Cambria Freeman.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

VOLUME 1. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1867. NUMBER 32

THE

Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

In Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.,

At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:

One copy, one year,	$2 00
One copy, six months,	1 00
One copy, three months,	50

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A MORMON MIRACLE.

Towards the close of a fine summer day, a farmer in one of the Western States found a respectable looking man at his gate, who requested permission to pass the night under his roof. The hospitable farmer readily complied. The stranger was invited into the house and a good and substantial supper placed before him. After he had eaten, the farmer, who appeared to be a jovial, warm-hearted, humorous, and withal, shrewd old man, passed several hours in pleasant conversation with his guest, who seemed to be very ill at ease, both in body and in mind: yet as if desirous of pleasing his entertainer, replied courteously and agreeably to whatever was said to him. Finally, he pleaded fatigue and illness as an excuse for retiring to rest, and was conducted by the farmer to an upper chamber, where he went to bed. About the middle of the night the farmer and his family were awakened by the most dreadful groans, which they soon ascertained, proceeded from the chamber of the traveler. On going to investigate the matter they found that the stranger was dreadfully ill, suffering the most acute pain, and uttering the most doleful cries, apparently without any consciousness of what was occurring around him. Everything that kindness and experience could suggest was done to relieve the sick man, but all efforts were in vain, and to the consternation of the farmer and his family, the guest expired in a few hours.

In the midst of all this trouble and anxiety, at an early hour in the morning, two travelers came to the gate and requested entertainment. The farmer told them that he would willingly offer them hospitality, but just now his house was in the greatest confusion, on account of the death of a stranger, the particulars of which he proceeded to relate to them. They appeared to be much surprised and grieved at the poor man's calamity, and politely requested permission to see the corpse. This, of course, the farmer readily granted, and conducted them to the chamber in which lay the dead body. They looked at it for a few minutes in silence, and then the elder of the two gravely told the farmer that they were elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, and were empowered by God to work miracles, even to the extent of raising the dead, and that they felt quite assured that they could bring to life the dead man before them.

The farmer was, of course, considerably astonished at the quality and powers of the persons who addressed him, and rather incredously asked if they were quite sure they could perform all they proposed to.

"Oh, certainly! not a doubt of it. The Lord has commissioned us expressly to work miracles, in order to prove the truth of the prophet Joseph Smith, and the inspiration of the books and doctrines revealed to him. Send for all your neighbors, that in the presence of a multitude we may bring the dead man to life, and that the Lord and His church may be glorified by all men."

The farmer, after a little consideration, agreed to let the miracle-workers proceed, and, as they desired, sent his children to his neighbors, who, attracted by the expectation of a miracle, flocked to the house in considerable numbers. The Mormonite elders commenced their task by kneeling and praying before the body with uplifted hands and eyes, and with most stentorian lungs. Before they had proceeded far with their prayers, a sudden idea struck the farmer, who quietly quitted the house for a few minutes, and then returned and waited patiently by the bedside for a few minutes until the prayer was finished and the elders were ready to perform the miracle. Before they began he respectfully said to them that, with their permission, he wished to ask them a couple of questions upon the subject of their miracle. They replied that they had no objection. The farmer then asked:

"You are certain you can bring this man to life again?"

"We are."

"How do you know that you can?"

"We have just received a revelation from the Lord, informing us that we can."

"Are you sure the revelation was from the Lord?"

"Yes, we cannot be mistaken about it."

"Does your power to raise this man to life depend upon the particular nature of his disease or could you bring any dead man to life?"

"It makes no difference to us, we could bring any corpse to life."

"Well, if this man had been killed and one of his arms cut off, could you bring him to life and restore to him his arm?"

"Certainly; there is no limit to the power given to us by the Lord. It would make no difference even if both his arms and legs were cut off."

"Could you restore him if his head had been cut off?"

"Certainly we could."

"Well," said the farmer with a quiet smile upon his features, "I do not doubt the truth of what such holy men assert, but I am desirous that my neighbors here should be fully converted, by having the miracle performed in the completest manner possible; so, by your leave, if it makes no difference whatever, I will proceed to cut off the head of this corpse."

Accordingly he produced a huge and well sharpened broad axe from beneath his coat, which he swung about his head, and was apparently about to bring it down on the neck of the corpse; when, lo and behold! to the amazement of all present, the dead man started up in great agitation, and declared that he would not have his head cut off for any consideration whatever.

The company immediately seized the Mormons, and soon made them confess that the pretended dead man was a Mormon elder, and that they had sent him to the farmer's house with directions to die there at a particular hour, when they would drop in, as if by accident, and would perform a miracle that would astonish everybody. The farmer, after giving the imposters a severe chastisement, let them depart to practice their imposition in some other quarter.

A MARVELLOUS YOUTH.

The St. Louis *Republican*, of last Friday, has a bully sensation about a boy who possesses the marvellous faculty of appearing in two places at the same time. It says:

Many persons have addressed us inquiries concerning the boy, and one gentleman whose letter we give in full, stated a similar circumstance of a lady with whom he was personally acquainted.

Yesterday we received a visit from Mr. Enlow, of Sangamon county, Illinois, who confirms some of the startling statements which we have already made. He says the boy (whose name we must still withhold out of respect to the earnest wishes of his parents) was seen at his house several times during three days in April last, at which time, his parents assert solemnly, that he was at home in this city and momentarily expected to die. In one instance he was seen walking in the road near the house. A little girl who knew him, thinking he had suddenly come on a visit, ran out to meet him, but returned in a few minutes saying he had disappeared and that she had seen a ghost.

Mr. Enlow, uncle of the youth, further informs us that on last Sunday evening, while sitting in a private chamber conversing with the parents, the boy entered the room as in perfect health and walked up to the table in presence of them all. The mother almost fainted, and rushing into the next room found her boy in a violent spasm. He is daily wasting away and cannot long survive.

The writer has had an interview with the family and has seen the boy, together with a number of gentlemen in this city, who will vouch for these statements.

A few facts concerning his history may be of interest to superstitious persons and those fond of the wonderful. His mother states that he learned to talk with difficulty, and has always been strangely abstracted in manner, and yet in all other respects he is not unlike any other child. Two years ago he was drowned in a pond, while playing with other children, was brought out of the water and restored to life after having been dead eight minutes. In his birth there is nothing mysterious. He is not the "seventh son of a seventh son," nor anything of the sort. He is simply flesh and blood. Professor Wilhelm, of Bethany, Va., has, we learn, written to parties in this city informing them that he was coming hither to investigate the case.

STANTON DISLIKED SCENES.—The following communication, says the Uniontown *Genius of Liberty*, has been handed to us for publication by a gentleman well known in this community, who vouches for the truth of the narrative contained in it:

EDITORS GENIUS: In the last issue of the *Genius* was published a weeping scene between Lincoln and Stanton. It reminded me of one related to me by General ——, in the War Department. During the organization of the army by McClellan, a young man from Boston lay in an army hospital. His sister came to Washington to solicit a furlough for him. She was kept waiting for four days in the ante-room before she obtained admission to his Highness, the Secretary of War. When admitted, she stated that her brother and self were the only members left of a large family to a widowed mother, who was in the last stage of consumption, and only desired to see her son before she died. The lady then begged a pass, and a furlough of only one week from the Secretary. Stanton bluntly refused her request. Upon this she sank to the floor, and on being lifted by the bystanders, poured forth such an appeal that it brought tears into the eyes of every one present, except those of Stanton. She said her mother was dying, that she wanted only to see her son once more, and she could not return without her brother and witness the distress and agony of her mother. All this was uttered in tones of deepest grief, and accompanied with streaming tears. Roughly interrupting her pleading, Stanton said: "Madam! *I will have no scenes here! you may go!*" and, by some of the gentlemen present, she was upheld and escorted to the door. My informant said that he had walked through military hospitals without emotion, but on that day he positively shed tears along with all others present, except Secretary Stanton.

HAPPINESS abounds most with the lowly; there are more blossoms in the valleys than on the hills.

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

The following story is said by the Portsmouth *Chronicle* to be derived, as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity cannot be doubted:

"About fifteen years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

"And thus the old lady lived alone in her house day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the day and at eventide slept sweetly.

"One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, 'I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.'

"As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

"On her way home, she called on a neighbor who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. 'You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime, surely no one will molest you. Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you.' 'Here Rover,' said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor, 'here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her.' Rover did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside of the bed, and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chided herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Some time in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the floor.

The dog neither barked or moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now for the fiirst time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same moment something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. There followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

"This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up, but at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, and the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the night. A fearful retribution awaited him.

"The widows apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves, by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loaned the dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained without reference to that Providence or overruling Power which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrow's fall, and 'shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

QUESTIONS.—Can any one tell how young men who dodge their washerwoman, and are always behind with their landlord, can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven up? Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and do not work, while others who are industrious and constantly employed, half starve? Can any one tell how it is that a man who is too poor to pay for a newspaper, is able to pay a dollar or two a week for tobacco, whisky or cigars?—*Ex.*

CROSSES are ladders leading to heaven.

CRUELTY AVENGED.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Worcester, was taken up for desertion, and being tried before a court-martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant colonel being at that time in London, the command of the regiment descended in course to the major, a most cruel and inhuman man. The day on which the deserter was to be executed having arrived, the regiment, as usual on these occasions, was drawn out to see this execution.

It is the custom on such occasions for the several corporals to cast lots for this disagreeable office, and when every one expected to see the lots cast as usual, they were surprised to find that the prisoner should die by the hand of his own brother, who was only a private soldier in the same company, and who, when the cruel order arrived, was taking his leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears fast flowing, that expressed the anguish of his soul, hanging for the last time about his neck.

On his knees did the poor fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his brother's death, and the prisoner begged to die by any other hands than those of a brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could by no means be prevailed upon to revoke the sentence, though entreated to do so by every inferior officer in the regiment; on the contrary, he swore that the prisoner's brother, and no other, should be the executioner, if it were only for example's sake, and to make justice appear more terrible. When much time had been wasted in fruitless endeavors to soften the rigor of this inhuman sentence, the prisoner prepared to die.

The major, strict to the maxims of cruelty, stood close to see that the piece was properly loaded, which being done, he directed that the third motion of his cane should be the signal to fire. Accordingly, at the third motion, the major, instead of the prisoner, received the bullet through his own head; and fell lifeless to the ground.

The man had no sooner discharged his piece, than throwing it on the ground, he exclaimed:

"He that can give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit. I would rather give my life this hour for that man's death, than to live an hundred years and take away the life of my brother!"

No person seemed sorry for this unexpected piece of justice on the inhuman major; and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had witnessed the whole affair, entreated the officers to defer the execution of the condemned brother till the Queen's pleasure should be known. The request being complied with, the city chamber that very night drew up a very feeling and pathetic address to her majesty, setting forth the unparalleled cruelty of the deceased officer, and humbly entreated her majesty's pardon for both the brothers. They were pardoned and discharged from the service.

Romance of Three Husbands and One Wife.

A correspondent at Monroeville, Huron county, Ohio, furnishes the following bit of romance in real life, the facts of which, though too briefly related, yet contain enough to "point a moral," if not to "adorn a tale." The correspondent writes:

In the year 1859, an old man (John Wilson by name) and his wife came into this (Huron) county, from Canada, bringing with them an adopted child, named Margaret. Shortly after coming here, she became acquainted with and married a man by name Edward Gray. Gray, after living with her a short time, repented his course, and, becoming tired of married life, went into the army. Having survived the war, he took up his residence in Tennessee, where he was living at last accounts. The wife being thus freed from all restraints by the absence of her husband in the army, became a common prostitute, and endeavored to procure a living by hanging around the camp, then located at Monroeville and Norwalk. Becoming an intolerable nuisance, she was finally seized and tarred by command of the officer then commanding at Monroeville. The result was that she left here and sought her old home in Canada. She had not been there long before she made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Eli Doane, whom she married. After living with him a sufficient length of time, she became the mother of a pretty little curly-haired girl, who was christened Alice. About this time she became acquainted with a young man from the State of New York by the name of Edward Teeter, who had thrice jumped the bounty and had evaded the law made and provided in such cases, by escaping to the Queen's dominions. Learning that he was about coming back to "the States," on a visit to his mother, she sought and gained permission of her husband to accompany him across the border to visit her foster parents, living in Huron county. Instead of visiting his mother, as he pretended, he came on here with her. After staying here about three weeks he swore out a license (he must have perjured himself) and was married. So things stood for about ten months, when a child was born to them. When the child was about two weeks old, husband No. 2 turned up, in search of his wife and child. Contrary to expectation, and we might sa human nature, he was willing to pla second fiddle, and he continued with onl a share of the woman whom he considere as his wife, yet he had no more legal right to her than husband No. 3. Th state of affairs not suiting the sense o propriety of the foster parents, with whom they were staying, legal advice was sought which, coming to the ears of the two caused them to smell a large sized mice and fearing an investigation they decamp ed to parts unknown—wife, two husband and two children.

NOT ENOUGH CHILDREN—AN AMUSIN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.—When th Confederate army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, wa stationed at Centreville, just after th first battle of Manassas, the orders in re gard to leaves or furloughs were positive None were to be granted without a su geon's certificate of disability.

Major T. G. Rhett, now the able Supe intendent and Secretary of the Machanic and Agricultural Fair Association of Lou isiana, was acting in the dual capacity adjutant general and chief of staff; h duties were consequently very arduous and he experienced no little annoyanc from persistent applications for leave One man's mother was ill, another's fathe was dying, and so on *ad infinitum*. Earl one morning, while the major was im mersed in the onerous duties of his offic a soldier entered and petitioned wi streaming eyes for leave, saying his wi and seven children were down with yel low fever in New Orleans, and were dyin He was informed the orders were positiv and no furlongs could be granted. Scarc ly had he departed with a mint of hopele dejection, when another soldier entere looking, if anything, more woebego than the other; he had "a wife and fi children dying, and couldn't he have furlough?"

"Not enough, my man, not enough said the Major; "there was a man ju ahead of yon, with a wife and seven chi dren, all dying." The fellow look abashed for a moment, but soon recove ing his self-possession, burst into a laug exclaiming, as he turned to leave, "Y got me there, Major—you got me there

A HERO OF THE SEA.—The suffering of the crew of the brig Nellie Mitche may fairly be classed among those terrib disasters that awaken horror from recital of the circumstances. Four da out from Aspinwall, the whole ship company was prostrated with li fever, with the exception of the and one man. When within fifty of Swan Island, their destination, two were also stricken down. The ma ter, fearing lest no one might survive tell the fate of the inmates of this pes ship, tacked a letter to the bulk hea giving an account of the ravages of t disease. Providentially, in three days t master recovered sufficiently to head t brig for San Antonio. In spite of t most intense agony he persevered in e deavoring to reach a port of safety, b often, while trying to retain the helm his fevered hands, fell fainting on the deck with no one to relieve him, or even to p a drop of water to his lips. At last friendly sail appeared, and the *Lizzie Be* rescued this self-sacrificing sailor fro death through exhaustion. WILLIAM H DUNPHY is the hero of this story of floating hospital. On land, with all th aid of sympathizing assistants, it require the strongest nerves to pass through such scenes; but on the pathless ocean undyin energy is demanded to relieve the fevere occupant of a hammock.—*Phila. Inq.*

A TUNNEL THROUGH A VOLCANO.—English engineers have nearly complet ed a railway tunnel through a volcani range in New Zealand. The plains o the Canterbury settlement, in the souther part of the two great islands of New Zea land, are divided from the port of Lyttle ton by almost impracticable hills, an in May, 1861, the local government ac cepted an offer to complete a line of rai way from Lyttleton to Christchurch i five years; the cost of a tunnel two thou sand eight hundred and thirty-eight yard long, and called the Moorehouse Tunne being fixed at £195,000. The work were at first carried on under great disad vantages, on account of the Otago gol fever and other causes.

This tunnel affords, it is believed, th first instance where a complete section o an extinct volcano has been opened ou The rock in the tunnel is a series of lav streams and beds of tufa, intersecte by vertical dykes phonolite. The lav streams generally consist of scoria ove lying a coarse pink trachyte, which pass gradually through shades of gray, purp and blue into a black finely-grained dole ite, intensely hard and tough, the lighte and softest rock being at the top, and t densest and blackest at the bottom. I garded from an engineering point of vie the work is considered eminently succe ful.

IN opening canned fruits, much trou may be saved by putting a coal of fire tqe little circle in the centre of the c and blowing it, which melts the sol that secures the piece.

NO MAN is so old but thinks he m yet live another year.