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THE NEWS.

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FOR THE FAYETTEVILLE NEWS.

NOTES AND ITEMS OF TRAVEL IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

I left Mocksville on Friday 31st August, and took a westerly direction leading to Yadkin county. The crops here are smitten by the drought. The road at intervals is exceedingly rough, ascending and descending precipitous hills in its tortuous course. I passed two fine streams that were basally turning the wheels of a saw and grist mill. The soil is very fine and productive of nearly every kind of grain and vegetable. Night brought me to the house of Mr. Conner, who, with ready hospitality, gave me a refuge from the approaching darkness and threatening clouds that were lowering from the Western sky. There I was regaled with delicious milk; honey, golden as if it were distilled from the early rays of the morning sun; butter, fresh and sweet as evening dew; also, a particularly nice dish known to our grandmothers as pot-pie, composed of light pastry and fruit, garnished with butter and sweet cream. Here I must pay a deserved compliment to the house-keepers of Western North Carolina; everywhere the cooking is excellent. The ladies are very domestic, not rarely preparing the meals with their own hands, always personally superintending every branch of the domestic economy—a laborious system, but it ensures much of home comfort to their families. A ride of eight miles brought me to Yadkinville the next morning. A small new looking village cozily nestled among fine forest trees. The court house is the principal building—a neat brick structure, sufficiently large for county purposes. The people take considerable interest in civil courts—crowding the court in large numbers. The people of Yadkin may be justly called "a fighting population;" every man goes armed with a deadly weapon with which they settle all points of difference. It is estimated that not less than forty homicides have occurred within the last two years. A difference of political opinions generally furnishes cause of dispute. Trade is tolerably brisk here; there are two dry goods stores, and silver circulates quite as freely as greenbacks. There is a great demand, through northern agents, for dried fruits of every description, good prices are offered for it, which furnishes quite a revenue for the poorer classes, without which they would be unable to procure many small comforts and necessities. Passing through the village, I stopped at the comfortable abode of Mr. T. C. Hauser, and spent a week pleasantly with his kind family. Several distressing cases of homicide were brought before the court—one of which was transferred to Surry County. In one case of homicide a verdict of manslaughter, the prisoner burst the bonds of the prison cell.

Left Yadkinville Saturday morning, Sept. 2d, for Surry county. The roads are pretty fair, and the crops begin to look much better. Small patches of cotton, fields of tobacco, meadows and hillsides clothed with blossoming buck-wheat, are objects of interest on the roadsides—corn is also extensively cultivated. Large hickory, oak, chestnut, and chestnut oak comprise the forest growth—chinquapin bushes, heavily fruited, line the road on either side, and wild grape vines laden with heavy clusters of grapes, dark with rich luxuriance hang in festoons from the trees.

At one o'clock, sitting in the shade of a fine hickory, near a beautiful spring of cold water, I lunched in company with Mr. Solicitor W. P. Caldwell, of Statesville, whose polite attentions, urbanity of manner and pleasing conversation, contributed much to the enjoyment of the hour. This gentleman fills his important and responsible position with great acceptability to the court and to the people. The interest of the State does not suffer in his hands. Having been honored with an invitation to stop at the house of Chief Justice R. M. Pearson, we reached his grounds early in the afternoon. A mile from the house is a fine view of the Pilot and Blue Ridge mountains—a sudden turn in the road and the splendid sight burst upon my delighted eyes. I unconsciously rose from my seat, clapping my hands in the joy of newly awakened admiration—a long chain of blue mountains in the back ground, and the grand old Pilot standing out solitary and alone in the awfulness of its sublimity, with its bald rock head rising proudly above the clouds that rolled up in masses around the summit.

mit. The beams of the declining sun lightened the vapor into a halo of golden glory, forming an appropriate crown for the noble monarch of the Western wilds.

Judge Parson displayed a faultless taste in selecting this site for his home. His house, a large two-story brick mansion, is situated on an eminence, valleys watered by winding streams surrounding it. Carpeted with the greenest turf, and shaded by noble trees, it seems more like the pictured creations of a poet's fancy than an actual reality. Every window commands a magnificent view. The gardens are situated on two steep hillsides, confronting each other, which have been formed into several successive falls. Mrs. P. has also displayed exquisite taste in the selections and arrangement of a beautiful flower garden. Parterres and terraces of rich and brilliant flowers and plants succeed each other, clothing the mountain side in a mantle of gorgeous bloom.

In these gardens I met an acquaintance—a scuppernon vine in quite a prosperous condition. There are a number of young gentlemen here, law students, who enjoy the privilege of receiving instruction from our reverend chief Justice.

On Sabbath afternoon, in company with the Judge, Mrs. P., two fair and interesting young ladies, the Misses P., Solicitor C. Mr. W., and Judge B., I visited the Lime Rock. The way leading to this grand spectacle runs over steep hills, one after another, until finally a foot path brought us into a narrow valley on the banks of the picturesque Yadkin river. A few hundred yards farther, and we stood looking upward at the magnificent creation of centuries gone by. Rising abruptly from the valley it reaches a height of one hundred and eighty (180) feet. Jutting outward it forms a triangular point in which is a large fissure, producing the uncomfortable probability of breaking loose and thundering its way down to the little vale, awakening the slumbering echoes from their silent, leafy covers. Apparently shelving over our heads, the sides present a broken and rugged appearance, with here and there a stunted pine or laurel, and sometimes a blossoming vine, or patches of wild flowers, struggling for existence wherever there is a scanty bit of soil. It is in truth a sublime spectacle, forcibly impressing the mind with an idea of the limitless power of an all-creating hand, in which this towering edifice is but as a broken pebble. Beside these wonderful works of Omnipotence, how little, how insignificant, appear the loftiest conceptions of human genius, or the paltry inventions of imperfect man.

Near the Rock is a lime kiln, the property of Mr. Nat. Boyden, of Surry, which has produced large quantities of good lime; almost any quantity could be easily procured from the rocks abounding in the valleys and upon the sides of the mountain. Near the Rock is a fine spring of clear, cold, delightful water, welling up at the foot of a steep hill, surrounded by scenery unsurpassed by any in the world. Indeed, so beautiful and romantic is the situation, so delightful and congenial was the society of our honorable host and his amiable family, that one could almost imagine that he had strayed into some fabled realm laid under the spell of enchantment by some good fairy, whose special mission was to make every body pleased and happy, and delighted with every thing around them.

From the gardens, orchards, and vineyards, we were regaled with the finest specimens of flowers, fruits and vegetables. On the table, luscious peaches peeped through china lattice-work, and rich clusters of purple grapes hung from the handsome *espierges*. The parlors were adorned with beautiful flowers arranged with matchless taste. And sweet music, drawn from the very retreats of Pan by the delicate fingers of Miss Sallie P., charmed the ear with rich, sweet melody, accompanied by vocal strains, sweet as the voice of her own bright mountain streams, coursing over their pebbly beds.

Regaled with music and flowers, and improved with instructive and intelligent conversation, the winged hours sped swiftly away, the time of parting came, and with a sigh, I turned from those pleasant companions and lovely scenes, to pursue my way farther westward. But I carried with me a faithfully delineated picture of those kind faces and happy hours. My visit to Richmond Hill will ever remain a green spot in my memory.

Twelve miles westward from Richmond Hill, is the little village of Dobson, the county town of Surry. The town is composed of about two dozen houses; it is built irregularly about the Court House, which is a good brick building. There is a very good hotel kept by Mr. C. M. Martin—clean beds, comfortable rooms, and good fare are furnished at sufficiently high rates.

The habits and appearance of the people of Surry form a contrast to those of Yadkin, being much more quiet and peaceable. There are few churches in this section, the missionary Baptists and Camelote or Christian sects, have the predominance.

The crops here are very fine, the drought not extending in this direction. Fruit is abundant and remarkable for size and richness of flavor. I am indebted to Major Richard Rives, for a water-melon weighing fifty lbs., and another, grown by the same gentleman, to Mr. Caldwell, weighing forty-five lbs. Apples and peaches here, seem to reach the point of perfection. Vegetables of almost every kind grow in great luxuri-

ance. The people, though without the polish of manners, and knowledge of the conventional rules of polite society, are intelligent, brave and extremely hospitable.

Extending through the counties of Yadkin, Surry, Alleghany, Ashe, and the adjoining counties, lived and flourished the famed Red-string party during the last years of the war. This party, hostile to the Confederate Government, bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to resist the requisitions of the Government, and protect themselves against the encroachments of the rebels and Home Guard militia, and also to avenge such members of the party who should consider themselves wronged by the outrages of offence and defence which were committed by both sides, and a civil war may be said to have existed between the conflicting parties. I am happy to record that party feeling has greatly subsided and a large majority of the people are anxious for the promotion of good feeling, harmony, reconstruction and loyalty to the existing government, having drank until sated of the bloody and bitter cup of war. They are now shaking hands over their mutual wrongs, showing thereby their good sense, and the return of reason, reflection, and feelings of humanity. The ministers of the Gospel are endeavoring to increase the tendency, to obliterate unkind feelings, and to sanctify and seal the bonds of amity with the holy influences of the Christian religion. God speed the good work.

There are few outward indications of wealth in these parts, property consists generally in lands and cattle. The people are content to live in very indifferent houses, the barns and out-houses being in many instances much better in all respects than the dwelling house.

A crowded docket at Dobson detained the Court until Sunday morning. A case of homicide in which a good young man was killed for defending the honor of his sister, occupied a great portion of the time. Hon. John A. Gilmer, and Mr. Clement, of Mocksville, spoke ably and at length in the cause of the defendant, Gen. Leitch and Solicitor Caldwell appeared for the plaintiff. Strong and eloquent speeches were made on both sides. A verdict of manslaughter was rendered. Judge Buxton then sentenced the homicide to imprisonment for twelve months in the Surry jail, after being branded in the hand with a hot iron. A colored man was publicly whipped for house-breaking and robbery. A horse thief was released on condition of leaving the State immediately. In two instances of *notorious murder*, the jury have returned a verdict of guilty, when the testimony clearly proved the guilt of the defendants. The people are much alarmed at the increase of crime, and the indulgence of the juries.

I left Dobson on Sunday morning at eight o'clock. Travelling fifteen miles, on a good road, through a beautiful mountainous country, I reached the foot of the Blue Ridge at Thompson's Gap—at this point the ridge is three miles from base to summit. The road winds around and around, in many instances becoming nearly perpendicular. About one third of the way up, there is a glorious view of the Pilot mountain, laying off at a distance of thirty miles eastward, though apparently not above five miles. Still higher there is a scene spread before the astonished vision that beggars all description—a complete panorama of wild magnificence. Range after range, and peak after peak, are seen stretching away in every direction, until the farthest points seem piercing the very heavens. Some are bathed in sunlight, some crowned with a halo of mist, others peering above an ocean of clouds. Altogether it was the most sublime prospect of natural scenery I ever beheld with a natural eye, or revelled in, in the highest flights of imagination. Downward fathomless chasms yawned at my feet and deep ravines sent up a hoarse murmur of dark impetuous waters, upon whose foaming tide perchance the genial smile of day can never fall. Upward, huge jagged rocks loom threateningly over the head of the toiling wayfarer. My poor ditatory pen staggers at the task of sketching so much grandeur; never before have I felt so keenly the poverty of appropriate words. Oh, I sighed for the pencil of Scott, to portray these wonderful performances of universal nature. Come hither, ye sons and daughters of genius, ye devotees of nature, and quaff large draughts of inspiration from these bubbling, crystal fountains. Here you may revel in delights, bathing your exulting souls in these billowy clouds. Stand upon these lofty peaks until the heart is fixed and the tongue is loosed, and sing a song worthy of these inimitable splendors of creation, far exceeding the wildest extravagances of poetical imagery. Incomparably grand, incomparably sublime!—The language is inadequate. I renounce the task of description.

I was literally among the clouds. I lost all consciousness of my being. I was all eyes. I scarcely breathed. Every moment developed something new and still more grand—a wider view—as we approached the summit. I could have gazed forever. The vast forests of the valleys agitated by the wandering winds, seen dimly through the blue mists, looked like an emerald sea, heaving its homage at the feet of these mighty monarchs. The top was finally attained. A last enraptured glance, and I turned sorrowfully away from those never-to-be-forgotten scenes of beauty and grandeur.

On the top of the mountain the road runs upon a level for a mile or more before beginning to descend. Then at one o'clock we reached at a farm-house. I could not but admire the taste of the countryman for choosing this spot for his home. We came to a small trickling stream of water upon the very heights, so cold that it made the teeth ache unless drank slowly, a few sips at a time, some of our party made dry faces in the effort to drink a cup full without stopping. Winding downward through forests of oak and chestnut, with now and then a pine tree, we reached the foot of the Ridge at five o'clock; a few rods brought us in sight of "The Cabins," the summer resort of Mr. Nick Williams. It is a most lovely and romantic place. Imagine a gently sloping mountain side covered with fresh green turf, and clothed with white cottages shaded by a few fine trees—a purling brook, meandering through the yard, and forming the track of the road in front of the house. We were expected and found the large gate hospitably open. We were met and warmly welcomed by Mr. Williams, a most hospitable and courteous gentleman.

I am much indebted to Mr. Graves, of Mt. Airy, for the use of his beautiful horse, [up the mountain,] which he tendered me in true knightly gallantry, himself walking up the precipitous ascents.

Mr. G— and Mr. C— had preceded us to "the cabins," where we found them enjoying a good fire and the genuine "spirit" of cordial welcome which was extended to the tired travellers. We were sumptuously entertained and comfortably lodged. After an early breakfast we bid an adieu to our kind host, and, once again, Westward, Ho!

A few miles from "the Cabins" there is a mountain surpassing even the Pilot, as a curiosity of nature, which has been discovered only a few years. It is called "stone mountain" from the fact that the northeastern portion of it is composed entirely of one huge rock, measuring from top to bottom more than 1000 feet. From the top a torrent of water pours its glittering tide over the sides, forming a most beautiful miniature cascade. The mountain is oblong and covered with verdure, excepting the part first mentioned; it is said to cover a space of eight or ten acres, rising abruptly from a plain. But little is known of this region; there are no public roads leading near it, and the country beyond it has never been thoroughly explored. Away in here, relics of an Indian encampment have been discovered in a bend of a river, in the form of a horse-shoe. A meadow had been cleared—probably where they grazed their horses—arrow-heads, tomahawks and bones were found, showing that beyond doubt, the wilds were once penetrated by human beings, but when or by whom tradition saith not.

About the Stone Mountain, specimens of nearly every species of insect and reptile life are found, petrified upon the rocks. Huge serpents, coiled as if for a noontide snooze, take their lasting sleep. Shrubs and trunks of trees covered with worms and insects—often beautiful butterflies—lay hard and cold as the nether millstone. Verily it is like a tale of enchantment; one almost expects to see some beautiful princess within a dark, cool grotto, with her maidens around her, awaiting the termination of the cruel spell.

A few wolves are still found prowling in the woods and mountain recesses, remote from the settlements. A large panther was recently killed, measuring five feet in length. It is conjectured that his lordship strayed hither from the Rocky mountains, as panthers have long since disappeared from this section.

In Alleghany county the Laurel mountains present a beautiful appearance—being closely covered with rich evergreen. All along the road the scenery is very fine. The crops are flourishing and promise a heavy yield. A site for the future town of Sparta is now being cleared. Until the court house is completed a church is used for civil purposes. I stopped at Mr. Parks', three miles from the *judicial* court house, a fine location, entirely surrounded by lofty mountains.

Leaving Sparta on Thursday morning I reached the comfortable mansion of Esquire Jones, where I was most kindly entertained. Eight miles on, I forded the south fork of New River—an experiment I would like by no means to repeat—it is not a safe ford, being deep and very swift, and over a hundred yards wide. The whole country here is one mountain range, one continued ascent and descent. The timber lands are very fine—four and five feet in diameter not being considered remarkable for trees. Abundance of fine cranberries, gooseberries, chestnuts, chinquepins and filberts grow on the mountain sides. Wild flowers peculiar to the locality grow in rich luxuriance, one, the Feather-flower, being particularly striking and beautiful. Travelling by easy stages, I reached Jefferson on Sunday at two o'clock A. M. 23d of September. This is the county seat of good old Ashe, of known celebrity. The village is composed of about fifty houses, built on a mountain side, the principal street running east and west. There are four stores, two churches, an academy, and a very good hotel, kept by Mr. Bartlett. The village is situated at the foot of the Negro Mountain.

Between Dobson and the "Cabins" I crossed the Yadkin for the second time, at Rockford,

formerly the county town of Surry. There is an excellent new ferry boat towed over by means of a large chain fastened to a tree on either side. The current is very rapid, rushing over a channel of large stones. About two hundred yards below the Ferry there is a wide ford in the shape of a crescent formed by a "ripple" of large flat rocks. Above the Ferry there is a beautiful islet, the shores lined with rock and thickly studded with trees; a fitting realm for a fairy Queen.

Rockford, on the western bank, is in quite a dilapidated condition. The former court house has been dedicated to the goddess Minerva, and several tow headed disciples of that illustrious dame peeped at us from the open windows. At the Ferry there is a large chestnut tree growing from the trunk of a chestnut tree equally as large—an interesting subject for botanists. The town is built scattering along a steep hillside, some of the houses incline over and promise finally to tumble to the bottom. I also forded Mitchell's River eleven times before reaching the foot of the Blue Ridge; it is a bold clear stream, and rapid, as all the mountain water-courses are. At "the cabins" I enjoyed a treat of mountain trout, the most beautiful and delicate of fish. Speckled with all the colors of the rainbow, they look like gems flashing in the sparkling waters—they are a species of the Salmon tribe.

Jefferson, Sept 25, 66.

STRENGTH OF MATERIALS.

It is a remarkable fact that one of the most abundant materials in nature—iron—is the strongest of all known substances. Made into best steel, a rod one-fourth of an inch in diameter will sustain 9,000 lbs., before breaking; soft steel, 7,000 lbs., iron wire, 6,000; bar iron, 4,000; inferior bar iron, 2,000; cast iron, 1,000 to 3,000; silver, 2,000; gold, 2,500; tin, 300; cast zinc, 160; sheet zinc, 1,000; cast lead, 55; milled lead, 200.

Of wood, box and locust the same size, will hold 1,200 pounds; toughest ash, 1,000; elm, 500; beech, cedar, white oak, pitch pine, 500; chestnut and soft maple, 650; poplar 400. Wood which will bear a very heavy weight for a minute or two, will break with two-thirds the force acting a long time. A rod of iron is about ten times as strong as hemp cord. A rope, an inch in diameter, will bear about two and a half tons, but in practice it is not safe to subject it to a strain of more than about one ton. Half an inch in diameter the strength will be one-quarter of an inch, one-sixteenth as much; and so on.

A ROMANCE—TRUTH IS FRANCES THAN FICTION.

It occasionally happens that an event occurs in real life as romantic as if produced by the conception of a writer of fiction. One of these is transpiring now in this city. Eighteen years ago, in the city of London, where the parties were both young, a gentleman addressed a lady. For some reason his suit was rejected, and in a short time the lady married another gentleman. They emigrated to America, and settled in this city. A few years since the husband died and left his wife a widow. Since that event she has been engaged in the pursuit of an honest vocation, by which she has supported herself, and won the respect of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. After her marriage the gentleman who first addressed her also married. He remained in London. Some twelve months since his wife died and he became a widower.

It appears that he had not forgotten his first love, and a letter with a foreign post-mark, directed to Mrs. —, if living, reached this post office. It was advertised, and was received by the lady to whom it was addressed. Its purport was to ascertain, first, whether she was still living, and if so what her condition was; whether still married or a widow. She replied, informing the gentleman that she was still alive and a widow. In a short time she received another letter, renewing the rejected suit of eighteen years ago, and enclosing a photograph of the writer, in order that she might see the changes which time had wrought in him. She, evidently satisfied with his personal appearance, and not forgetting his eighteen years of constancy, returned a favorable answer.

The gentleman immediately embarked for America, and on reaching New York went to the West to attend to some business in that quarter. At Chicago he was taken sick, not ill, but too sick to travel. The lady was notified of his arrival, and of the cause that detained him from coming on immediately to the city. A correspondence is commenced, and the lady is informed that the gentleman is convalescing, and will be here in a short time. It is arranged that the marriage is to take place on the gentleman's arrival here, after which the happy couple will depart immediately for London, the home of their childhood and early love.—*Richmond Examiner*.

A COLORED PREACHER, NOT ALLOWED TO EXPRESS HIS OPINIONS.—The Opelousas Sentinel says that the Freedmen's Bureau there has ordered the Rev. Arnist-ad Lewis, a colored Baptist minister in that place, to abandon preaching, and has suspended him from his functions. The cause of this is that Mr. Lewis declares that the radicals are less the friends of the colored race than the Southern men whom they wish to disfranchise, and advises his hearers to choose the latter for their friends and employers. Louisiana certainly needs reconstruction.

A Gettysburg radical shot a clergyman at a political meeting there.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—The President has issued a proclamation, recommending that Thursday, November 29th, be observed throughout the country as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, who has been pleased to vouch safe to us, as a people, another year of that natural life, which is an indispensable consideration of peace, security and progress. The year moreover, has been crowned with many peculiar blessings. The civil war that has recently closed among us has not been anywhere re-opened. Foreign intervention has ceased to excite alarm or apprehension. Pestilence has been benignantly mitigated. Domestic tranquility has been improved. Sentiments of conciliation have prevailed, and loyalty and patriotism have been widely renewed. Our fields have yielded quite abundantly. Our mining industry has been richly rewarded, and we have been allowed to extend our Railroad system far into the interior recesses of the country; while our commerce has resumed its customary activity in foreign seas. These great natural blessings demand a national acknowledgment.

The President also recommends that on the same solemn occasion, the people of Maryland and devoutly implore God to grant to our national councils, and to our whole people, that true wisdom which alone can lead any nation into the ways of all good. The chief justice of the Supreme Court has submitted to the other Justices the question whether the Circuit Courts will be held this fall in the altered circuit by the Chief and Associate Judges and District Judge, or by the District Judges alone. This will be decided by a majority.

This matter grows out of the fact that the Circuit Court was not removed from Norfolk to Richmond, because it was found that the adjournment was not in accordance with the law of Congress.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 9.—MAYNARD REVEREND LAYMAN.—EXERCISES IN BALTIMORE.—Rev. Mr. Maynard, of Baltimore, has published an elaborate opinion in opposition to the Circuit Court of Maryland, and J. H. B. Lyndon, maintaining that no citizen registered this year can vote at the municipal election on Wednesday. He says that those registered last year can legally vote. If this be adopted, 15,000 persons will be prevented from voting, and Chapman will be elected Mayor.

Much political excitement prevailed to-day, and last night several fights occurred.

The judges of election met in the Court House and resolved to adhere to the decision of Randall, and to receive no votes of newly registered voters in the municipal election.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The President has appointed J. S. Eves, of Ohio, Minister Resident and Consul General of the U. S. to the Republic of Liberia, and Chase W. Seymour and W. B. Bada, of New York, and E. R. Mudge, Commissioners to the Paris Exhibition.

Mr. Seward was well enough to attend a Cabinet meeting to-day.

Certain persons in Washington and elsewhere claim that they have peculiar facilities for obtaining pardons for Southern participants in the late civil war. This is an imposition on the public, and numbers of persons have been victimized.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Thurlow Weed announces in the New York Times, that he supports the Democratic nomination for Governor, and that he will endeavor to act with the Democratic party to acting with the party who show less ascendancy he fears the worst results for the country.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9, P. M.—THE ELECTIONS BY PENNSYLVANIA.—Alleghany county gives 9,000 Republican majority—same as in 1862.

Blair County gives Geary 800 majority—a loss of 100. Chester County gives Geary a majority of 2,300.

The returns from this city show large gains for the Democracy, who have also gained one State Senator and three members of the Legislature.

party, but there is no doubt of Geary's election by from 10,000 to 15,000 majority.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY NEAR ALBANY.

The Albany (New York) Argus of Friday gives the particulars of a tragic occurrence that took place yesterday afternoon in Coevans' Hollow, near Albany. It appears that a young man named Palmer had been paying his attentions, for some time, to the daughter of Archibald Stevens, and finally became engaged to marry her. Learning of this engagement, the father, who had taken a dislike to Palmer, became exasperated, and forbade him the house, and at the same time cautioned his daughter against seeing or speaking to him thereafter.

This was some months ago, and during all this time, and until yesterday, he managed to keep his daughter so close at home that it is thought they did not meet. Yesterday, however, during a brief absence from his house, he learned that Palmer and his daughter had met, and had gone off together in a wagon, to Coevans' Hollow, which is about two miles from his home. He immediately started in pursuit and met Palmer at Coevans' Hollow, near the house of Mrs. Electa Shear, but his daughter was not there. Palmer entered the house hurriedly, saying as he hastened up stairs, "Where shall I go? Stevens says he'll shoot me!"

Stevens, following close behind, was heard to ask, "Where is my daughter?" and a moment after, all the inmates of the house, all of whom were in the rooms on the first floor, heard two or three pistol shots.

The next instant Palmer ran down stairs hatless, and the blood streaming down one side of his face, and as he passed through the front door, he exclaimed: "I've shot Stevens!" A few minutes after, he was seen riding out of the village, with the girl beside him in the wagon. In the meantime Mr. Shear's family ran up stairs and found Mr. Stevens quite dead from a pistol shot which had entered his cheek and pierced his brain. There is no doubt but that Palmer was also shot, as a bullet was found in his hat.

Mr. S was a wealthy farmer, and a man of excellent reputation, and it is also said that the character of Judson Palmer has hitherto been good. One cause of Mr. Stevens' aversion to the marriage was that his daughter was only fourteen years old.

The Montreal Witness says a man at St. Athanasie applied cold oil to a fresh cut on the wrist, and immediately after, he felt a burning sensation and the arm began to swell; in about six hours the swelling extended to the body and he died in two days. He said he felt as if his whole body were burning.

Mr. Barton Hill, the American Comedian, is playing one of the most successful engagements in Montreal, ever attempted in Canada.