

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

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

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1867.

NUMBER 20.

QUICK SALES, QUICK SALES, AND SMALL PROFITS, AND SMALL PROFITS, AND SMALL PROFITS.
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
EBENSBURG, PA.
EBENSBURG, PA.
The Largest Stock of Goods. The Best Selected and the Greatest Variety ever brought to Town.
LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST.
LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST.
LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST.
GO AND SEE.
GO AND SEE.
GO AND SEE.

The subscriber calls the attention of the public to the fact that he has just received and opened out in his New Store, a large stock of goods, consisting of
FLOUR, CORN MEAL, CHOP FEED,
Brain, Fish, Bacon and Cheese; Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, Spices, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Soap, Vinegar, &c., &c.
NOTIONS, DRUGS, PERFUMERY,
Stoneware and Earthenware. ALSO, a fine assortment of the best and latest style of Hats. He always keeps constantly on hand Bologna Sausages, Sardines, Fresh and Spiced Oysters in can, or half cans, and almost everything in the eating or drinking line. All of which will be sold at small profit.
GEO. GURLEY,
MAIN STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.
January 31, 1867.

HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.
CASH CAPITAL \$500,000.
We are now prepared to insure LIVE STOCK against both Death and Theft, in this live and reliable Company. Owners of stock have now the opportunity, by insuring with this Company, of obtaining security and remuneration for the loss of their animals in case of death or theft.

OWNERS OF HORSES, Manufacturers, Farmers, Teamsters, Expressmen, Physicians, and in fact all who are to any extent dependent upon the services of their horses in their daily vocations, should insure in this Company, and thus derive a protection against the loss of their animals, which are in many cases the sole means of support to their owners.

FARM STOCK. Farmers and others owning cattle should avail themselves of this means of saving the value of their stock, and secure an equivalent for the loss which would otherwise fall heavily upon them in being deprived of their Cattle, by insuring in this, the **PIONEER COMPANY OF AMERICA!** By insuring in this Company you can change a certainty for an uncertainty. No man can tell whether his animals may not be stolen or die through some unforeseen calamity.
Competent Agents wanted, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid. Apply to **ERR & CO.,** General Agents, April 4, 1867-ly. Altoona, Pa.
Dr. Col. Wm. K. PIPER, Ebensburg, has been appointed local agent for the Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company.

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.
"NEW WHINKLE" IN EBENSBURG!
JOHN D. THOMAS
Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Ebensburg and the north of the county generally, that he has recently added to his stock a large and complete assortment of **SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c.,** For Ladies' and Children's Wear,
from the celebrated wholesale manufacturing establishment of Ziegler & Sutton, Philadelphia. This stock comprises everything that is desirable and serviceable in the way of **tailor-made sewed work,** and every article is guaranteed of the best material and most perfect manufacture. In the sale of these goods the subscriber gives himself to repair free of charge any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. The ladies are especially invited to call and examine the stock.
The subscriber also keeps on hand and is prepared to manufacture to order **BOOTS and SHOES** for Gent's and Youth's wear, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Common Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of leather constantly on hand.
Store on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel. [Feb 21-4f.]

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY!
F. SHARRETT DYBENT,
House, Sign and Ornamental Painter, Glazing, Gilding, Paper Hanging, and all other work in his line, promptly executed, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in the basement of the Town Hall.
Ebensburg, May 9, 1867-62a.*

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, Infants' Silk and Embroidered Caps,* together with *Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces,* and *Cent'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.
April 25-5m. Mrs. J. DOYLE, Miss M. RUSH.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.
JOHN ROCKETT & CO.
Desire to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to execute *House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Graining and Calceining,* either in Cambria, Blair or Huntingdon Counties, on the shortest notice, in the very best style, and at prices as reasonable as any other firm or individual in the country.
Call at their room in Lowther's building, under Roush's Drug Store, or address **JOHN ROCKETT & CO.,** Altoona, Pa. April 25, 1867-6m.

GRANT HOUSE, *Hemlock, Cambria Co., Pa.*
JOHN WILKIN, Proprietor.
This House has been refitted, and offers accommodations superior to any other House in the vicinity. The Proprietor, after long experience in the business, feels confident he understands the wants of the public. The TABLE will be supplied with the delicacies of the season and his BAR with the choicest wines and liquors. By constant attention and due care for the comfort of his guests the Proprietor hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage. [May 16-1y.]

SCOTT HOUSE, *Main Street, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Pa.*
A. ROW & CO., Proprietors.
THIS HOUSE having been refitted and elegantly furnished, is now open for the reception and entertainment of guests. The proprietors, by long experience in hotel keeping feel confident they can satisfy a discriminating public.
Their Bar is supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and wines. Jan. 31, 1867. (ly.)

UNION HOUSE, *EBENSBURG, PA.*
JOHN A. BLAIR, Proprietor.
Proprietor, spares no pains to render this hotel worthy of a continuation of the liberal patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best market afford; his bar with the best of liquors—His stable is large, and will be attended by an attentive and obliging hostler. Jan 31, 1867-4f.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, EBENSBURG.
R. P. LINTON & CO., Proprietors.
The TABLE is always supplied with the choicest delicacies; the BAR is supplied with careful bottles. Transient visitors accommodated and boarders taken by the week, month or year, on reasonable terms. Feb 21

SHIELDS HOUSE, *LORETTA, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.*
THOMAS CALLEN, Proprietor.
THIS house is now open for the accommodation of the public. Accommodations as good as the country will afford, and charges moderate. Jan 31, 1867-4f.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL.
J. & W. C. McKIBBIN, Proprietors.
Fourth St. between Market and Arch, PHILADELPHIA.
May 9, 1867-1y.

JOSEPH ZOLNER, JR., *Watchmaker and Jeweler*
Has taken the room on High street, opposite the Mountain House, recently occupied by R. J. Lloyd as a Drug Store. Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and at the lowest rates, and all work warranted. Ebensburg, May 23, 1867.

JAMES H. DAVIS, *Dealer in all kinds of*
POPLAR, CHERRY & ASH LUMBER,
Yard Nos. 313 and 316 N. Broad St., PHILADELPHIA.
Business attended to in Ebensburg by Wm. J. Williams. [my 16-1y]

R. J. LLOYD, *Successor to R. S. BURN,* Dealer in **DRUGS, MEDICINES AND PAINTS.** Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. Jan. 31, '67-4f.

ROBERT E. JONES, *Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.* Dealer in **Lamb's** The highest prices, in Cash, paid for **CHERRY, POPLAR, ASH and LIND LUMBER.**

ANY PERSON intending to build a House or Barn, can buy Nails and Hardware cheap by paying cash at **GEO. HUNTLEY'S,** Feb. 29.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE LOST SISTER OF WYOMING.

Numerous instances are on record of Indians abandoning their wigwams, casting off their habits and their religion and becoming creditable members of civilized society. Examples of the opposite change are rare; yet some few have occurred. But it has often happened that white children, when captured and brought up by the Indians have forgotten early associations, or if too young to forget, have often disregarded the difference of color and become real Indians. Experience in these cases seems to prove that the adopted savage is harder to win back to civilization than are his dusky brethren; and if this be established, the comparative influence of natural and artificial society over the affections and happiness of man might form a very nice question for the philosophical inquirer. Whether the investigation would tend to disturb the complacency with which we regard our own superiority in this respect, must be left to the judgment of every reader.

In 1778, the family of Mr. Jonathan Slocum, near Wilkesbarre, (Campbell's Wyoming), Pennsylvania, was attacked by Indians. Within were two girls aged nine and five years, a son of thirteen, a little boy of two and a half, and their mother. The men were working in the field and two youths were in the porch, grinding a knife. One of these was shot and scalped with his own knife. The eldest sister seized the little boy and ran with him towards the fort. The Indians displayed unwonted humanity, chasing the girl merely to frighten her and enjoy the sight of her running. They then took the boy who had been turning the grindstone, young Slocum, and his sister Frances, and prepared to depart. Little Slocum was lame, and the Indians, instead of murdering him, set him down and departed. One of the party slung the little girl over his shoulder; and his face covered with tears, half hidden by long curling hair, was the last object which met the mother's gaze.

Nothing was heard of the Indians or their captives for more than a month; but they then returned, murdered the aged grandfather, and shot a ball into the leg of the lame boy, which he carried to his grave. They then plunged into the woods, and came no more. Years passed away, and nothing was heard of the little girl and her fellow captive. When the mother had died, and the remaining brothers had grown to manhood, they resolved to ascertain if possible the fate of their sister. They made every inquiry, wrote letters to different tribes and agents, and traveled through the west and into the Canadas. All was in vain; and for fifty-eight years the deep forests, true to their savage inhabitants, buried amid their solitude the little captive's fate.

All this time Frances was living. She was introduced to the knowledge of civilized society by a circumstance purely accidental. The Hon. G. W. Ewing, United States agent to Indiana territory, while traveling on the banks of the Mississippi, (1836,) lost his way, was overtaken by night, and sought the shelter of a neighboring wigwam. It belonged to a wealthy hunter and was profusely stored with skins, arms and provisions. The agent was kindly received, and after supper entered into conversation with the hostess. Ewing was soon surprised by observing that her hair was fine and flaxen colored, and that, under her dress, her skin appeared to be white. He received from her the astonishing story that she was the daughter of white parents, that her name was Slocum, that when five years old she had been carried captive by the Indians from a house on the Susquehanna. All else was forgotten.

On reaching home the agent related his adventure to his mother. At her solicitation he wrote an account of it, which he sent to Lancaster for publication. Through some unaccountable neglect it lay in the office for two years, but when it was published, it was in a few days seen by Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, the little boy saved by the girl of nine, sixty years before. He immediately started for Indiana, accompanied by the sister who had saved him, at the same time writing to his brother to meet him at the wigwam. The little incidents connected with this most remarkable journey have been preserved with care, and may afford ground for plausible reflection. "I shall know my sister," said the lady, "because she lost the nail of her first finger. Your brother hammered it off in the blacksmith's shop when she was four years old." On entering the cabin they beheld an Indian woman, apparently seventy-five

years old, painted and jewelled. Yet her hair was as the agent had described it, and her skin beneath her dress appeared white. They obtained an interpreter and began to converse. We may imagine the feelings of that little party while they listened to the Indian woman's tale. The incidents of the assault and capture—too well known already—were disclosed with a truthfulness, which left no room to doubt. "How came your nail gone?" inquired the sister. "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little girl in the shop." "What was your name then?" She did not remember. "Was it Frances?" She smiles on hearing the long forgotten sound, and promptly answered "Yes." All were now satisfied that they belonged to the same family, and yet there was little joy in that meeting. There was a sadness, not merely through remembrance of the past, but of a kind present, deep, painful, for though the brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak, and the sister was sobbing in anguish, yet there sat the poor Indian sister motionless and passionless. No throbs disclosed that the chords of her bosom were touched; for there were in her bosom no fine chords to be touched.

Frances' story may be told in a few words. The party which had conducted the attack against her father's was composed of Delawares. With this tribe she remained until she had grown up, when she married one of their chiefs. He died or ran away, when she became united to a Miami. She had two daughters, both of whom grew up and married Indians. They all lived in one cabin, rode the same horses, and at night slept in the same manner—which was on the ground, wrapped in a blanket.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their sister to return with them, and if she desired it to bring her children. They offered to give her a happy home on the banks of the Susquehanna. She answered that she had always lived with the Indians, and that she had promised her late husband, on his death bed, never to leave them, and that promise she was resolved to keep. Sad and sorrowful the three generous friends retraced their steps, leaving their sister in the wilderness.

The Indian sister died in 1847. Although to her last days her manners and customs were those of the Indians, yet there was something in her appearance which seemed to raise her above her companions. Her household displayed taste and neatness, and owing to her economy in her domestic affairs, her tent was always stocked with plenty. She was admired alike by the red and white men. Her grave is on a beautiful knoll near the confluence of the Mississippi with the Wabash—a spot chosen by herself, and which had been her place of residence for thirty years.

WANTED TO BE A SON-IN-LAW.—During the summer of 1864, while the hospitals in Richmond were crowded with wounded, the ladies of the city visited them daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and vied with each other to comfort and cheer up the wounded. On one occasion a bright eyed damsel, of about seventeen summers, was distributing flowers and speaking tender words of encouragement to those around her, when she observed a young officer who was suffering from his wounds exclaim, "O, my Lord!" Approaching timidly, in order to rebuke his profanity, she said, "I think I heard you call on the name of the Lord. I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?" Glancing hastily upon her lovely face and perfect form he replied, "Yes, please ask him to make me his son-in-law!"

An old Confed. veteran is responsible for the following: He says, while campaigning in Virginia in 1862, being something of a butter-milk ranger, he strayed off ahead of the column, and stopped at a cabin to get some refreshments. While there, the column came up, and while filing past, the old dog "Beve" dashed out to the fence, barking furiously. A little town-headed, shirt-tail urchin in the house drew out, "Mammy, call Beve; don't let him bite the army!"

LOVE-SMITTEN maidens imagine, if you can, the feelings of a young lady of Wheeling, Virginia, who having been locked up to keep her away from her soldier lover, managed, in the night, to let herself down from the third-story window, elude the vigilance of her guardians, and join him for whom she was "pining away in solitary confinement," but the great calf refused to elope with her.

A WICKED exchange says Ben Butler's likeness has been engraved on steel.

A THRILLING SEA STORY.

The Magic Table, or, Phoebe the Fickle.

A ROMANCE OF LAND AND WATER, (WITH VERY LITTLE WATER.)

Gentle reader, have you ever stood on the helmside of the canal on one of those mild January evenings peculiar to the early Autumn, and watched the sunrise from his gorgeous couch athwart the Western sky, and listened to catch the musical warble of distant coal-heavers, mingled with the cries of a ragged canal driver encouraging a pair of attenuated calico mules? (If you don't remember whether you have or not, just take time to consider, and inform us through the post-office, enclosing a stamp.) It was at such a time, and on such a spot, that two solitary youths might have been seen walking arm in arm in that vicinity and about that time. Need we tell you that one was fair, and the daughter of poor though wealthy parents, and that the other wasn't, being her lover? * * * * *

After considerable time spent in reflection, it appears rather necessary that we should, because you wouldn't know it if we didn't. The young man had seen but nineteen Springs, yet did he urge his suit with the passionate ardor of one who had attained the ripe age of four score years and ten, and although his weight didn't exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, he couldn't have played more eloquently had he weighed a ton.

The maiden she was fair. Tooth brush handles couldn't compare with her teeth in whiteness, and the raven's wing had no more business by the side of her glossy curls than a stove brush. Can we wonder that the young man swore he would cheerfully catch the measles for her sake, and expressed a willingness to have the scarlet fever the second time to prove his devotion.

Alas! the perversity of women. Although loving him devotedly, she replied to his ardent declaration by sitting down on a stone boat and writing him a letter of introduction to the marines, to whom she recommended him to report that narrative. Driven to frenzy (in an open hack) by such trifling, Caleb—for that was his name—turned so red in the face that he tore all the buttons off his waist, and frothed at the mouth to such an extent that he split a brand new coat down the back. Then casting upon her a look of unutterable anguish, through a pocket telescope, he cried:

"Farewell, false one, forever!"

Then a double somersault backward, and disappeared behind a high board fence.

PHOEBE ANN pined.

CHAPTER SECOND.

We left Phoebe Ann in a swoon, or rather Caleb did. As soon as consciousness came Phoebe Ann came too, and then she remembered with a pang that she had driven Caleb away. She called aloud, "Caleb! Caleb!" but no Caleb answered. However well other Calebs might answer for others, no one but her Caleb would answer for her, and he couldn't because he wasn't within hearing. Where had he gone?

A thought struck her, (a coward thought to strike a woman.) She recalled his love for the briny deep, which induced him when a mere lad to run away from home to drive on the Whitewater canal. Then his father, humoring his passion for riding mountain waves and climbing giddy masts, procured for him, through his influence with the President of the United States, the appointment of 3d Assistant Lock Tender. "What more natural," thought the Phoebe bird, "than for Caleb to follow his youthful passion and go for a sailor?" Her resolution was taken. What was it? We shall see.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"WHAT!"

Before explaining the meaning of this thrilling ejaculation, let us take a brief review of doings at the period of our story. Old Bourbon ruled France and Kentucky. Gin swayed the sceptre of Holland, and Sweden was governed a good deal by the spirit of Sweed's Iron. Wales was becoming celebrated for her prints, known all over the world as the prints of Wales. COLUMBIUS, having completed his labors by discovering Sandusky, had retired to Putin-Bay, and JOHNNY MONTGOMERY had been elected to the Continental Congress. One readers being now thoroughly posted in regard to the condition of things, we will proceed to inform them what's what in another chapter.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

When Caleb left the fickle Phoebe, it was with the determination never to see her more. He would be a wanderer. He would land on other lands, and climb foreign climes—he would go and be an

ancient mariner. Filled with this desperate resolve, he put a box of paper collars in his valise, and started for the river. A gallant tug lay at the landing, and this he boarded, requesting to see the captain. A sailor, whose voice was deeply bronzed by exposure to the mainmast mizen gangway, invited him to walk below.

When Caleb entered the cabin he was struck with the singularity of the appearance of the captain. He was about to tell him that he had come to ship the well, smoke-stack—when the supposed captain raised his cap, and a shower of raven ringlets fell upon his shoulders.

"What!" exclaimed the lover, as a gleam of recognition flashed across his brain, "Phoebe Ann!"

"Caleb?"

They rushed into each other's arms. After an embrace, which caused the thermometer in the cabin to rise to 100 degrees in the shade, explanations ensued. She had divined his purpose to go for a sailor, and resolved to thwart it. The captain of the tug, being an ass of hers, had allowed her to be captain for the day, and chance had done the rest. Phoebe Ann was penitent, Caleb forgiving, and that very day they agreed before a minister to share the tug of life together.

THE YANKEE PEDDLER.

There is a sheriff residing in Illinois, who was "taken in and done for" on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish peddlers for traveling through the State without a license; but one morning he met his match in the person of a genuine Yankee peddler.

"What have you got to sell—anything?" asked the sheriff.

"Yas, sarin; what d'ye want? Got razors, fust, that's an article you need, squire. I should say by the looks of your beard. Got good blackin; 'twill make them old boots of yourn shine h't you can shave in 'em 'nmost. Balm of Clumby, too; only a dollar a bottle; good for the ha'r and assistin poor human nature, as the poet says."

And so he rattled on. At length the sheriff bought a bottle of the balm of Clumby, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said he did—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as sheriff.

The Yank showed him a document fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it and pronounced it all right. Then handing back the bottle to the peddler he said:

"I don't think, now that I've bought this stuff, I shall ever want it. I reckon I might as well sell it back to you. What will you give me for it?"

"O, the darn stuff is no use to me, but seen 't's your, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it, if you really don't want it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle at the large discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now," said the peddler, "I've got a question to ask you. Have you got any peddler's license about your trousers anywhere?"

"No; I hav'nt any use for the article, myself," replied the sheriff.

"Hain't eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that, pooty darn soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clear case that you've been tradin' with me—hawkin' and peddlin' balm of Clumby, on the highway—I'll inform on you—darn'd if I don't, now!"

The Yankee was as good as his word. When he reached the next village he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for selling without license.

He was heard afterwards to say that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

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