caucus were congregated.

The stranger was clad in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender an immense bowie-knife, and held in his leathern belt a couple of enormous pistols. He was very thin, tall and straight as an arrow, and as lithe and supple as a panther, with a swarthy complexion, long, jet-black hair, a rigid, iron-like countenance, eyes of glittering blackness, and as piercing as the point of the stiletto.

His sudden appearance among them so startled them that they unconsciously grasped their arms.

"Who are you that comes among gentlemen uninvited?" thundered Col. Morton, staring ferociously at him.

The stranger turned his black eyes upon him, and stared at him, but the only answer he made was by placing his finger upon his lips.

"Who are you? Speak or I will run you through!" shouted Morton, driven to fury by the cool, contemptuous gaze of the other, who now took his finger from his lips and laid it on the handle of his knife.

The exasperated Colonel now drew his dagger, and was advancing upon the stranger when several interposed, and held him back.

"Let him alone, Morton. Don't you see he is crazy?"

At this juncture, Judge Webb stepped forward and spoke to the stranger in a kindly, respected manner.

"My good friend, I suppose you have made a mistake. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not seem to understand the words, but he did the conciliatory manner. His iron features relaxed somewhat, and stepping to a side-table, where there were implements for writing, he took up a pen and rapidly traced the words, "I am deaf."

He then held up the paper before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his seeming discourtesy.

"Will you be obliging enough to inform us what your business is with this meeting?"

The stranger answered this question by handing a letter to the Judge, whose superscription was, "To the citizens of Austin." The seal was broken and it was read aloud:

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—Though in error and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision.

SAM. HOUSTON."

After the letter was read, the deaf man waited a moment or two for reply and turned to leave the hall. At this juncture, Colonel Morton interposing with a lowering brow, beckoned him to the table. The stranger obeyed him, when Colonel Morton wrote:

"You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening look ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger instantly penned the reply:

"I am at your service."

The Colonel again wrote:

"Who will be your second?"

This was the answer:

"I am too generous too seek an advantage, and too brave to fear any on the part of others; I therefore never need the aid of a second."

Morton wrote:

"Name your terms."

The stranger wrote without a second's hesitation:

"Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time."

The last sentence was not calculated to soothe the feelings of the irritated Colonel, and he compressed his lips as he read it.

The next moment the stranger strode across the floor and disappeared through the window in the same manner that he had entered.

"Is it possible, Colonel Morton, that you intend to fight that man?" exclaimed Judge Webb. "He is a mute, if not a maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," answered Morton, with a smile, "that mute is a hero whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles and nearly as many bloody duels. Besides he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think the President will retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then? Who is he?" asked several.

"Deaf Smith."

"Impossible! That cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," replied Judge Webb.

"There again your honor is mistaken," smiled Morton. The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, gotten up by Houston himself for the purpose of saving the life of his favorite from the vengeance of several Texans, on whose conduct he had acted the part of a spy. I learned the artifice over a year ago."

"Then you are a madman yourself Colonel, Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has been known to bring down ravens in their flight, and has picked off Comanches and Mexicans at the distance of two hundred yards."

"The thing is settled. I fancy I can do a little of that business myself."

"But for God's sake," persisted Judge Webb, becoming excited, "I don't want you to be murdered."

"Who is going to be?" asked Colonel Morton, as he cooly smoked his cigar and smiled in his usual way.

"Why, you, if you undertake to fight Deaf Smith."

"The thing is all arranged, as I said a moment ago, and I wouldn't back out of it if I were certain to be shot; for what is death to dishonor."

Such was the absurd sentiment in Texas at that time, and such, as we fear, is still too prevalent among civilized nations.

Toward evening a large crowd assembled at the place appointed for the meeting, and so reckless were the people regarding the mighty issue at stake—a human life—perhaps two—that there were all manner of jokes, and not a few wagers laid upon the result.

At length, as the sun sunk below the horizon, the two mortal antagonists appeared on the open space with their stations, standing back to back. At the waving of the hankerchief they began pacing off from each other, both stepping exactly together as if they were keeping time to the tap of a drum. They completed the distance at the same second, when they wheeled so as face each other, and to fire as soon as possible.

As they were separated by a considerable space, they raised their rifles and paused a moment to take aim. The pause was long enough for the crowd to glance from one to the other, and note the expression of their faces.

Colonel Morton was calm and smiling; but the smile was a murderous one—far more terrible than the severest scowl could be. Deaf Smith however, was as rigid and passionless as ever. His profile might have been supposed to have been cut in stone, so expressionless was it. The former was attired in the finest broad-cloth, and the other was clad in smoke-tinted leather.

The next instant the two rifles exploded simultaneously. Colonel Morton gave a smothered shriek, sprang upward and fell to the ground—dead. Deaf Smith stood unmoved, and began reloading his rifle, which being done, he turned away and disappeared in the adjoining forest.

Three days after, General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith, and ten other men, made his appearance in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

Deaf Smith, as I remarked in another place, was one of the most extraordinary men ever known in the West. He appeared in Texas at an early period, and resided there until his death, which occurred over a dozen years ago. He had many ardent friends, but nothing definite was ever learned regarding his early history. Whether he ever acquainted Houston with it or not can never be known, for the old hero never enlightened me, nor any one else, so far as I can learn, upon the matter.

When Deaf Smith was questioned upon the point, he laid his finger upon his lips, and, if pressed, his black eye gave such a rebuke that no one dared question him further. Although deprived of the faculty of hearing, nature, as is often the case, seemed to compensate him by giving him an eye as keen and far-reaching as an eagle's, and a smell as perfect as a raven's. He could discern Comanches so far off on the prairies that they were invisible to the most experienced rangers, and his friends declared he could scent an Indian or Mexican when miles distant.

Gifted in this extraordinary manner, it will be seen that he possessed just the qualities to make a spy; and his services to Houston during the Texan war for independence were invaluable. He nearly always went alone, and very rarely failed to obtain the information desired.

He had many erratic habits. No persuasion could induce him to sleep under the roof of a house. With his blanket wrapped around him, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the star-gemmed firmament of the silver moon.

When not engaged as a spy, he lived by hunting, and was often absent for months upon his excursions. He was a genuine son of nature, at home only when upon the prairies or in the woods, or when engaged in the thrilling excitement of the hunt, or the more fiery thrill of the clash of arms and the roar of battle.

Shut out by his infirmities from close companionship with friends, he had made the inanimate things of the earth his friends. Wherever there was land or water, barren rocks or tangled brakes of wild cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange soul! He hath departed on the long journey, away among those high bright stars, which were his night lamps, and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mysteries of the magical word, "life." He is dead; therefore let his errors rest in oblivion and his virtues be remembered with hope.

Reading for the Million.

The Constitutional Convention!

The following is the bill authorizing a Constitutional Convention as passed through the House of Representatives:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same.* That at an election to be held on the second Tuesday of October next, the qualified electors of this Commonwealth are hereby authorized to vote for delegates to attend a State convention to revise and amend the Constitution of the State. The said convention to consist of one hundred and thirty-three members, to be apportioned and elected as senators and representatives are now by law apportioned and elected.

SECTION 2. The following regulations shall apply to the aforesaid election, to be held on the second Tuesday of October next, and to returns of the same:

First the said election shall be held and conducted by the proper election officers of the several election districts of the Commonwealth, and shall be governed and regulated in all respects by the general election laws of the Commonwealth, so far as the same shall be applicable thereto, and not inconsistent with the provisions of this act.

Fourth. In the city of Philadelphia the return judges shall meet at the State house, at ten o'clock on the Thursday next following the election, and make out the returns for said city of the votes cast therein for members of the convention. The return judges of the several election districts within each county of the State, excluding Philadelphia, shall meet on the Friday next following the election, at the usual place for the meeting of the return judges of their county, and shall make out full and accurate returns for the county of the votes cast therein for members of the convention and for district members of the same, and the proceedings of the return judges of the said city of Philadelphia and of the several counties of the Commonwealth, in the making of their returns, shall be the same as those prescribed for return judges in the case of an election for Governor, except that returns transmitted to the Secretary of the Commonwealth shall be addressed to that officer alone, and not to the Speaker of the Senate.

Fifth. The prothonotary of Philadelphia and the prothonotaries of the several counties, shall, with referance to such returns, promptly and faithfully perform all the duties enjoined upon them by the eighty-fourth sections of the general election act of July second, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

Sixth. The Secretary of the Commonwealth shall, as soon as the returns of said election shall be received by him, and at all events within fifteen days after the election, in the presence of the Governor and Auditor General, open and compute all the returns received of votes given for members of the convention, and the Governor shall forthwith issue his proclamation declaring the names of the persons who have been chosen members of the convention.

SECTION. 3 It shall be the duty of the delegates so elected, as aforesaid, to assemble in convention in the hall of the House of Represetatives at the State Capitol, in Harrisburg, on April fifteenth, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, at twelve o'clock, M., that day, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Commonwealth to call the convention to order at that time and place, and to submit all the returns of election in his possesssion, and to read the aforesaid proclamation of the Governor, and thereupon said convention shall proceed to organize by electing one of their number as president, and after the members are sworn in, such other officers as may be needed in the transaction of business.

SECTION 4. Any person desiring to contest the seat of any delegate so sworn in shall proceed as in the case of contesting the seat of a member of the House of Representatives.

SECTION 5. Said convention, so elected, assembled and organized, shall have power to propose to the citizens of this Commonwealth, for their approval or rejection, a new constitution or amendments to the present one, or specfic amendments to be voted for separately, which shall be engrossed and signed by the president and chief clerk, and delivered to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, by whom, and under whose direction, it shall be entered on record in his office, and published once a week in at least two newspapers in each county, were two papers are published, for four weeks next preceding the day of election that shall be held for the adoption or rejection of the constitution or amendment so submitted, *Provided*, That one-third of all the members of the convention shall have the right to reqnire the separate and distinct submission to a popular vote of any change or amendment proposed by the convention.

SECTION 6. For the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the citizens on the expediency of adopting the constitution as prepared by the convention or specific amendments, which the convention may deem proper to present separately to the consideration of the voters, it shall be the duty of the said convention to order an election and to issue a writ of election directed to the sheriff of each county of this Commonwealth, commanding notice to be given of the time of holding an election for said purpose, and it shall be the duty of said sheriffs respectfully to give notice accordingly, and it shall be the duty of the inspectors and judges of the election throughout the State to hold an election in obedience to said convention in each of the election districts of this Commonwealth at the legally appointed place of holding the general elections, and it shall be the duty of the said election officers to receive tickets, either written or printed, from the citizens qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly, and to deposit them in a box, which tickets shall be labelled on the outside "new constitution," or separate specific amendments, if any, naming the specific amendment and on the inside "for the new constitution" or "against the new constitution" or "for" or "against" any specific amendments which shall be peesented for a separate vote.

SECTION 7. The election to decide for or against the adoption of the new constitution or specific amendments shall be conducted as the general elections of this Commonwealth are now by law conducted, and it shall be the duty of the return judges of the respective counties, first having ascertained the number of votes given for or against the new constitution or separate specific amendments, if any, to make out duplicate returns thereof expressed in words at length, one of which returns so made shall be filed in the office of the prothonotary of the proper county, and the other sealed and directed to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, which said returns shall be opened, counted and published as the returns for Governor are now by law counted and published, and when the number of votes given for or against the new or revised constitution, or for or against separate specific amendments, if any, shall have been summed up and ascertained, and the duplicate certificates thereof delivered to the proper officers, the Governor shall declare by proclamation the result of the election, and if a majority of the votes polled shall be for the new or revised constitution or for any separate specific amendments, such new or revised constitution and separate specific amendments, shall be henceforth the constitution of this Commonwealth.

SECTION 8. The entire compensation and allowance to each member of the convention shall be as follows: For salary, one thousand dollars, for milage, fifteen cents per mile circular, not to be allowed, at more than two sessions for postage, stationery and contingencies, one hundred dollars. The clerks and other officers to be allowed such compensation as the convention shall direct. Warrants for compensation of members and officers and for all proper expenses of the convention shall be drawn by the president and countersigned by the chief clerk upon the State Treasurer for payment.

Sensual Saints.

Once in a while crimes of more than usual magnitude are proved against clergymen. A case in point is that of the Rev. L. D. Huston, late pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, in Baltimore, who is shown not only to have corrupted an innocent girl of fourteen, but to have added to this atrocious outrage, by endeavoring to fix it upon another. It is stated that the child was the younger of two sisters, of whom the elder was a cripple; that when only twelve years old she attracted the attention of the pastor, the clergyman named above, who professed an interest in her spiritual and educational welfare; and that she frequently visited him at his house when he was alone in it, and remained with him all day. It was during one of her walks with him that her defloration was accomplished. His commerce with her was kept up for two years, her betrayer contriving to convince her both of its innocence and of the necessity of keeping it secret. Circumstances which it is not necessary for us to detail finally led to the girl's confession and to Mr. Huston's flight. A great light was then let in on other of his misdeeds. We do not care to follow the report through its painful details. Enough is exhibited to show that the pulpiteer had long been carrying out a carefully laid plan of debauchery, and that by a brutal refinement of sensuality, which in modern days has comparatively few adopters, his victims were invariably selected on account of their innocence and extreme youth.

It is not necessary to express any reprobation of the scoundrel who would thus use his sacred office as a means of more securely gratifying his unnatural lentch. The common voice of mankind pronounces with sufficient abhorrance against *that*. Nor is it necessary to analize the various sets of motives to which so accomplished a seducer would appeal in the work of sullying the mind and exciting the temperment of a young female child, who had been taught to look up to him as an immaculate exemplar. It is not perhaps easy to understand how such a child, properly brought up, could, even at a very tender age, keep concealed from her mother her first lessons in impurity. It is more to the purpose to inquire what could have been the instruction and superintendency or the child's conduct given by the mother for such depravity to become possible—for the impurity to be repeated for many months, and finally come to light only through an accident. Chief among the questions suggested by such an inquiry would be the familiarities which clergymen have a right to enjoy with respect to the young females of their congregations. Among the religious women, who think they are religious, the average ideal of a clergyman is of a being with all the passions of a man and all the purity of a saint, whose spiritual nature holds his sensual in absolute subjection. How near this ideal hits the truth is painfully illustrated by the number of instances in which popular ministers make their peputations merely the varnish of their real characters and convert the adoration in which they are held by silly women into a medium for the more readily sullying the youngest and most artless of the flock.—*New York Standard.*

THE "SILVER RULE."—You all know the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would wish them to do to you." Here is a rule which is almost a part of the golden rule, but which we will put by itself, and because of its value, call it the "Silver Rule." "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities. You cannot conceive how much such a course will heighten your own happiness, and raise you in the esteem of your mates. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates or playmates ugly, or cross, neither to their faces nor behind their backs. If they are ugly, or stingy, or cross, it does not make them better to talk or think about it, while it makes you love to dwell upon faults of others, and causes your own soul to grow smaller, and you become like the foul bird that prefers carrion for food.

CHARITY is an eternal debt, and without limit.

The Home Circle.

Evening Hymn.

Lord! Thine eyelids never close:
When night calls us to repose,
Thou remainest still awake,
Watchful care of us to take,
As a shepherd through the night
Guards his flock till morning light.

Therefore grant to us, Thy sheep,
That we may in safety sleep;
Let us all refresh'd arise
When the sun lights up the skies;
And in all our works may we
Ever render praise to Thee!

But if we are called away
Ere we see another day,
Let Thy mercy still be near,
Lest our hearts should sink in fear:
We our souls to Thee commend,
In Thee trusting to the end.

Happiness in Death.

The Rev. William Jay, in a sermon on the requisites for a happy death, says:

"It requires that you should obtain and preserve the evidences of pardon; without these you cannot be fearless and tranquil in the near view of eternity, since after death is the judgment. Keep a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man." Is he in a condition to die who has lived in the practice of some known sin, and in the omission of some known duty? Is he in a condition to die who has worn the mask of hypocrisy which will now drop off and expose him in his true character? Is he in a condition to die, who, by artifice unfair dealing, grinding the faces of the poor, has amassed gain which will dishonor him if restored, and damn him if retained? It requires us to live in the exercise of brotherly kindness and charity. Of all we do for him, nothing pleases him more than this; this we know he will acknowledge in the day of judgment, and why not in the day of death? 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.' 'The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in sickness.' Many are praying for him; the widows and fatherless cry, and their cry entereth 'the ears of the Lord of Sabbath.'

"It requires an attention to religion in your families. I pity that father who will be surrounded, when he dies, with children whose minds he never informed, whose dispositions he never curbed, whose manners he never guarded; who sees one an infidel, another a profligate, and all irreligious. I know that your are not answerable for the conversion of your offspring, but you are responsible for the use of all proper means. And if these have been neglected, you will plant your dying pillow with thorns; whereas, if you have seriously and preseveringly attended to them, your dying repose shall not be disturbed by want of success; but you shall be able to say, 'Although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, for this is all my desire, although he make it not to grow."

Through the mercy of God, and the grace of his dear Son, may I be enabled so live in the discharge of duty, that my "dying bed shall feel as soft as downy pillows are." Amen.—*Presbyterian.*

Died of Whisky.

If epitaphs always told the whole truth, these words would be cut on many tombstones. Not only the rough stones that mark the graves of the humble and poor, but also on the marble monuments that rise above the dust of the children of wealth and genius, would appear the words, "Died of Whisky."

How sad and disgraceful the record! What volumes are condensed into three words! Read them, ponder them, be warmned by them. They will give you food for thought. They tell of character ruined, money squandered, families beggared, hopes crushed, the mind besotted, and soul lost. They will recall memories in the life of every reader. There is hardly a man who cannot go back through twenty years and call up the face of some friend or acquaintance of whom he must say, "He died of Whisky."

Not that the kind and considerate physician so pronounced, not that the family of the deceased so admitted, but still the sober, candid conclusion of disinterested parties, and interested ones, if they would utter their honest thoughts, is "He died of Whisky."

Now, reader, recall the past, and see how many start up at memory's bidding to attest this fact. Young men of fine talents and brilliant promise; men of mature years and the best capacity for professional or practical business; old men, whose last years grew darker and more sorrowful as they hastened to complete their epitaph—"Died of whisky;" these from all classes of society, swell the grand army of victims to the insatiate demon of the bottle. The warnings are abundant and impressive against a death by whisky.

Gone Out Forever.

Like drooping, dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty, cold and dark. A mother's steady, soft and earnest light, that beamed through wants and sorrows; a father's strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm, shining upon us, from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our goings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever. No! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness, forever and forever.

Do Missions Pay?

A seaman in returning home to Scotland, after a cruise in the Pacific, was asked, "Do you think the missionaries have done any good in the South Sea Island?" "I will tell you a fact, which speaks for itself," said the sailor. "Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands where I knew that eight years before a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered, and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me, if I dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive for a more cruel death. When day broke, we saw a number of canoes pulling for our poor ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress and heard them speak in English language. On that island, the next Sunday we heard the Gospel preached. I do not know what you think of Missions, but I know what I do."

Do You Know It?

Do you know that the vows of God are upon you?

Do you know that the worth of life is in the good we do?

Do you know that your piety may unconsciously decline?

Do you know that you need the prayer meeting?

Do you know that you can slight the Lord's Supper?

Do you know that Christ enjoys secret prayer?

Do you know that you forfeit your hope by indolence?

Do you know that your Sunday vacant seat looks bad?

Do you know, that if backslidden, Jesus will forgive you?

A SOLDIER lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him,—"What Church are you of?" "The Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor.—"Persuasion?" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to his Savior" I'm persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height or depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

HE is rich who has God for his friend.

LET reason go before enterprise, and counsel before action.