Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : Jan. 6, 1872.

THE total-abstinence men are to hold a National Convention at Cleveland on the 22d of February to make nominations for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

HON. D. J. MORRELL declines being considered a candidate for Governor before the Republican Convention. Of course Daniel feels it in his bones that the next Governor of this State will be a Democrat, and he don't want to be slaughtered.

HON. JAMES P. BARR has been appointed the member of the National Democratic Committee from Pennsylvania, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Isaac Heister, of Lancaster. The appointment was made by Hon. W. A. Wallace, Chairman of the State Committee, in accordance with the wishes of the members thereof.

FOR several days we have missed from our table that always sprightly and ever welcome visitor, the New York *Sun*. It is a grievous loss and can only be remedied, since it is the boast of its editor that "the *Sun* shines for all," by its political rays again penetrating and enlivening our now indeed dreary sanctum. The New York *Sun* is one of *the* institutions of the age. Always lively, entertaining and fearless in its discussion of the issues of the day, its sudden taking off, so far as the *Freeman* is concerned, is a calamity not lightly to be borne. Will not the *Sun* permit its light to shine upon us once more? Don't say nay, Mr. Dana!

THE LEGISLATURE met on Tuesday last. In the House William Elliot, radical, of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker and Gen. Selfridge, radical, Clerk. A dead lock exists in the Senate--six ballots for Speaker on Wednesday, resulting each time in a tie vote. The Speaker of the Senate, Mr. Brodhead, before vacating his seat on Tuesday, issued his writ for the election of a Senator in the vacant Philadelphia district, on Tuesday the 30th day of the present month.

P. S. Since the above was written, the Senate has been organized by the election of James S. Rutan, radical, as Speaker. By what manner of compromise this result was brought about, we have not learned. The message of Governor Geary, a very lengthy and very prosy document, will be noticed in detail in our next issue.

ON last Tuesday, Brigham Young, who had just returned from a protracted visit to the Southern part of Utah Territory, was arrested at his residence in Salt Lake City, by a Marshal of the United States, on a charge of murder. He was taken before Judge McKean, who refused to admit him to bail, but permitted him to designate one of his own houses in the city where he might remain a prisoner, under the control of the Marshal, until his case would be taken up by the Court. The indictment against Young charges him and others with having several years ago procured the murder of one Dick Yates. The principal witness for the prosecution is the notorious Bill Hickman. We think that a jury will not be likely to convict Young of this or any other crime on the unsupported testimony of such an unmitigated villian and outlaw as Bill Hickman.

An Estimate of Grant.

Although there does not seem to be any reasonable doubt as to the nomination of Grant, for the simple reason that radicalism feels itself *compelled* to take him, many of the leading republican journals cannot refrain from giving expression to a feeling they entertain towards him which is strongly allied to contempt. Nor is this to be wondered at, since neither the man himself nor his administration have had a parallel in the previous political history of the country. No former President at the end of the third year of his term has ever been so fiercely assailed by prominent newspapers of his own party and held up to public ridicule, as has been the present "intellectual Collossus" of the White House. They desire to cast him aside for some one who is really competent for the position, and yet they feel that they are absolutely powerless to prevent the calamity of his renomination. They protest against it and denounce it for the strongest and most irresistable reasons, at the same time feeling conscious that it is a foregone conclusion. The last *Atlantic Monthly* of Boston, a radical publication, expresses its opinion of Grant and his peculiar ways in a lengthy article from which the following is an extract:

"As a rule, military men are not the stuff to make good statesmen for an unmilitary and commercial society. For the most part they entertain a professional contempt for law, even when they avow their loyalty to it. Of this peculiarity Gen. Grant's administration has given at least one signal illustration. Declaring himself firmly opposed to intervention in the affairs of foreign nations, he has for some time past maintained a protectorate of San Domingo, which is in reality an illegal war against Hayti, carried on in the teeth of a provision of the Constitution. Again, Gen. Grant seems ignorant of the elementary principles of economical science to the extreme of believing that the chief source of the wealth of this country is to be found in the mines of California. His system of appointments has been unintelligible. Besides all this, he has shown a singular want of delicacy, to say the least, in receiving innumerable presents, and indirectly profiting himself out of Government contracts. To own stock in a commercial enterprise is one thing, but to own stock in a corporation which is daily making valuable contracts with the Departments at Washington is, for the President of the United States, quite another. We do not impugn his honesty. He is, no doubt, innocent of all share in the management of the 'administration quarry,' but such a scandal ought not to be possible. Nevertheless, he is a better candidate than any who is likely to come into the field between now and June."

Bayonet Rule in Illinois.

One of the besetting sins of Grant's administration is his constant resort to the use of the military to suppres either a real or an anticipated disturbance of the public peace. Accustomed to command soldiers and to be implicitly obeyed, and being profoundly ignorant of the rights and duties of the general government and their relation to those of the States, he has an unbounded faith in the supremacy of the bayonet and a supreme contempt for courts and their proceedings. His latest military exploit is an unwarranted intervention by United States troops in the civil affairs of Illinois. Some time after the great fire in Chicago, a few timid and indiscreet citizens of that place, conjuring up before their heated imaginations riots, plundering and all manner of lawlessness, called upon the administration at Washington to station four companies of United States soldiers at or near the city until it should appear that no danger of riotous proceedings existed. The request was of course promptly complied with. Governor Palmer of Illinois, although a republican, has a proper appreciation of the rights and dignity of his State, and feeling aggrieved at this illegal invasion of her soil by Grant's military, informed him on the 20th of November that he did not need the services of his troops in preserving the peace of Chicago and protecting the rights and property of its citizens, and demanded that they should be withdrawn and sent to the army where they properly belong. Governor Palmer's protest has met with contemptuous disregard on the part of Grant, and the troops are still performing police duty in that city. If the Chicago fire can be made a sufficient excuse for resorting to bayonet rule in defiance of the expressed wish of the Governor of the State, the safeguards of the constitution may be trampled under foot by the military power anywhere on equally light and frivolous pretexts. Grant's entire conduct in this matter is wholly indefensible—a sheer usurpation—and is one of the many evidences of how rapidly our government is becoming a military despotism, and how insensible the great mass of the people appear to be to the gradual but certain change. Gov. Palmer has recently called the attention of the Legislature of Illinois to the facts connected with this high-handed proceeding in a special message, from which we make the following extract. The views of the Governor are eminently sound and will command universal appproval:

"It seems to me, from the letters of the President, and the papers laid before the General Assembly, that Gen. Sherman and Lieut. Gen. Sheridan entertain the belief that, under our system of government, it is a part of the duty of the officers of the army of the United States to superintend the administration of the local governments, and that if they are not satisfied with the measure of protection afforded by the States to the persons and property of their own citizens, the officers of the army have the right, at their own discretion, to introduce a part of the army, and, through its agency, afford such additional protection to the people as they may think necessary or proper, and that their right to interpose for that purpose does not depend upon the ability of the States to discharge their duties. There is no other ground upon which the conduct of Gens. Sherman and Sheridan can be placed. No one will pretend that the State of Illinois is not able to enforce its own laws, and protect every person and all the property within its limits; but Gen. Sheridan, in the the exercise of his superintendance of its affairs, was not satisfied with the provisions made by the State for the safety of property and the control of what he is pleased to call 'the turbulent element' in Chicago, and he therefore informed the Adjutant General that 'I am satisfied of the necessity of their (four companies of infantry) presence here, and ask the authority of the Secretary of War to bring them;' and Gen. Sherman, acting upon the same principle, promptly informed him by telegraph that 'four companies of the Eighth Infantry are ordered to Chicago to act as police, under your letter of the 29th.' * * * * * It is due to the dignity of the people of the State that I should say that I cannot consent that the grave and important subjects that I have urged upon the attention of the President shall be decided by an officer of the army; but I must hereafter, as I have done in the past, protest against all interference by the officers of the army in the affairs of this State. I must protest against such interference, because it will establish a precedent dangerous to liberty, because it familiarizes the people with military rule and inspires them with distrust of the capability of civil government to afford them needed protection; and it is now for the representatives of the free people of the State to discharge their duties according to their own convictions and subject to their own responsibilities."

AWFUL BURNING ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Glagier and her daughter, Lillie, lived in the family of Mr. Levi S. Van Etten, a Huguenot, at Port Jarvis, New York. As the family sat down to breakfast on the morning of the 24th ult., the little girl having been left in the sitting room, they were startled by piercing shrieks. Mr. Van Etten and Mrs. Glagier ran at once to the sitting room, and discovered the little girl enveloped in flames, and an English bull dog, belonging to Mr. Van Etten, tearing the burning garments off her with his paws and teeth. He had already taken over half of her clothing off, and it is the opinion of Mr. Van Etten that had he been left alone he would have saved the little girl's life. But Mrs. Glagier, crazed at the sight, rushed forward and clasped her child to her bosom, and held her close, thus baffling the efforts which the faithful dog made, although singed and burned dreadfully himself, to tear off the burning clothing. Mrs Glagier could not be made to release her child until her own clothing was on fire in many places, when the two were torn apart, and the flames upon the mother extinguished by the dog tearing off her clothing, as he had endeavored to do for the child. The little girl was burned almost to a crisp, and lingered in the most intense agony until 2 o'clock Saturday morning. Mrs. Glagier is terribly burned, and lies in a critical condition. The dog that exhibited more than human sagacity in its efforts to save the child, had been her constant companion, having been raised with her, and taught to watch over her. Since the burial of the child occurred, he wanders from room to room as if searching for her, uttering a plaintive whine expressive of his grief. He takes no food, and it is believed he will pine to death.

—Horace Greeley has written a letter to a Missouri editor who had nominated him for the Presidency, in which the philosopher is pleased to intimate that he is not the man the Democrats want, being a ferocious protectionist, and recommends them to take some man like Gratz Brown, or Trumbull, or Gen. Cox, and thus help to pacify and reunite our country anew.

Letter from Ireland--No. 7.

(Correspondence of Cambria Freeman.)

NENAGH, IRELAND, Dec. 9, 1871.

DEAR MAC—If I followed the bent of my inclination I would quit for some weeks to come my descriptive jottings, and send you instead some caustic letters of how the government machine is run in this country by sordid, scheming scalawags, whose whole aim seems to be to crush, with an iron heel, every national, patriotic aspiration, and keep forever the Irish people under the galling, grinding, crushing oppression of devilish, exterminating landlords. But I think I will defer these topics to some future time—perhaps till I get back again under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes." I will now take up the thread of my *discourse* where I left it drop in my last. Going up the knee-breaking hill of Killaloe you pass some neat looking houses, police barracks, post office, etc., till you reach the top, where you find the Catholic Cathedral, an extremely costly edifice, really rich in church architecture. Beautifully stained glass windows, three magnificent, highly-finished altars of genuine Italian marble, richly carved and life-like Stations of the Cross, combine to make this grand edifice an ornament to the Killaloe diocese and a noble testimony of the religious zeal and practical piety of the good people of this old town and neighborhood. Turning to the left as you go up the hill you come to the

OLD CATHEDRAL,

built some twelve hundred years ago by Molua, and within whose sacred walls resounded the voice of the sainted Flannan, the first Catholic Bishop of this diocese.—Like so many other Catholic churches in this country, conquest has turned it over to our dissenting brethren, and it is now used as a Protestant cathedral. The first object that attracted my attention as I entered it was an old monumental tablet to the right, on which is a long Gaelic inscription. Though not being a proficient, I am ashamed to say, in my native language, still I could glean from it that here was buried Murrough, son of Brian Boru. Murrough fought all day at the memorable battle of Clontarf, and history tells us that his right arm was awfully swollen from the dreadful slaughter he caused by the use of his ponderous battle-axe.—Towards the close of the conflict, two Danish princes rushed on him, when he cleaved in two the first and the next he felled to the ground. The Dane, in his fall, brought Murrough to his knees, and with a dexterous thrust he sent his dagger through Murrough's side, which resulted in his death. It is a curious fact, but nevertheless true, that the masonry of this old monument and church is far more solid, close and substantial, after so many centuries, than any work of the kind put up at the present day. The mortar used in these days must have been more adhesive than what we use in the nineteenth century. Going up the aisle you see the ancient baptismal font and holy water troughs, and several statues and tablets to the memory of departed benefactors. Quite visible are the places where the altars were and ever is a modern stained glass window. About four years ago men were at work laying some pipes through the church floor, when they dug up thirteen skulls and other human remains that must have been buried there over a thousand years ago. To the rear of the church is the old Catholic burial ground. Farther down, to the left, is the splendid residence and demesne of the Protestant Bishop who is paid a salary larger than our President's for doing comparatively nothing. The next place of historical note is the spot on which stood

ROYAL KINCORA,

on a towering eminence, within a short distance of the town. Nothing now remains of the once regal palace of the kingly Boru but a huge mass of crumbling rocky boulders. This once gorgeous residence, the inspiring theme for ancient bards and modern rhymers, was demolished and tumbled into the Shannon, towards the end of the twelfth century, by the godless invaders. The following stanza, written after the death of Boru by MacLiag, I quote from memory:

"Where, O! Kincora, is Brian the Great?
Where is the splendor that once was thine?
Where are the princes and nobles that sate
In thy halls, and drank the red red wine?"

About a mile and a half from Kincora is what is called

BRIAN BORU'S FORT,

which is indeed a curiosity. The raised circular mound is closely planted with trees, which afford in summer time a pleasant shelter to tourists who come to visit this romantic and scenic locality; and in winter remind one of sleepy, bare-armed sentinels waiting to hear sounded the bugle notes of freedom over the hills of old Erin. In the centre of the fort are stone tables and seats, fixed firmly in the earth, for the accommodation of pic-nickers and others who come the way. Any of you mountain fellows who never saw a fort and wish to see one, can do so by taking a run as far as Newark, Ohio, only about three hundred miles from Ebensburg. That is the only place in the States where I have seen anything resembling an Irish fort. The origin of these forts is not very well defined. Some say they were built by the Danes—others that they were constructed, owned and occupied by the *fairies*. Some dreadful stories are told of those who were daring enough to plough or dig up these homes of ærial tenants; how the houses of some were swept away by an awful gust, how others were paralyzed in the arms, and deuce knows all the other frightful calamities which were inflicted on those who dispossessed the inhabitants of fairydom. But I digress. Leaving the old fort, I retraced my steps to Killaloe, crossed the old bridge, and entered Ballina, in

GALLANT TIPPERARY,

the premier county of Ireland—the fruitful mother of poets, patriots, soldiers and orators; poets who have sung in measured verse the wrongs inflicted on motherland by a foreign, craven crew; patriots who have given practical proof of genuine love of country in British bastiles and sealed their devotion on the scaffold; soldiers who have fanned revolution and fought in dire disadvantage the perjured usurpers; and orators who have depicted in the glowing periods of a Demosthenes the good old time of yore, when Erin was as free and untrammeled as the balmy breezes that sweep over her cloud-garlanded hills, and spurred on the impulsive Celts not to tire or cease, but to strive, plot and plan till the bright life-giving sun of Independence would once more shine over a cruelly oppressed, but never subdued, nation!

Ballina is a lively little village, inhabited by enterprising, well-to-do people. Taking a "side car" at Tuohey's livery stable, I started towards Derry Castle, where I expected to see some very dear relatives whom I had not seen since my childhood, (nobody's business to know how long that is.) When I made myself known, I was *fairly smothered* with kisses from my fair cousin Marion and other charming fair ones. When they found that I could not be induced to stay more than a couple of days they at once prepared an impromptu party or ball as a reception of welcome. I intend to devote my next solely to this jolly crowd of gallant Tips and fair *Tipsesses*; so be ready to give an honored corner to the ladies. Accompanied by my dimple-cheeked cousin, who seemed overjoyed at my unexpected appearance, I strolled down to the Shannon's side to see old

DERRY CASTLE,

from which this place takes its name. Tho' my fair companion is well read in the history of our country, still she told me she could never glean any authentic account of the origin or history of the now ivy-clad walls of this stately old remnant of what must have been at one time a regal residence. It stands about a rod out in the river, but there is a walk leading to it. We entered by the old door-way and scrambled our way to the small space of green sward on the top. A sight more scenic, more grand, more beautiful, never met my eyes. To our right, as far as the eye could reach, were rich, luxurient landscapes, like gorgeously painted panoramas; the purling, silver-sheeted waters of the placid Loch Derg, dotted here and there with green little islands, flowed silently and steadily along. To the left, in the distance, rose up the old ruins of royal Kincora, reflecting its ancient grandeur in the Shannon's translucid stream; farther on was ancient Killaloe, so full of historic associations; opposite was romantic Ballyvalley and beautiful Tenneranna, sloping down almost to the water's edge; behind were the heather-clad hills of historic Clare, rising up, like stately pines, to the dome of the blue-arched firmament; while, to cap the climax of the scene, the golden-hued sun, casting its last faint flicker on all around, pressed its evening kiss on the ocean's calm lips ere it descended into the vault of night; all, all would require a painter's brush or a poet's pen to do anything like justice to the surpassing and unrivalled scenery.

Friend Mac, after this I think I will cry halt; so I will rein up. I thought I could describe Castle Lough, Portroe, and this town in the present letter, but I have already written too much.

Some copies of the FREEMAN containing my letters have reached me. *O, wirra asthroo!* but it is well for that big or little printer's devil in your office that my boot cannott reach him, for I'd kick his *ears* off for the many blunders he has made in my letters. But perhaps the fault is with the boss of the chebang. If so, please consider yourself duly kicked, and much oblige

Yours, very truly, ERIONACH.

THE NEGRO INSURRECTION.—The subjoined letter from a young man living in Chicot county to his father in Cincinnati will be read with interest, as it gives an unbiased report of affairs which radical papers published at a distance are inclined to make light of:

LAKE VILLAGE, Chicot county, Arkansas, December 19.—*Dear Father:* We are having quite an exciting time here. Cold blooded murder stalks unchecked through the land. All the whites have left town, and the negroes have everything their own way. I cannot help but think that most serious troubles will be the result of the proceedings here. The negroes are organized in military companies, and the worst of all they are led on by white carpet-baggers—one Derry Downs, who holds the position of prosecuting attorney of the county, and James Mason, senator (colored) from this district. Another negro official from Cincinnati, Barbour by name, is also at the head, stirring up things generally. They have guards at every entrance leading into the town, but do not as yet prevent the white men from free passage to and from. The negroes completely gutted Garrett's store, and are at present drawing their supplies from his place, about one mile from town. A detachment of thirty, headed by Downs and Mason, left town yesterday for the hills, hearing that some white men were there gathering to oppose them in their present control of affairs. My companion Alf accompanied Captain Simms and others after them to dissuade them from their purpose, but their efforts proved of no avail.

The party continued on and had not been heard from by sundown last night. This morning I hear their drums beating for roveille. That squad of twenty, if ambushed, or should any of them receive injury in their reconnoitering, will doubtless open the ball, and where it will end the Lord only knows. The whites are beyond question or doubt completely cowed, without power of successful competition. In fact, the influential ones have crossed the Mississippi river to Greenville, and those that remain are not in force sufficient to check the negroes should they start the work of blood and fire. If spared, I will communicate further particulars as events develop themselves. The body of the negro Wynn is still lying in state, in a metallic coffin, at the court house. I know of no other reason for keeping the remains thus publicly exposed, this length of time, than to work up the feelings of the negroes to the highest pitch of excitement.

From your son, NELSON.

STILL LATER.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 2.—A Little Rock special to the *Enquirer* contains a statement from Alfred Sanders, brother of one of the men shot by the negroes in Chicot, Arkansas, corroborating the report of negro outrages at that place. He says that after killing three men, a number of armed negroes went to his brother's house, fired into the doors and windows, demanding one hundred dollars, threatening in case the money was not paid to burn the house. The money was paid. Soon after another party appeared and was paid thirty dollars. Sanders then left the village. He also states that the negroes killed all the stock, mules, horses, and cows, owned by planters in that vicinity. Every person coming or going was challenged by negro guards, who yet remain, and the whites are still afraid to return to their homes.

THE ALMANAC Publishers complain that their business is destroyed by Ayer's American Almanac. The people prefer it to any other, the Farmer's, Western, Southern, or the numerous local almanacs, when they can get Ayer's. It supplies the best astronomical data, weather and jokes of them all, and above all medical advice which is invaluable for every family. It is supplied gratis by the druggists, and should be preserved for constant reference and use. We are sure that no good housekeeper or grandmother goes willingly without one.—Anti Slavery Standard, N. Y.

THERE is, probably, no way in which we can benefit our readers more than by recommending to them for general use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is adapted to almost all the purposes of a Family Medicine; and as a specific for coughs, colds, whooping cough, soreness of the chest, lame stomach, rheumatism, spitting of blood, and all lung difficulties, it has no equal that ever we saw or heard of.

THE propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep, was discussed and admitted by many of the Agricultural Societies throughout the State last Fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. Good judgment!

—The Right Rev. Thomas Davis, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, who died at Camden, in that State, the other day, was a man of notable parts, and has performed the ministering of his later years in total blindness, having lost his eye-sight while a missionary in the south.

News of the Week.

—A girl in Utah recently fell dead from lacing too tightly.

—Terrible floods are prevailing in California, Oregon and Nevada.

—A town in New Hampshire has five churches, but not a pastor.

—The Republican National Convention will be held in Philadelphia.

—At least one hundred new post-offices are wanted in Pennsylvania. A good sign.

—The oldest surveyed farm in Bradford county, near the village of Shesbequin, bears date September 24th, 1773.

—A calf was brought forth in Greenwich township, Berks county, recently, which, at two hours old, weighed 115 pounds.

—A young Indianian "proposed" to six young ladies just for fun, and was considerably annoyed by being accepted by all them.

—Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore has been suffering from ill health for some time past and at present is confined to his room altogether.

—The Illinois House of Representatives has adopted by a large majority a bill permitting women to hold offices in the departments of that state.

—Two little boys in Lincoln county, Ky., have been arrested by the Federal authorities under the Ku-klux act for wearing "false faces" and frightening the negroes.

—A small child in Illinois climbed upon a chair to wipe its face on a hanging towel. The chair slipped, and the child catching in the towel was hanged by the neck, and died.

—Three car loads of Japanese silks, valued at $2,000,000, and one hundred and eighty tons of Chinese and Japanese teas, have been forwarded East by rail, from San Francisco, since the 20th.

—B. W. Morgan, the defeated candidate for Mayor of Pittsburgh, has entered a criminal suit for libel against the proprietors of the *Evening Leader*, for articles published against him during the campaign.

—An Iowa City man who owns extensive timber tracts in Louisa county has hired, among his other choppers, an American woman, who cuts and "ranks up" more wood in a day than any workman in the timber.

—By the recent boiler explosion in Baltimore, Wm. Harrington, senior member of the firm, Wm. Jennings, a fireman, and Wm. Clarke an apprentice, were killed, and about ten persons were injured, some of them severely.

—Sarah Rheedy, a girl of 16 or 17 years of age, last week, in the Berks county Court, recovered $2,400 damages from Mrs. Troutman, for having uttered slanderous words against her. The parties live in Tulpehockon township.

—Two Michiganders, W. H. Twiford, of Somerset, and L. Hazen, of Medford, have made arrangements to play a game of chess by mail. They will make about two moves per week, and the game will occupy the entire winter.

—Great snow storms have recently prevailed in the mining regions of Utah, and in some localities the snow is ten and fifteen feet deep on a level. Whole settlements are buried in the snow, and great distress prevails among the inhabitants.

—A fire broke out in a saloon in Monroe, La., at 11 o'clock last Saturday night, and in four hours sixty buildings, including the wealthiest portion of the town, were destroyed. The total loss is nearly $600,000. It is thought that the fire was accidental.

—The largest fire ever witnessed at Little Rock, Arkansas, occurred on Thursday, destroying a whole square of buildings, including two printing offices and many business houses. A number of persons were badly injured by falling timbers, but no lives lost.

—At Kane, Pa., on Thursday morning week, the wife and child of Patrick Burns were found murdered in a barn near their house. An examination proved that the wife had been strangled and the child's skull fractured. Burns has been arrested on suspicion.

—A barrel of buckwheat flour exploded recently at Keokuk, Iowa. A man of science calmly says that the buckwheat was probably wet, and being confined in the barrel, an alcoholic vapor was generated, which ignited as the lid was taken off and a lighted candle brought into contact.

—A report has been telegraphed of a horrible calamity at Floris, Davis county, Iowa. A few nights ago a man, his wife and their four children were burned to death in their shanty, the neighbors not being aroused nor the fire discovered until the next day, when the charred remains of the victims were found in the ashes.

—The man who represents "the people of the United States" as a witness to the burning of cancelled United States Treasury notes, government bonds, postage, and revenue stamps, etc., receives $500 for every burning he witnesses, and as there is always one and sometimes two burnings a day, his office is a profitable one.

—Mrs. Wessert, who, murdered her aged mother-in-law, Mrs. Klauner, on December 27th, in Louisville, Ky., by chopping her head with a hatchet, has been examined in the city court. Physicians thought she was insane from physical derangement at the time she committed the deed. She was admitted to bail in $3,000.

—An exchange says a cat in Fitchburg lay down in a fly-wheel early one morning, and was not discovered until the engine had been running three hours; a dog then detected her and gave the alarm. When the engine was stopped the cat was rescued uninjured, after making sixty revolutions a minute for three hours.

—Dr. D. A. Gosshorn, of Springfield, Whitley county, Ind., went to the residence of a farmer, about two weeks ago, and requested him to permit his daughter, a girl 16 years old, to visit his wife while he was away at Cincinnati attending lectures. The farmer consented and the doctor and the girl left the house, and, it is now supposed, the State together.

CARD ABOUT THE SMALL-POX.—In answer to letters received on this subject, we have to say that not a single case of the disease has occurred in either of our houses.

Under Oak Hall roof we have two hundred and sixty-seven persons, and in the Chestnut street house we have one hundred and ten persons, making altogether three hundred and seventy seven persons, and among all these, from the first day up to the present time, there has not been a single case of the disease.

Any statements to the contrary are false and malicious and intended to injure our business, and we would thank our friends in city or country to send us the names of persons reporting falsehoods of this character.

Since the disease was first noticed in this city it has been greatly exaggerated and people needlessly alarmed.

It is not true that a single street has been boarded up. The mortality in the city has been less in proportion to population than in some of the country towns; and some of the sensational newspapers have gone far beyond the truth in their highly colored statements.—What is true in regard to the employes of our houses we are told is also true of other large houses, and customers need not have the slightest fear in making their usual purchases in the city.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
Oak Hall Clothing House,
Sixth and Market Streets.
JOHN WANAMAKER & CO.,
Finest Clothing House,
818 and 820 Chestnut street.

Names of the Teachers who Attended the Institute.

Adams tp.—Frank J. Strayer, B. F. Stull, Miss Clara Englebach.
Allegheny tp.—Miss Tillie Glass.
Blacklick tp.—Silas P. Ake.
Cambria bor.—M. Sweeney; Miss Mary J. Devlin, Miss Ellen J. Garvey.
Cambria tp.—Misses Rachel Evans, Hannah Evans, Annie M. Davis, Jennie W. Evans, Mary E. Hughes, Jennie Roberts, Allie Lloyd, Messrs. G. W. Williams, Robt. R. Thomas.
Carrolltown—Wm. C. Severin.
Carroll tp.—Miss Ella Wharton, J. L. Brendlinger.
Conemaugh bor—John W. Trabert, Miss Mary Griffin, Michael A. Wesner.
Clearfield tp.—Miss Mary Kantner.
Croyle tp.—Daniel W. Luke, Dr. John C. Luke.
Chest tp.—Miss Kate Savage.
Ebensburg—Geo. Marsden, Hartman Berg T. J. Chapman, C. S., Mrs. Jane C. Clark, Misses Ellen Lewis, Mollie E. Davis, Claudia Evans.
East Conemaugh—J. A. Harrold.
Gallitzin tp.—Miss Annie M'Mullin.
Johnstown—Geo. W. Cope, W. P. Davis, Geo W. Phillippi, John R. Hykes, Misses Sadie Hunt, Minnie Douglass, M. Brookebanke, L. Housholder, Rose Quinn, Mary J. Hughes, R. A. Wilson, Jennie G. Hendricks, F. Emma McCague, Annie Zech, Mary Gageby, Mary A. Shephard, Agnes Myers, Columbia A. Horne.
Jackson tp.—Misses Mary E. Jones, Mary Davis.
Loretto—Frank D. Storm.
Millville—John Peckman, W. A. Krise, F. S. Maloy, Misses Kate G. Young, Ellen Quinn, Linnie Lardin, Mary Roach, Maggie L. Davis.
Munster tp.—Miss Mary E. Downey.
Prospect—Miss Rachel M'Coy.
Richland tp.—Thomas R. Marshall, J. L. Bomgardner.
Summerville—J. W. Condon, Esq.
Susquehanna tp.—Lewis J. Bearer.
Taylor tp.—Miss Fannie A. Prosser, J. C. M'Featers.
Washington tp—Wm. M'Gough, James Itel, Misses Isabella M'Keever, Mary McGough.
Wilmore—T. M. Oster.
Woodvale—S. B. M'Cormick, Esq.
Yoder tp.—Albert B. Torrence.

Aphonia, or Loss of Voice.

This is another of that pestilential brood of diseases which make way so speedily with human life and make it wearisome—not that it is a fatal malady unless it be connected with diseased lungs, when danger of the most fearful kind may be seriously apprehended; that loss of voice which usually effects the larynx and vocal cords, so common among those who have much speaking to do, is not usually of a dangerous or fatal nature, any more than any other diseased condition is dangerous; but when it is a consequence of diseased lungs and consumption, whose inflammatory borders are investing the mucous lining of the lungs and throat, then it points with almost a fatal finger to a state that ought at once to be remedied. Much better, truly, if it had been cured before it had spread so far, but having spread, there is still hope. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE may yet reach the disease, which it surely would have done in the beginning. It will remove from the system all morbid matter which keeps up irritation and disease, and will aid the stomach to make plastic material to repair the wasting organism. Read Dr. Keyser's treatise on chronic lung diseases, which will be sent without charge wherever it is ordered. Price of Lung Cure, $1.50, or 4 bottles for $5. If your druggist does not keep it, order from Dr. Keyser, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh. Office hours from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M. and from 3 until 6, and Saturday night until 9 o'clock.

—Later advices from Rutland, Vermont, in reference to the horrible Christmas affray in East Arlington, are received, though the particulars are, as yet, few and incomplete. It appears that John Hannah, Edward Rafter and Frank Burke went on the afternoon of the 25th to the saloon or "grocery" of Farwell & Lawrence, in East Arlington, and, after drinking quite heavily, got into a quarrel with the proprietor, who, as they say, in self-defense shot all three of the men, Hannah probably fatally. Timothy Maloney, of Glashewbury, who had inopportunely entered the store to make a purchase, while the fight was progressing, turned to leave as soon as he perceived the state of affairs, but was shot in the back and has since died. The saddest feature of the terrible affair was the shooting of Farwell's little son, aged eight years. He was standing near his father, and was accidentally shot by him while reloading the revolver. The whole transaction was of an exceedingly brutal and barbarous character, and the citizens are much excited about it.

POEMS FOR THE MILLION.—FRANCIS S. SMITH, of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, has just issued his long promised volume of poems. The popularity which they secured in the widely circulated paper just named induced the author's admirers to suggest their publication in a more handy and enduring form. This has been accomplished, and in a neatly printed and elegantly bound volume of 250 pages the public may secure the gems of this poet of the people. Every bookseller and newsdealer will furnish it. Price, $1.50. The trade supplied by the American and New York News Companies.

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VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

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