



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

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Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c. AN IRISHMAN'S REVENGE.

During the autumn of the year 1798 half the county of Wexford was in a state of insurrection. This partial revolt, however, led to no important results.

"They've brought in Patrick O'Darey," replied the sergeant, "and I have ordered out a platoon, and I now come to receive your honor's orders to shoot the prisoner."

"With your honor's permission, I believe it is always lawful to rid the country of a rebel and papist. Besides, he spent all last night from his home, which is a sufficient crime of itself."

Left alone, the officer, reflecting on what had passed, quickly repented of having so lightly condemned to death a man who was probably innocent. Springing up he hastened to stop the execution, but had not taken twenty steps before he heard a discharge of musketry.

Among the spectators of this frightful scene was the brother of Patrick O'Darey. The execution order, he hastened to the dwelling of the deceased's widow, uttering words of vengeance against the murderers. He had scarcely entered when some one knocked.

"It is the priest," cried one of the children who ran to open the door. Walking into the cottage, the man of God found the brother of Patrick O'Darey engaged in cleaning an old pistol, while the two eldest sons of the murdered man were melting lead in run into bullets.

"They have killed my brother in cold blood—my innocent brother," replied the sailor, still continuing to polish the rusty weapon which he held in his hands.

"What! said the priest, "thoughts of revenge in the heart of a Christian!—Does not God forbid the shedding of blood? Leave to Him the punishment of the guilty; terrible remorse in this life, eternal punishment in the other, will do justice to the crimes committed here below."

"Patrick O'Darey died Oct. 1, 1798. 'Capt. O'Darey will die Oct. 1, 1799. 'TWELVE MONTHS. 'Who gave you this letter?' demanded the officer. 'Patrick O'Darey,' replied the sergeant, with a trembling voice. 'Patrick O'Darey is dead, you fool.' 'I assisted at his execution, and I was present when his corpse was thrown into the lake,' replied the sergeant, 'but if the words I now pronounce were the last which should ever issue from my mouth, I would swear that it was himself who brought the letter.'

Irishman of uncommon height. This letter was precisely like the first, excepting that the number of months was reduced to eleven. O'Gunnel, on reading this second billet, felt his fears revive and his remorse returned more poignant than ever, and the reproaches of his guilty conscience began to persuade him that there was something supernatural in this strange occurrence.

It was no idea of pleasure or amusement that brought O'Gunnel among the mountains. He considered every kind of happiness or enjoyment as a dream of the past.

One day O'Gunnel, returning from a long mountain excursion, passed through a narrow path which followed the course of a rivulet. At a turn in a road, he suddenly perceived a man, who standing on a little knoll, pointed to a huge rock with his hands, near which he had passed.

After this apparition, O'Gunnel no longer doubted that there was something supernatural in his mysterious adventure. His fears, his suffering recollections, and it was with a deadly terror that he saw the dreaded day approach which should bring him another warning.

The day at length arrived, but nothing extraordinary happened to O'Gunnel, and night approached without his having received any letter; this excited in his breast a hope that the charm was broken. Filled with joy, he returned towards his dwelling, when, meeting to cross a small lonely bridge, he met a man who seemed desirous to dispute the passage.

"I have waited for you," "You wait for me!" replied O'Gunnel. "I have nothing to do with rebels and papists."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "have a care what you say." The blood rushed to O'Gunnel's face. "No man ever insulted me with impunity," he exclaimed, "choose quickly one of these pistols, and defend yourself. All that once comprised my happiness has been ravished from me, ravished by you, and although death seems to me preferable to the existence I now lead, I will not profit by the advantage I have over you on this occasion. The hand of an assassin always trembles."

"Does my hand tremble?" shouted O'Gunnel in a paroxysm of rage. The old man smiled disdainfully, drew a paper from his bosom, and presented it to O'Gunnel.

"Ha! does your hand tremble now?" O'Gunnel had hardly taken the paper when his knees trembled and he fainted. When he had recovered his consciousness, the old gentleman had disappeared, but he saw at some distance the sombre figure of O'Darey gazing fixedly at him. It would take too much time to narrate all the attempts O'Gunnel made to escape from his persecutor, and discard the forebodings which incessantly beset him. He traveled over nearly all England, flying from one place to another, without being able to evade those fatal letters which reached him regularly on the first of every month, in spite of all the care he took to conceal himself from every eye.

During the night the sea roughened, and soon a violent storm having arisen, the vessel was in peril. O'Gunnel hastened on deck and watched the sailors lowering the masts, when the lightning flashed vividly and he saw among them O'Darey himself, who flung a letter sealed with black at his feet, and was instantly shrouded in darkness. It is impossible to describe the anguish which the unhappy man experienced at this sight. He felt that it was all over with him. Henceforth not a hope remained; his heart broke with grief and despair. When he reached the residence of his relative, so much was he changed they could hardly recognize him. A livid palor overspread his countenance, a burning fever consumed him. Instead of the gay companion, the joyous guest whom they once knew, they found a man prematurely old, sad, morose; seldom speaking, and never smiling.

At length one day, while promenaing together along the canal which traverses the Heeren-Gratt, one of the principal streets in Amsterdam, the merchant urged him more earnestly than usual to reveal the cause of his condition. O'Gunnel maintained silence. "If it is remorse that torments you?" said his relative, you had better seek the consolation of religion."

"Alas!" said O'Gunnel, with bitterness, "I cannot pray. That consolation is denied me. I have but one day longer to live on earth. I cannot. My persecutor follows me step by step; this evening, at five o'clock, I shall be a corpse and yet I cannot pray; befold him even now!" he suddenly exclaimed, trembling in every limb, and pointing with his finger at a tall young man who marched slowly along the other side of the canal.

They were obliged to carry O'Gunnel home to the house of his relative; he was so weak that he could sustain himself no longer. The merchant, persuaded that his malady was purely imaginary, had a clock placed in front of the bed, having previously put the hand forward half an hour. In proportion as the fatal moment drew near, the state of the disease grew worse; but when the clock had struck five, the unfortunate man became somewhat better, and they began to conceive hopes of his recovery. At this time, the sound of footsteps were heard in the adjoining apartment, the door was thrown rudely open, and a young man entered whom they readily recognized as an Irishman by his dress. O'Gunnel raised himself in a sitting position, threw a rapid glance upon the intruder, and fell back dead in his bed.

It was the brother of Patrick O'Darey. A WESTERN ROMANCE.

In the early part of the rebellion John Hughes, who at the time lived in Aledo, a little town some twenty miles from Mascoutah, and in Illinois, went into the army. But a week before his enlistment he married an estimable young lady, to whom he had long been betrothed. It was the desire of both that the nuptials should be celebrated before his departure. We suppose John's experience for a while was similar to that of hundreds of other young men who volunteered in defence of their country. On General Smith's expedition up Red river, however, he had the misfortune to be wounded, and in that condition fell into the hands of the enemy after the battle of Pleasant Hill. He was sent with others to Tyler, Texas, where he became insane, and from thence he was transferred to the insane asylum at Austin. The news came back home that he was killed at Pleasant Hill, and he was so reported on the rolls of his regiment. His young bride mourned for him nearly two years, when, on the advice of her parents and friends, she accepted the hand of another, and they were married last December. Her first husband was discharged from the asylum restored again to his reason, and as soon as he accumulated the necessary means he started for home. Arriving at New Boston, the nearest river town to Aledo, he fell in with a man from that place, and without making himself known, soon learned the condition of affairs at home. Grieved beyond expression, he thought over the situation, and finally determined, like Enoch Arden, to leave his whilom wife and her new-found love to themselves. Following out the resolve, he came to this city, and thence went up into Tama county, where he had distant relatives living. The desire to hear from his old home at last became so absorbing that, under an assumed name, he subscribed to the Aledo Record, the village paper. Last month he saw an announcement of the death of his wife's second husband, together with a paragraph sympathizing with the bereaved widow, and giving an account of his own melancholy death as illustrative of the hardness of her lot. Knowing that his wife was again free, he forgot whatever resentment he might have felt over her second marriage, and on Saturday last he put in his appearance in person. What was said at the eventual meeting we have no idea. Whether, without a word, the reunited couple rushed to each other's arms and vowed that bygone should be bygones, or whether, as some say, they were reconciled only to be at last overborne by the hallowed recollections of days before

the war, we know not. We do know, though, that the couple came to this city Monday night, put up at the Ogilvie, and yesterday took the train westward for their new home in Tama county. If appearances are to be relied on, we will wager our bottom dollar that to-day there is not a happier man this side of the Rocky Mountains than this same John Hughes. As for Mrs. John Hughes, dear reader, she looked less like a widow than she did like a bride, and if you can draw any conclusions from this statement you are welcome to them.—[Muscatine (Iowa) Gazette.

A STRANGE CAREER.

Most, if not nearly all, of our citizens have noticed a dissipated vehicle, somewhat resembling a circus wagon, located on a vacant lot on North Main street, in which resides an old and poverty-stricken man. Some time in the spring the wagon, propelled by a couple of attenuated horses, arrived in the city, and the old man pitched his tent in the place mentioned, where, through the charity of the owners, he has since been permitted to dwell. Here he has lived ever since, eking out an existence by the donations of our benevolent citizens, he having disposed of the horses for a small sum. Yesterday, F. S. Murphy, Esq., one of our prominent lawyers, received a call from a Scotch gentleman named McGregor, who, after a long and weary search, had found the individual named whom we have thus described, and whom he identifies as the youngest son of the late Earl of Clanricarde, one of the wealthiest and most influential noblemen in Scotland.

The story related by Mr. McGregor is almost marvelous in its details, and would furnish the materials for a first class three-volume novel. Some forty years since, the poor old man who has attracted the compassion of our citizens, was a dashing and stylish officer in the Life-Guards; becoming enamored of a beautiful girl of humble origin, he married her in opposition to the commands of his proud father and remonstrances of an equally proud elder brother. Being disinherited and thrown upon the world, he sold his commission and with his wife came to this country. After five years of vicissitude upon a rugged farm in the western wilds, his wife died, and broken in spirit and sore at heart, he relinquished his claim and roamed without aim or purpose over the country.

During the Mexican war he enlisted as a private soldier, and served until the close of hostilities. Since then he has been the companion of roving Indians, a deck hand on steam boats, a pedler, &c., until his arrival in this city. By the death of his elder brother, which occurred about four months since, he has become the possessor of estates to the value of \$120,000 per annum. His good fortune, alas! has come too late. Prostrate in mind and enfeebled in body, he cannot realize, nor can he long enjoy, the princely fortune to which he has fallen heir. Yesterday evening, in care of Mr. Gregor, he embarked on the evening train, en route for his lordly mansion in Inverness, Scotland. Fortune smiled too late. His early love sleeps by La Belle Riviere, and he lives a poor wreck of his former self—too imbecile to heed the smiles or frowns of fortune.—[Decatur (Ill.) Magnet, Sept. 21.

TWO YOUNG LADIES TREE A NAKED YOUTH.—A young man of Liberty county, Miss., who a short time previous won the heart and hand of a neighborhood girl, denuded himself of his fig leaves for the very pleasant object of taking a bath in the creek. Scarcely had he submerged his heated frame in the cooling waters ere he heard the cracking of twigs and the silvery ring of girlish laughter, and looking up, he saw—horrendous monster!—the object of his affection and a female companion approaching. Quicker than thought and unperceived, he made for the bank, and running nimbly up a tree, there waited the end of his predicament. The young ladies approach—our hero's heart thumps—they stop just beneath the tree that holds him, and very naturally start with surprise when they see a man's clothing on the ground and no wearer about. Our friend above shuddered at their curiosity, desiring to make his retreat more secure, moves cautiously higher up, but accidentally puts his whole weight on a decayed limb, which breaks and drops him, with all his blushing charms, pop in the midst of the girls! He of course spins off at a tangent like a burst shell in one direction, and they retreat equally as fast and horrified in another.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.—A singular curiosity in Martin county, Indiana, is thus described: "It stands alone in the dense forest, a gigantic stone jug about fifty feet in height, about five feet in diameter, at the base, eight feet midship, and two feet at the top, upon which rests a broad flat rock, about ten by fifteen feet, covered with bushes and wild ivy; and some three feet from the centre stands a small tree. The rock is a great curiosity, and a view of it should never be lost by the traveler passing that way."

"WE SA," says Dean Swift in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

TRICKS OF A JUGGLER. The far-famed Robert Heller, who is now delighting crowds by his weird performances, cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who happen to be present. On Saturday last, while passing an itinerant vendor of cheap provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired:—"How do you sell eggs, auntie?" "Dem eggs," was the response; "Jey am a picayune apiece—fresh, too, de know one of 'em; biled 'em myself, and know dey's fust rate."

"Well I'll try 'em," said the magician as he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?" "Yes, sir, dere dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest. Leisurely drawing out a neat little penknife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his pocket, and taking up another egg, inquired:—"And how much do you ask for this egg?" "De Lord bless my soul! Dat egg!—De fact am, boss, dis egg is worth a dime, shuar."

TRICKS OF A JUGGLER.

"All right," was the response; "here is the dime. Now give me the egg." Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady watched eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the centre of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her price for the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dars no use talkin', mars'r," said the bewildered old darkey. "I can't let you hab dat an egg, nohow, for less dan a quarter, I declare to de Lord I can't."

"Very good," said Heller, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker's, "there is your quarter and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg, a brace of five-dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling their merry tones in his little palm, the savvy coolly remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them; and while I am about it, I will buy a dozen. What is the price?" "I say price!" screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs, mars'r, for all de money you got. No, dat you couldn't. I se gwint to take dem eggs all home, I is; and de money in dem eggs all b'longs to me—i dose dat. Couldn't sell no more of dem eggs, nohow."

Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started to her domicile to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

AN ACCOMMODATING YOUNG MAN.—A little incident occurred last week in one of the cars of the Hartford and New Haven railroad, which gave a gratifying proof of the deference paid by young men to the wishes of the ladies, and their readiness to supply a want as soon as it becomes known. The car in question was nearly filled, as the cars are apt to be in this day of travel. Its floor near the door was covered with tobacco juice, as, alas, car floors are likely to be in this day when the use of the vile weed so much prevails. At one of the way stations a well-dressed lady entered the car, looked with unconcealed disgust at the pools of yellow and slimy juice on the floor, then raised her dress slightly and picked her way across. The only vacant sitting in the car was in a seat occupied in part by a young man, who at once made room for the lady by his side. As soon as she was seated, with a look of relief, mingled with one of solicitude, the lady asked her seat-mate: "Do you chew tobacco?" "No ma'am," was the reply, "but I can give you a chew if you like." The look of disgust again crept over the lady's face while those sitting by smiled audibly.—[Hartford Courant.

A LADY in Rhinebeck was reading to her child—a boy of seven years of age—a story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died; whereupon the youngster set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, the following dialogue ensued: Mother—Now, my little man, if pa wd to die, wouldn't you work to help you mother? Boy—(Not relishing the idea of work)—Y'ly ma, what for? Ain't we got good boys to live for? Mother—O, yes, my child, but we can't eat the house, you know. Boy—Well, ain't we got flour, and sugar, and other things, in the storeroom? Mother—Certainly we have, my dear; but they will not last long; and we'll be then? Boy—Well, ma ain't there enough last until you can get another husband? A roar of laughter ended the colloquy.

PAID is as loud a beggar as want, a great deal more saucy.