The Huntingdon Journal.

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The Huntingdon Journal.

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

Office on the Corner of Fifth 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.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

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

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		2 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 Inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 00	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

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All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, 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.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. OFFICE: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

B. F. GEHRETT, M. D., *ECLECTIC PHYCICIAN AND SURGEON*, having returned from Clearfield county and permanently located in Shirleysburg, offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. apr.3-1872.

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN,
DENTIST,
No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA.
July 3, '72.

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. 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. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

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

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney at Law. Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 403, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [jan15

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practise 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.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office with Brown & Bailey. [Feb.5-1y

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.
LOVELL & MUSSER,
Attorneys-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. [nov6,'72

K. BRUCE PETREKIN. | M. S. MASSEY. | M. M. M'NEIL
PETREKIN, MASSEY & M'NEIL, Attorney's-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, No. 300, Hill street. [dec.17-3mos.

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.

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.

Hotels.

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

MORRISON HOUSE,
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.
April 5, 1871-1y.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
S. S. BOWDON, Prop'r.
Corner of Pitt & Juliana Sts., Bedford, Pa. may1.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, near Broad Top Corner, (second floor,) Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [oct16,'72.

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

SHIRLEYSBURG ELECTRO-MEDICAL, Hydropathic and Orthopedic Institute, for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities.
Send for Circulars. Address
Drs. BAIRD & GEHRETT.
nov.27,'72tf] Shirleysburg, Pa.

The Muses' Bower.

Ashes of Love.

Lay them low on the shining coals,
Pledges of love, whose perfumed folds
Now are musty with Time's slow flight—
Stale as thy heart, with its waste and blight.

Toss them in! How the bright flames swirl!
Higher and higher they upward curl!
Cast them in! Note the scarlet glow
Made by the words of the long ago.

How loved and prized it matters not,
For the past is cold, and each vow forgot.
Cast them in, though folded there
Is a silken ring of nut-brown hair.

The words were false, the dream was vain,
But keen and deep was the after-pain.
Haste, for the hand is limp and cold
That wore the cov'nant band of gold;

And the eye with a sudden mist grows dim,
As the now is rife with the thoughts of him.
Another scrip, ay, only one,
And the weary work is forever done.

There! the hungry blaze doth meet thy hand:
'Tis over now, till the spirit-band
Shall draw the veil from the past aside,
When we stand adjudged on the jasper side.

The Story-Teller.

Determined to Win.

A BEAUTIFUL DOMESTIC STORY.

"OF all the things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! Do you hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letter in her lap, and she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer who was contentedly stroking the old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"

This time, when she asked the question, there was a touch of sharpness in her voice.

"Yes, what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of this little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine, city-bred lady, all airs and graces, and flounces and fluted ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! to talk of bringing a lady here in hog-killin' time! I do declare I think George is a fool!"

* * * * * *

A graceful, dainty little lady in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, and a pair of dark blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple in one pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in her bright little parlor, close beside the laced curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then when she heard the click of the latch-key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss.

"Haven't you got the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head.

A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"O, George, isn't it too bad? And I do believe—oh! I don't believe they will write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arms around her neck.

"And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me?"

"Oh, no! only it would grieve me so if I had alienated your parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you! And when they know you they can't help loving you."

"O, George!"

And the exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his loving flattery.

"That's true as preaching. "By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a travelling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the young man's lip; he was more matter-of fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his coat pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked angry when she looked gracefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little for what the letter contains. Remember, I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it, she laid her head down on his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what the Bible says, that a man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and they talked it over.

"Just because I am city bred she thinks I am lazy and haughty, and dainty, and"——

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father"——

"Yes, bless the dear old man. He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home, and invite them down, and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I have been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

"Spoken like my true little Marion and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clement ate her breakfast alone, the traces of as tear or so on her pink cheek; then dashed them away with a merry joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven it shall be such coming as shall delight his very soul."

* * * * * *

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad enough, but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I am sure you'll keep me till the season is over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, can you? or shake up feather beds—good, big ones—forty pounders."

A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

"Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge, open fire place in the kitchen where deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and, the dear knows, it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do more'n set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course, Hannah. You are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow; there's a snow storm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes, fine and thick. You may as well take your things up stairs, to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west garret: and, when she was gone, Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon: "I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone But such as her don't steal; I can tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net; a narrow linen collar fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow black ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handily she flitted in and out of the big pantry and then down the cellar. Then, after the meal, she gathered the dishes in a neat, silent way, that was perfect bliss to Mrs. Clement's ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow; and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the hog killing was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers, sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I am going to do without you, Mary; I dread to see you pack up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed, I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though. Goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work—it's you, Mary. I've got to thinking a heap of you—me and the deacon."

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's tone, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It is so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm, but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him."

"No. George has gone his way and we must go ours. Yes—he married one of those crack-headed boarding-house people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling pin and a milk pan."

But, despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly."

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they were burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, supposin' you stop on with us another month yet, anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clements; I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us! do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glancing out of the window, looked a moment, and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our son George coming up the lane! Deacon! Deacon! George is coming!"

And all her mother's love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite the poor, innocent, little Marion! Then, when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her "west garret," Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George, this fine fancy lady o' yours will never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now. Mary, Mary."

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice nerr surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy. Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short bobin' curls. George, this is Mary Smith!"

George came through the door and glanced carelessly at the corners where the young woman stood. Then with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearfull smiles, went over to the old pair and took their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

Travelers' Notes.

Letter from India.

STEAMER ARABIA,
OFF BOMBAY,
Dec. 19, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:—I think my last was sent you from Genoa, or perhaps Naples, and as I am still journeying, I continue my jottings of travel, &c.

It may be of interest to your readers, among whom I count many of my old time friends, to know how we wanderers from home and country live on this Italian steamer; how we spend our time, what we eat, &c., &c. Many of us are early risers—especially on the Red Sea—for which we do not claim any extra merit, because it was so hot in our cabins, even in December, that we could not sleep much. One night a number of passengers had carried their beds on deck and were sleeping in the open air, but before daylight a heavy rain came on and drove them in haste to their hot cabins.

About sunrise coffee and tea, with desiccated milk and crackers, are on the table for all who wish anything of the kind. The mornings are spent in walking the deck, reading and studying various languages, &c., &c. At 9:30 o'clock the bell rings for breakfast, and when the sea is not too rough, all the passengers "in our set" (i. e. first-class, second-class passengers being served at a later hour) regard its call as effectual, and quickly surround the long table running the entire length of the comfortable saloon; which, by the way, is nicely furnished, and has a piano at one end, said piano being frequently used by lady passengers.

BILL OF FARE.

The bill of fare on the "Arabia" is equal to any I have ever seen on any steamer, and the cooking is better than usual. We have quite a variety of dishes for breakfast, as well as dinner, and as we put in at so many ports we can always have things fresh and good. For some reason coffee and tea, on sea-going vessels, are never good, and that on the "Arabia" is no exception. Breakfast always ends with apples, pears or grapes—or as we get farther east with bananas, figs, &c. At 1 o'clock we have lunch, which consists of bread and meat, with light wines or water. At 5 we have a good dinner, of so many dishes that it requires an hour to get through it. It too always ends with fruit. At 8:30 we have coffee and tea with crackers. It is wonderful how much beer, wine, soda water and brandy some of these Englishmen—aye, and English women too—can pour down their throats, and yet they would feel greatly insulted if any one were to intimate that they are ever drunk!—"Oh, no, not drunk, you know, just slightly exhilarated!" And then, if we do not all *keep* for some time it will not be for want of being smoked; for from the old Major-General, with Mrs. Major-General, and the little Major-Generals, on their way back to the scenes of his early campaigns of thirty years ago, down to "Jemmy Duck," the youngest sailor on board, all smoke, and many of them, too, use the vilest tobacco which has ever disgusted my olfactories. Go where I may, at any hour in the day, and till late at night, my nose is outraged by their villainous odors. But enough of this.

In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more *smoking* there.

Of smokers deponent sayeth not.

DELIGHTFUL SAILING.

Excepting the above-mentioned annoyances, our voyage down the Mediterranean was a most delightful one. We sailed on smooth seas and under sunny skies, with such a climate as Italy alone knows, for more than a week, stopping at Naples, over which old Vesuvius stands like a grim watchman, looking down on the unearthed ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, whose total destruction it wrought more than eighteen centuries ago, and on Naples, whose streets it filled with ashes, frightening the inhabitants out on the bay only last April; at Messina, on the beautiful island of Sicily, and at Cattaina, on the same island. The latter city stands at the foot of Mt. Ætna, whose top was covered with snow when we passed it, and from the crater of which the smoke was curling upwards. It was founded 750 B. C., and is built almost entirely of lava. It has been nearly destroyed several times by eruptions from Mt. Ætna. In the eruption of 1669 twenty-seven thousand persons perished. It has at present a pouplation of 75,000, is lighted with gas, and is connected with Messina by rail.

PREACHING.

On Sabbath, December 1st, I tried to preach in the saloon of the steamer to a motley congregation of Americans, English, French, Germans, and Italians; and after a rather rough day's sail on Monday, we found ourselves nearing the shores of Egypt, and by noon on Tuesday we were safely anchored in the artificial harbor of

PORT SAID,

at the northern end of the Suez Canal, and an hour afterwards we were on shore amid sights new to most of our party, but similar to what others of us had often witnessed in India. Here, on this immense sand bank, built of material taken out of the ship canal, were Turks, Arabs, Abysinians, French, and Egyptians, well-dressed officials, with their fez caps, and filthy fakirs in disgusting rags, and whoever wants to get an idea of Babel has only to listen for awhile to the jargon of sounds produced by this heterogeneous multitude, from so many parts of the world, called together by the opening of

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Few persons, without seeing it, can form an adequate conception of what a prodigious affair this connecting link between the Mediterranean and Red Sea really is. It is eighty-six geographical miles long, one-fourth of which is artificial canal, while the rest was through natural lakes in vast hollows of sand, chiefly the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah. The canal cutting is 327 feet wide at the surface of the water, 72 feet wide at the bottom, and 26 feet deep. About one-third of the canal is embanked, the rest being below sea level. Most of it is through sand, but some places it had to be cut partly through rocks. Its present income is about five thousand dollars per day; but this does not meet running expenses and pay fair interest on the vast sum it cost. It took us nearly two days to pass through it from Port Said to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, as vessels are not allowed to run at a greater speed than about four miles per hour, and must stop all night. Then, too, there are certain places only where vessels can pass each other, and we had to wait an hour on two occasions for vessels in the narrows ahead. Having passed through the canal, we cast anchor for a few hours near

SUEZ,

where we mailed letters for home, bought fans—not of much importance at this time of year in your latitude, but quite necessary on the Red Sea. We must omit a description of Suez, and simply say it is doubtless near the spot on the Red Sea where the Israelites crossed. Here some of us landed more than two years ago, on our way home from India, and crossed Egypt by rail to Alexandria. Six days we sailed down the Red Sea amid heat equal to anything you have in July, passed through the Straits of Babel Mandeb (gate of tears) and put in to the port of

ADEU,

an English settlement, with fortification, on the south-western coast of Arabia. Our vessel had been barely stopped when a lot of nearly naked Arabs came rushing along side in little canoes, threw themselves into the water shouting, "Have a dive? throw sixpence." Some of the passengers began to throw coins away out in the water, when suddenly all the Arabs would disappear under the water, overtake the sinking coins, and come up again holding them up in their fingers and again call out, "have a dive?" About sunset we went on shore in a native boat, and as it was a lovely moonlight night we wandered about the town sight-seeing, getting dates, &c., until nearly bed time, when we returned to our ship, and were soon on our way to Bombay, which place we have just reached in safety.

I finish my letter sitting in a large room at a hotel. The windows are open and I have a linen coat on, and still I am quite warm. My next will be, I trust, from my home in Northern India.

J. D. BROWN.

Reading for the Million.

Porceedings of the Constitutional Convention.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29.—The Constitutional Convention re-assembled at 11 o'clock, and after prayer by Rev. Dr. Curry, and the reading and approval of the minutes, petitions and communications on various subjects were received and filed.

ORIGINAL RESOLUTIONS

being in order:

By Mr. Purviance (Samuel A.) one relating to the terms of Senators. Referred to the Committee on Schedule.

By Mr. Bowman, with reference to the propriety of an amendment providing that the Writ of Error shall be a writ of Right in all capital cases, and shall operate as a supercede as to stay execution of the sentence of death until the order of the Supreme Court is had thereto. Referred to the Committee on Declaration of Rights.

By Mr. Howard—That special legislation shall be lawful in no case except where the proposed special act shall be published in one or more newspapers of the county where the special act is intended to operate. An act to repeal, amend, or revise a special act shall be published as required for original legislation.

By Mr. White (D. N.)—One to the effect that the administration of oaths, by every person authorized to administer the same within this State, concerning all matters, political elections, whether primary or otherwise, is and shall be lawful. Referred to the Committee on Commissions, Office Oaths, etc.

By Mr. Newlin—That all municipal commissioners are abolished and none shall hereafter be created, and that the powers and duties now exercised by them shall be vested in departments of municipal government, subject to the control of councils. Referred to the Committee of Cities.

By Mr. Mann (Potter)—One that the use of the hall be granted on Friday evening for the purpose of hearing the representatives of the industrial interests of this city upon the relationship that should exist between capital and labor. Agreed to.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole upon the further consideration of the report of the Committee on Legislature. Pending the adjournment yesterday, the discussion was on the third section.

Mr. Charles A. Black was called to the chair.

After some amendments the motion was then adopted as follows:

Senators shall be elected for the term of four years.

The fourth section was adopted as follows:

Representatives shall be elected for the term of two years.

The fifth section was then adopted as follows:

The General Assembly shall meet at 12 o'clock, noon, on the first Tuesday of January, succeeding the adoption of this Constitution, and at the same hour on the first Tuesday of January, every two years thereafter, unless sooner convened by the Governor in special session.

Sections 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, prescribing the qualifications of members, prohibiting them from holding any civil office under the Commonwealth or government of the United States, and prohibiting persons who have been convicted of crimes from becoming members, were agreed to.

There was considerable discussion on the 10th section, which contains a form of an oath to be taken by members. "By it he pledges that he has not paid anything to corruptly influence any vote at the election, by which he has chosen, has not, and will not except any valuable thing from any corporation, company or person, for any vote or influence he may give or withhold on any bill, resolution or appropriation, or for any other official act.

General Lilly moved to amend that with in thirty days after the term of his office expires he shall file with the Secretary of the Commonwealth an affidavit that he has faithfully performed his duty, and has not in any way violated the Constitution when he entered upon his duties. [Laughter.] Not agreed to.

Pending discussion the committee rose and made its report, and the convention adjourned.

The Day of Rest.

Never was there a more blessed institution than the Sunday, the sacred day of rest from labor. For the soul's health and the body's health of the human race on at least one day in seven there should be an ever-recurring intermission of daily toil. Thus, let a man attain to the period of three-score years and ten he has gained a holiday of ten years' duration, even if his lot has been labor for the remaining three-score years. Let childhood be taught to use, and manhood to discreetly use, this blessed breathing time as a day on which to raise the thoughts beyond the world, not less than for purposes of innocent recreation.

Proclamation by the President.

The President issued the following proclamation, on Friday——prohibiting persons holding office by his appointment, or otherwise under the Constitution and laws of the United States, from accepting office under State or Territorial authority, &c., with certain exceptions therein named. It is to be hoped that this action of the President will be satisfactory to those who have heretofore made so much noise about his interference, through Federal officers in State affairs:

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, It has been brought to the notice of the President of the United States that many persons holding civil offices by appointment from him or otherwise under the Constitution and laws of the United States, while holding such Federal positions accept offices under the authority of the States and Territories in which they reside, or municipal corporations under the charters and ordinance of such corporation, thereby assuming the duties of the State, Territorial or municipal office at the same time they are charged with the duties of the civil office held under Federal authority;

And whereas, It is belived that with few exceptions, the holding of two such offices by the same person is incompatible with a due and faithful discharge of either office, that it frequently gives rise to great inconvenience and often results in detriment to the public service, and moreover, is not in harmony with the genius of the Government, in view of the premises; therefore the President has deemed it proper thus and hereby to give public notice, that from and after the fourth of March, A. D. 1873, except as herein specified, persons holding any Federal civil office by appointment under the Constitution and laws of the United States will be expected while holding such office not to accept or hold any office under any State or Territorial Government, or under the character or ordinances of any municipal coporation; and further that the acceptance or continued holding of any such State, Territorial or municipal office, whether elected or by appointment, by any person holding civil office as aforesaid under the Government of the United States other than judicial offices under the Constitution of the United States, will be deemed a vacation of the Federal office held by such person, and will be taken to be, and will be treated as a resignation by such Federal officer of his commission or appointment in the service of the United States.

The office of the justices of the peace of notaries public, and of commissioners to take the acknowledgements of deeds, of bail, or to administer oaths, shall not be deemed within the purview of this order, and are excepted from its operations and may be held by Federal officers. The appointment of Deputy Marshal of the United States may be conferred upon sheriffs or deputy sheriffs; and deputy postmasters, the emoluments of whose office does not exceed $600 dollars per annum, are also excepted from the operation of this order, and may accept and may hold appointments under State, Territorial or municipal authority; provided the same be found not to interfere with the discharge of their duties as postmasters.

Heads of departments and other officers of the Government, who have the appointment of subordinate officers, are required to take notice of this order, and to see the enforcement of its provisions and terms within the sphere of their respective department or offices, and as relates to the several persons holding appointments under them respectively.

By order of the President.
(Signed) HAMILTON FISH,
Secretary of State.
WASHINGTON, January 17, 1873.

Too Poor to Take a Paper.

Moore of the *Rural New Yorker*, was sitting in his office one afternoon, some years ago, when a farmer friend came in and said:

"Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but times are so hard that I cannot pay for it."

"Is that so friend Jones? I'm very sorry to hear that you are so poor; if you are so hard run, I will give you my paper."

"Oh, no I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then let's see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe."

"Yes, a few, but they don't bring anything hardly."

"Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything, hardly. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds at the end of the year, whether in eggs or chickens, and we will call it square."

"All right, brother Moore," and the fellow chuckled at what he thought a capital bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and the end of the year found that he had paid four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke himself, and says he never had the face to say he was too poor to take a paper from that day.

Tit-Bits Taken on the Fly.

Side show—an ear-ring.

Men of colors—painters.

He that dies pays all debts.

Pistols were in use in 1544.

Joint education—gymnastics.

Poor soup—soup of the poor.

A put-up-job—a new building.

Spectacles were invented in 1820.

A tail that never wags—a cart tail.

A smart tiffing—a mustard plaster.

Slight of hand—"Giving the mitten."

A waiting race—The next generation.

Nothing is so merciless as offending pride.

Sleigh riding has been called "sailing on land."

An end always to be kept in view—Dividend.

If you would create something, you must be something.

Evil manners produce good laws for their restraint.

A bank check is one of the most pleasant checks of life.

Dancing parties are called literary matinees in New York.

Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear when we face them.

The home circuit—Walking about with a baby in the night.

Cincinnati clergymen refuse to marry without the cash in hand.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

Why is this world like a piano? Because it is full of flats and sharps.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

A western jury recently brought in a verdict of "justifiable breach of promise."

"A coffin," said an Irishman, "is the house that a man lives in when he is dead."

Why is January like the foreman of a jury? Because it is the first of the twelve.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

The happiness this world can afford is more within reach of all than is generally supposed.

Josh Billings says, "I am not afraid to trust a man a small amount if he is a good whistler."

A wise man may be at a loss when to begin a conversation; but a fool never knows when to stop.

The shortest life of a debauchee is long enough to outlast his character, his constitution, and his peace.

"What's the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars? The one are suns; the other darters."

Educational.

Education, and the Science and Art of Teaching.--No. 5.

In its reference to the individual scholar, and as it affects its own subjects, the highest purpose of education in

THE PERFECTING OF OUR MANHOOD.

Man is born an infant not only as to his body, but as to his mind and soul. For the growth and sustenance of these, peculiar conditions are necessary. There must be food and exercise for the powers of the body, to secure the purposes of their creation. So of the mind; there must intellectual nourishment and mental exercise to attain the end designed. As of the delicate infant body no just estimate can beformed, of the degree of strength and endurance and effort, of which it may in after years become capable, so, too, of the mind and soul, no imagination can reach the limit of their capacities. It real sad, by neglect, or violence, or abuse, to arrest the natural and healthy growth of the physical stature, and prevent the realization of man's highest development, for there is truth, as well as poetry, in the Psalmist's line, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." We cannot but look with feelings of sadness and pity and regret upon any who, by accident or disease, have been dwarfed in their stature, or arrested in their growth. On the other hand, we congratulate those who, under favoring circumstances, have attained, beyond their associates, the perfection of physical manhood. We study the laws of health, and write out rules for eating and drinking, for sleeping and waking, for exercise and rest, and we canonize the men who warn us of danger or cure us of disease. And it is well. Such a wonderous machine is designed for a noble end, and is capable of marvellous uses. The attainment of the true end of its creation, is not the adornment of it in fair clothing or fine linen, a walking advertisement for the village tailor, but the calling forth, and directing and sustaining, of its inherent energies and capabilities, for life's purposes.

Thus, too, of the intellect, that higher nature in man. Its power is imperial, its dominion absolute. Care and skill may quicken its daily activity, direct and control its early manifestations, and by presenting the true object for its examination and study, may fit for further and more difficult effort. We cannot limit its capacity. The attainment of one height only qualifies for another and more daring flight. The successful removal of one difficulty, instead of exhausting its resources, only sharpens them for further and more dreaded conflict. The true and highest purpose of education, consists more in the culture and consequent progress of the student, than in the accomplishment of any given result. Even though the particular lesson or exercise be forgotten, there remains an awakened and strengthened activity of mind, an increased and more serviceable self-reliance and a control of the changeable states of mind and feeling, beyond all price to the student. The particular objects we pursue, are but the copy line by which we are to practice, until we have learned to write with ease and elegance. It matters little of what words or sentences composed, the end is improvement, progress. Success in the attainment of any particular object of study accomplishes this additional result of self-improvement and mental discipline.

The possession of mind imposes the inevitable obligation to elevate it to its highest position, and to develop it to its fullest capacity. Nothing more truly grand or blessed can be attempted, and nothing so ennobles and dignifies the office of a teacher, as the fact that he has immortal and imperishable mind upon which to work. The builder of wood, or stone, or marble, however skilfully his work may be done, works only for the present, or the near future. Accident may, and time must ere long, destroy his grandest achievements, but mind is indestructible. The impressions stamped upon it, will run through the ages. You cannot erase it, you cannot conceal it, there it is forever. Neither Egyptian Pyramid, nor Assyrian monument, can outlast the work of education. Can there be anything higher, anything better, than to bring forth the united, unseen power of man's inner life, and by suited exercise and direction, so to strengthen and develop it as to carry him onward and forward towards perfection.

But as man is a trinity, born in the image and after the likeness of his Maker, that view of education is partial and incomplete, which does not embrace his spiritual as well as his intellectual nature. Defect in any one of the organs or members of the body, disqualifies for fullest effort, and mars seriously, when viewed as a whole. Weakness in either of the operations of the mind, impairs its efficiency in all its attempts, and casts its dark shadow over all its workings. Can man, then, be regarded as educated when his highest, grandest, noblest nature has received no due culture? The highest achievement can then only be acknowledged as attained when soul, mind and body have been harmoniously developed and each brought into vigorous action, and into full subjection to the law of its being, growing, strengthening, and ever reaching forth toward some unattained end. There must be work for the body, thought for the mind, and faith for the soul, and then shall we see the grandest, divinest sight earth can present us, man, erect, in the image of his Maker, reading the laws of the universe, using the forces of nature for his daily benefit, and in constant communion with the Father of his spirit. Man's physical powers need the guidance of mind to lift them above the sphere of mere brute force: man's mind needs the inspiration of his soul, to lift his thoughts on high and make his work divine.

ITS AIMS AND PURPOSES.

The aims and purposes of edcation, terminate not with the individual educated, but reach to the utmost confines of society. A great truth, a grand discovery, an important invention, like the towering palace and costly structure of the prince, is for the eyes of every beholder. Columbus, indeed, first practically solved the question of a westerm hemisphere, but at once the tidings were proclaimed to an astonished world. The work of the Reformers ended not with their own deliverance from error and superstition and sacerdotal enslavement, but it has ever since been felt, in increasing force, throughout christendom, liberating mind, purifying society, and elevating all the great social and intellectual interests of our race. The author, the orator, the devotee of science, cannot secure their own cherished and coveted aims but as they extend to others the benefit of their powers.

(Continued next week.)

The Jokers' Budget.

A Story from Arkansas.

This story is taken from a long rambling letter to "Old Times," who lives in Arkansas:

I was living at 'Squire Jones.' He had a gal and she was pretty, you bet. I used to think she was pretty enough to eat. To say I loved that girl wouldn't be no description of my awful feelings; but I was awful bashful—I couldn't tell her about it; and to make matters worse, there was a feller coming to see Sally; but he came once a week just as regular as the cows come up, and he'd buck right up to Sally and set up half the night.

I hated him, of course, and nobody couldn't blame me for it. I determined to stop him or bust. I fell on a plan, and told Sally's brother of it; his name was Ike; he was pleased, and he went to work.

They were scarce of house-room, had a front