



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

H. A. HOPKINS, Publisher

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GEIS & REUTH,
 JOHNSTOWN, PA.
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
 AND BOOK BENDERS.
 MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS,
 FORTY-MONARS, PAPER BOXES,
 AND LOOKING GLASSES.

Looking Glass and Picture Frames always on hand, and made to order. A large and most complete assortment of Drawing Rooms and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of Chromo, Plain and Colored Lithographs, Oil Prints, Photographs and Wood Cuts. This collection embraces a selection of large and small pictures of Landscape and Domestic Scenes and Portraits, and 5,000 different varieties of Card Photographs of prominent men, comic and sentimental scenes and copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We have also a varied assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, and SCHOOL BOOKS, HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS, &c. Religious Prints and Emblems in great variety, and the largest and most complete stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this country. 500 new and beautiful styles of WALL PAPER, including an assortment of the celebrated English make, for which we are sole agents in this locality. These Wall Papers are handsome in design, superior in finish, and 24 inches wider than any other make.

The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are respectfully notified that we make BOOK BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK BOOKS a specialty. All work promptly executed at moderate rates.

Store on corner of Clinton and Locust streets, immediately opposite Foster House, Johnstown, Oct. 24, 1867.

A WANT SUPPLIED AT LAST!
THE ONLY CLOTHING STORE
 IN EBENSBURG.

FALL & WINTER STOCK

There is no need now of going to any place distant from home to purchase

Ready-Made Clothing,

as the subscriber has not only in store at his establishment on Main street, three doors east of Crawford's Hotel, a full line of

OVERCOATS, FROCK & DRESS COATS,

BUSINESS AND OTHER COATS,

Casimere and Doeklin Pantaloons, Pantaloons for every day wear, Vests of all styles and textures, and Gentlemen's FURNISHING

GOODS, to suit all purchasers, as well as

Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, Ladies' and Gent's Traveling Bags, &c., but he is prepared to sell his goods at

Reasonable Prices

as like articles can be purchased from any dealer in this section of the State. My

STOCK IS UP AND PRICES DOWN

to the times, as every person can satisfy himself who visits my establishment.

Remember that this is the only regular, first-class Clothing Store in Ebensburg, and in variety, extent and cheapness of stock it will be found unrivaled. Everybody is invited to give me a call.

Oct. 17, '67. J. A. MAGUIRE & CO.

ANOTHER NEW WRINKLE!

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.

In addition to his large stock of the best Eastern made

SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c.,

For Ladies' and Children's Wear, the subscriber has just added to his assortment a full and complete invoice of

Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths,

which he will not only warrant to be superior to any goods of like character now being offered in this market, but vastly better in every respect than the slop-shop work with which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do not guarantee to be regular custom made, of the best material and superior finish, and which do not pretend to compete in price with the dealers in auction goods. I know that I can furnish **BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,** that will give more service for less money than any other dealer in this community, and I pledge myself to repair, free of charge, any article that may give away after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. Everybody is respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and learn my prices.

The subscriber is also prepared to manufacture to order any and all work in his line, 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.

JOIN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1867.

HOLIDAYS BURG!

JACOB M. PIRCHER,

FASHIONABLE

CLOTHIER & TAILOR,

has just opened a full assortment of well selected and most desirable

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

Gents and Boys furnished with CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, &c., of the latest styles, and best material, at the **LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

A VARIETY OF PIECE GOODS,

which will be sold by the yard or made to order in the most approved manner.

Having given full satisfaction to his customers for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, he guarantees the same to all who may favor him with their patronage in the future.

Store on the west side of Montgomery street, below Blair, next door to Masonic Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [Nov. 25, '67.]

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Samuel Cain, husband of Elizabeth Cain, late of the township of Taylor, dec'd, Susannah Strayer, (formerly Susannah Cain.) Barbara Strayer, (formerly Barbara Cain.) Lucinda Wassam, (formerly Lucinda Cain.) Matilda Cain, Mary Martha Cain, Hannah Cain, Elizabeth Cain, Sarah Jane Cain, (the said Hannah, Elizabeth and Sarah Jane Cain having for their guardian Jonathan Berkeley, late of the township of Taylor, dec'd.) heirs and legal representatives of Elizabeth Cain, dec'd: You and every of you are hereby cited to appear before the Judge of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg on the first Monday of December next, there to accept, or refuse to take the real estate of said Henry Krise, dec'd, situate in Clearfield township, and which has been valued and appraised by an Inquest, awarded by the said Court and returned by the Sheriff of said county, on the 2d day of September, A. D. 1867, at the sum of twenty-five dollars and twenty cents per acre. Herein fall not.

Witness the Hon. George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, the 2d day of September, A. D. 1867.

JAMES GRIFFIN, Clerk.

Attest—JAMES MYERS, Sheriff. [Oct. 17, 1867.]

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Samuel Cain, husband of Elizabeth Cain, late of the township of Taylor, dec'd, Susannah Strayer, (formerly Susannah Cain.) Barbara Strayer, (formerly Barbara Cain.) Lucinda Wassam, (formerly Lucinda Cain.) Matilda Cain, Mary Martha Cain, Hannah Cain, Elizabeth Cain, Sarah Jane Cain, (the said Hannah, Elizabeth and Sarah Jane Cain having for their guardian Jonathan Berkeley, late of the township of Taylor, dec'd.) heirs and legal representatives of Elizabeth Cain, dec'd: You and every of you are hereby cited to appear before the Judge of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg on the first Monday of December next, there to accept, or refuse to take the real estate of said Elizabeth Cain, dec'd, situate in Taylor township aforesaid, and which has been valued and appraised by an Inquest awarded by the said Court and returned by the Sheriff of said county, on the 4th day of September, 1867, at the sum of twenty-nine dollars per acre. Herein fall not.

Witness the Hon. George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this 4th day of September, 1867.

JAMES GRIFFIN, Clerk.

Attest—JAMES MYERS, Sheriff. [Oct. 17, 1867.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of a writ of *Fend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 9th day of November next, at 1 o'clock P. M.,* the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Joseph Cole, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the Borough of Carrolltown, Cambria county, fronting on Main street and extending back to alley, adjoining lot of Lawrence Schrock on the south and a street on the north, having thereon erected a two-story frame tavern stand, a one-story frame house, a one-story plank office, a frame carpenter shop and frame stable, now in the occupancy of said Joseph Cole. Also, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Cole, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in the townships of Chest and Susquehanna, adjoining lands of Francis Baker, Nicholas Helfrich, and others, containing one hundred and thirteen acres, more or less, having thereon erected a steam saw mill, plank house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Joseph Cole and Francis J. Barberich.

Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Miller & Ricketson.

JAMES MYERS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 24, 1867.

RICHARD J. HUGHES, In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co., of June Term, A. D. 1867.

WM. R. HUGHES, No. 91, F. F. Fa.

And now, to wit: The second day of October, A. D. 1867, Wm. H. Sechler appointed Auditor to distribute amount of sale in Sheriff Myers' hands, in the above case, among creditors entitled thereto. Extract from the Record of said Court.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Proth'y.

By virtue of the above I hereby give notice that I will sit at my office, in the Commissioners' room, Court House, Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 9th day of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M.,* when and where those interested may attend.

WM. H. SECHLER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 24, 1867.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Michael Maxwell, late of Washington Tp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted to the same are requested to make payment without delay.

ELIZABETH MAXWELL, Admrs.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Admrs.

Washington Tp., Oct. 24, 1867.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the manufacture of lumber, under the firm name of Behr & Luther, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of Joseph Behr for settlement, on whom all persons interested are requested to call.

JOSEPH BEHR,

JACOB C. LUTHER,

Susquehanna Tp., Oct. 7, 1867.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BURN. Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.

Cats, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

GREAT GOVERNMENT AUCTION.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!

The great sale of goods belonging to the Late Lamented Government, consisting of rags, tags, bobtails, pretty things and gewgaws, will now commence. Terms, United States bonds or gold.—BRAVE, Auctioneer.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, give me attention, and you'll have greater bargains than I can mention. And as these are goods were owned by Mrs. Lincoln, if you can't give your name just hand your wink in.

Here we go:

How much for this little ring—pure gold, single diamond—worn by the female part of the government? How much? It has been kissed by many an applicant for office, is a beauty, and worth a hundred and seventy-five dollars. It was conquered in the South and given to the female part of the Late Lamented for a position in the army.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching! Cheer up, comrades, we will come soon as we get our commissions! How much for the ring? Five offered. Going at five! At five! Five, five, five! Will you make it ten? Remember, patriots, we have seen the extremity of the government's widow. At five, five, five, and down she goes at five, if I get no more; and sold to Moxa Morton, of Indiana.

Next, gentlemen, comes a camel hair shawl, invoiced at fifteen hundred dollars. It's a beauty, and no mistake. This, too, has covered the form of the government's widow, and is full of memories. This is the shawl she wore when she visited the soldiers in the hospitals, like the Florence Nightingale she is, and it has also graced her person while dancing with Fred. Douglas. How much for the shawl? Shawls should bring good prices. You know the Late Lamented went through Baltimore clad in one. It was not a camel hair one, and yet it was, for he who wore it had his back up! Excuse the joke. How much for the shawl? Start it as the Republican majority in Ohio, and stop it in time. Forty thousand! Will you give thirty, twenty, fifteen, ten, five, three, two? Great God, gentlemen, can I get nothing? Ah, thank you, two thousand offered—and down she goes for two thousand to Long John Wentworth, of Chicago.

Now comes a beauty—a lace flounce dress, worn on State occasions by the relic of the government. This is a dress as is a dress. Train like a string of army wagons. Beautiful goods—cost fifteen hundred dollars in Boston. Give me a bid—start it at something. Its skirts are full of blessed memories. It was presented by General Shoddy, whose son had a contract to steal cotton on shares. Give us a lift on it! Have pity on the poor relic of the government. You have seen the extremity of the relief when her clothes were held up for sale, and I know you will bid lively. One hundred dollars offered! Too cheap, but going at a hundred.—Make it two, two, two. Ah, thank you. Who'll give it another raise? Going at two, two, two—two—two—two—two—two—two—two! Raise it again, gentlemen. Ah, thank you 'two and half,' and a half, an' 'af, an' 'af, an' 'af; and sold to Dandy Sprague for two hundred and fifty dollars.

And here, gentlemen, comes another shawl—a beauty. White camel hair, with red centre rising like a full moon over a snow covered prairie. Buy it for the memories. It is covered inside and out, like a butter tryer, with loyalty.—One day when the government was cracking his little jokes—while the soldiers were dying in the hospital—while the wives and widows of the soldiers were picking lint and begging for bread—this beautiful shawl was given to the better half of the government, and with it in her hand she walked like a queen to the side of her beloved, and she kissed him, and slobbered him, and wrapping it about him like a mantle, the two retired. And how they capered, and hugged, and kissed, and made glad. They were told its price, for the cost mark, \$1,500, was on it then as now; and after a season the pair went forth and rewarded the giver with the New York Post Office. How much for the shawl, gentlemen? It is a part of the great struggle for freedom. And she wore this shawl when visiting the sick soldiers.

"Gently her hand o'er my forehead she pressed. Trying to soothe me from pain and distress; Kindly she'd say to me, be of good cheer—Mother would comfort you if she were here."

How much for the shawl? Three hundred is offered, and down it drops to A. Walkman, of New York.

Now, gentlemen, we have a set of furs. Cost price, \$1,000 in gold. Came from the Russian possessions that was, ours that is. How much for the furs? They were highly prized by the government, both volumes! Buy them for the sake of your suffering country, and in remembrance of its fearful struggles for life!—Look ye! Do you see that long line of blue? See that mass of humanity marching against Fredericksburg. Hear the shot and shell whistle and shriek through the air! But what care brave men?—They are sustaining the best government the world ever saw! See how they march—the lot shot and bursting shell crunched through the bleeding ranks; men go

down all torn and bloody; the iron foot of the cavalry horse grinds into fragments the forehead you kissed in infancy; artillery horses and wagons plunge over the dead and dying; the air is full of shrieks, curses, prayers, groans and shouts of men. All over the land is mourning for the loved who have been lost—butchered by Burnside—slaughtered for effect.

These furs were by him given to volume two of the government, and she gave him his eagle. "The Lord loves a cheerful giver!"

And while he was fighting, let us look after the furs. Only \$1,000, gentlemen.

Before a glass, the Late Lamented peeping over from behind, his eyes rested on the beauties to be seen in the mirror.

"How beautiful—how beautiful, ain't they, Abe?" Oh, these furs were highly prized: You have all heard.—

"Republics are ungrateful," in the olden time 'twas writ—

Let's call the poor Republicans, that name's a better fit—

For it only seems like yesterday they buried Lincoln's dust.

And called his wife, and Tad, and Bob, the nation's sacred trust:

A trust all loyal men would keep white they his life respected—

That never could, nor would, nor should be neglected.

No need to ask of monuments, that were to be erected.

For Mrs. L. has not received that fortune she expected.

A princely fortune 'twas to be, made up of loyal dollars;

And in her lofty, regal way, why—she just up and sold her.

They've heard in all the papers, (for she does speak very clear.)

Two thousand rank support her, and she's less than that a year."

So, soon of loyal greenbacks, if she don't rake in a heap.

She'll sell her "go-to-meetin' do's," and sell them dearful cheap.

For sale! Who'll buy? Duds rich and rare! Diamonds, and shawls of camel's hair!

And lace that a queen might wear!

And furs from Russia far!

Poor Mrs. Government!

How much for the shawl? Oh, one hundred dollars, and down it goes to Burnside, to keep him warm, for one hundred dollars.

Now, gentlemen, we'll offer a gold watch and four dozen gold spoons, assorted sizes. These are valuable goods, saved from the war by one Butler, ignominiously called cock-eye! He was a favorite of volume two of the government, and as he first saw her frightful extremity, he liberally gave of his earnings to support her. These goods are pure gold—no silver plate. They have a ten-fold value. They belonged to the patriots of the revolution—to the late rebels—to the people of the South, which was not, which is and which ain't! They were conquered by Butler and presented to the second volume of the government for a position.

This watch, gentlemen, has been under the furs, under the laces, under the eye of Mrs. Lincoln. It has been in the hands of the "B. B." and the "L. L." and is warranted a perfect time!

It is dreadful to think the government's widow is so hard up!

The scowling Loyal Leaguers cry—"She is some party's tool!"

And the Democrats, they chuckling say—"Oh, no; she's but a fool!"

But one thing's clear and certain—all parties are agreed.

That tool or fool, she told some truths; and he who runs may read.

Read what a thing is loyalty when it's well dissected—

Why the people gave their dollars, and not one of them, "sartain sure," but they were misdirected (?)

For Mrs. L. has not received that fortune she expected.

She knows she ought to love it, and she thinks somebody's got it.

And that's the reason why she makes this precious fuss about it.

What a chance for a committee, all loyal to a man.

With that sweet, cherubic bumper, Ben. Butler in its van.

They could search this mighty nation till they found her greenback heap.

And some "go-to-meetin' do's," for she'll sell them dearful cheap!

For sale! Who'll buy? Duds rich and rare! Diamonds, and shawls of camel's hair!

And lace that a queen might wear!

And watches and spoons of choicest ware!

Poor Mrs. Government!

Next, gentlemen, comes some handkerchiefs valued at two hundred dollars. They are elegant—can blow your nose clean through 'em! The "L. L." never tooted his couch with their folds—they were used only on State occasions. There is a tinge of red on them—the fading blushes of the widow. Oh! has she held these presented relics to her face, and blushed, and said "Oh don't!" "Oh I'm not worthy such presents!" and "Yes, I'll get the coffee for you!" and "Oh certainly, I'll coax it out of Abe!" And "To be sure you can have the foreign mission for a boxful of these?" And so the poor woman suffered for her country. My God, gentlemen, but how she suffered! How much for the wiper—lace, like cob-waves, beautiful as tissue paper? Only half a dollar! Oh, gentlemen, that is awful! Wait—I'll add a night shirt which belonged to the government; was not seen, or would have been sold with the eleven shirts the martyr left when he returned to Springfield. How much, gentlemen? Help the relief.

"Last night she slept in a feather, feather bed."

To-night she sleeps on the cold, cold ground; In the arms of Gipsy Davey."

Bid lively, gentlemen, for all the relics left by the martyr, including his widow, are very dear to the nation.

Bid lively, gentlemen—time is precious, for if the returns from a disgusted people do not quit coming in as of late these goods will not bring cost. Bid fast—a kiss from the second volume of the government will not cost you a cent.

Kisses sold for ten cents and a cup of coffee for five. Help the soldiers sustain the government! And down goes the wiper and night shirt to Ben. Wade for sixty cents.

An Attempt to Poison Washington.

In the summer of 1777, when the American army was in New York, a young girl of the city went to her lover, one Francis, and communicated him a secret she had overheard—a plan that was in operation among the Government men to destroy the American Commander-in-Chief by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with his green peas, a favorite vegetable of his, on the following day, at Richmond Hill headquarters, where he was to dine. Francis, who was a thorough Whig, although supposed to be friendly to the royalists, went immediately to Washington and acquainted him with this diabolical plan for his destruction. Washington, having listened with attention, said:

"My friend, I thank you. Your fidelity has saved my life—for what preserved the Almighty knows! But now for your safety, I charge you to return to your house and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips. It would involve you in certain ruin; and Heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me! I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and at the same time discover, the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for one of his guards, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen, there to keep a strict watch upon the peas until they should be served up for the table. The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not been long upon his post of duty before a young man, another of the guard, came anxiously to the door of the kitchen, looked in, and then passed away. In a few moments after, he returned and approached the hearth where the peas stood, and was about to mingle in the deadly substance, when suddenly he shrunk back, as though from the sting of the four-tongued adder; his color changed to the pale hue of death, and his limbs apparently palsied with fear, evidently horror-stricken with his own purpose; but soon, however, the operation of a more powerful incentive urged forward his reluctant hand, that tremblingly strewed the odious ban; and he left the kitchen, overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more; the cry has reached his heart ere the deed is accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice devoid of pity, as he looked upon the self-condemned wretch.

"What, Harold!" said the commander-in-chief, sorrowfully upon receiving the information; "can it be possible? so young, so fair and gentle. He would have been the last person upon whom suspicion of that nature could have fallen, by right of countenance. You have done well," said he to the youth before him, "Go join your comrades and be secret."

The young man went accordingly; and Washington returned to the piazza, where several officers were assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting further orders from Congress before he departed for Canada. In a few moments dinner was announced; and the party was ushered into a handsome apartment, where the sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season.

The commander-in-chief took his seat, placing General Gates on his right hand and General Wooster on his left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated, and eager to commence the duties of the table, the chief said impressively:

"Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments. Let the guard attend me."

All was silence and amazement. The guard entered and formed into line toward the upper end of the apartment.

Washington, having put on his plate a spoonful of peas, fixed his eyes sternly upon the guilty man, and said:

"Shall I eat of this vegetable?"

The youth turned pale and became dreadfully agitated, while his trembling lips faintly uttered:

"I don't know."

"Shall I eat of these?" again demanded Washington, raising some upon a knife.

Here Harold elevated his hand, as if by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made, in the presence of all those witnesses. The fowl ate of the peas, and immediately died; and the wretched criminal, overcome with terror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment.

When people are sworn in a court of justice they kiss the outside of the book, doubtless because they consider an oath a "binding" matter.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About four years ago, while I was practicing law in Illinois, on a pretty large circuit, I was called on one day in my office by a very pretty woman, who not without tears, told me that her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She asked why she did not go to Judge R—, an ex-Senator of the United States, whose office was in town. I told her that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee beyond her means; besides he did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters whose headquarters were then at Moore's prairie. I asked her to tell me the