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DEATH.

Out of the sorrows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land ever dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a beautiful to-morrow,
Into a day without gloom,
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Land of the dead and the dying—
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempests swept off as the ocean,
Dark with the wreck drifting over—
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a storm cometh night—
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
Out of the land of decay—
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowers, and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the sighing
Troubled with the sorrows and sinning
Cares of the world of the sad;
Into the world that rejoices
World of bright visions and voices,
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lonely,
Out of a land ever mourning,
Where in bleak exile we roam—
Into a joy-land above us
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

AN UNEXPECTED RACE.

In one of the largest towns of Worcester Co., Massachusetts, used to live a clergyman whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuation, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro named Pompey; and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pompey was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were, dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about, before their eyes, for it was the want of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a love piece of land in the outskirts of the village, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or those who might have stopped them.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the county. This horse was of the Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his veins, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that for his own part he would as lief have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor any amount of orgument persuade him to swap.

The church was so near to the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

Pompey discovered that the races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that old Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So on the very next Sunday afternoon he bid the bridle under his jacket, went out into the pasture and caught the horse, and then rode off toward the spot where the wicked ones were congregated. Here he found some dozen horses assembled, and the racing was about to commence. Pompey mounted his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything. So Pompey won quite a pile, and before dark he was well initiated in horse-racing.

Pompey succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions, and he now longed for the next Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and this course of wickedness he kept up for two months, making his appearance on the racing ground every Sunday afternoon, as soon as he could after "meeting was out" And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had learned to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his every motion, when upon the track, showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game.

But these things were not always to remain a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practiced all summer, on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and told them that on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds of iniquity.

On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered Pompey to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were closed, the two deacons, and some others of the members of the church, accompanied the minister home with their horses.

"It is the most flagrant piece of abomination that ever came under my observation," said the indignant clergyman, as they rode on.

"It is, most assuredly," answered one of the deacons.

"Horse-racing on the Sabbath!" uttered the minister.

"Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon.

And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers on, were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless until he had made out the whole alarming truth.

"Now, my brothers," said he, "let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will fall down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a section of his own farm.

As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on toward the scene. The horses of the wicked men were drawing up for a start as the minister approached, and some of the riders, who at once recognized "old Morgan," did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, "children of sin and shame—"

"Come on, old horse, cried one of the jockeys, turning toward the minister. "If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go!"

"Alas! O, my wicked—"

"All ready," shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. "And off it is."

And the word for starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did [illegible] than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.

"Who ho! whoa-ho!" cried the parson, at the top of his voice.

"By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one," shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close by the side of the the parson. "You ride well."

"Who-ho-ho-ha!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judges stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing, with eyes and mouths wide open.

"Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old Morgan's joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again; "it is a two mile heat this time. Keep right on, parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go—and off it is!"

These last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them than he stuck his nose out, and again started off. The good parson did his best to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood.

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister sat in his saddle, he having not yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. We had not looked for this honor."

"Honor, sir!" gasped Parson Ridewell looking blankly into the speaker's face.

"Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments."

"I—I, sir! I joined you?"

"Ha, ha, ha. O, you did it well; your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but I saw how silly you put your horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you need not fear; I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you said your best to stop your beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good jockey as you are suffer."

This had been spoken so loudly that the good deacons had heard every word, and the parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

"Villains, what mean you? Why do ye thus—"

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, and, as he spoken, the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses, "hold on a moment, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we won't stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse would not beat us all, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two-mile heat. Now, let that satisfy you. By the hokey but you did it well. When you want to try it again, just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good by!"

As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astounded preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was sometime before one of the church men could speak. They knew not what to say. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They knew how much he set by the animal, and at length they struck their heads with doubt.

"It's very strange," said one.

"Very," answered a second.

"Remarkable" suggested a third.

"On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out." The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn and impressive manner.

So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell had raced his horse on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday.

Poor Ridgewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he would clear the matter up; and after a day's search, he discovered the astounding fact that some of these wicked men had been in the habit of stealing old Morgan from the pasture and racing him Sabbath afternoons! Pompey found out this much—but he could not find out *who* did it!

As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track.

So Parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was a long time before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race" with him; to "bet on his head," or to "put him against the world for a race." But as Ridewell grew older his heart grew warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good-will when he spoke of his unexpected race. Be sure there was no more Sabbath racing in that town.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

REEMS' CREEK AND THE OLD MILL.

One sultry day in June, a band of seven brothers toiled slowly up the sides of the Black Mountains; brothers they were not in blood, but in a tie that binds thousands throughout the world. The romantic idea had been conceived of celebrating St. John's Day (June 24th) on the summit of Mount Mitchel. Many had claimed the privilege of being of the band, but as they left their horses and all roads at the foot of the mountains, and took to walking in the wild pathless woods, guided only by the hunter's eye and the compass needle, only seven names answered to the call. Through thickets of rhododendron, magnificient with crimson flowers; up streams of crystal water, around cascades, rich in artistic beauty, and looking down into caverns far below; sometimes up a ridge almost perpendicular then through a broad plateau, studded with noble chestnuts; or stopping a moment to look on the far extended view from one of those queer bald spots the Indians call "Devil's Footprints"—thus they went; in front, that old mountain hunter and surveyor, Bob Blackstock, with his compass swing around his neck; next to him, the Grand Master; the rest trailed one by one behind, till far in the rear the last, who was weak in body, but strong in spirit. Just as the crimson sun was hiding itself behind the smoky tops of the Great Unaka, we touched the edge of the balsam-growth. Stopping at the side of a spring, as they tumbled far below and went into spray, seemed in the dying glow of the setting sun, to be a ruby aurora floating down the valley, faithful Bob threw off his knapsack, unshouldered his axe, and exclaimed:

"Here we rest to-night. This is the head spring of Reems' Creek, and you are about three thousand feet higher in the world than at Asheville yesterday. Now for a fire, a house, and a bed."

"And a stew for our sick boy," said a voice behind him.

The sharp report of the rifle rang out on the clear mountain air, rolled and echoed far down down the valley, and a fat gray squirrel dropped at our feet.

"He's got no business up here anyhow, interfering with the mast that belongs to the poor little chipmucks," added the hunter as he laid down his rifle, and forthwith proceeded to divest the animal of his skin.

"Sweetly toothsome did it taste that night, for the boy was sore and weary; boy they called him for of that party he alone stood less than six feet in height.

"A great glowing fire was soon sending its smoke far upward, while the valley below and the hills above re-echoed the popping and crackling of the burning logs.—A bed that a king might envy was made from the tender boughs of the balsam, with blankets spread over them. Supper was served, and then came pipes and stories.

"You say, Bob, that this is the head of Reems' Creek," asked the boy.

"Yes, this is the head-spring of Reems' Creek. It empties into the French Broad just above Alexander's. You know the old Reems' Creek Mill, on the right of the road as you go down the river. Well, that old mill is nigh about the oldest building this side the mountains. Old Reems built it there as a sort of fort, something of a store and a little of a mill. The old ford of the French Broad is just at the mouth of the creek. There wasn't many Indians this side the French Broad and Swannanoa, and the trail from the settlements east to Tennessee passed by the old mill, just about where the road does now; it left the river below. Some say that Daniel Boone first learned to shoot Indians and bear at that ford and on this creek. My father and Tom's (the old man was an honest hunter, and never would have killed even a squirrel this time of the year, nor in such a place as this, even for a sick boy)"—Tom was ready with a reply, but the story went on. "As I started to say, Tom's father and mine were the first settlers who left the river and built cabins up any of the creeks. No one would believe, from the looks of the rocky stream where the old mill stands, that a few miles up the stream are some of the prettiest valleys in the world. I showed you the old place to day, and you never saw better land in your life. I know I never did, and tramped all over Mexico with Taylor and Scott.

"Then the mountain-sides are rich, too. There's old Craggy, where the other fork rises; she don't deserve that name, for there's some extra land up there. When old Professor Somebody came to our house for a guide, with a letter from Zeb, I took him up a spur that Brigman had a corn field on, just about thirty-five hundred feet higher than the sea. It was No. 1, and would run fifty bushels shelled to the acre close. He looked a little wild at it, then out with his instruments and made some calculations. I tell you he opened his eyes wider than a runaway steer. He said it was an astonishing growth and fertility for mountain land. I didn't say much, for I knew he'd been used to the barren White Mountains, and if he'd seen the Rockys they weren't any better, for I'd tried them. As we came back to Asheville I took him down through Nick's 'grass' plantation on top of Elk Mountain. He stared at the tall timothy hard and long enough, but didn't say a word.

"Good land isn't all Reems' Creek has to boast of either. She's some on the mea line. There's old Governor Swain, General Joe Lane, of Oregon, and Zeb Vance, member of Congress, Governor, or what he is; he's 'Zeb' in Buncombe, and always will be.—They were all born and brought up with not much more than a tow shirt to their backs, right down there in that valley you'll see the first thing in the morning. Come, turn in now."

"Not yet," said several. "Which way in the morning?"

"Straight up and on the ridge till we strike the road on the main Black, about half a mile from Otey's cabin."

"All woods?"

"No, we'll strike a bear-trail about three miles from here, and just there I saw a bear do the cutest thing. He couldn't have done better if he'd been a reg'lar educated Yankee."

"Give it to us!" exclaimed two or three.

"Make it short," drawled fat Dickerson.

"Tell the truth, Blackstock," gravely said Grand Master Robert.

"I knew somebody'd doubt my word, but I'll tell you The Bear Story."

"I had lost a lot of pigs at a mountain bed, where I kept an old sow or two, and I made up my mind I'd have revenge out of some bear, so I took my stand on the mountain near the bear-trail we'll pass to-morrow. It forked not far off. Now a bear, when he's traveling in summer, every now and then stops, rears up side of a balsam, and makes a scratch—his mark. This is especially done at a fork of their trails.—Another bear comes along, and can't make his mark as high; he knows the other bear is the largest, so he turns back or takes the other fork. Well, the day I was up there I had waited full four hours, and felt particular wolfish, when there came a despisable little bear, but with an awful knowing look about him. I had a great mind to kill him just for spite, but thought I'd wait till he got to the fork. He stopped and looked carefully at all the trees down one trail. Then the little cuss just turned and rolled a big rock up to the tree that had the most marks, got on it, reared up, and made his mark far above the rest of them. He got down, rolled the rock back to its place, and went on his road. From the way he shook all over, I just knew he was laughing hard to kill himself."

"And you didn't shoot him?"

"Shoot that bear? I'm out as soon shoot my father. Now, sonny boy, it's time to go to sleep."

"Stop a minute. Is there any danger from snakes?"

"Nonsense, child! nobody ever heard of a snake on these mountains, where the balsam is the natural growth. Go to sleep, rest easy, and dream of Alexander's pretty daughters at the other end of the creek. I'll throw a maple leaf into the Branch, with your love; it may get there some day. It's about as likely to as you are to get one of them."

Then, with the soft, rich odor of the balsam coursing through out lungs, the rippling music of the little rill, and the sighing of the trees above singing in our ears, we slipped away to sleep.

H. E. COLTON.

Convention Bill.

Bill to be Entitled an Act Concerning a Convention of the People.

WHEREAS, The present Constitution of North Carolina, is in many respects burdensome and oppressive to the people of the State, and some of the provisions ill adapted to the wants and condition of the people; and *whereas*, the taxes required by said Constitution to be levied upon the citizens of the State by this General Assembly, are in the Judgment of this General assembly, too burdensome to be borne by the tax payers of the State, and cannot be collected without effecting the ruin of the best interests of all our people; and *whereas*, for the reasons here set forth, and many others, in the judgment of this General Assembly, said Constitution requires such amendments and alterations as will give to our people the relief demanded by them, from their present heavy burdens, which can only be immediately and judicially effected by a Convention of the people; and *whereas*, this General Assembly, in matters of such grave import, is reluctant to undertake any change in the fundamental law of the State without the sense of the people, in whom, under our government, all sovereignty resides, being first ascertained; Therefore,

SEC. 1. *The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact*, That upon the passage of this act, the Governor of the State be and he is hereby required to issue a proclamation, commanding the sheriffs of the respective counties in the State to open polls at the several places of holding elections in said counties, on the 1st Thursday of March, A. D. 1871, where and when all persons qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly, may vote for or against a State Convention, under the restrictions hereinafter provided for those who wish Convention voting with a printed or written ticket, "*Convention*"; and those who do not wish such Convention voting in the same way, "*No Convention*" also, to open separate polls at the said time and places, for the election of delegates to the Convention, to be assembled in the city of Raleigh, at such time as is hereinafter provided for, said polls to be superintended by two judges or inspectors at each of said places of holding the election, to be appointed by the commissioners of said counties respectively, and an officer appointed by the sheriff of the county, each of whom shall be sworn faithfully and impartially to conduct said election according to law.

SEC. 2. That it shall be the duty of said judges or inspectors, immediately after the closing of the polls, to count the ballot in the presence of such electors at may desire to be present, and make out a correct statement under their hands, of the polls at their respective places of holding said election, which shall be sealed up and returned to the commissioners of their respective counties by 12 o'clock on Saturday after said day of election: *Provided*, The counties of Carteret, Dare and Hyde shall be allowed until Tuesday after the election to make their returns; and said commissioners, (or any two or them, in the presence of five or more of the citizens of said county,) shall compare said returns at the courthouse or other place of holding court in their respective counties, and make duplicate statements of said returns, sworn to before some person authorized to administer oaths, one copy of which shall be deposited in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county, and the other copy transmitted to the Governor of the State, at Raleigh, under the same rules and regulations and under the same penalties, as are prescribed in the case of the returns of the vote for electors for President and Vice-President, as now provided by law, immediately after said election.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of the Governor as soon as he shall have received said returns, not later than the 24th day of March, A. D. 1871, in the presence of the Secretary of State, Public Treasuror and Attorney General of the State, to compare the number of votes for and against a Convention; and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes polled are in favor of a Convention, he shall forthwith issue a proclamation in such manner as he may think proper, summoning the delegates elected to said Convention as aforesaid, to convene in Raleigh, on the third Monday in April, A. D. 1871; but if a majority of the votes polled are against a Convention, the Governor shall in like manner issue a proclamation of that fact.

SEC. 4. That the election for delegates as aforesaid, shall be held with open doors in the presence of the electors assembled, and conducted in the same manner as elections for members of the General Assembly, and the vote shall be counted, the scrolls compared, the result proclaimed and certificates issued in the same manner as now prescribed by law, for members of the House of Representatives.

SEC. 5. That the inspectors of election mentioned in section 1st of this act shall be appointed by the Commissioners of each county respectively, at a meeting to be held on the first Monday in February, 1871, and said Commissioners shall at the same time appoint a registrar of voters for each voting precinct or township, whose duty it shall be to revise the existing registration books of his precinct or township in such manner that said books shall show an accurate list of all electors previously registered in such precinct or township, and still residing therein, without requiring such electors to be registered anew; and such registrar shall also at all times, after his appointment up to and on the day of election aforesaid, keep open said books, and shall be at the polls on said day with said books for the registration of any electors residing in such precinct or township, and entitled to registration, whose names have never before been registered in such precinct or township, or do not appear on the revised list. No certificates of registration shall be given, and no elector shall be entitled to register or to vote in any other precinct or township than the one in which he is an actual and *bona fide* resident on the day of election. Any person offering to vote, although his name may be on the registration books, may be challenged as to his right to vote on the day of election, and the question shall be decided by the inspectors of the box and the registrar of the precinct or township before the ballot is received.

SEC. 6. That if a vacancy shall occur by death or otherwise of any person elected delegate as aforesaid, the presiding officer of the Convention shall issue his writ to the sheriff of the county in which such vacancy may have occurred, after such notice as the Convention may order, to open polls to fill such vacancy under the same rules and regulations as hereinbefore prescribed for the election of delegates.

SEC. 7. That said Convention shall consist of one hundred and twenty-one delegates, and each county shall be entitled to the same number of delegates as members of the House of Representatives under the present apportionment, and the county of Dare shall be entitled to one delegate.

SEC. 8. That said Convention shal have power to fix the pay of all its officer and members, and shall provide for othe expenses, to be paid out of the Treasury as it may direct.

SEC. 9. That said Convention shall have power to elect its officers, and shall be the judge of the qualifications and election of its members, who shall be electors of the State of North Carolina.

SEC. 10. That said Convention shall have power to consider and propose all necessary amendments and alterations to the Constitution of the State, (excepting the restrictions hereinafter mentioned,) not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States; but said Convention shal have no power or authority whatever to offer or propose any amendment or alteration of, or in anywise interfere with, repeal, or modify the homestead and personal property exemptions, as provided for in Article 10 of the Constitution of the State, except in this particular only, that the Convention shall incorporate a clause in said Constitution recognizing and declaring that the doctrine laid down and decision made in the sixty-third volume, page four hundred and thirty-seven N. C. Reports, in the case of Sarah Hill vs. Tobias Kepler, shall be taken to be the true and final decision of the question; and said Convention shall insert a clause in said Constitution depriving the Supreme Court of the State of all power or jurisdiction whatever to reverse, modify or change in any way the present decision of said court on the Homestead clause of the present Constitution; nor shall they in any way interfere with, modify, repeal or do any other act to restrictor impair the rights, privileges or immunities of any person in the State, on account of race, color, or previous condition, which are now guaranteed to him by the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution of the United States; nor shall they propose any amendment to the Constitution of the State, in any way impairing or restricting said rights, privileges or immunities; nor shall said Convention pass any ordinance or propose any amendment to the Constitution of the State which shall in anywise provide for payment to the late slaveholders of the State, or any other person, for the loss sustained by them by reason of the emancipation of said slaves; nor shall said Convention pass any ordinance or offer any amendment which shall in anywise provide for the payment of any debt or debts contracted in aid of the late war; nor shall said Convention pass any ordinance, or offer any amendment which shall in anywise provide for the infliction of corporal punishment for criminal offences; nor shall such Convention have power to abolish the present system of public instruction, but to make such alterations to said system as said Convention may deem necessary and proper; nor shall said Convention propose any amendment or alteration requiring any property or educational qualification for voters or officers; nor shall said Convention change the present ratio between the poll and property tax, or provide for raising the poll tax on one poll above two dollars for all (ordinary State and County) purposes; nor shall said Convention be allowed to pass any ordinance or ordinances legislative in their character, except such as are necessary to submit the Constitution as amended to the people of the State for their ratification or rejection, and provides for filling such vacancies as may occur by reason of any amendment or amendments made by said Convention to the Constitution of the State, and except ordinances in relation to the public debt; nor shall said Convention have any power to modify or repeal that clause in the present Constitution which provides for a mechanics and laborer's lien law; nor shall said Convention have any power to modify or repeal those clauses in the present Constitution which provides that there is no right to secede, and that every citizen owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and government of the United States, (article 1, sections 4 and 5.)

SEC. 11. That said Convention may revise the Constitution of the State, embodying in it such alterations and amendments as may be agreed upon, not consistent with the provisions of this act; but no such revised Constitution shall have any force or validity, until the same shall have been ratified by a majority of the qualified voters of the State, to whom the same shall be submitted according to the mode to be prescribed by ordinance of said Convention.

SEC. 12. That no delegate to said Convention shall be permitted to take his seat in said Convention, until he shall have taken and subscribed the following oath or affirmation, before any Judge of the Supreme or superior Court, or any justice of the peace of Wake county, to wit: "I, (A. B.) do solemnly swear, (or affirm as the case may be,) that I will faithfully maintain and support the Constitution of the United States, and will not either directly or indirectly evade or disregard the duties enjoined, or the limits fixed to this Constitution by the people of North Carolina, as set forth in the act of the General Assembly passed in 1871, entitled 'An Act concerning a Convention of the people,' which act was ratified by the people; So help me God."

SEC 13. That any judge or judges of elections appointed under the provisions of this act, or any county commissioner or sheriff failing or neglecting to make the returns and perform the duties required of him by this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than six nor less than two months, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 14. Any person who shall knowingly and fraudulently register or vote, or induce another to do so, contrary to the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be imprisoned not less than six nor more than twelve months, or fined not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars. And any registrar of voters who shall make or cause or suffer to be made, any entry with intent to commit a fraud, shall be subject to indictment and liable to the same penalty.

SEC. 15. That the State Printer, shall immediately print ten copies of this act for each Senator and member of the House of Representatives, and shall print and transmit by mail one hundred copies to the board of commissioners for each county, whose duty it shall be to furnish one copy to each registrar in their respective counties, and one copy to the inspectors of elections at each precinct before the day of election.

SEC. 16. That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

[From the Washington Post.]

Convention vs. the Homestead.

When the war closed five years ago, and the war worn and battle-scared soldier returned to his humble home, after four years of hard fighting, toil, privation and suffering in the army and in prison, he found that all of his personal effects, except perhaps, a remnant which his wife and children had been able to save, had been swept away by the ravages of the war, which had passed over the country like a terrible and devastating tornado, carrying away at one fell swoop the labor of a life time spent in honest toil. If he happened to possess a farm, it, on account of the five years' absence in the army, had almost gone to wreck and ruin, for the want of repairs and attention. This, together with other disasters resulting from war on the valuation of property, had greatly reduced landed estate in value. So from a handsome property and from easy circumstances before the war in 1861, at the close of the war in 1865, the majority of the laboring class of the people in the State found themselves reduced to poverty, and many to absolute want. But this was not the worst feature of the dilemma. Many thus reduced were surrounded by large and helpless families, and worse still, menaced by overhanging debts contracted before the war, and under circumstances which justly lead them to believe they would be able to pay, and would have been able to have done so, had it not been for the misfortunes attending the war. "Misfortunes never come as single spies." Scarcely had our people time after the close of the war to realize that they had lost all they had and must start in life anew, when a troop of creditors came also, and with them came old debts which had not been consumed by the ravages of war with the demand for their payment. What was to be done? Irrevocable ruin stared the poor debtor full in the face. The little left by the ravages of the war was sure to fall a prey to the merciless creditor. Many who were able to raise the fees went into bankruptcy; others, who wished to do so, were not able to raise the money to pay the fees, while many others did not owe as much as three hundred dollars, and consequently could not avail themselves of the provisions of the Bankrupt Law. Meanwhile, the creditors were clamorous for their pay, and as soon as the courts were opened, the lawyer's offices were crowded with creditors, eager to bring suits against the poor debtor, fearing some one else would get the start of him and he would lose his debt. The sheriff's sad dlebags were literally crammed with writs and summonses against honest debtors, who could not pay because they did not have the wherewith to do so. Justice's Courts were thronged from morning till night with hungry creditors and frightened debtors. The creditors, as devoid of mercy as Shylock, and like him demanding his pound of flesh from over the heart of trembling Antonio they demanded the last farthing due from the impoverished debtor. Soon a cry, long and loud, went up throughout the whole land for relief. Stay laws were passed, and soon decided unconstitutional. Then came the military orders suspending the collection laws—only for a short time. Still the creditors clamored for their dues, and still the cry increased for relief from the fast approaching ruin which awaited the poor debtor. As he looked around upon his humble home, his wife and his helpless children, and thought of his relentless creditors and the suit now pending in Court to enforce the collection of a debt that he did not have, and could not get, the money to pay, his brave heart, that had faced death undaunted upon a hundred battlefields, sunk down in dismair, as he saw in contemplation his shivering wife and helpless little ones turned out from the old homestead by the fiat of the law, and the clang of the sheriff's mallet, under the cry of "*Going—going—gone!*" "Yes, gone! Sold to satisfy an execution upon an old debt.

The Convention that assembled in the winter of 1867, and by which the present Constitution was framed, saw the situation and distress of the impoverished people, and came to their relief, by ingrafting into the Constitution a clause exempting from seizure and sale, "for any debt," one thousand dollars' worth of real estate, and five hundred dollars' worth of personal property. When this (the present) Constitution was ratified by the vote of the people, a long drawn sigh of relief seemed to pervade the whole country. The debtor saw that a home was thereby secured to him and his helpless family, free from the grasp of his ravenous creditors, who were signing for the last dollars' worth of property the poor man possessed on earth. But stop. Be not too sanguine, ye confiding man with a homestead. A new danger has sprung up—a danger more potent and dreadful than a mighty army with banners. A danger which, if successful, threatens with one grand stroke, to upheave the very foundation stone of your homestead. Scarcely two years have elapsed since the people drew the first inspiration of relief within the walls of the homestead secured to them by the provision of the present Constitution, ere another Convention is to be called—called for what? To frame another Constitution, which may or may not guarantee a homestead. Men with a homestead, be wise in time! Be admonished before it is too late. There is danger ahead. As you love your wives and your little ones, vote down this Convention. It is not only to your individual interest to do so, but it is a solemn duty you owe to the family around your knees; it is as much a duty you owe to them as it is to furnish them with food and raiment. Vote for the Convention, and you may live to see your helpless family turned shivering and freezing from the door of the home which by right of law and justice is theirs, while the old homestead goes into the hands of a stranger, who happens to possess a few dollars in cash, enabling him to become the highest bidder at the sheriff's sale.

Be not deceived by the protestations of the advocates of this Convention measure, that it will not hurt you. This Constitution which they may frame for you may contain a homestead clause; if so, it is only to deceive you. There are more ways than one by which a Convention may prove your ruin. The same Convention that frames a new Constitution for North Carolina unseats the present Supreme Court of the State. The present Legislature elects their successors in office; for be it remembered, that when the Convention is convened, the people have given their last vote for the election of their Judiciary. The first decision which the Supreme Court makes, after it has put on the judicial robe of office, judging from the complexion of the present Legislature, and be assured they will elect no one who will not do their bidding and subserve their purpose, will be to reverse the present decision of the present Supreme Court, and to declare the Homestead laws unconstitutional. If you lose your Homestead, it will not be our fault. It is our duty to warn you of the approaching danger. If a Convention is called, and we have no doubt but it will be, and it is submitted to you to vote upon the question, discharge your duty to yourself, to your country, and to your family, by voting, "NO CONVENTION!" Then you are safe.

Private Letter From General Lee.

The original of the following private letter from General Lee to his son, was found at Arlington House, during the late war. It is interesting as illustrating a phase in his character:

ARLINGTON HOUSE, April 5, 1852.

My Dear Son: I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My old regiment has been ordered to that distant region, and I must hasten to see that they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26, 27 and 28. Your letters breathe a true spirit of frankness; they have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world, frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonble, if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one, the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased as a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with your classmates you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one tell him, not others of what you complain, there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom, and darkness—still known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stanford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

R. E. LEE.

G. W. CURTIS LEE.

—A pious old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch a mare that was wont to bear him to town. He moved on the most approved mode. He shook a measure of corn at her to delude her into the belief that she was to get it; but she was not to be deceived by any such specious act. She would come nigh and then dash off again, until the good man was fretted very badly. At last he got in a corner among some briars and made a dash at her, when she bounded over the wall and left him sprawling among the bushes. His christian fortitude gave way at this, and gathering himself up, he cried, "Oh, hell." The ejaculation had passed his lips before he thought, but immediately conscious of its wickedness, he said "leilulah!" and translated the profane word into a note of triumph.