

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
WM. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

TERMS: \$5.00 PER ANNUM.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1867.

NUMBER 26.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24, 1867.]
JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]
GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]
P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]
JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24] J. E. SCANLAN.
JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa. Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]
E. A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Particular attention paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co.'s Banking House. [Jan 24]
SAMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel. Will practice in the Courts of Cambria and adjoining counties. Attends also to the collection of claims of soldiers against the Government. [Jan 24]
GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and all Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes attended to. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Judgments, &c., collected. Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Letters of Attorney, Bonds, &c., neatly written, and all legal business carefully attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]
J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scribe. Office adjoining dwelling, on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [febr-6m]
H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent. Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]
R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended to, at his office. [May 23]
DENTISTRY. Dr. D. W. ZIEGLER, having opened an office in the rooms over R. R. Thomas' store, offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [April-4m]
DENTISTRY. The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak its own praise. SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S. References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, W. R. Bandy; A. A. Blandy; P. H. Ausp. of the Baltimore College. Office at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [January 24, 1867.]
LOYD & CO., Bankers— Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States. A General Banking Business transacted. [January 24, 1867.]
M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers— Altoona, Pa. Deals on the principal cities, and Silver Gold for sale. Collections made. Money received on deposit, payable on demand, at interest, or upon time, with interest rates. [Jan 24]
M. LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA. GOVERNMENT AGENCY, AND DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa. [Jan 24]
JOHN LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALTOONA. GOVERNMENT AGENCY, AND DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa. [Jan 24]
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. Also: Cap, and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]
SHARRETT'S DYSERT, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Grain, Staining and Paper Hanging. Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [my9-6m]

LORETTO DRUG STORE!
The subscriber has opened out in Loretto, Cambria county, a large and well selected stock of
DRUGS MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, LIQUORS, &c.
A heavy stock of
DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES,
PAINTS & OILS, FAMILY DYE COLORS,
PURE WINES & LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes,
PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES,
STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
HANGING LAMPS, SIDE LAMPS with REFLECTORS, LAMPS of all kinds, BRACKETS,
LAMP CHIMNEYS,
WICKS,
CARBON OIL,
BRUSHES, TOOTH, NAIL, and PAINT,
PENS, PENCILS, INK,
POWDER, SHOT, CAPS,
And a general assortment of other articles usually found in such an establishment.
Country Physicians would do well by calling on me before purchasing elsewhere.
Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours.
Store on Main street.
[Jan 20, 3m] A. J. CHRISTY.

SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE!!
The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS!
ever brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the
BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA.
the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be
REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE!
A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a better article than all competitors, but that he can also sell
CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!
He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.
A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND!
Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store.
[febr 21] JOHN D. THOMAS.

TO THE LADIES OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.—Having recently arrived from the city with a handsome assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS,
of the latest styles, comprising BONNETS, SILKS and VELVETS, FINE FRENCH FLOWERS, an assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and colors, Ladies' plain and fancy DRESS CAPS, Ladies' silk and embroidered CAPS, together with Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gent's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., we invite the ladies of Ebensburg and surrounding districts, to call and examine our stock, in the store-room formerly occupied by E. Hughes, below the Mountain House.
We have a Fashionable Milliner of excellent taste, who will pay particular attention to bleaching, pressing and altering Hats and Bonnets to the latest styles.
Mrs. J. DOYLE,
Miss M. RUSH.
[my9-3m]

SADDLERY AND HARNESS!
The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as
SADDLES, FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, DRAFT HARNESS, BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES, CHECK LINES, HALTERS, WHIPS, BRIDLEBANDS, &c. &c.
All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.
His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him. [Jan 24]
Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. M'COY.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE!
The subscriber would inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand everything in the
GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY line, such as Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, all kinds of Crackers, Cheese, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, &c.
CANNED PEACHES AND TOMATOES! Also, Buckskin and Woolen Gloves, Woolen Socks, Neck ties, &c., all of which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than elsewhere.
A full assortment of Candies! Icing. Ice Cream every evening.
[Jan 24] K. K. THOMAS.

BACHELOR BROWN'S COURTSHIP.
Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of single blessedness for the remainder of his life—greatly to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided, for he it known that Uncle Richard was worth a cool half million, and the Hinkles were his only living relations, and unless, as Mrs. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, who should he leave it to but his own cousins or their children?
Hopeful as poor human nature is of longevity, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle scarcely expected to survive their cousin, who was their junior by ten years, but Adelaide and Rose and Charles and William might in all probability be his heirs, and to this end the parents labored. Uncle Richard had the best room in the house, the best chair, the most particular consideration. His wishes were deferred to and his advice taken on every occasion, and he actually came to be loved; for, with all his quaint, old-fashioned ways, and his habit of sitting so utterly silent as though he had been deaf and dumb, yet he was a lovable man. Matters progressed smoothly until it was habit and not hypocrisy which made Cousin Richard actually master of the house.
He was very obliging—wonderfully so in most respects. He would attend to anything for anybody—match ribbon when nobody else could—escort the girls to places of amusement—go to church with their mamma—attend to marketing, and the posting of letters, and the gas metre, and the turning off of the water in frosty weather. He was always ready to search the house with a poker at the dead of night, when any one "heard a noise."
He went to the dentist with people who wanted their teeth drawn, and always seemed to have sugar-plums in his pocket. But one thing Cousin Richard would not do, and that was to exhibit the least sign of politeness to lady visitors.
He never saw one home. He never even spent the evenings in their company. He invariably shut himself up in his own room and had his tea there when one of these individuals was reported to be in the house, and, when traveling, had been known in a train to shut his eyes tight when a young lady entered, and remain with them closed until she left the carriage. As a general thing, indeed, he chose a carriage where he thought he would not be intruded on.
"It was just as well, after all," said Mrs. Hinkle; but it was a peculiarity not quite as agreeable to Mr. Hinkle when he found the task of seeing Miss Smith or Miss Jones home imposed upon himself. He argued that such duties were Cousin Dick's, though he never told him so. It would not have been pleasant to provoke him, and if anything could have offended Bachelor Brown mortally, it would have been to insist upon his offering any gallant attentions to the softer sex.
However, a day came at last which set the whole household in commotion.
Miss Amanda Dove had been invited to spend a week with the Hinkles, and she, being a stranger, was to wait at the station until some one came for her in a carriage.
The Hinkles resided some miles out of town, and had not occupied their residence for many months, so that people were not always properly directed by the neighbors.
It was decided that Mr. Hinkle should escort Miss Dove, but before the day of her arrival dawned, business had called that gentleman to Sheffield. Moreover, Mrs. Hinkle had the influenza, and the two boys were at boarding school. No one was to be found to drive, for neither Rose nor Adelaide could handle the reins. Miss Dove was to come at nine, and what would she think of them if no one was at the station to meet her?
"Indeed," said Mrs. Hinkle, "it would be shocking treatment for the dear girl. I must ask Cousin Richard."
"You never dare, ma," cried Rose.
"In such a case, you know—," said Mrs. Hinkle.
"He'll not do it," said Adelaide.
"Of course not," said Rose.
Mrs. Hinkle shook her head.
"I fear he will not," she said, and, assuming an expression which would have done credit to Joan of Arc, mounted the stairs to Cousin Richard's study.
"Are you busy, Richard?" she asked, as she entered.
"Not at all—sit down," said Bachelor Brown.
"You see how ill I am," said Mrs. Hinkle; "I can hardly hold up my head, much less drive, and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys too, and no one can handle the reins, and—"
"Well," said Bachelor Brown.
"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station with her trunk by this time," said Mrs. Hinkle, with a gasp.
"Ah!" said Bachelor Brown; "what a pity!"
Mrs. Hinkle felt she had not begun yet. Bachelor Brown could not understand what she wanted.
"It's a favor—a great favor to ask, I know," she said, "but couldn't you just for once do it?"
"Do what, Maria?" asked Brown.

"Go for her," said Mrs. Hinkle.
"For Miss Dove?"
"Yes."
"Oh, dear no," said Cousin Richard.
"But—" began Mrs. Hinkle.
"Maria," said the old bachelor, "young ladies, my little cousins excepted, are my abomination. An affected, conceited, absurd set of creatures. I never had anything to do with 'em, and I never will. No doubt she's capable of finding her way here. They all appear to be. I shan't go for her."
Mrs. Hinkle retreated.
"What will she think of us?" she said, sobbing.
"Don't cry," said Bachelor Brown, "I'll see if any of the hands over at Oats's place can drive over for her."
And out he went; but all the hands on Oats's place were busy with the hay, which stood in danger from a coming shower. Richard returned without the least success.
"A shower, too," said Rose. "Poor, dear Amanda, I'll try what I can do with my cousin."
And in the study she spent an hour, teasing and worrying without effect.
"Let her 'get lost,'" said Bachelor Brown. "No doubt she'd like it. And, as for her trunk, why can't girls travel with a portmanteau as we do?"
And Rose departed, pouting. She found Adelaide in an extremely merry mood.
"Don't laugh," she said; "think of poor Amanda."
"I am thinking of her," said Adelaide, "and cousin Dick shall go. I'll tell him a fib."
"For shame," said Rose.
"One ought to make some sacrifice for a friend," said Adelaide. "I'll tell him she's a child. He's always good to children."
"It will never do," said Mrs. Hinkle; "he'd never forgive you."
But Adelaide ran up to her cousin's study and burst in with an exceedingly theatrical laugh.
"What a mistake!" she said, "and so stupid of them all. You think Amanda is a grown young lady, don't you?"
"Jan't she?" asked the bachelor.
"As if a child of nine years could be!" said Adelaide. "Poor little thing!"
"Poor little thing, indeed!" said the old bachelor, hurrying on his coat and hat. "Bless me, why didn't you mention it? Poor little soul!"
And in a few minutes the light wagonette was driving down the road, and the Hinkles stood looking after it.
"I'm half frightened," said Rose.
"So am I," said Adelaide. "But it's done, and it can't be helped now. I'll manage to coax him to forgive me, and it wouldn't do to leave a friend in such a position, you know; and I didn't say she was a child."
Meanwhile Bachelor Brown drove to the station. It was a long drive over a bad road, but he kept on his way cheerfully. He was extremely fond of children.
When, on reaching the station, he saw no sign of her presence, he grew alarmed. If she had been lost through his neglect, he could never forgive himself. He ran his fingers through his hair, and peeped into the ladies' waiting room. Only a very fine, full-grown young woman sat there, and he retreated. The woman who waited in the apartment came out of her nook with a courtesy as she saw him, and he addressed her:
"Have you seen a little girl waiting for some one?"
"No, sir," said the woman; "there were two come down, but they are gone."
"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Bachelor Brown; "I hope there's no mistake. It's a little Miss Dove, and if the dear little girl has gone astray, I am entirely to blame. Please make inquiries—there's a good woman!"
As he uttered these words, the full-grown young lady in the waiting room was seen to blush violently and arise.
"I am Amanda Dove," she said, "and I expected some one from Mr. Hinkle's."
Bachelor Brown stood aghast. He had spoken of this lady as a "dear little thing." His face turned scarlet.
"—I beg your pardon, ma'am," he began. "I expected to find a little girl—I wouldn't have used such expressions for the world—I—"
"I comprehend," said the young lady; "don't mind it in the least."
"—Is this your trunk, ma'am?" asked Bachelor Brown, in a hurry.
"Yes, sir," said the lady, looking down. A few moments after, the two were driving toward the Hinkles' country seat. Never before had Bachelor Brown found himself so close to any young lady, save his cousins. He was wofully confused, but somehow he liked it. How pretty she was, he thought. How pink and white her skin, and how golden her hair! Then he began to wonder what she thought of him. Wondering thus, he forgot the road, and suddenly found that he had lost himself. To add to the dilemma, a storm, which had been threatening for hours, burst at the very moment when Bachelor Brown found it impossible to tell whether the left road or the right led homeward; and the horse was afraid of lightning, and grow restive. Miss Amanda Dove was afraid of lightning also. She gave a lit-

tle scream, and clung to Bachelor Brown's coat sleeve.
Bachelor Brown looked down at her.—It was such a soft, plump hand. Her eyes were so round and so blue in her terror that he forgot she was a young lady.
"I'll take care of you," he said; "a flash of lightning, a roar of thunder, an attempt on the part of the horse to run away, interrupted him.
Miss Dove turned pale. Bachelor Brown looked terrified. He cast a glance about him. Near the road was a parsonage, connected with its church by a garden.
"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said.—"We'll ask for shelter until the storm is over. A clergyman ought to be Christian enough to take us in."
And, driving to the gate, he assisted Miss Dove to alight. As he did so, two hired men rushed out and began to attend to the horse and vehicle, and an old lady and gentleman appeared upon the steps.
"So glad you're early enough to escape the worst of the storm," said the gentleman.
"Do come in," said the old lady. "We were expecting you—for on such an occasion people always keep their appointments, rain or sunshine, I believe."
"What on earth does she mean?" said Bachelor Brown. "But its very kind of them," and so, while the old lady hurried Miss Dove away to dry her things, he sat with the old clergyman in the parlor.
"Do you feel at all nervous, sir?" said the old gentleman, after a pause.
"No, sir, thank you," said Bachelor Brown.
"Most men do, sir," said the clergyman. "Yes; lightning is a nervous sort of thing," said Bachelor Brown.
"Indeed, sir."
"But to the approaching ceremony."
"Eh?" said Bachelor Brown.
"In your note, you know, you told me that you were too nervous to stand before the whole congregation in church, and preferred a quiet wedding at my house," said the old man.
Bachelor Brown stared at him in astonishment. The truth dawned upon him.
"You expected a—a young couple?" he said.
"Oh, you are quite young enough, sir," said the innocent clergyman. "And I must say the young lady appears a very charming person."
Bachelor Brown felt himself bluish.
"Should you think she'd make a good wife?" he asked.
"Undoubtedly," said the clergyman.
"And you think a man is—happier—for—entering the nuptial state?" he inquired.
"No man can be happy without so doing, and it is every man's duty," said the old gentleman, believing every word he said.
"She is a dear little thing," thought Mr. Brown to himself. "I never liked a girl so much. It's very awkward to explain. I wonder whether—"
And just then Miss Dove entered the room, looking angelic without her bonnet to Mr. Brown. Bachelor Brown drew her aside.
"I have something to say to you, Miss Dove," he said.
"Dear me," said Miss Dove.
"They've made a mistake," said Bachelor Brown. "They think we—we are—are people they expect—a—a young couple, you know, about to—"
"Oh, dear, do they?" whispered Miss Dove.
"Yes," said Bachelor Brown. "Now it would be very awkward to explain.—And I like you so much. Couldn't you like me, too, and let him do it—eh?"
"Do what, Mr. Brown?" said Amanda.
"Marry us," said Bachelor B.
"Of course not," said Amanda. "What would the Hinkles say?"
"They'd be delighted," said Richard, growing bolder. Then he put his arm around her waist.
"I don't know much about this sort of thing, but you are the only nice girl I ever saw. Please do. I'm not such a bad fellow. I'll be good to you."
"I know you are good," said Amanda, "but—"
"But then I'm so ugly, eh?" asked Richard.
"Ah, no, not at all."
"Well?"
"It would be so odd."
"Well," said Bachelor Brown, "that's my fault, and they know I'm odd, my dear."
Four hours after, the Hinkles heard the light wagonette drive to the door, and rushed out to greet Amanda.
"We've been so alarmed," said Mrs. Hinkle.
"Such a storm," said Rose.
"Were you frightened?" asked Adelaide.
But Amanda said nothing.
Uncle Richard, too, shrank back, as though he were afraid of something.
"H'm, Amanda," he said.
"No; you tell them, Richard," said Amanda.
The Hinkles listened in amazement.
"What is there to tell?" asked Mrs. Hinkle. "What is all the mystery about?"
And Cousin Richard answered sheepishly:
"Nothing, only we've been getting married. This is my wife, Mrs. Brown."

It was the only explanation ever offered. The Hinkles never comprehended it. It was always a mystery to them; and though they were so profuse in their congratulations, and always continued the best of friends, the fortune which might have been Rose's or Adelaide's rather troubled Mrs. Hinkle; and she always declared in secret family councils that she was perfectly sure Uncle Richard married out of spite to punish Adelaide for the trick she played upon him.
Letter from Kansas.
LEAVENWORTH, June 30, 1867.
To the Editor of The Alleghanian:
Since my last communication, Indian difficulties have been multiplying daily, and daily fresh outrages are reported from the western part of the State. On the 22d, the Kiowas and Comanches attacked the working party on the Pacific Railroad at Bunker Hill, 25 miles west of Fort Harker, and succeeded in killing and scalping two of the party. On the 24th, the bodies of fourteen men were brought to Harker, which had been picked up within a radius of twenty miles. They all bore the marks of scalping-knife, tomahawk and arrow. Work has been entirely suspended on the railroad west of Fort Harker, and some 400 hands are at the latter post, waiting for arms, which the military authorities are supplying as fast as possible. The late terrible floods in the western part of the State, which swept away all the bridges across the streams, have made the carrying of all Government freight between Fort Riley and Fort Harker quite a tedious undertaking. Every coach that has arrived at Harker within the last two weeks reports having been fired into, and the ranchmen and hunters are flocking into the frontier forts for protection, fully satisfied that there is no longer any safety for plainmen. The old hunters report that the buffalo are all going northward, which at this time of the year is a certain indication that the Indians are close behind them, coming up from the South. Gov. Crawford, of this State, has issued orders to two of our militia regiments to turn over all arms and accoutrements in their possession to an officer detailed to receive them at Topeka, and has also made a requisition on the U. S. arsenal at Fort Leavenworth for 20,000 rounds of ammunition. It is anticipated that he will also call for volunteers (cavalry) to serve on the western border for three months.—The people of the neighboring territory of Colorado are expecting a lively time hunting Indians, and quite a revolution is expected in commercial circles, or, rather, in the nature of their commerce; for, among all their innumerable sources of wealth, the new merchantable commodity scalps bids fair to rival all else as a means of wealth to the hardy pioneers.—Some of the generous and patriotic citizens of that country are offering \$20 each to the Indian fighters about to start on the war-path for all the scalps of the noble red men they may be able to "raise." General Sherman arrived here yesterday, from the scene of operations, and starts to-day for the Smoky Hill route, with some 800 cavalry.
In this vicinity, the grasshoppers are a source of much annoyance. They have been visiting us in myriads, and in some places cover the ground to the depth of an inch, greatly resembling bee-swarms, although in more countless numbers.—They have destroyed everything in and around this city, eaten the shrubbery and grass to the last blade from all the beautiful yards that adorn the private dwellings, and gardens that a month ago were redolent with the perfumes of the geranium, hyacinth and verbena, now look as if they had been through a "prairie fire." Across the river, in Platte county, Mo., they have destroyed the hemp crop completely, devastated whole fields of corn and wheat, and in fact made sad havoc with everything. Throughout this State, however, they have as yet done little damage, but there is yet plenty of time for them to feast themselves on our rich grain fields. The most cheering reports as to crops reach us from all parts of the State, and all unite in saying that never, since the formation of the State, was the grain crop as large as it will be this fall.
Emigrants are pouring into the State from all points, and it is confidently predicted that we will have a population of 350,000 by January, 1868. KAW.
—The Tidouite Journal tells a story of a dying man at whose request a dance was held the night previous to his decease, in the building which he occupied, for the purpose of raising funds to pay for a "decent funeral." The receipts were fifty-six dollars. "Glory to God!" said the dying man, "now I'll have a decent burying, and the children can ride in a hack."
—Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburg. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, added: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces!"
—It is related of an absent-minded man that he fell into a river and sank twice before he recollected that he could swim.
—Gen. Hooker has gone to Europe.