

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

A. J. GERRITSON, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1867.

[VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 21.]

## The Montrose Democrat

It is published every Tuesday morning, at Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa., by A. J. GERRITSON, at \$2 per annum in advance—or \$25 at end of year. Business advertisements inserted at \$1 per square of 10 lines, three times, and 25c for each additional week. Yearly advertisers, with usual changes, charged \$10 for four squares, quarter column \$15, half column \$20, one column \$25, and other amounts in exact proportion. Business cards of three lines, \$3; or one dollar a line. Legal notices at the customary rates,—about 50 per cent. in addition to business rates.

Job Printing executed neatly and promptly at fair prices. Terms: Cash Down.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**E. L. WEEKS & CO.**  
SUCCESSORS OF I. N. HINE & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes, Also agents for the Great American Tea and Coffee Company. (April 1, 1867.) C. C. FAUBOT.

**M. C. SUTTON,**  
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent, Friendville, Pa.

**JAMES E. CARMALT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Office next to Franklin Hotel. Montrose, Dec. 18, 1866.

**WM. D. LUSK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Montrose, Pa. Office opposite the Franklin Hotel, near the Court House. Nov 27 '66

**DR. E. L. GARDNER,**  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives special attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over the Post Office. Boards at Seale's Hotel. (Sept. 4, 1866.)

**BALDWIN, ALLEN, & McCAIN,**  
DEALERS in Flour, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed, Also, Groceries such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue. Montrose, April 17, 1866.

**BURNS & NICHOLS,**  
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Lignors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Public Avenue, above Seale's Hotel, Montrose, Pa. A. B. BEANS, Amos Nichols. Sept. 11, 1866.

**D. W. SEARLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of Z. C. Cobb, opposite Seale's Hotel, Montrose, Pa. Mar. 1, 1866

**DR. E. P. HINES,**  
HAS permanently located at Friendville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Jan 6th Friendville, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1866.

**ROGERS & ELY,**  
U. S. Auctioneers, Brooklyn, Pa.

**PETER HAY,**  
U. S. Auctioneer, Auburn 4 Corners, Pa.

**C. S. GILBERT,**  
U. S. Auctioneer, Great Bend, Pa.

**STROUD & BROWN,**  
FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Minutemen Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1866.) BULLIUS STROUD, CHARLES L. BROWN.

**C. O. FORDHAM,**  
BOOT & SHOE Dealer and Manufacturer Montrose, Pa. Shop on Main street, one door below the Post Office. All kinds of work made to order, and repaired as neatly.

**DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's. (July 11—'67)

**JOHN SAUTER,**  
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now prepared to cut all kinds of Garments in the most fashionable style, and warranted to fit with elegance and ease. Shop over I. N. Ballard's Store, Montrose.

**DOCT. E. L. HANDRICK,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lect. Boards at J. Hooford's. 1150 6th

**ABEL TURELL,**  
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-stuffs, Glass Wares, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Wine, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c. Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa.

**DR. WM. SMITH,**  
SURGEON DENTIST.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrop's new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.

**JOHN GROVES,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop one door west of Seale's Hotel. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

**WM. W. SMITH,**  
CABINET and CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa.

**P. LINES,**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop in Friendville Block, over Store of Read, Watson & Foster. All work warranted as to fit and finish. Cutting done on short notice, in best style. Jan 6th

**H. BURRITT,**  
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Druggs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats, and Caps, Fine Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c., New Milford, Pa.

**WM. H. COOPER & CO.**  
BANKERS, Montrose, Pa. Successors to Post, Cooper & Co. Office, Lathrop's new building, Turpike-corner. H. HUNTER COOPER. HENRY DRISLER.

**A. O. WARREN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension, and Discharge Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa.

## THE REPUBLIC.

Address of Hon. George H. Pendleton.

DANGER OF THE PRESENT AND HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

Hon. George H. Pendleton, by invitation of the Democratic Club of Urbana, Ohio, made an address in that city on Thursday evening last. In the course of his remarks he said:

In the spring of 1862, almost before the active operations of the war had commenced, a gentleman addressing a New England audience on its causes, purposes and progress, said:

"I warn you that none of you will ever again see the Former Republic under which you were born."

He is an accomplished speaker, an eloquent advocate, a learned scholar, the type of a class, the pioneer of a school. Wealth and leisure had enabled him for many years to consult his taste in the mode and purposes of his life; and as he himself boasted in a lecture in the City of Washington, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln and members of his Cabinet, he had devoted it for nineteen years to the disruption of the American Union and the overthrow of the Constitution which formed it.

"I warn you that none of you will ever again see the Former Republic under which you were born."

While Mr. Seward thus, on behalf of the government, portrayed the issues of the war, this prophet—

"Prophet, said it, thing of evil; Prophet still, if bird or devil;"

proclaimed that the revolution was progressing—that its result was certain—and warned his hearers to be ready to see that "old things had become new."

I do not question his motives, nor impeach his purposes, nor inquire into the sources of his information. Did he speak truly? This is the question to night.

Farmer Republic—Not free republic, not powerful republic, not warlike republic, not growing republic, not magnificent republic, not liberty loving republic—but Farmer Republic. It is an expressive name. Farmer, the synonym of honesty, simplicity, frugality, abundance, independence; ideal of labor without exhaustion, of luxury without effeminacy, of providence without corroding care, of activity without hurry, of leisure without idleness, of freedom without license, of purity without bigotry, of independence without intolerance, of that spirit that once hopeful and humble, which grows out of the ever recurring realization, at all times and in all vicissitudes, of the fulfillment of the promise that "while the earth remaineth seed time and harvest, and summer and winter, and cold and heat, and day and night, shall not cease."

I will not analyze closely our system of government; it endured from 1789 till 1860. Shall I recount its history? Shall I remind you that at first it met with serious opposition, but that wisely administered, it proved its beneficence and fixed itself firmly in the hearts of the people—that it waged wars of conquest and wars of defense—that it felt the evils of domestic dissension—that it encountered the perils of neutrality, and all the difficulties of a struggle for commercial supremacy, and all the vicissitudes of national life, and that this Constitution of government was sufficient for all these things? Shall I tell you the story which hangs on my lips—that obeying lawful authority, observing the precepts of paternal affection, exercising moderation and kindness, and above all, revering the patriotism and the virtues of the fathers, and seeking to imitate them, these States and this people wooed the genius of wisdom, and found, indeed, "its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace;" that liberty was in mansion and in cottage, in city and in country, that prosperity crowned the husbandman and the artisan, and the merchant; that wealth and power, and science, and art, and learning and religion, and the kindly charities of a robust and manly philanthropy, did constant homage in their rapid development to the beneficence of the Farmer Republic?

And has it passed away? Why should not this system, so full of blessings, have satisfied the aspirations of our people? Why the perpetual longing of the human mind to leave the well known track, and to encounter the perils of innovation and experiment?

During the closing years of this period, great dissatisfaction with our political system manifested itself. It was popular to propose radical changes in the government established by the fathers. The declaration was made that the Union of slave holding and non slave holding States could not endure, although such a Union had been so brilliantly successful for three quarters of a century. Light had suddenly broke in upon the mind. The wisdom of the past had become darkness before the surpassing effulgence shed upon the present. A mystical "higher law" had been discovered—by its uncertain standard our institutions in the future were to be regulated. The Constitution in certain respects infringed it, and

in so far as the Constitution to be spurned and disregarded.

Discontent finally took form and action in secession and coercion. These were but the manifestations of an underlying spirit. On the one side and on the other it was asserted that the struggle was for territorial limits only. Neither was entirely correct, for both were actuated by the revolutionary spirit, and the firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter was as the voice of a seer, declaring that a revolution had been accomplished.

The old political system passed away in 1861, and another was adopted. Its little finger is heavier than the whole body of that which it superseded. No longer do we ask have we a government? Its Argus eyes seek every where the accumulations of labor and capital, and its Briarean arms are ever grasping all those eyes can see. Its vast military and naval establishments have risen with portentous mien, and overshadow the civil administrations in nearly one half the country. Beneath the blows of their iron sway, popular government, resting on the consent of the people, has there completely fallen. Its vital energy is apparent wherever we see strife and contention, and violent passions and antagonisms of race, and sections and States. Its genius and humanity are conspicuous wherever healing wounds are made to gape afresh, and to receive a new infusion of gall and bitterness. There is no doubt that we have a government—a strong one—strong in the number of men whom it can conscript; strong in the treasure it can raise by taxation; strong in its power to invade the rights of the States and the liberties of the citizens; strong in its capacity to override the constitution; strong as Rome was strong, both east and west, under the Emperors; strong as France was strong under the Reign of Terror and the guillotine; but weak as they were weak when the Goths and Vandals avenged on the seven hills the wrongs of Germans, or when the blood of the murdered Danton choked the despairing Robespierre.

The equality of the States was the basis of the Farmer Republic. Is it maintained? The answer comes to us from the reconstruction bill, which puts ten States under martial law, and subjects them to the will of a military officer. The strict confinement of the Federal government to international and interstate affairs was an element of the Farmer Republic. Is it enforced? The answer comes to us from the civil rights bill, which intrudes federal authority upon the States and utterly overrides the most sacred constitutional guarantees. The maintenance of the co ordinate branches of the government, the distribution of power, the separation of constituencies from which it flows, were indispensable features of the Farmer Republic. Their doom was written in the tenure of office bill, which deprives the President of the power of removing even members of his Cabinet, and thus subjects the Executive to the control of the Legislature. Their doom was written in the attack on the Supreme Court, because of its decision in relation to military commissions. All power now centers in a single hand, and is conferred by a consolidated majority.

Reverence for the Constitution marked the era of the Farmer Republic, and warmed the hearts of all its children. Now, who so poor as to entertain this sentiment? It was rolled up and packed away by Mr. Lincoln, and kept thus dishonored, it has fallen into contempt, and to urge its authority serves only to provoke a sneer, or to call out a joke. It forms no barrier to the projects of party rage or party desire. Its provisions are entirely disregarded, or immediately altered to justify the enactment proposed, or to command the attainment of the end. The highest respect shown to his remains is the proposition to amend them. The strife of parties, which was once under the Constitution, is now over and above it.

Powers granted to the Federal government! Is it not true that every power which is desired to be exercised is found to be granted, and that more would be found if necessary. Once we believed a fundamental law, guiding legislation and containing the monuments of personal liberty—so sacred that under no circumstances could it be infringed, or even amended, except in the method prescribed—to be essential to free government. Now we have willingly dispensed with it, and committed unlimited power to a temporary majority, and this we call flippancy, the will of the nation.

Tell me, does one single feature of the Farmer Republic remain? We had a plain and simple and economical government. We had light taxes; we have enormous burthens. We had gold and silver as legal tender; we have a depreciated government paper currency. We had trial by jury and personal liberty; we have military commissions made valid by law, and arbitrary arrests justified. We had a government whose exactions of money or duty were so light that we scarcely felt its existence; we have a government whose strength glitters in the light of the burnished bayonet, and is reflected in the resplendent lustre of the sword. We had harmony and fraternal concord, and due respect for States and

people and opinions and habits; we have a bitter sectional strife, subjugated people, overthrown States, and an animosity of party warfare never before known. We had freedom of thought; we have an intolerance which strikes down independence of opinion and prescribes political differences as a crime, and establishes a searching scrutiny into the hearts and consciences of the community. We heard in our bitterest struggles the voice of reason; now that voice is drowned in the clangor of the trumpet which marshals prejudice, and rage and hate to intensify the party strife. We had a peaceful confederation. Now, while national unity is inculcated as the highest duty, the perpetuation of geographical divisions and national hatred is rewarded with the highest praise. Congress, which was the theatre of intellectual debate, is now the registry of the decrees of a party caucus, and hesitation to record them is treason to the reigning power, and involves loss of personal preferment, even of political life. We have broken down the barriers which hemmed in that vast array of powers—closely akin to mere brute force—which we believed the government, and even society, could not, in any event, justify exercise, and have given them the plaything of every passion. We had a republic; we have an empire.

Slavery has perished; all history tells us that it cannot be re established in this ages in this country. It is our bounden duty to recognize this great social change; to ameliorate whatever evils may be incident to it, and so far as possible, to prepare the freedmen for the discharge of the new duties which are being devolved upon them. But, gentlemen, if this revolution is to go on, and the present system of government is to be continued, then has our liberty perished with it; and we have realized the prediction of a profound thinker and a brilliant writer, who, twenty years ago, predicted that it would be written over the grave of our political institutions: "Here lies a people who, in order to give freedom to three millions of Africans, destroyed their own liberty."

Mr. Webster, years ago, had occasion to discuss the same subject, and with that pomp and splendor of diction which marked all his political addresses, he said:

"Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests.

"It were but a trifle, even, if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be covered by the dust of the valley. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites National Sovereignty with State Rights, individual security with public prosperity? Now, if these columns shall fall, they shall be reared not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon they will be destined to a melancholy, mournful immortality. Bitter tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed on the monuments of Roman or Grecian Art, for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of Constitutional American Liberty."

Gentlemen, I feel the force of these words. I know that others feel them more deeply, perhaps, than I. I see among many good men a tendency to despair. I see among my own friends, those who agree with me generally on public affairs, a disposition to give up all for lost. They have lost hope, they have lost courage—their dependency counsels inaction. The newspapers, the public speeches, but above all, the private conversations, indicate this feeling.

Gentlemen, I do not sympathize with it. I have high hopes for the future. I see the dangers that are before us. I see a long and weary way. I see a long and exhausting struggle, in which success will vary from the one side to the other. I do not conceal from myself that it may be a struggle of the sword. Many of us may go down with the harness on in the midst of the fight, but hope fills my heart, and the magnitude of the prize nerves my arm.

The reaction will surely come. All history, all philosophy declare it. It has come to all other nations—it will come to us. It has come, sometimes, clothed in the white robes of peace, sometimes with its garments dyed in blood.

In every country there has been a party of power, and a party against it. In every country there have been men who loved liberty as they loved virtue, and honor and truth; men who would avenge its wrongs, even as they would protect the virtue of the wife of their bosom, or the honor of the mother who bore them. Liberty inspires the soul. Its sacred fires forever burn amid its apostles and defenders. When peaceful means are exhausted, it draws the sword. Let its enemies, then, beware, whether they sit in single solitude on a throne, or crowd the market places. So it will be with us.

Our people desire to be wise and virtuous. Our country is young and rich, and strong. Experience will not teach its painful lessons in vain. The splendid recollections of the past have not entirely passed away. Its vestiges are not all buried in the ruin of the present. The hopes of the future are bright in the reflection of its expiring glories. They will accelerate the counter revolution. Let us diligently prepare the way. It is wisdom to accept accomplished facts. It is folly to abandon correct principles in the moment of their adversity. Principles are eternal—institutions of government are but instrumentalities—facts vary as the days succeed each other, and seem to change at the bidding of the fickle moon. Let us hold fast to principles, let us modify institutions, let us recognize the changing phases of facts. It is the office of wise men to adopt just principles of government by the aid of fit institutions to every condition of affairs. Liberty is the great good. Confederation is to be sought only because it has aided to maintain it. Centralization is to be avoided only because it has always destroyed it. But at last, liberty is the life, the soul, and government is the form, the body through which it is developed.

Let us, gentlemen, look at the past only that we may select what is good and avoid what is evil, that we may from its experience catch the inspiration of a wise progress, that we may so school our hearts to the lessons of moderation and truth that patriotism and wisdom may guide the courses of the inevitable reaction, and lead us back from the perils of centralized imperialism, to the safety of a confederation, founded, supported and restrained by the checks and balances of a wise constitution.

Thus if we can not restore the Farmer Republic, we can at least regain the blessings of liberty regulated by law, and of law enacted and maintained by the spirit of virtuous liberty.

## A Queer Courtship.

The period of courtship is not always a time of romance as may be supposed. If the wooer is a romantic sort of a chap and the wooed a sentimental damsel, in such a case there are many hours of ecstasy and bliss enjoyed by two loving hearts. But it takes all kinds of people to make up the world; and it is not to be supposed that every one who indulges in the bliss of courting is disposed to look upon love-making as a period of sentimental enjoyment. No, not much. An illustration of this fact occurred which we cannot forbear relating. In a small country town in Hartford county a widower who had acted the part of brute and tyrant to his wife, went shortly after the demise of his spouse to pay his respects to a buxom widow, who, like her suitor, had not the best reputation for suavity of manners and meekness of temper. The following colloquy ensued:

"Well madam, I am come to see you."  
"Well, you may just clear out again, for I'll have nothing to do with you. You needn't think to get me. You abused and whipped your first wife, and I know what kind of a fellow you are. You can bet high on that."  
"Yes, I did, and if I had you, I'd make you toe the mark. I'd give you a good thrashing every time you deserved it and I wouldn't let you vote if every woman in town ran to the polls with ballot in hand."

Strange as it may appear, this very loving and romantic couple were united in the "holy bands of padlock" three days afterwards.

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed? Was ever woman in this humor won?"  
We think not.—Hartford Post.

—The origin of the portrait of the goddess of liberty upon our coins is of great interest. Mr. Spencer, the inventor of Spencer's lathe, used by the American bank note company, was the artist who cut the first die for our American coin. He cut an exact medallion of Mrs. Washington, and the first few coins were struck with her portrait. When General Washington saw them he was displeased, and requested the figure to be removed. Mr. Spencer altered the features a little, and putting a cap upon its head, called it the goddess of liberty. Washington was too modest to allow of man worship or even woman worship. Yet now a days the Spinners, Chases, and all the underlings of the paper money, must stamp their impudent faces on the fraudulent coinage. It is the age of progress.

—The New York Journal of Commerce is showing up the meanness of allowing Radical demagogues from Massachusetts, like Senator Wilson, to make speeches at the South, while such men as Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, when he addressed the people on the other side of the same question, is met with a military obstacle—in fact, "warred off" by the military governor.

—The Supreme Court of the United States has dismissed the bill of Georgia, and the new bill of Mississippi, asking for an injunction against the enforcement of the Reconstruction act.

## Last Words of the Great.

Head of the army—Napoleon.  
I must sleep now—Byron.  
I still live—Webster.  
Let the light enter—Goethe.  
I thank God I have done my duty—Nelson.

It is well—Washington.  
Valet et plaudite—Augustus.  
Give Dayorelle a chair—Chesterfield.  
It matters little how the head lieth—Raleigh.

I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying—Thealrow.  
God preserve the Emperor—Hayden.  
Be serious—Grotius.

The artery ceases to beat—Haller.  
What! is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Beaumont.

I have loved God, my father and liberty—De Stael.  
I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let the shift for myself—Sir Thomas More.

Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave—Burns.  
A dying man can do nothing easy—Franklin.

Let me die to the sound of delicious music—Mirabeau.  
Is this fidelity?—Nero.

A king should die standing—Augustus.  
Don't give up the ship—Lawrence.  
Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die—Alfieri.

All my possessions for a moment of time!—Queen Elizabeth.  
Monks, monks, monk!—Henry VIII.  
It is small, very small (clasp her neck)—Ann Boleyn.

I feel as if I were myself again—Walter Scott.  
Independence forever—Adams.

I have endeavored to do my duty—Z. Taylor.  
There is not a drop of blood on my hands—Frederick I.

I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country—Jefferson.  
It is the last of earth—J. Q. Adams.

Precious salvation—Sir J. Stonehouse.  
Remember (the charge to Archbishop Juxson to bid Charles II. forgive his father's murderers)—Charles I.

I have sent for you (Lord Warwick) to see how a Christian can die—Addison.  
I shall be happy—Archbishop Sharpe.  
God's will be done—Bisli Kerr.

Amen—Bishop Bull.  
I have peace—Parkhurst.  
Come, Lord Jesus—Barkitt.

Cease, now, (Lady Masham was reading the Psalms)—Locke.  
I thank God I was brought up in the church—Bishop Gunning.

O, Lord, forgive me, especially my sins of omission—Usher.  
Lord, receive my spirit—Cranmer.

Thy will be done—Donne.  
This day let me see the Lord Jesus—Jewell.

God will save my soul—Burghley.  
And is this death?—George IV.  
Lord take my spirit—Edward VI.

What! do they run already? Then I die happy—Wolfe.  
God bless you, my dear. (Miss Morris)—Dr. Johnson.

What I cannot utter with my mouth, accept Lord from my heart and soul—F. Quarles.  
Then I am safe—Cromwell.

Let the earth be filled with his glory—Bishop Broughton.  
My days are past as a shadow that returns not—R. Hooker.

Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight—Mozart.

IMITATIONS OF GOLD.—Oreide, the beautiful alloy resembling gold, manufactured in Waterbury, Conn., is a French discovery, and consists of pure copper 100 parts; zinc or (preferably) tin 17 parts; magnesia 6 parts; sol ammoniac 3.0 parts; quick lime 1.8 parts; tartar of commerce 6 parts. The copper is first melted; then the magnesia, sol ammoniac, lime and tartar in powder, added little by little, briskly stirring for about half an hour, so as to mix thoroughly; after which zinc is thrown on the surface in small grains, stirring it until entirely fused; the crucible is then covered, and the fusion maintained for about thirty five minutes, when the dross is skimmed off, and the alloy is ready for use. It can be cast, rolled, drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into a powder or leaves, and none but excellent judges can distinguish it from gold. Another beautiful alloy rivaling the color of gold, is obtained with ninety per cent. copper and ten per cent. aluminum, which must be perfectly pure, of the best quality, and in exact proportion; it is little affected by the atmosphere, and is strong, malleable, and homogeneous in structure.

—We are surprised, to see children wearing shoes with ragged holes at the toes—wasting their parents' money, and endangering their health, when for a trifle more, shoes with copper tips, or the new and beautiful silver tip, can be had which never wear out at the toes, thus preventing these two serious evils.—N. Y. Post.

—Governor Geary has appointed Columbus Cornforth, Inspector of Soldiers' Orphans' Schools.