



The Cambria Freeman

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.
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One copy, six months, - - - 1 00
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Two numbers constitute a quarter; twenty five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Special and business notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

Job printing.

We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy job printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Binding, Book Binding, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

THE SHADOW OF THE SUSTANCE FADES.

HAVING located in Ebensburg, I would respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS in every style of the art, from the smallest card picture to the largest sized framing. Pictures taken in any kind of weather.

PICTURES FOR THE MILLION.

Every situation given to the taking of children's pictures, but in clear weather only. Special attention is given to my stock of large PICTURE FRAMES and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, which I will sell cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in town. Copying and Enlarging done on reasonable terms. I ask comparison and duty attention.

GREAT BARGAINS!

J. M. PIRCHER, FASHIONABLE CLOTHIER & TAILOR, IS SELLING OFF HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING AT Reduced Prices, AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO UNTIL MAY 1st, 1868, IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR A VERY LARGE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, Montgomery Street, below Blair St., Next Door to Masonic Hall, EBSBURG, PA. HOLIDAYS, PA. REVERE THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.

The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the Loretto Marble Works, all kinds of MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the city or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits of my work. JAMES WILKINSON, Loretto, March 12, 1868.

DEAD IN THE STREET.

Under the lamplights, dead in the street, Delicate, fair, and only twenty: There she lies.

Stare! to death in a city of plenty: Smothered by all that is pure and sweet, Passed by busy and careless feet— Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure, Hundreds with plenty, and time, and leisure: Leisure to speed Christ's ransom below.

To teach the crying and raise the lowly— Plenty, in charity's name, to show That life has something divine and holy.

Posted charms—classical brow, Delicate features—look at them now. Look at her lips: once they could smile; Eyes—well, never more they smile; beguile; Never more, never more word of hers.

A blush shall bring to the mantled face. She has found, let us hope and trust, Peace in a loggia and better place: And yet, despite of all this, I ween, Joy of some heart she must have been, Some fond mother, proud of the task.

His stooped to finger each duty curl: Some vain father has bowed to ask A blessing for her, his darling girl. Hard to think, as we look at her there, Of all the tenderness, love, and care, Lonely watching and sore heart ache.

At all the agony, burning tears, Joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears, Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Fancy will picture a home afar, Out where the daisies and buttercups are, Out where the life-giving breeze blow, Far from these lonely streets, foulness and gloom.

Fancy will picture a sudden death, And an aged couple dead to night— An aged couple, broken and gray, Kneeling beside a bed to pray: Or lying awake of nights to bark For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark!

A hollow evel woman with weary feet, She whom they cherished so Lies this night, lone and low, Dead in the street.

MATHIAS DARR, [From the Metropolitan (Campaign) Record.]

DARBY DODD.

THE CARPET-BAGGERS HOLD A CAUCUS. CHICAGO, May 26, 1868.

The human mind is an interesting subject for metaphysical analysis. So is the truly loil mind. With a carpet-bag stowed away in one of the crypts of memory.

I have been impelled to those reflections by things which have recently eventuated. Under the best and freest government the world has ever seen.

Therefore I speak of them. At the present time the truly loil mind is not in what one might call a healthy condition.

Shakespeare, one of the best conundrum-masters of his time, asked his wife this question: "Who can minister to a mind diseased?"

And she answered him: "Nary one." But I digress. I have some things to unfold, and briefly shall they be rolled out.

We had a caucus last night. Mr. Smiffles presided and made some remarks. Says he: "Gentlemen: Whither are we drifting?"

No response. Then says he: "Are we in the midst of a revolution?" The silence was most impressive. Then says he again: "Let hate do its worst, Our cause it is just, And triumph we must."

Mr. Smiffles told him he might read it, which he did.

"Freemen, arise! Put on your armor, for the enemy is at your gates! Infamous Senators have betrayed you! Johnson gloats in triumph in the White House! Shall this be thus? Freedom crushed under his furious heel shrieks to you to rally to her rescue! Treason is abroad! The abandoned wretch who still calls himself President leads the host! See what awaits you! Davis and Lee, reeking with the blood of slaughtered patriots, will be taken into the Cabinet! The loyal millions of the South will again feel the clank of chains upon their limbs! Horror upon horror's head will rapidly accumulate! Arise, and speak in thunder- tones! Let your voices sweep over the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies! From the shores of Passamquoddy to the snow-capped peaks of the Yo Semite, let the tones of an indignant nation roll and reverberate, until treason shrinks aghast to its lair, and traitors crouch in terror in their dens!"

I left the sergeant-at-arms and went to my hotel. Some delegations had arrived. I spoke to one of the delegates from Iowa.

"How is Grimes?" says I. "Grimes is dead," says he. Then I met a delegate from Maine and asked him if he had seen Fessenden.

"Fessenden is dead," says he. The next delegate I met was from Illinois, so I asked him how Trumbull was getting on.

"Trumbull is dead," says he. A delegate from Missouri then came along, and I spoke to him about Henderson.

"Henderson is dead," says he. The next delegate I saw was from Kansas, and I asked him if he had seen Ross.

"Ross is dead," says he. Then I went up to a delegate from Tennessee and mentioned Fowler.

"Fowler is dead," says he. A delegate from West Virginia came in and I inquired for Van Winkle.

"Van Winkle is dead," says he. I was getting tired of this, so I asked the next delegate that came in how was the party.

And he said he thought the party was dead too. Much depressed in spirit, I made my way up stairs, and when I got near my room I saw a light in it.

I opened the door and walked in, and one of the Southern delegates was sitting there with his carpet bag.

He said he had not been able to find a boarding-house anywhere and the rooms in the hotel were all engaged, so he would be very much obliged if I would let him sleep with me.

I told him he might, if he would first go down stairs and take a bath. He said something about money, so I gave him fifty cents.

In half an hour he returned and we went to bed. When I woke up this morning he was absent.

So were the sheets and pillow cases. And his carpet bag.

I sleep pretty sound, but I never thought the sheets and pillow cases could be taken from under me without my knowledge.

But they were. I am not sure who took them, but I have a suspicion.

If that delegate comes to me again, I think he'll get himself in trouble. The Convention has not met yet. It is to meet in Crosby's Opera House. That was won in a lottery.

There will be a lot of rye consumed before it adjourns. And some Bourbon. I understand that Yates is expected.

The market for codfish is lively. And there is an active demand for beans. All of which shows that the Eastern States still exercise a powerful influence in domestic affairs.

THE HOP SCOTCH CLUB.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"But Mr. Wilkins, just listen—" "I say that you shan't join any such organization as long as you are a wife of mine. It's perfectly ridiculous, any way, for a lot of women like you and old Mrs. Smith to start out and try to get up a Hop Scotch Club. Who ever heard of a female playing such a game as that? It ain't decent, I tell you. It's a good enough game for one legged man, and if you choose to have a leg sawed off you can dance round as much as you've a mind to, but you shan't do it until you're a cripple, if you shall, I'm a Dutchman."

"Wilkins, you know I—" "A pretty looking spectacle you'll make of yourself standing on one of those old fourteen inch feet—" "Wilkins, I'll break—" "Standing on one of those hoofs, kicking around after an oyster shell, and putting your toe on the line and getting out, and having to go back and pitch for your place. Whose going to pay for the old boots you scuff out I'd like to know? I want you to understand I ain't. I'm not going to go round every week buying shoes to cover those feet and creating a panic in the leather market. Not if I know myself I ain't."

"If you will only let me explain, Mr. Wilkins—" "You can't hop anyhow. You couldn't stand on one leg to save your life, and even if you could, do you suppose I want my wife to go waiting round through this hemisphere like a turkey with a sore toe? Hop? Why couldn't you hop any more than a champagne could turn a back somersault; no, you couldn't. You just might as well try to split a log of wood with a slice of watermelon as for you to endeavor to hop. If you're so fond of hopping, I'll get a hopper, and have you mashed up to atoms. I wish to gracious that could be done."

"Ain't you ashamed to talk in that—" "The next I expect you'll want to be sauntering around this land of the free and the home of the brave, playing match games, and having your name published in the newspapers as the great Hop Scotch woman, and bring disgrace and misery on your family. But it shan't be done with my consent. If you go flipping around at any of these games hang me if I don't get the first policeman I can find to grab you as a maniac, and put you in a straight jacket, if I can buy one big enough to fit you. It's too scandalous for anything."

"Mr. Wilkins, you behave like a perfect—" "And you're just the kind of woman to go to work and try to be at the head of the business and lay yourself out to win the champion's belt, and to go around challenging other feeble-minded women, and spreading yourself on matches. Why, it's ridiculous. I'd like to know what you'd do with the belt if you got it, anyhow? No belt, you know, is going to reach around that waist."

"Mr. Wilkins, what do you mean? I'll—" "You might just as well try to buckle a skate strap around a church steeple; yes you might. You going to try for the champion's belt! Well, that is amusing. And then I suppose, if you win the stakes you'll come home here and spend the whole of the money on spriug bonnets and teach your neglected children vanity and pride. But I—" "Wilkins, you're so silly."

"But I just want you to bear in mind that I put up no cash for you. I won't shell out any money for stakes. In my opinion you'd better a plagued sight stay at home and cook steaks for your family. When you die I'll drive a stake into your cold and silent grave to hold you down. That—" "You shan't talk in that scandalous—" "That's all the stake you get out of me, unless you carry on your temerarious self long that I'll be obliged to drive a stake into the back-yard, and tie you to it by your Hop Scotch leg like some old hen to keep you from wandering off. And that's just what it's going to come to in my opinion, let me tell you."

"You know I never thought of such a—" "And I don't want you to go practicing out here in the street with the boys in the afternoon either, just to see that, will you? If you must Hop Scotch, go down in the cellar, out of decent society, and you can Hop Scotch or Irish or High Dutch, or any other way you want to, but keep out of the streets; I don't want this community to see an old pullet like you—" "Wilkins, I'll scratch—" "Like you bouncing around over the pavement among a parcel of boys, creating a first class earthquake every time you hop, and very likely getting the city authorities down on me for breaking the culverts in; and you'd a good deal better stamp around somewhere where they won't be clobbered and rammied, only you'd very likely drive them half way through to China every time you came down on them with those number nines."

"If you only give me a chance, Mr. Wilkins, I'll tell you that—" "I don't want to give you a chance, or you will hop off with all the decency and propriety in the family—" "That I never thought of such a thing as joining a Hop Scotch Club—" "What?"

New name for a seamstress: Miss Sew and Sew.

THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean.

He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti: "The banks of coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged with but little obstruction to the sight. The bottom of the ocean in many places is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes thro' in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which has long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftiest columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There were countless varieties of trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish; from the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hue of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow; for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun fish, star fish, white shark and blue or shovel nose shark were often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large and protuberant like those of a frog. Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watch the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh four or five hundred pounds."

A WITNESS—A Yankee, having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once.

"No," said he; "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe."

Whereupon the Englishman rather "riled," and determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston.

"Did you see him?" asked the Yankee. "Well, of course I did. I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor."

"Well, Mr. Glad you saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness I did it. That was me."

A GOOD STORY is told concerning the writing of Mr. J. W. Brooks, the great railroad manager. He had written a letter to a man on the Central Route, notifying him that, under the penalty of prosecution, he must remove a barn which in some manner encroached the road. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, and took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.

A BOY was sent by his mother to saw some stove wood out of old railroad ties. Going out doors shortly after, he found the youth sitting on the saw horse, with head down. The mother asked her hopeful son why he was cast down and why he didn't keep at his work. The boy replied thus: "My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties."

A MAN lost his wife. His neighbors called upon him to offer consolation, and he came into the house all covered with dirt and water. "Why, Mr. Brown, what have you been doing?" "My wife died so, made it a broken 'ery and I thought I would see my well."

A BIT OF ROMANCE—PUMP WATER AND LOVE.

Dr. E. O. GURBANT, a gallant officer who served in the Confederate army as Adjutant General, in Western Virginia, was married on the 12th inst. to Miss Mary J. Duval, of Leesburg, Tenn.

The Doctor and his fair bride are now stopping at the Louisville Hotel, being en route to their future home in Mt. Sterling, Ky. In connection with this marriage a comrade in arms of the doctor relates the following pleasing little romance:

In the midst of a terrific battle near Leesburg, in which the shot and shell were flying through the air like a hail storm, the doctor and Captain J., his companion, rode up to a house on the roadside and called for a drink of water, being almost famished with thirst. A charming young lady furnished the cooling beverage from a pump in the yard, and with one of her sweetest smiles, spoke a few words of good cheer to the war-worn soldiers, battling in the cause of the South.

It was not until the following day that Captain J. ascertained that his friend, the doctor, had been seriously wounded in the region of the heart. That smiling face, and those cheering words spoken by the lovely maiden who gave them the drink of water, sent a dart from Cupid's bow, more potent than a five years' courtship, into the tender-loin of the doctor's affections. He told Captain J. that if he lived "until this cruel war was over," he would go back to that house by the roadside and get another drink of water, even at the cost of entering the ranks of the "Benedictines."

It is unnecessary to add that he kept his word. Not satisfied with the Good Templar's drink, however, he robbed Tennessee of one of her most fascinating and accomplished daughters, who is now his wife, as above intimated.

FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Captain C., who had been around the world twelve times, formed the first temperance society in Madagascar. The natives are hard drinkers, and will imbibe anything which has alcohol in it. A chief boarded the vessel one day, as he was taking a little "pain killer," a pint bottle of which stood on a table. Thinking it rum, the chief eagerly asked for some, and would not believe the captain's assertion that it was medicine. Knowing his man, Captain C., leaving the bottle, went to another part of the cabin. The temptation was not to be resisted by the chief, and, seizing the bottle, he drained a pint of the "pain killer" at one draught. The captain, returning, resumed the conversation, pretending not to notice the chief, who turned pale as his tawny complexion would admit, and kept up a rubbing of his abdominal regions. He twisted and turned in his seat a few moments, and then giving a yell, rushed out of the cabin, jammed overboard, and swam for the shore. When next year Captain C. revisited that harbor, not a drop would the chief touch. "Pain killer" had cured him; he was the first and only member of the first temperance society in Madagascar.

BY MOONLIGHT.—A lady correspondent of a Milwaukee paper, who writing under a nom de plume, had received a note from a gentleman admirer, recently, in which the writer said a lady who could put such beautiful thoughts to paper must be equally gifted in person, etc., and wanted to meet her by moonlight alone, to which she wrote a consent. She came to the rendezvous veiled. They walked, he talked, he made love, and finally gained consent to take a little kiss: the veil was raised for the purpose and the love-stricken gentleman gazed upon the comely features of his own wife.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—"Pretty girl to Charles? 'Charley, how far is it thousand the world? Isn't it twenty-four thousand?" Charles (who adores pretty girl, put both arms around her)—"That's all a mistake, my love; it's only about twenty-four inches." She was all the world to him, "Dear Charley,"