

FOR GOVERNOR.

JNO W GEARY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican State Convention.

THE LAW OF 1789.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says that the Press, in an article upon this subject, erroneously attributes the authorship of the provision which incapacitates Mr. Stewart from holding the office of Secretary of the Treasury to Alexander Hamilton, and the New York Herald, of the 9th instant, falls into the same blunder. An examination, however, of the parliamentary history of the act shows conclusively that the real author of the provision which has caused the Cabinet "hitch" at Washington was Edanus Burke, a representative from South Carolina in the first Congress under the Constitution. On the 20th of June, 1789, while the House of Representatives had under consideration the bill establishing the Treasury Department, Mr. Burke gave notice that he meant to bring in a clause to be added to the bill "to prevent any person appointed to the office of Secretary of the Treasury from being directly or indirectly concerned in commerce, or in speculating in the public funds, under a high penalty, and being deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor." This intention Mr. Burke carried into effect on the next day, (June 30,) when he introduced his additional clause as an amendment, which after some alteration and addition proposed by Mr. Fitzsimmons, of Pennsylvania, and others, was adopted and made part of the bill. Edanus Burke was born in Galway, Ireland, and came to America at the beginning of the revolution. In 1778 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and was a Representative in Congress from that State from 1786 to 1791. Thus it happens, funnily enough, that the Irishman of '89 killed the Irishman of '69. Of Edanus Burke it may be emphatically said at the present time that "being dead he yet speaketh."

NEWS ITEMS.

Gold closed in New York, Saturday, at 131 1/2 @ 131 1/4. The Wisconsin Legislature has adjourned, sine die. The Illinois Legislature takes a recess until April 14. Mrs. Ladd, aged one hundred and eight years, died in Hartford on the 11th inst. Miss Abbott, the protegee of Miss Kellogg, is studying music in New York. The Catholic Bishop of Baltimore adds his protest to that of Bishop Cox against antenatal infanticide. Rev. H. W. Beecher's wife makes \$5,000 a year "pin money" by editing Mother at Home. The steamship Desota, from Havana, has arrived in New York, bringing M. Roberts, the Spanish Minister, en route to Washington. Thomas G. Gerrish, city Treasurer of Lowell, Massachusetts, confesses to embezzling \$30,000 or more of city funds. He had been speculating. There was a terrific snow in Quebec, March 14th. Three men were found dead in the snow drifts near that city. They tried to travel on foot. An avalanche of snow fell from the cliffs at Point Levi, Canada, on a house containing about fifteen persons, four of whom were crushed to death. Mexican advisers state that the situation of Juarez is critical, his available force limited and no money in the treasury. Outrages continue and the perpetrators go unpunished. The lessees of the Memphis penitentiary have notified the State government that unless they are paid by the 1st of April they will abandon it. It is understood that a memorial is to be presented by the residents of Montreal to the American Government, expressing satisfaction at General Averell's conduct, and praying that he be continued as American Consul General for Canada. Advice from Manzanilla, Cuba, of the 7th, are to the effect that the royal troops attacked the insurgents in their intrenchments near Macaca, and dislodged and routed them. Nine of the insurgents were killed. There are eight feet of level snow on the railroad tracks for a stretch of twenty four miles in some parts of Canada. Trains over the Arthabaska branch of railway have discontinued running till April. In 1848 a gentleman who was about to leave Worcester, Mass., wanted to sell his farm at the South part of the city. He was offered \$7,200, but he demanded \$7,500. It was left with agents for sale, and they have remitted him \$100,000, and have half of the farm still on hand. The steamer Mount Vernon has arrived at Kingston, Tomica, with General Faubert and a party of Dominican revolutionists. They will fit out an expedition against Salnave, in support of the revolutionary President, Domingues. The New York Herald considers the Cabinet nominations satisfactory, and as a bid to Sumner to repeal the tenure-of-office law. The Times says the Cabinet is more satisfactory than the first nominated. The Tribune says it is a strong and safe Cabinet. The World is not pleased with it.

NEW ITEMS.

Boston has had a wedding at which \$10,000 worth of flowers were displayed. The are 550 American pupils at the German Universities, and over 1000 more at German boarding schools. Chicago shipped 78 bushels of wheat in 1838. The amount shipped in 1868 was 40,000,000 bushels. A man in Alexandria, Va., recently had the cap of his knee broken by a shoemaker, who was removing a tight boot. Senator-elect Pratt is to have a chair made to accommodate him. He is too much for the present style of Senatorial chairs. Immense quantities of wheat are still held by Minnesota farmers. They refuse to sell at present prices. Susan Medbury is the name of the Connecticut prodigy four years old, who accurately plays hundreds of pieces on the piano. A man at Staunton, Va., has an invaluable relic, consisting of a brass button cut from a swallow-tailed coat worn by Thomas Jefferson. The Austrian Ambassador at Rome paid \$50,000 for his servants' liveries on the occasion of his recent presentation to the Pope. Part of the trial of a pending libel suit in New York, consists of reading the whole of the novel "Griffith Gault" to the jury. The death warrants of George S. Twitchell, Jr., and Gerald Eaton have been signed by Governor Geary. They are to be executed on Thursday, the 8th of April. Peppermint has become so popular a crop in Wayne county, N. Y., that it is estimated that over fifty peppermint distilleries will be built this spring. In Chicago, husbands are said to be so fearful of divorce that they add to their announcements of future movements the letters "W. P.," which mean "wife permitting." London has 13 Mary Ann streets, 47 James, 37 Edward, 46 Charles, 24 Frederick, 35 Henry, 37 John, 48 Elizabeth, 13 Jane, 4 Emma, and 7 Emily streets. There are 52 New Streets. The bathing police of Dieppe, France, have been warned not to catch drowning ladies by the hair, according to previous instructions, as the present fashions render such a proceeding very uncertain. The Rev. Mrs. Duffam, of Chicago, announces herself as the President of the "North American Church," which is regularly formed and now contains three hundred members. The new church is a "Woman's Rights" church. The Deity addressed as the "Divine Family"—Lord the Mother, God the Father, Christ the Son and Soul the Daughter.

The Church Union, of New York, has the following, which will strike all who read it as being true. Editing a paper is a pleasant business. If it contains too much reading matter people won't take it. If the type is too large it don't contain enough reading matter. If the type is too small, people won't read it. If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are all lies. If we omit them, they say we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, they say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other papers. If we give a man a complimentary notice, then we are censured as being partial. If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows. If we do not, they say we never attend to business. If we publish poetry, we effect sentimentalism. If we do not we have no literary polish or taste. If we do not pay bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted. If we pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.—We are passing toward final rest ourselves. Do not regret it if the eyes grow dim. You will see better by and by. If the ear is growing heavy, do not be sorry. If your youth is passing, and your beauty fading, do not mourn. If your hand trembles, and your foot is unsteady, with age, be not depressed in spirit. With every impediment, with every sign of the taking down of this tabernacle, remember that is the striking the tent that the march may begin, and that when next you pitch your tabernacle it shall be on an undisturbed shore, and that there, with eyes unwept with tears, through an atmosphere undimmed by clouds, and before a God unveiled and never to be wrapped in darkness any more—that there, looking back upon this world of ignorance and suffering and trouble, and upon the hardships of the way you will with full and discerning reason, lift up your voice and give thanks to God and say "There was not one sorrow too piercing." And you will thank God, in that land, for the very things that bring tears from your eyes in this. Look then, to that better land, out of all the trouble of the way, sigh for it, pray for it, and enter into it.

A STORY is told of an exhilarated gentleman who was found, in one of the small hours, standing stock still under a pouring rain in the middle of a public square holding out his right key as he earnestly peered into the crouching darkness. "What do you mean standing out here in such a storm?" queried the puzzled watchman. "Why, don't you see," hicoughed the bewildered expectant, "that the square is revolving about us? I am waiting for my door to come round." THE oldest revolver—The Earth.

Chesterfield in a Composing Room.

Printers are strange fellows—those on morning papers I mean, of course—and the Tribune's are stranger than the average. The night foreman is famous for his industry and energy, no less than his irreverence and bad manners. He is known about the office as Chesterfield; the typos, with their characteristic irony, having so christened him from his total dissimilarity to Stanhope. Some weeks since, Greely had written an article headed "Randall and his Times," on the subject of the Postmaster-General and the Postal Department. Coming in one evening, he sent the messenger of the editorial room to the composing room for a proof of the article. The messenger went to the foreman, and said: "Mr. Greely wants Randall of the Times right away." "I don't know any such man. He isn't about here," answered Chesterfield, curtly. Down went the messenger with the report, to which H. G. rejoins: "It is up there, I say. Go back, and tell the foreman I sent it up four hours ago." The messenger returns with the words "Mr. Greely says Randall is up here; that he sent him up four hours ago, and that he must see him." "Well, by G-d!" breaks out Chesterfield, "he isn't I don't keep the Times men loafing 'round this shanty. If old Greely must see Randall, of the Times, let him go over there and find him G-d-d-m him!" On another occasion Schuyler Colfax visited the Tribune composing room. The foreman, the same fellow, had a rush of copy, was very busy, and did not notice Colfax at all. He was cutting up some copy and distributing the takes. Some of the printers failed to understand how the copy was to be set. Chesterfield waxed wroth, and swore like a pirate. As he came to the last take of a long report, Colfax was standing near him, and, without looking round, the foreman thrust the take into the Vice-President's hand, saying, "solid nonpareil, G-d-d-m you! You're not such a d-m fool as not to know what that is, are you?" At this juncture the managing editor introduced Colfax to Chesterfield, who simply replied, "I thought you were one of our d-m shoe-makers," and went on with his work.—Chicago Times.

PUNISHION ON NIAGARA.—On my way from Buffalo to Toronto, I caught the first sight of that wondrous vision which is worth a pilgrimage from England to see. I have since had an opportunity of making it a study, and my conviction is, that there is anything in the world which defies at once description and analysis, and which excites in the beholder, by turns, ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power, sublimity. It is expressed in that one word "Niagara." I have seen it in most of its summer aspects. I have gazed upon the marvelous panorama from the rapids above to the "whirlpool," three miles below. I have looked up to it from the river, and down upon it from Terrapin Tower. I have bathed in its light, and been drenched in its spray. I have dreamed over it through the hot afternoon, and heard it thunder in the watches of the night. On all the headlands, and on all the islands, I have stood entranced and wondering while the mist has shrouded, and while the sun has broken it into rainbows. I have seen it fleecy as the snow flake; deepening into the brightest emerald, dark and leaden as the angry November sky—but in all its moods there is instruction, solemnity, delight. Stable in its perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be "pondered in the heart," like the Revelation by the weck Virgin of old; with no pride in the brilliant hues which are woven in its eternal loom; with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters, with no weariness in its endless psalm; it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of the unconscious powers a lively inspiration of thought, and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God.

NO SECRET.—"I notice," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on house-ereciting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam in his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant flow of happy spirits." "No secret, Doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she has a kind word of encouragement; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things to please me that I can not find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

What influence has a woman over the heart of man to soften and make it the foundation of good and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a kind greeting after the toils of the day are over, casts nothing and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful. Young wives, and girls, candidates for wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives we say also to husbands. A loving word and a kiss go far with a woman.

A PALINDROME.—The palindrome is a line that reads just the same either forward or backward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam!" Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." The latter is the best palindrome, probable, in the language.—The following reads precisely the same backward as forward: "Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & gun." Another still, and perhaps an unintended one, ornaments the front of a bakery in Yreka, California: "Yreka Bakery."

The Population of the Globe.

There are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 of souls, of which 360,000,000 are of the Caucasian race, 552,000,000 are of the Mongrel race, 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race, 176,000,000 are of the Malay race, 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race. There are 3642 languages spoken, and 1000 different religions. The yearly mortality of the globe is 333,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3780 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. One fourth of the population dies at or before the age of 7 years. One half at or before 17 years. Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 persons lives to the age of 60. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1000 persons 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months or the year. One eighth, of the whole population is military. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators, or public speakers; 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employees, 29 advocates or engineer 27 professors and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest. There are 335,000,000 Christians. There are 5,000,000 Israelites. There are 60,000,000 Asiatic religions. There are 200,000,000 Mohammedans. There are 200,000,000 Pagans. In the Christian Churches: 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic. 75,000,000 profess the Greek faith. 80,000,000 profess the Protestant.

Giants of Olden Times.

In one of his recent lectures, Professor Silliman, the younger, alluded to the discovery of the skeleton of an enormous lizard, of eighty feet. From this the Professor inferred, as no living specimen of such magnitude had been found, that the species which it represents had become degenerated. The verity of his position he endeavored to enforce by an allusion to the well known existence of giants in olden times. The following is the list on which this singular hypothesis is based: The giant exhibited at Rouen in 1850, the Professor says measured nearly eighteen feet. Gorgias saw a girl that was ten feet high. The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar, was ten feet high. Fannus, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured eleven and a half feet. The Chevalier Scrog, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the head of Guich, who had sixty teeth, and was not less than fifteen feet high. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high. In 1580, near Rouen, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and who was nineteen feet high. The giant Bacart was twenty-two feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1764 near the river Mederi. In 1823 near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty feet long, sixteen wide and eight high, on which was cut in gray stone these words: "Kintolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, twenty five and a quarter feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast bone to the back. Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high. The head was the size of a hog's head, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces. We have no doubt that there were "giants in those days," and the past was perhaps more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden time was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs, several of whom were even smaller than the Thumbs and Nuts of our own time.

MR. BEECHER ON WORTHLESS MEN.—I think the most piteous thing in this world is never written. I have read many a poem, and novel, and tale, that made me cry—and whether they were true or not, it was all the same; but of all affecting poems and novels and tales, I think life itself is the most affecting—common life, just as it turns out of the world. And when I go out to measure men, I say to myself, as one after another they pass before: "Suppose that man should drop out of life, what would become of him." It pains me to see how worthless men are—to see how men stand in life, and what they are. I am sometimes called to perform the burial service over men of whom I could not say a word, and of whom if I expressed what I felt, I should have said, "I beseech God that he is gone." The world is better off for his having been taken out of it. Look at human life, break through all the sentimental ways of society, weigh men as you weigh gold, unmix with dirt or quartz, or any other substance, take men up and see how much there is of them that really answer the end of the life to come, and how many there are that, dying, would not be missed. How few there are that, dying, would make the community feel poor. How few there are that, being dead, would yet speak.

"I'd thank you for another piece of that nice pie," said Dubbins to his landlady. "Owing to the peculiar arrangement of programme no piece can be repeated at this entertainment," calmly replied the landlady.

The Two Apprentices.

Two boys were apprenticed in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with the other boys to have a "good game." "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books; come with us. What is the use of all this reading?" "If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I shall never make up." While the boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State house to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize, but still he thought, "there is nothing like trying." In about a week afterwards, a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect; but I've got an apprentice by that name." "Let's see him," said the gentleman. The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan was accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. The studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in the country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the estimation of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

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