

Cambridge 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 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1868.

NUMBER 5.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* 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 Monday, the 27th day of March next, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Demetrius Washburn, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Disinger, George Biagon, and others, containing 170 acres, more or less, about ten acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected two one and a half story houses, now in the occupancy of James Workland. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lewis Peck et al.

Also, all the right, title and interest of William Gittens, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Main street and extending back to land of Stephen Lloyd, adjoining lands of William Kirtland on the North and an alley on the South, having thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of John Griffith. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Ebensburg & Cresson Rail Road Co., for use of Philip Collins.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John J. Treitz, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in 3d ward, Johnstown borough, fronting on Bedford street and extending back to an alley adjoining lot of Mr. Griffith on the North and an alley on the South, having thereon erected a two story plank house, frame stable and slaughter house, now in the occupancy of the said John J. Treitz. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Robert Smith.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Charles Hill, of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground situated in Ebensburg, to wit: A dwelling house of two stories, 26 feet by 36 feet, and a front of twenty-four feet and a depth of twenty-two feet, situated on Stone Creek street, at the foot of Leverage street, in the borough of Ebensburg, and containing six acres of land, belonging to said Charles Hill, which said lot is triangular in shape, and bounded by Stone Creek street, at the foot of the Leverage street, Stoney Creek river, and an alley which divides the lot of said Charles Hill from the property of James Leverage.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Peter Seley, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Cambria borough, Cambria county, fronting seventy feet on Chestnut street and extending back thirty-three feet to a lot of Mr. Seley, adjoining Chestnut street on the one side and an alley on the other, having thereon erected a two story plank house and plank stable now in the occupancy of Joseph Seley.

Also, a lot of ground situated in Cambria borough, Cambria county, fronting twenty-five feet on Chestnut street, and extending back one acre and a half, adjoining the lot of George Landwehr, on the east and Martin Overmire on the west, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of John Myer. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Seley.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 27th day of March next, to wit: The first and final account of Wm. Bakstrewer, Adm'r of National Braeken, late of Shickellany twp., deceased.

The first and final account of D. M. Loughlin, Adm'r of Catherine Melan, late of Millville borough, deceased.

The first and final account of Peter G. Lehman, Adm'r of Levi Weaver, late of Richland twp., deceased.

The account of E. P. Linton, Adm'r of David Hise, late of Shickellany twp., deceased.

The account of Wm. Caldwell, Guardian of Fanny Leverage.

The account of Wm. Caldwell, Guardian of Fank A. Johnson.

LICENSE NOTICE.—Take notice that the following persons have filed Petitions for Tavern and Retail House Licenses in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, which will be presented to the Judges of said Court on the first Monday of March next, to wit:

Cambria Bor.—John Coad, Thos. Judge, Cambria Twp.—Michael Lattner, Carrolltown Bor.—Paul Ellwanger, Carroll Twp.—Nicholas Leubner, Conemaugh Twp.—Peter Hubertz, Conemaugh Bor.—1st Ward—Henry Gick, Jacob Widman, Charles Helrick, Ebensburg Bor.—W. W.—Henry Foster, Galloway Twp.—Jacob Geisbert, Lawrence Gatscherl, Johnstown Bor.—2d Ward, Gottlieb Lesinger, 3d Ward, Thos. M. Conn, Chas. Zimmerman, Jacob Ream, John Gerhart, Jacob Brackworth, Bus. King; 4th Ward, Philip Shuler; 5th Ward, Isaac Hefland, Loreto Bor.—Thomas Callan, Millville Bor.—Thomas Fowna, Munster Twp.—Henry O. Kaylor, Prospect Bor.—John Smith, Taylor Twp.—Michael G. Gabe, Washington Twp.—Geo. Helly, Wilmore Bor.—George Wendroth.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Andrew Haug, Johnstown Bor., 3d Ward—Jos. Boxler, Michael Gatscherl, Ebensburg, Feb. 13, 1868.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* 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 Thursday, the 27th day of February next, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of James E. Laverty, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Shickellany township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Whiteland, Jane Laverty, and others, containing 70 acres, more or less, about fifteen acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house and a stable, now in the occupancy of the said James E. Laverty. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of McMarney & Mitchell.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Wm. B. Hughes, of, in and to a lot of ground situated in Wilmore borough, Cambria county, fronting sixty feet on Rail Road street, and extending sixty feet to a lot of George Wendroth, adjoining lot of George Wendroth on the west and an alley on the east, having thereon erected a two story plank house and warehouse now in the occupancy of George Wendroth and L. O. O. P. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James E. Laverty. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of McMarney & Mitchell.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—Notice is hereby given that the following appraisements of certain personal property, and appraisements of real estate, of deceased persons, and appraisements of personal property of the widows, under Act of Assembly, of the 14th April, 1841, have been filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval, on Wednesday, the 4th of March next, to wit: Appraisement of personal property of Thomas W. McGeary, dec'd, set apart for the widow.

Appraisement of certain personal property set apart for the widow of Michael Maxwell, late of Washington twp., dec'd.

Appraisement of certain personal property set apart for the widow of David Leidy, late of Jackson twp., dec'd.

Appraisement of real estate of E. W. Hesse, late of Richland township, deceased, set apart for the widow of David Leidy, late of Jackson twp., dec'd.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—Frederick Krone vs. Elijah Shickler, Adm'r of J. Warren Leiby, dec'd. No. 72, December Term, 1867. **Decree:** For some cause and tract of land situated in the township of Jackson, County of Cambria, State of Pennsylvania, bounded by land now or late of Joseph L. Burkhardt, and Lewis Dammeyer on the east, by land now or late of Samuel Paul on the south, by land of William Strayer on the west, and by land of John Rager and Richard Davis on the north, containing one hundred and twenty-five acres and sixty-nine perches, be the same more or less.

IN MEMORIAM.—D. J. R.

The *Charleston (S. C.) Gazette*, in copying the following notice from the *Savannah News*, says:

The following feeling lines were written by Father Abram J. Ryan, in memoriam of a younger brother who fell fighting in the war for Southern Independence. Never has a fond mother's nobility of soul, when struggling with love and duty, shown forth more resplendent than here's of whom our "express-press" poet speaks in the fifth stanza. And never has fraternal affection been exalated in language more beautifully and then in the opening of this sublime poem. As we read the plaintive words, we fancied they were addressed not so much to the ears of the living as to the spirit of the fallen one who sleeps in his lonely battle grave. The man who can read this ode without emotion ought not to be envied.

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping, In thy lonely battle grave, Shadows o'er the past are creeping— Death, the Reaper, still is reaping— Years have swept, and years are sweeping Many a memory from my keeping, But I'm waiting still and weeping For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted And war's stirring tocsin pealed, By whose songs thy heart was haunted And thy spirit, proud, undaunted, Clamored wildly—widely panted— "Mother! let my wish be granted; I will ne'er be mocked and taunted That I feared to meet our vanquished Foemen on the bloody field."

"They are thronging, mother, thronging, To a thousand fields of fame! Let me go—let me cross—'tis wronging God and his to crush this longing. On the muster roll of glory, In my country's future story, On the field of battle glory, I must consecrate my name.

"Mother, gird my sword about me; Kiss thy soldier boy 'good-bye,' In her arms she wildly would thee, To thy birthright's cause she bound thee, With fond prayers and blessings crown'd thee.

And the sobb'd—"When foes surround thee, If you fall, I'll know they found thee, Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation Stood that mother and her son: He the victim of oblation, Praying for his immolation; She—his mother, his dear mother! Weeping words of consecration, While God smiled His approbation, Blessed the boy's self-abnegation, Cheer'd the mother's desolation, When the sacrifice was done.

Forth like many a noble other, Went he whispering soft and low "Good-bye—pray for me, my mother! Sister kiss me!—farewell, brother!" And he strove his grief to smother. Forth, with spirit proud and fearless— Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless— And his parting gaze was fearless, Though his heart was lone and cheerless— Thus from all he loved he rose.

Lo! you flag of freedom flying In the sunny Southern sky! On—to death and glory flying! On—where swords are clanging—clanging! On—where balls are crashing—crashing! On—mid perils, dread, and danger! On—they're falling—falling—falling! On—they're giving lives—lives—lives! On—they're hearts beat all the truest! On—on—on—no more—no more! On—though 'round the battle-altar There are wounded victims groaning— There are dying victims moaning— On—right on—death—death—braving— Warring where their flag was waving, And baptismal blood was lying With a tide of crimson water All that field of death and slaughter! On—still on—that bloody fray! Made them brave and made them braver; On—with never halt or waver; On—they're battling—bleeding—bounding, While the glorious shout is sounding "We will win the fight or die!"

FIVE YEARS ON GUARD.

During the First French Empire every regiment had its dog, whose intelligence, thanks to the soldiers' care, was improved by education and discipline. The Grand Army's dogs were picked up almost everywhere, except in England. They had been recruited in Poland, in Prussia, in Holland, in Saxony, and in Flanders. They were mongrel mastiffs, hounds, Danish dogs, spaniels. But no matter whence they came, they soon turned out French. Foreign dogs were naturalized without knowing it.

Rugen is an island in the Baltic sea, opposite to Stralsund, on the coast of Pomerania. Fortified both by nature and by art, its situation is exceedingly strong. In time of peace, in consequence of its fertile soil, its salubrious air and its mild climate, Rugen is a delightful retreat. In time of war it is an important post, a natural citadel, a formidable fortress, whose possession has been purchased at the expense of many a bloody fight. During the campaign of 1807 this island was comprised in their sphere of operations by the corps commanded by Marshal Davoust, and was occupied by an infantry regiment of the line and by several companies of sappers and miners. The regiment, of course, had a dog—a black and white poodle—named Capucin—not because he was born in a Capucine's convent in Italy, (which would have been quite a sufficient reason,) but in allusion to the copper or iron rings by which a gun-barrel is fastened to its stock. The dog's short bark might perhaps have been thought to resemble the snappish report of a musket.

In consequence of a change in the plan of operations ordered by Napoleon the First, the island had to be suddenly evacuated, abandoning the whole line of the Pomeranian coast. Every post, every man, was withdrawn, but in such a hasty way that they forgot an advanced sentinel perched on a hillock which commanded the entrance of the port of Rugen. This sentinel was a young soldier named Firmin Bonard, who had been three years in the service. At present, a soldier who has served three years is considered quite a veteran; at that time, troops who could reckon three, five, seven, and even nine years of service, were still called conscripts. Now, Bonard the soldier and Capucin the dog, happened to be particularly good friends, bound by the strongest ties of mutual attachment.

The corporal of the post had stationed Firmin at a sentinel on the hillock exactly at midnight. The latter, therefore, calculated on being relieved at two in the morning. He liten, from two to five in the morning, would have three hours to doze and slumber in the corps of guard. So Firmin Bonard beguiled the time by anticipating this supreme indulgence, and by thoughts of his village people, of his aged aunt's ancient housekeeper, of the haystack where he used to play at hide-and-seek, and sundry other recollections. In this the minutes slipped slowly by, and the two hours guard were drawing to a close.

All at once he heard a slight noise—He listened—"It is the corporal coming to relieve guard," he thought, and prepared to utter the "Qui Vive." But the sound, which resembled that of human footsteps, was soon followed by complete silence—"I couldn't be mistaken," he said to himself, "besides, my time must now be up." He listened again, but more attentively. Almost immediately he heard the barking of a dog, who came running forward in his direction. On recognizing Capucin's voice the sentinel looked around him anxiously. Perceiving nothing which threatened an attack, he wondered what could be the meaning of this nocturnal visit—Before he had time to consider the matter the animal had climbed the hillock and was jumping up his legs.

"It you, Capucin. Very good. You got tired of waiting there; and I am tired of standing here. The air is keen and I am terribly sleepy. You should have brought the corporal with you. His watch must have stopped. He ought to sell it for old iron and buy a new one."

Capucin's answer was a frenzied bark and a series of mad leaps around his friend.

"I understand," said Firmin, smiling. "You are asking me to dance to waltz myself. It's a pity you are not provided with the password and a musket."

Capucin commenced to bark, running right and left like a creature possessed. Finding all these maneuvers useless, he ran up to the soldier, pulled him by the coat, and tried hard to drag him away, renewing his efforts with such violence that he tore the soldier's uniform. Firmin, considering this proof of affection more troublesome than pleasant, retreated a few paces distant, but soon returned, heedless of his friend's unkind treatment. All he did now was to look forgiveness, and lick the soldier's hands.

"Be quiet, will you? and take yourself off," said Firmin, harshly, as he threatened to drive him away with the butt of his gun. Capucin, finding he could do no good, unwillingly made up his mind to depart. He arrived just in time to go on board with the last detachment of the corps.

At four o'clock he began to lose patience. Discipline forbade his quitting the post; but hunger, which drives the wolf out of the wool, compelled him to forget the *Code Militaire*. He left his station, and went to the guard house, muttering to himself: "If anybody deserves to be shot for this, it is not I, but the corporal who doesn't know his business, and keeps a sentinel on guard six hours at a time."

In the guard house not a creature! The only supposition he could form was that the regiment had gone to occupy another part of the island. He shouldered his gun and walked off across the country in search of the regiment. On the way he fell in with a farmer ploughing a field. "Can you tell me," he asked, "in which direction the French have marched?"

"They are gone away," was the startling reply. "They embarked at two this morning, stepping lightly, and without a word, in consequence of an order received from the Emperor."

"Don't take on in that way," said the farmer, in a consolatory tone. "Stay here, and make the best of a bad business. If the French come back again, I can prove that it was no fault of yours."

"My good man you don't know the severity of our rules."

"They will not punish you for a crime you have not committed. Meanwhile you cannot live on air. You probably were brought up in the country and are accustomed to do country work."

"Certainly. I can plough for instance."

"The very thing for me. I can offer you good board and lodging, with a small weekly payment into the bargain. It will be the best thing you can do under the circumstances." The soldier heaved a heavy sigh, and slowly gazed all around the horizon to see whether any of the ships were still visible. Beholding nothing, he said, at last: "I thankfully accept your offer."

"Good!" said the farmer, Peter Baxen, "Come and breakfast at once. We will go on with the plowing afterwards."

At Baxen's farm the soldier-ploughman had plenty of opportunities of proving his capacity. He found such favor in the farmer's eyes—and in other people's too—that Baxen determined to try and keep him for good and all.

"My worthy fellow," he said one day, "I look upon you almost as a son."

"If my poor old father," Firmin answered, "were not anxiously awaiting my return to France I would willingly remain in Rugen."

"You can bring him back with you, the next time you go to France. But what I want to say to you now concerns my daughter."

Firmin colored up to the eyes. "Unless I am much mistaken you and she are very good friends."

Firmin uttered a few unintelligible words.

"The neighbors even say you are in love with her."

"It is time to come down, then," shouted the officers, laughing.

When Firmin descended from his hill, Capucin ran to meet him half way, barking with joy, and jumping into his arms.

"Poor Capucia have it all your own way this time. Do whatever you like. Dirty me, tear my clothes; I shan't send you away. I ought to have made a better return for your attempts to serve me!"

Followed by the faithful dog, Firmin joined his former comrades. He gave a plain account of what had happened. By a lucky chance, the corporal who had forgotten him, and who had since been promoted, belonged to Marshal Davoust's staff. He received his old comrade with open arms. Firmin, in return invited his countrymen to the farm, where he entertained them with liberal hospitality. The adventure reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed at Firmin's stratagem, and presented him with a discharge drawn up in due form. "I should not like the brave fellow," he said, "to appear before a court-martial, after having kept guard so long."

Firmin continued a farmer. He had a large family, who at present fill the biggest and most important offices in the island. They are commonly known as the Sentinel's Family. When the French finally left Rugen, Capucin remained. Like his master, he forgot his military tastes, and devoted himself exclusively to farming.

A GAMBLING SCENE.

In 1849, I was a passenger on the steamer "Star Spangled Banner," from New Orleans to Louisville. She was crowded with people; and, on her leaving New Orleans, found perhaps twenty card tables drawn out, and three or four scores of the passengers deeply absorbed in the mysteries of "old sledge," euchre, and poker. All that night and the next day the game went on. As fortune, however, soon singled out and made victims of the poorer and less skilled players, so the numbers gradually decreased until the fourth day out, when only one table was running. Old Bob Brasher, a negro trader, and two planters from La Fourche, still held on. Although they played almost incessantly for four days and nights, yet luck had favored neither party, and they were within a few dollars of even. The "backing" had been principally between Brasher and Sanford, but hitherto they had kept themselves within the "gentleman's limit"—five hundred dollars. After leaving Memphis the game was renewed, and the bystanders observed that "a big play was on the tapis," as young Sanford was considerably under the influence of liquor, and when in that condition was known to be a heavy player. Late at night the two traders came together; both had "backing hands;" and Louisiana and Kentucky bank notes soon covered almost the whole table. The margin of five hundred dollars had been forgotten, and one two, three, five hundred bet passed between them. At last Brasher leaned back from the table, no longer buttoned his vest and took from around his body a belt filled with gold pieces. Laying it down upon the bank notes he exclaimed, "Three thousand better!"

Sanford became speechless; his face turned deadly pale, he called for a glass of liquor, which he drank, never once taking his eyes from the belt of gold. He had exhausted his means in the former bet; all his money lay upon the table. At last a thought struck him.

"Den! here, sir!" he exclaimed. "Yes, massa," and Sanford's body servant, a fine, athletic pure-blood, came to the table.

"Get up on the table, sir!"

Not daring to disobey—as he knew well in that moment of frenzy his young master would send a bullet through his brain did he refuse—the slave tremblingly stepped on the table, crushing the bank notes and gold beneath his feet.

"For the good Lord's sake, massa Ben, don't bet this nigger off! What will the old massa say when you go home? Oh, massa Ben, please don't!" groused the poor boy, but in vain.

"Call you, sir!" shrieked Sanford, at the same time laying down four queens and an ace.

"An invincible, sir," said Brasher, with a sneer, "four kings and an ace!" And, as Brasher reached for his belt of gold, young Sanford fell to the floor, the blood gushing from his mouth, nose and ears. With one spring the slave started from the table, gushing through the thin folding doors of the "Social Hall" out on the boiler deck, and with a half-uttered prayer for the "old massa," he threw himself headlong into the dark waters of the Mississippi, and was seen no more. Death prevented Brasher from claiming his spoils. Sanford for weeks lingered on a sick bed, but at last recovered, and forever renounced the gaming table. He "made good," however, the money worth of the negro to his winner.

BEAUTIES OF TAXATION.

We are taxed on our clothing, our meat and our bread— On our carpets and tables, our boots and our bed; Our tea and our coffee, and if we should die We are taxed on the coffin in which we must lie.

And all for the negro! Great God! can this be The land of the brave and the home of the free? We are stamped on our mortgages, checks, notes and bills— On our deeds, and our contracts, and on our last wills!

And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall we O'er the wealth of the nation that's laid in the grave— And all for the negro! Great God! can this be The land of the brave and the home of the free?

We are taxed! on all goods by kind Providence given— We are taxed on the Bible that points us to Heaven— And ere we attain to that heavenly goal, They would, if they could, stick a stamp on our soul— And all for the negro! Great God! can this be The land of the brave and the home of the free?

PRENTICE ON GRANT.

The Louisville Journal has a severe criticism on General Grant's military record. It says he was "ignominiously defeated" at Belmont, "awfully whipped" at Shiloh, and would have been annihilated but for an event which he had no right to expect, and that at Vicksburg he expended more money, time and life than were ever before sacrificed in taking so small a town. As to the Virginia campaign, we quote:

We think that the whole country understands the truth that Grant's march from Washington toward Richmond in the face of General Lee was one of the most disastrous campaigns ever undertaken. He was brave, or rather obstinate enough. He would whenever and wherever Lee chose to stop and throw up battle-works, advance and attack him, at a terrible expenditure of life, and in every case he was repulsed. And at each repulse he would walk his army round, make a flank movement, giving another disastrous battle, getting another most bloody repulse, and then going again into the flanking business. At last he got to City Point, on James River, after losing a hundred thousand men. There he stopped. There he squandered. He didn't do anything. He didn't propose to do anything. He said that he would "fight it out on that line though it should take him all summer," but his fighting was simply squandering. There wasn't the first sign of aggression about him.

The senior editor of the Journal was in Richmond in the winter of 1865, and we know that the Confederate officers, soldiers and citizens had no more apprehension of General Grant than if he had been on the other side of the ocean. His proximity didn't keep a man or woman awake a single minute. He was held in contempt. The whole terror was in regard to the march of Sherman, and it was Sherman's march, and only that, which conquered Lee's army and all the other Confederate armies.

A SOLDIER'S OPINION.—Gen. W. W. H. Davis, the talented editor of the *Doyestown Democrat*, as gallant a soldier as Pennsylvania ever sent forth to battle, expresses his opinion of the Presidential contest in the following vigorous language:

We look at the Presidential question from the civilian stand point, which we believe is the proper place to view it from. We do not think the country expects to see a military man placed in the White House for four years, from March 4th, 1869. The hopes of the country are turned toward a statesman for the next President, and the people will not be satisfied with a man who had no other claim to their support than having been a successful soldier. Camps and battles are not the best field for successful statesmanship, and this is particularly the case when the aspirant for Presidential honors leaped at one stride from the tanner's shop to the tented field. With such training in civil and military life, how can it be possible that any man could be qualified to grapple with and adjust the momentous questions that must arise under the next administration? If it requires four years to make a decent carpenter or printer, how can a man become a statesman by tanning bull hides for ten years and fighting four? It cannot be, and a clumsy blacksmith might as well try to handle affairs of state with such schooling. If we understand the temper of the American people, they will not trust the destinies of the country in the hands of any man who does not possess experience as a statesman, and understand the great questions that must come before him.

A gentleman entered a Detroit street car November 1. He was followed by a dog who followed the car to the end of the route, not observing his master when he quit the car. Since that time he has followed the same car day after day, apparently never losing sight of it, and no amount of coaxing can induce him to abandon his self-imposed task.