

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

A Democratic Weekly Newspaper; Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Home Interests and General Information.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

VOLUME 1.

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THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN

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Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of \$3.00 per year.

Twenty numbers constitute a quarter; twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 25
Advertiser's Notices, each, 2 00
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Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

JOB PRINTING.

We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Binding, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.
E. A. McPIKE, Publisher.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

The subscriber offers at Private Sale, on reasonable terms, the FARM on which he now resides, situated 2 1/2 miles north of Wilmore borough, in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., containing 140 Acres, 60 Acres of which are in a high state of cultivation and under good fence. The balance is well timbered. The property is convenient to market, churches, schoolhouses, &c., and has two DWELLING HOUSES and a good BARN thereon erected. There are two Orchards of choice fruit, never-failing springs of good water convenient to the houses, and water in every field on the farm. A Mill was inferior to none in the county is to be had on a strong stream flowing through the premises. For further information apply on the premises or address

TRENE M'ENRUE,
March 7, 1867-tf. Wilmore, Pa.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of Cole & Barbarch, in the manufacture of Lumber, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

JOSEPH COLE,
FRANCIS J. BARBARCH.
Carrolltown, March 27, 1867.

The business will hereafter be conducted by Messrs. Barbarch, McAleer & Haag, under the name and style of

BARBARCH & CO.

PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

The subscriber offers at Private Sale all his Real Estate, situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Lewis Burgoon, John Nagle, and others, containing 112 ACRES, having thereon erected a SAW MILL and GRIST MILL. Also, a piece of LAND adjoining the village of St. Augustine, containing about 40 ACRES. For particulars apply to the undersigned, residing on the first above mentioned premises.

WM. BRAND,
Clearfield Tp., March 21, 1867-1m.

HOUSE AND LOT AT PRIVATE SALE.

The House and Lot owned and formerly occupied by E. D. Evans, situated in West Ward, Ebensburg Borough, is offered at Private Sale. This property is very desirable for a private residence, having on the premises good out-buildings, and a well of excellent water very convenient. For terms, etc., apply to

W. H. SECHLER, Att'y at Law,
Ebensburg, March 14, 1867-tf.

CURTAIN FIXTURE!

Has no superior in the World! It is pronounced faultless by all who have used it, and it is predicted that it will supersede all other Curtains Fixtures now in use. For sale by

GEO. HUNTLEY.

COOKING PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES.

At Cost, for Cash, from now until the 1st of May, apply to

GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

The Poet's Department.

Nobody's Child.

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;

Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;

Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down,
In its terrible blackness all over the town?

Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement alone to die?

When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mamma has tucked them up snugly in bed;

No dear mother ever upon me smiled;
Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child!

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; 'tis the little dogs run

When I wander too near their; 'tis windows to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,

Watching for hours, some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me with gilded wings.

A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—

Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above;

And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their soft, sweet, blue eyes,

And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storm so wild;

I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

HEROES OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

The Independent contains some interesting sketches of the engineers on our railroads. We quote from it a few instances of personal fidelity and bravery.

A few years ago my friend Osborne, who has driven the locomotive for the main train on the Morris and Essex Railroad for twenty years at least, with faultless faithfulness, was once delayed by snow on the track for several hours, but received explicit orders from the superintendent—not that splendid officer who has lately resigned his office on the road—"to go ahead;" for the road was clear, no other train was on the track. After satisfying himself that he had not misunderstood the order he left the summit on a steep down grade, and in rounding a sharp curve came on a train that was ascending the same grade under full head of steam.

In an instant he whistled down the brakes and reversed his engine. The noble thing, under such a tremendous strain, as if fully aware of the danger, obeyed and threw itself back to avert the danger.

Meanwhile the other engineer had done the same thing with his locomotive, but it was possible only to modify the shock. Together rushed these two panting and reluctant giants, their joint weight not less than sixty tons, with the gathered momentum of their following trains. They rose like two furious animals in fight, standing on end; and in a trice the two splendid machines were a wreck. The cars behind them were also badly crushed. Osborne did not leap from his engine, but, never moving his hands from the levers which controlled it, he stood as resolute as a rock at his post until the shock came, and then, quick as thought, adjusted his valves to allow the steam to escape without an explosion. Our war can furnish no clearer proof of the finest courage than that.

At the crossing of the Morris and Essex Railway and the Orange turnpike may be seen a flagman with one leg; the other he lost in the wreck I have just described. Had he had Osborne's nerve to face danger, he would have escaped also unharmed. Poor fellow! the man who issued the presumptuous blunder that day tried to

buy him off from prosecuting the company for the sum of one hundred dollars, an offer which poor "Bob's" wife met with this query: "Mr. —, would you sell one of your legs for a hundred dollars?"

During the war an incident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central, which was related to me by an eye-witness. My informant was with a regiment of soldiers going from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg in a special train. Between Johnstown and the summit they were delayed by a freight train off the track, or a part of its cars off. This they learned at one of the stations; and remained there until they should be informed that the track was clear. It was in the night, and most of the thousand men on the train were asleep, unconscious of their danger. Four heavily loaded coal cars belonging to the train ahead had, by accident, become detached, and began the descent of the heavy grade at a speed which soon became terrible.

The engineer of the special train heard the roar of the descending cars, and surmised what was the matter. In an instant he ordered his engine to be detached from the train, and put on steam to meet the runaway cars if possible, to break their force and save his train.

His locomotive was a large freight, and he had moved several rods ahead when the coal cars struck him, like a thunder-bolt, and crushed his engine back on the train; but his heroic courage had saved many lives. His engine was utterly demolished, and many of his cars were also crushed; but so had he broken the force of the shock that no lives were lost. The man's name was Story, and his grateful beneficiaries presented him some elegant silver-plate, with the deed itself and their names engraved on them. When asked why he did not abandon his train, he replied, "Quick as lightning, I thought I had better die than have those runaway cars cut clean through my train, destroying hundreds!" It was a heroic answer.

Let me relate one more incident in the same line. That part of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad between Athens and the Ohio river was formerly made famous by the number of its long and high trestle bridges. (With few exceptions these are now filled up, and the road is becoming one of the best. At one time the company were in great straits, and many of their employees were unpaid. Some of the men were desperate, and, as the fact proved, dangerous. On a certain evening a train was approaching one of these high trestle bridges. It was known that the directors of the road were aboard, and some villain had determined to throw the whole train from that bridge.

The engineer, letting his train move at the ordinary speed, suddenly discovered that a rail had been displaced on the bridge. He seemed to know instinctively that the momentum was too great to save the whole train; and he signalled the brakes down and reversed his engine, to stop, if possible, the cars before reaching the chasm. Then opening the throttle valve, his engine sprang forward so violently as to break the connection with the train, and dashed to the awful leap. The bold man, as this was going on, ran out of his window on the engine and opened the escape valve.

Whilst standing there the engine went over with him, and, marvelous to relate, he, falling under the huge weight, was preserved from being crushed by the engine bell at his side. The train, for the rescue of which he had exhibited such incredible pluck, stopped just soon enough to escape the horrible leap after the engine. This bold man's name I have not heard; but he recovered from his wounds, and is still an honored employee of the company.

THE BEZZINGS OF LABOR.—Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and feeds upon its tears, weaving a dim shadow that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil on with the wave—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you in a thousand channels, while the duties of life present. Before you dream of it, these waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine that penetrates to the path of duty. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow men.

Winter is now made from coal smoke in England.

STORY OF HUMAN NATURE.

There once lived in an obscure town in Massachusetts, an old Indian woman. Somehow or other the old woman had accumulated quite a desirable little property. Let her be an Indian, and was treated with cool contempt by her neighbors. She had no seat at the social circle, received no attention from those around, occupied a back pew in the church, and down toward the grave she traveled, without friend or comforter.

Old Nance had but one relative living that she knew of, and he was wild graceless son. He was the terror of the village, and spent his time in anything but a respectable way. At last the vagabond so worried the forbearance of his old mother, that, in a hasty moment, she determined to disinherit him, and leave her money to the church.

Accordingly she started for the house of one Deacon Sumner, and made a clean breast of her troubles, and acquainted him with her determination. The deacon grew from a cool to a very amiable mood, as she proceeded, and at the end, became profuse in his expressions of gratitude.

The will, through the agency of the deacon, was drawn, but the old woman, feeling a little compunction, had a clause inserted, which should make it void, provided the son would totally reform his habits. Secreey was enjoined upon the deacon, who said nothing about it, except to two or three friends, who, of course spread it all over the village in the space of one day.

But the change wrought in the situation of old Nance was miraculous. "Such a good old woman!" The nice bits from the best tables began to journey, under neat napkins, to her humble abode. On a rainy Sabbath, a carriage took her up at her door, and carried her to church, where she was kindly favored with a front pew, near the speaker, and near the stove. Her praise was in everybody's mouth, and her tottering form commanded respect everywhere. But she thrived remarkably under this treatment, and lived, and lived, and lived. In the meantime the son was looked upon with more than usual distrust, and the poor widow was deeply commiserated in his disgraceful course.

Years passed away, and the kind attention of friends were not continued to the widow, when, at last, old Nance slept the sleep that knows no waking. A large funeral, one of the largest the little village had ever seen, attended her to the grave in the quiet churchyard. There were tears shed over her bier, and benison breathed upon her memory.

The funeral was past, the deacon, the Squire, and a number of village notables were gathered in her dwelling, and in one corner of the room sat the sad and taciturn son.

"Squire," said the Deacon, "I believe there is a will."

"Yes, there is a will."

"Will you have the goodness to read it?"

The will was produced. All were silent. The will was read, in which all the widow's property was bequeathed to the church. Many an eye sought the face of the prodigal son, but saw no change in his stolid features.

When the reading was finished, the son arose, and drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, inquired the date of "that will."

The date was stated, and handing the Squire his paper, the portionless asked him to read it.

Alas! it was a will one day younger than the other. The fond mother, in her weakness, had told the son what she had done, and he managed to have a will drawn twenty-four hours after the previous one, in which he was the sole legatee.

The assembled wisdom and disinterestedness of the village went home thinking, and the son had the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that his mother's last days were her best days. Reader, this is not fiction. It is but an instance of the weakness of our common natures, which, in similar developments, come before us with humiliating frequency, alike in the lowest and highest walks of life.

THAT it pays to advertise is a fact that is pretty well established. George M. West, editor of the Brandon (Wis.) Times, gives his opinion in this wise: "Does it pay to advertise? Our experience teaches us that it does. A few days ago we advertised for a boy to learn the printer's trade. Imagine our surprise (!) on Monday morning, on finding at our domicile an applicant weighing just eight pounds and a half. We would not guarantee to all such returns by patronizing the printer, but this is one instance where it was a success."

BOTHERING A WITNESS.

About twenty years ago, when Franklin Pierce and the present Senator Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough bar, in New Hampshire, there was upon the docket a celebrated suit called the "Horse Case." This action was brought by Smith and Jones, livery-stable keepers, against one White, to recover the value of a pair of horses alleged to have been killed by the defendant while conveying an insane man to the asylum at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their arrival there; but the defendant took the ground that they died of disease and not from being overheated, and that a sufficient time had been allowed them to travel that distance with ease. Then it became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival. Many citizens were brought forward, among them a tall, bony, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow, who officiated as hostler at the stable. I give you the substance of the concluding portion of the examination:

"What time, sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was going to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time did you go to dinner the day before that—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, sir," replied the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, "That man has settled his testimony, gentlemen." And so we all thought still, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious, comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "That ere clock was out o' kilter, and has stopped at twelve for the last six months."

There was a general roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

A TALE OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.—The Kansas City Journal of Commerce of March 31st, says: "Yesterday a man came into our office who had passed through an ordeal of the elements, and of savage men, hardly credible in this day of comfort and civilization. He had started from San Francisco on horse-back, but upon reaching Sonora, was attacked by hostile Apaches, and his horse taken, and himself only escaping with life, after a fearful chase of a day's duration. He then on foot, began his awful march to the eastward, suffering in the terrible cold of the mountains without shelter or fire; hiding from the Indians here and there, and again passing on. At Fort Dodge he found the garrison surrounded by 800 lodges of Indians on the war path. Coming still further east, he was overtaken by a terrible storm of ten days' duration, but being fortunate enough to meet a wagon train was thus preserved once more. However in that train he saw the fearful sight of ninety mules and horses frozen and the still more dreadful freezing of men and women among the emigrants. At last, after a volume of suffering this man had reached the settlement, after a journey of 1,800 miles, alone and on foot. He told his tale in a plain and truthful manner, and we have no doubt his story is perfectly reliable."

SOMETHING NEW.—John B. Richards, of Mount Joy, assignor to self and A. L. Menzies, has obtained letters patent for a very ingenious Time-lock, for bank vaults, safes, etc. This lock is so arranged that when the door is closed for the day, the lock can be set for any number of hours, say until nine o'clock next morning, in which case no person can open the door by any means until that hour arrives, when it is readily opened without a key, simply by turning a knob, which works two or four bolts out of place by turning it.

The Last Man in a Barber Shop.

We have seen many illustrations of misery—many that would move the hardest heart to pity—but nothing can be more touching to an observer, nothing better defines misery, than a man in a barber shop, with a dozen or so ahead of him, waiting to be shaved. It is impossible for any one who has never experienced it, to know how much nerve is required to pass successfully through this ordeal. Different natures, of course, experience different degrees of misery as they wait.

"The poor but virtuous young man, struggling with a moustache," [the fading hue of which has brought him again to the tonsorial artist] having an engagement with "Susan"—who has told him, "anything but faller as isn't on time"—can probably be put down as the subject of most abject wretchedness and despair, as he enters and looks around upon "his miserables" who are ahead of him, the last of whom mingles with his misery a grim satisfaction that some one comes after him.

The young man would rather die, at once than be subjected to the suspense he must endure. Talk of ambition; of fame, as she beckons from afar to the midnight porer over volumes filled with learning and wisdom, or to the warrior as he cuts his way with his sword and wades through seas of blood to her shining goal! The scholar's ambition fades to insignificance, and the soldier's dream of glory vanishes before the mighty yearning of the last man in the barber shop, waiting for his turn. No goal but the cushioned chair does he see, "so near and yet so far!"

There is music to him in the barber's low "next," as it lessens the distance between him and his ambition's goal; and when it finally appeals to him, he experiences a joy that the honied words of flattery fail to bring to him who has found fame. Enforce the Marine law, prohibit tilting hoops, make dry street crossings, &c., &c., and we will submit, but "dear my son, good Lord," from being the last man in a barber shop.

COMPLETELY SOLD.—As the Citrethols train was on its downward trip to Mobile, on the first of April, an incident occurred that caused no little amusement to the passengers. As the train was approaching Eight Mile Station, a lady quite elegantly attired, with a lovely bouquet of wild flowers in her hand, and face concealed from view by a handsome veil, was discovered standing on the platform. The train was ordered to stop, of course, to take in the fair passenger—and stop it did. The gallant conductor immediately jumped out upon the platform, and cried out, as usual,—"All aboard!" at the same time raising his hat and politely extending his hand to help the lady aboard. She, however, did not recognize his gallantry, but stood dumb and motionless as a statue. The astonished conductor advanced, involuntarily raised the veil, when lo! instead of a face of female flesh and beauty, the words, "April fool," inscribed on a black "light-wood chunk," met his astonished vision. He started back, gave the signal to be off, with an unusual violence, jumped aboard, exclaiming to the innocent engineer in a sonorous voice—"Who 'the mischief' told you to stop here?"

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.—We find the following paragraph in one of our exchanges:

"A monument, costing \$18,000, has just been erected at Mount Auburn Cemetery, in honor of the late Wm. F. Harnden, founder of the express business in the United States." Harnden was a clerk in a Boston house, when his health began to fail, and he consulted a physician, by whom he was assured that the only chance he had for prolonging his life was change of employment. He must quit his sedentary life and travel. His means being limited, at the suggestion of friends, he began to travel between Boston and New York, taking charge of small parcels and transacting any business entrusted to him. Thus started the express business. Harnden died young, but lived to see "Harnden's Express" extend over the entire country, with a European branch. He left his widow rich, and after his death she sold her interest in the express for \$100,000. Thus by the falling heir of an obscure clerk, was originated what may now be called an institution which has wrought an important revolution in the commercial world.

As incivious individual at Terre Haute the other day, after smoking, put his pipe in his pocket with a package of powder. He was seen, shortly after, looking a good deal surprised, and inquiring for his coat-tail, and a large piece of his pantalons.