THE FREEMAN.

THURSDAY, : : : JULY 2, 1868.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Postmaster Roberts, of Johnstown, lost a $100 cow on Friday. The Day Express east did the work.

One of the public wells near our office, which has been filled up for several years, is being cleaned out as we go to press.

The Metropolitan oil is sold by M. L. Oatman, and nearly every body uses it. Carbon oil has been cast in the shade—its *light* has gone out.

Rev. B. M. Kerr is to be installed pastor of the Presbyterian church here this (Thursday) afternoon. Several eminent clergymen are to take part in the ceremony.

The account of the doings of the Cambria county Radical seeking Legislative honors in Missouri came too late for insertion this week, but will be attended to in our next.

A lad named Hinkle, while seeking to despoil a bird's nest of the young fledglings it contained, fell from an apple tree at Wilmore, a few days since, and fractured one of his arms.

Messrs. Lemmon & Murray have just opened out the largest stock of drugs, stationery, etc., ever brought here by them. Also, a beautiful assortment of jewelry of all styles. Go and see.

Last week a Democratic farmer in Blacklick township was presented by his wife with a pair of boun ing, healthy babies—MAKES twenty-one children in all that have thus far been born unto him.

What a difference there is between fifty per cent. and twenty per cent. Who wouldn't save thirty per cent.? It can be did" on all articles sold at M. L. Oatman's cheap store on High street. Go and see.

The Junior of the Altoona *Tribune* boasts that him and another fisherman caught thirty-one and a half dozen trout in two days recently. *Darn* good for two of them, but how many did the Junior catch?

Several fast youths at Loretto got on a "bit of a spree" at a late hour on Saturday night last, and amused themselves by tearing down garden gates and fences almost the entire length of the village. Such mischievous *of fences* should not go unpunished.

A gentleman has been in our town for several days past soliciting stock for the erection of a telegraph line from Cresson to this place. The probabilities are that the required amount will be obtained and that we will soon rejoice in a disideratum long needed.

Officer McKelvy, of the Pittsburgh police, was in our town on Tuesday, in quest of a fast young man from this region who had hired a horse and buggy in Allegheny city and neglected to return them at the time specified. Fast young man was *non est* hereaway, however.

We are not ubiquitous, and therefore don't expect to be present at all the Fourth of July celebrations in Cambria county, but if parties interested will send us brief accounts of church, Sunday school or social pic-nics, or other observances of the occasion, we shall publish them with pleasure.

If any of our friends visit Hollidaysburg on the Fourth, or at any other time, and find that they need to replenish their wardrobes in any way, we advise them by all means to visit the clothing establishment of Mr. J. M. Fletcher. He sells the best of clothing, and sells at reasonable prices.

A young woman named Wilson left her illegitimate child in the arms of a little girl who accompanied her to the station at Altoona, a few days since, and, taking the train westward, departed for regions unknown. The father of the child, who is reputed to be married, has provided for the little waif.

The hail storm which visited us with but little effect, on Wednesday last, seems to have done considerable damage to the grain and fruit crops in Bair county. The appearance of the gardens about Hollidaysburg, after the storm, is described as wretched in the extreme. The hail fell to the depth of one and a half inches.

A man in the south of the county advertises his runaway wife, whose christian name (if it can be termed a christian name) he gives as Nepemuksin. No woman with that name should ever run away from us—not unless she could beat us running—but as she took her name with her we don't see what reason the fellow has for complaining.

The Bedford county Democracy have nominated the following ticket: Congress, B. F. Meyers; Additional Law Judge, J. McD. Sharpe; Assembly, Capt. T. H. Lyons; County Surveyor, Samuel Ketterman; Commissioner, Dan'l P. Beegle; Poor Director, Henry Egolf; Auditor, Valentin Steckman; Coroner, Dr. P. H. Hemsyl.

Altoona is a kind of a printers' paradise. The printers there almost every week acknowledge the receipt of one or more handsome presents. The last case is that of a box of prime segars which Mr. Adam Behm presented to "ye local" of the *Vindicator*.—As nobody here is up to those kind of tricks we don't care Adam if you send us a box.

A simpe minded young Irishman in Greensburg named O'Hagan, who has been made the "butt" of the boys for some time past, got into a difficulty with two young men on Thursday night last, and was stabbed in the abdomen by one of them named Wm. Drum, and so seriously injured that he died on the following morning. Young Drum is now in jail.

A son of Mr. Edward Reighard, of Richland township, this county, aged thirteen years, was killed by a tree falling upon him, on Friday week. He was apprised of the danger and started to run from the falling tree, but by some unaccountable fatality changed his course and ran under the top of it, which fell upon and crushed him so terribly that he died in a few minutes after.

The "Mountaineer" base ball club of this place took a tour to Chest Springs on Saturday last, where they played two match games. The first was with the "Ionian" club of Chest Springs, and resulted as follows: Mountaineers 47, Ionians 21. The second was with the "St. Augustine" club of St. Augustine, and resulted as follows: Mountaineers 37, St. Augustines 24. The "Mountaineers" go to Altoona on the 4th, to play the return game with the "Mountain Stars" of that place.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.—The picnic for the benefit of St. Patrick's congregation, Ebensburg, promises to be an imposing affair.—Every arrangement has been completed to make the proceedings satisfactory. The Carrolltown brass band has been engaged for the occasion, and will be in attendance early. That portion of the assemblage coming by the Branch road will be waited upon at the station by the brass band, and, together with the citizens, will be escorted to the beautiful ground fixed upon for the picnic—Lloyd's Grove. There the festivities will commence by the reading of the Declaration of Independence; after which, an address will be delivered by an eloquent orator chosen for the purpose. Neat platforms for dancing will be constructed—dinner tables groaning with every purchasable luxury—refreshment tables—in short, everything to make the day pass harmoniously and happily.

J. Patton Thompson.

The Finest Store—The Best and Cheapest Goods in Ebensburg!

TO THE PUBLIC.—Fully convinced that Mr. Thompson possesses unequalled facilities for conducting business, we hope you will be sufficiently interested in the following *statement of facts* to give them a careful consideration.

Mr. T. resides at headquarters and is at all times enabled to watch the market and employ sufficient capital to make all his purchases for cash. It is his determination to make his store the best and cheapest in Cambria county, believing it is better to turn the nimble shilling often than to make few sales and large profits. He will buy exclusively for cash, and give his customers all the advantages for the ready money.—His constant presence in the city gives him the opportunity of knowing when and where buy from first hands, thus enabling him to save two or three profits. He sells only for cash, and has no losses from selling on credit to provide for; the paying customer is not, therefore, taxed to help to pay the debt of another who does not pay.

He has, and will keep constantly on hand, a large and varied assortment of every description of GOODS, and will spare no effort to give satisfaction to his customers. His connections are such as to enable him to buy at the lowest rates, and always to have new and desirable goods. He solicits an examination of his stock before purchasing elsewhere. The highest price paid for all kinds of country produce.

MacShane on the Rampage.

Dear Freeman—Weary with the constant drudgery and toil of my urban residence, I resolved to "throw care to the dogs" and recruit my health and energies at a fashionable watering place. But where to go, that *was* the question! I could not make up my mind, so I had recourse to my boyish days when I was a cow-herd. When entirely at fault in finding the "lowing kine" it was my wont to make fortune my arbiter, and setting a cane as nearly perpendicular as possible, watch its fall, and take that direction in pursuit of the horned tribe. So I had recourse to the same monitor to direct my course on this occasion, and the cane unmistakably pointed to Loretto Springs—and sunrise of the following morning found Mr. and Mrs. MacShane at Kaylor's Station on the E. & & C. R. R. Here, after partaking of an excellent breakfast, for which we were indebted to the kindness of Mr. Peter Kaylor, we enjoyed ourselves in pleasant converse about the olden time and in sauntering around his ancient homestead until the arrival of the return train, when we availed ourselves of the Grand Duke's (Hertzog is Teutonic for Grand Duke) carriage, which landed us at Loretto Springs by eleven of the clock.

At this famous watering place we found the new landlord, who is literally a *host* in himself, making the amplest preparations for his anticipated guests. The arrangements are complete, everything being put in ample order. By hydraulic apparatus living water is conducted into every chamber of the house, and we even found whisky in one of them.

In company with other visitors we wandered over the grounds—found the bowling saloon open and enjoyed a few games of tenpins—roamed eastwardly to the Dodson farm—took the winding walk around the lake—visited the *Fons Dulcæ Aquæ*, and imbibed its healing waters—and returned to a dinner in which all the delicacies of the season were spread before us.

After remaining until the descending sun warned us against further delay, we left for the classic village of Loretto. This village is older than Cambria county, and was founded by the great and good Gallitzin. Like Ebensburg, its growth has been slow but healthy. It is destined to become, if indeed it is not already, the headquarters of Catholic education in Western Pennsylvania.

The Franciscan Brothers have erected their fine and extensive college buildings on a beautiful eminence directly west of the town. Its list of pupils embrace young men from almost every State in the Union, and from several States which, according to Radical theory, are out of the Union. I understand the inmates number over one hundred. It is in charge of Rev. Brown, the successor of the pious and persevering Father Bush, who has been transferred to St. Michael's Seminary, near Pittsburgh.

A still greater attraction is the Convent and School of the Sisters of Mercy. A splendid new building has just been completed, to which a very extensive addition is being made this summer. The school numbers nearly one hundred pupils, and is adding to the number at each succeeding session.—Owing to the destruction by fire of the school at St. Xavier's, near Latrobe, many of the Sisters belonging to that institution, and still more of the students, have been domiciled here: and it is supposed that the main convent will be removed from that place to Loretto.

Just as we were beating a retreat from the Convent we were greeted by the cheerful face of Father Reynolds, who insisted on MacShane visiting the parsonage. Here we whiled an hour away in agreeable converse with the worthy pastor and his accomplished and kind-hearted niece—took a view of his highly cultivated garden and farm—admired his sagacious dogs and domesticated rabbits—and finally took a stroll through the churchyard.

The churchyard, I may say *en passant*, is the oldest in Cambria county, and contains the oldest grave. I am advised, occupied by a white tenant in Cambria county.

In the centre of the graveyard, I find a massive marble headstone, bearing this inscription:

CAPTAIN MICHAEL MCGUIRE
Died Nov. 17, 1793.
He maintained his zeal for the glory of God
And the salvation of souls,
By bestowing this land
For the benefit of the resident clergy.
Requiescat in pace!

The death of this good old pioneer of civilization occurred fourteen years before Cambria county was organized.

The present churchyard is crowded with the remains of mortality; and an idea is entertained of providing a new cemetery on the hill immediately west of the present one. No lovelier spot could be selected for the "City of the Dead."

The remains of Dr. Gallitzin are not interred in the churchyard, but are deposited in a knoll in front of the new church, where a monument has been erected to his memory by an affectionate congregation, for whom he had encountered a lifetime of toil and privation.

But the shades of evening are lowering—Mrs. MacShane is becoming nervous—the Grand Duke's carriage is in waiting, and I must say, very reluctantly.

Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I would say—good night till it be tomorrow.

Safely tucked into our carriage,
Away, away, in haste we fly,
With all our might and main;
The coursers fleet, with clattering feet,
At Kaylor's meet the train!

—and we get in. There's an end of poetry. A man can't be poetical riding on a rail.

But I am home. Five hours at a fashionable watering-place has done wonders for me. As Artemus Ward would say, I am entirely rejuvenated. My whole system is reconstructed. I shall write for you twice as much, and three times as strong as ever. And all at the same price—two dollars a year in advance. MACSHANE.

LORETTO.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Guardian* gives the following quaint and racy letter from Loretto—written, it is presumed, by a clerical visitor. We give the letter entire. The picture drawn of the good Gallitzin, as well as his present successor, is fine and life-like: while the citizens will pardon a little *badinage* on the subject of the rail road. Loretto has as much enterprise—as much public spirit—as any village we know of.

LORETTO, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,
June 10, 1868.

DEAR CLEMENTS:—In my travels since I left the Valley of the Mississippi, I have had occasion, and I may add, the pleasure, of visiting the little out-of-the-way quaint old town of Loretto, and my pleasant experience in it only serves to convince me of the truth of the old adage, that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." This place is situated on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, four and a half miles from the Pennsylvania Central Railroad—so high up above the world around it, that the political miasma that foams and boils below does not seem to affect its citizens in the least, or divert them from the even tenor of their monotonous lives.

The town of Loretto consists of about five hundred inhabitants, and what is most remarkable about it, and which makes it an exception to all other settlements in America, is, that it is entirely Catholic. The pure bracing air you breathe is a Catholic atmosphere. The country around for miles is also inhabited exclusively by Catholics. The congregation numbers about five hundred families, making it the largest in the diocese outside the city of Pittsburg. It is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father Reynolds, who, owing to his long experience in the ministry, zeal, thorough education and sound practical judgment, was most judiciously selected by the former Bishop of Pittsburg (Dr. O'Connor) to take charge of this pleasant but laborious mission.

On entering the town the first thing that strikes the eye is the large brick church that "tops the neighboring hill." Next to it is the Convent of St. Aloysius, conducted by the good Sisters of Mercy. This institution has been but lately finished. The Sisters have about seventy boarders and a large day school. A more beautiful locality for a college or convent than Loretto could not be found.

Next to the convent on the right you see the old frame church which was used before the brick one was built. This was built by the saintly Prince Gallitzin. A little to the right of this again you see a little stone church amidst green trees, shrubbery and decayed tombstones, raising its modest little lichen-covered, cross-crowned spire to heaven. This was the first church which Father Gallitzin built some forty years ago, when good mothers had no need to draw on their fertile imaginations to frighten their unruly youngsters into unmeritorious obedience by the threats that "the wolves or the great big bears would catch them." Their fond hearts were too fearful of the reality to permit them to play with such tools in the lonely wilderness—for when with motherly fondness they gazed into their little eyes, they feared that such threats might prove prophecies—and thus in charity for those good mothers whose bones are mouldering in the grave-yard beyond, we suppose they did not call to their aid that brilliant fiction of wolves and bears which makes the modern young reprobate tremble in his brass toed boots.

It was with feelings of reverential awe arising from an indefiniteness of what might meet my view, that I entered this chapel. When inside I imagined that if the breeze would blow aside the faded curtain of the confessional, I would see the old man sitting there. I knelt before that little altar with a feeling I had never felt before. On leaving, I observed a faded placard tacked to a board which was nailed to the door post. It contained the rules to be observed by those entering the chapel. While it showed the zeal of the Priest for the house of God, it also shadowed forth the sturdy, determined nature of the saintly old Russian Prince. I transcribe it for the benefit of your readers, hoping that they will remember it when entering our Catholic churches in the West. It runs thus:

NOTICE.

1. Scrape the dirt off your shoes on the iron scrapers provided for that purpose.
2. Do not spit on the floor of the chapel.
3. Do not put your hats or caps on the chapel windows.
4. Do not rub against the papered walls of the chapel.
5. Do not put your heels on the wash boards.
6. After coming in at the passage door, shut the door after you.

DEMETRIUS A. GALLITZIN,
Parish Priest of St. Michael's, Loretto

This is plain Anglo Saxon, and might with good results be posted on every church door in the land. The man who wrote that and signed his official name to it was not to be trifled with.

Across a little green valley about a half mile from the old church stands the Franciscan Monastery, which, like the convent, is an establishment of late years. Connected with this monastery is a boarding school attended by 70 or 80 scholars. The Reverend Father Brown is the president of this institution.

All these churches and institutions are built on land donated to the diocese by Rev. Father Gallitzin at his death, which occurred twenty-eight or thirty years ago.

Thus we find, in a secluded spot on the Allegheny Mountains, the Andora of America.—Here the pastor is the priest, the lawyer, the judge and jury, and I may add, the executioner, for his oral inflections are more dreaded than the bastiles of which our poets and orators make so much use. All quarrels, family or otherwise—all disputes about debts or boundary lines—are brought to him, and beyond his decision there is no appeal. A quarrel is generally settled by a good, sound, old fashioned orthodox lecture to both parties. Accounts are adjusted by a reference to the chalk marks behind the kitchen door, and boundary lines are marked out and determined by the ferule of his cane. A case of litigation came up lately that perplexed the good paster not a little. One of his parishoners brought suit against the railroad company for damages. The complaint would have preferred summoning the company into the presence of the pastor, but fearing, and no doubt with reason, that the defendants would plead "coram non judice," he plunged headlong into the vortex of the law. It was this piece of wrecklessness that made the good pastor sigh for the temporal welfare of his unfortunate parishoner. Now I cannot find fault with the railroad company for not accepting the adjudication of Father Reynolds and pleading "coram non judice" on the grounds that he would be prejudiced in favor of his own people, for the humblest one amongst them is as dear to him as the pupil of his eye. As well might you pluck the highest feather in his cap as lay your finger on the least of them.

Hence this important suit is now grinding on, and the impeachment of the President and the Chicago Convention are forgotten—absorbed in this important lawsuit on which the tranquility of the (vill) age depends.

A long time ago—I say a long time ago in order not to impeach the wisdom of the present enlightened inhabitants—a long time ago a railroad company proposed to swerve a mile or so from their course and run the line through the village, providing they got encouragement. This, of course, caused a great commotion. The plow was left in the furrow, the weary horses nipped the grass within their reach, as the husbandman hied him to his neighbor; the hum of the spinning wheel ceased, the agitated housewife snapped the thread from the spindle, and granny lowered her knitting to gaze over her "specks" with a look of disturbed equanimity into vacancy. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, as Snagsby would say, such a proposition turned everything upside down—made a pretty kettle of fish of it. Now there were in this place, as there are in most places, a few bold, revolutionary, reconstructional spirits, who were looked upon with suspicion as semi-heterodox, who spent the most of their time loafing around the corners, whittling sticks and chewing tobacco in good revolutionary style. These, feeling that the opportunity makes the man, and that the opportunity had arrived, boldly advocated the railroad scheme, and strengthened their views with arguments such as: that if the road were built it would open up the country, develop its resources, provide a market for their produce (they didn't mean tobacco spit and whittlings) and minerals, such as coal and iron, etc, etc., etc. These arguments began to influence the men; but the women, for once, God bless them! stood out to a man, and united in solid phalanx against the road. This unexpected opposition had its effects. The men began to waver, and finally to forsake the revolutionary party. The older ones were actuated by fear—the younger ones were influenced by admiration for the fair sex. One man, who was prematurely bald, and who resembled somewhat in appearance Mr. Burg, of New York, President of the Society for the Prevention, etc., etc., etc., with this difference, however, that he did not wear a golden lamb for a breast pin, as an emblem of innocence, but he wore a vari-colored brad-wrought collar, as an emblem of his WIFE'S love and HIS subjection. (O, how the women delight in seeing the men making fools of themselves!) This ancient Burg proposed that they pass, unanimously, a resolution that they DISGUSTED all railroad encroachments for the following reasons: 1st, It would spoil their farms by making an ugly yellow gash through them. 2d It would kill their cows, or scare them so that they would not come home to be milked. 3d. Their horses would scare at the whistle and throw them and break their necks, or at least their legs, thereby necessitating them to incur heavy expenses by way of doctors' bills, and thereby, as a corolary of the latter clause, encourage a surplus population of that profession, which was by no means desirable in such a healthy locality. 4th. That that eternal seesaw, up and down whistling and snorting of the engine would addle their eggs, and thereby disappoint and distress their clucking hens, (here one of the revolutionary party, with a squint-eye like Ben Butler, said there was more danger of addling their heads, which caused a laugh,) and that it would have the same deleterious effect on their sweet milk as if it were addled by thunder. These arguments, which were applauded by all the women, were deemed conclusive, and killed the railroad scheme. Now the locomotive puffs and blows about one mile from this place, but does not disturb its quiet. The cows, standing with their hoofs in the cool brook, chew their cuds in sleepy luxuriousness. The clucking hens are rewarded for their perseverance and sedentary habits with a numerous chirping brood, which they guard with spreading wings and nervous anxiety. The sweet milk is made into sweeter butter, and Granny sits on the porch, on a hazy summer's day, and knits and nods and knits away. The busy housewife makes merry music with the spinning wheel, and sweeter far than many a diplomaed miss can hammer out of a Chickering or Webber piano, which Pa bought for her for six or eight hundred dollars in hard-earned cash. Sweeter, I say, for the hum of that spinning wheel tells of home, of comfort and of happy firesides. Its monotonous music is inseparably connected with all the happy memories of youth. It makes the old man see himself a boy again, sitting on a three-legged stool, and watching his mother as she goes back and forth, first stretching the thread to allow it to twist, and then permitting it to wind on the spindle. One thought brings on another, and thus the hum of the spinning wheel awakens all the happy memories of the past. All honor, then, to the spinning wheel and linsey woolsey.

Ah! lack a day, when those happy times and pastoral customs must give place to the grinding, sordid, money making, novel-reading, coquetting, frivolous, heartless customs of the present.

Happy old Loretto took the same view of the matter, and in the spirit of the above resolution, DISGUSTED all modern encroachments, and thus in the sweet repose of this secluded spot, many a pure soul, at peace with God and man, has dreamed the happy hours of life away; while the toil and turmoil of the busy world drove many a mind into undue activity that revenged itself by lowering the head of its owner with premature gray hairs.

I have been speaking of the Loretto of the past. That of the present is up to the times. But all that was Catholic of the old can be said of the new. I. A. L.

I forgot to say that the narrow, strong, rugged roads here remind one of the Catholic way of going to heaven.

July the Fourth at Gettysburg
Was a day of bloody battle,
And many a corpse lay on the ground
'Mid cannons' roar and rattle.
July the Fourth at Gettysburg,
'Mong rocks and trees, and fields of grain,
Like a wall of stone our army stood,
While the ground was strewn with slain.

But the coming Fourth will be much more pleasant. Instead of murderous shot and shell trying to take your life, there will be a splendid chance to have your picture taken. Instead of going it on the double quick and carrying a musket, there will be a chance to trip it on the light fantastic with some fair lady. And instead of munching "hard tack" and drinking muddy water, there will be plenty of everything good to eat and drink. Now, under the circumstances, would it not be well to patronize SPENCE as you go along, and get a few good pictures. So mote it be.

WE have visited hardware stores in the large towns and cities, but have rarely come across one larger, or containing a more diversified or better selected stock, than George Huntley's, Ebensburg. His store room is beyond controversy the largest and best arranged in town, and every available inch of space is literally packed with articles peculiar to his line of business. Do you want a stove? Do you want sheet iron ware or tinware? Do you want a set of carpenter's tools, or blacksmith's tools? Do you want anything in the edge tool or cutlery line? In short, do you want anything in the hardware line, from a needle to an anchor? If so, go to George Huntley's, and be sure that you will get the best in the market, and at the lowest possible price.

AN OMISSION.—In our published report of the proceedings of the Democratic County Convention, owing to the fact that we could not obtain any official report thereof, we unintentionally omitted the name of our friend and subscriber, Mr. Thos. McKiernan, of Johnstown, who was presented for the office of County Commissioner. It is an empty honor, we admit, but as Mr. McK. was warmly supported by quite a number of delegates it was scarcely fair to pass him by unnoticed.

SATURDAY next will be the "glorious 4th." Breathes there a man with soul so dead that never to himself hath said—"This is my own my native land?" Whose heart hath never with rapture burned as home his hardy footsteps turned from wandering in a foreign land? If such there be, go mark him well, for him no minstrel's raptures swell, &c., &c. These remarks are preliminary to saying that bargains are dispensed with a liberal hand at Thompson's Cheap Cash Store.

FOUND.—What was found? Nothing found, but cash will be paid for eggs by M. L. Oatman, one door east of the FREEMAN office, Ebensburg, Pa. If you want a choice article of coffee, tea, sugar, rice, or anything else in the grocery line, at a lower price than you can buy it in the town of Ebensburg, go to M. L. Oatman's.

A MERITED HONOR CONFERRED.—We are pleased to notice that the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on our talented townsman, Co. Supt. Chapman, at the late commencement at Mt. Union College, Ohio. We trust our friend will long live to bear the merited honor thus handsomely bestowed.

ALTOONA, June 29, 1868.

EDITOR CAMBRIA FREEMAN—If in your judgment this is worthy of a place in the columns of your spicy sheet, you will favor me by inserting it. But I must confess, as this is my first attempt at writing for a newspaper, I approach the task with some trepedition and many misgivings as to my success. My motive though, I hope, will be sufficient apology for the rash act.

You have two correspondents in this great mountain city who, in my judgment, wield the pen with much more power than prudence, and for whose especial benefit I now undertake this to me herculean task; but for aught I know it may be productive of great events, for you know, Mr. Editor, it was only an accident that gave to science that great man, Sir Isaac Newton. The mere accident of a crab-apple tree falling on his thick skull had the effect of metamorphising him from an obtuse boy to the most acute philosopher of his day. And who knows but this desire of mine to change these CRAB-id correspondents' tone to the sublime or GRAVE, (for, like Newton, I have studied gravity,) may reveal to myself and to an admiring world some hidden power—some dormant faculties—which may prove beneficial to my fellow workmen, for I am a mechanic? There are various kind of accidents, as you know, and they will sometimes happen in the best regulated families as well as on the best conducted railroads. For instance, an accident happened to the Republican family some time ago, and for this reason that beautiful and harmonious family call the present incumbent of the White House His Accidency. Now the Reds say that accident was a crusher to them, and call it bad. But this accident of mine may be a good one, as it may develop my latent literary powers. My object is harmony in the family. "'Twas harmony, heavenly harmony," of which the poet sang, but my memory fails me and I cannot finish the sentence. But your correspondents are full of LITTER ature, and they will understand.

I think your old correspondent, "T. I. M.," was at fault in speaking of a subject about which he knew nothing, viz: Miss St. Clair's lecture. A correspondent should be careful not to relate anything but facts. This thing of drawing on the imagination is very near akin to telling fibs, and very often makes trouble, as it did in this case. But I think "Silly Boy" might have said enough to "T. I. M." himself without alluding to the "masheen," as he terms it, because such allusions work against the harmony of our party, and we must be united to be successful.

When I think that these correspondents quarreled about a woman talking in a Democratic club room, I am inclined to laugh at their verdency. Why, bless you, do you not know that Paul (I think it is Paul the Apostle) says that a woman should not talk in church? And yet I have often been scandalized at them for violating this precept. Stop a woman from talking! Hoity toity! do you not know they cannot help it? It is an uncontrollable weakness the sex have, and I believe they would burst if they were prevented from talking. At least some would whom I know in this neck of woods. And they do not go to Newfoundland for their subjects either, for their neighbors furnish food enough to gratify their tastes in this particular. Oh! the danger of this controversy between "T. I. M." and the "Silly Boy" causes a thrill of horror to run through me when I reflect upon the cause of the Trojan war. The seige of Troy, we are told, lasted ten years—and all about a woman. Now I do not know that Helen of Trojan fame was as eloquent or beautiful as Miss St. Clair, not having seen either of them, but history says Helen was very captivating. And Cleopatra of Egypt, in the land of Pharaoh, furnishes another instance of the power of woman. It is related of her that she conquered the conquerors of nations—Generals almost as skillful and renowned as Ulysses, whom the monkey could not unseat. Yes, Cleopatra turned the heads of those Generals round and round much faster and with more effect than did the mule carry Ulysses round and round the circus ring.

Now I hope my wife won't find out anything I said about woman's weakness for talking, as I am an admirer myself of the fair sex, and am charmed with their conversations when speaking upon any subject but their neighbors or the fashions. I also hope your correspondents will not accuse me of assimilating their productions to old women's talk. Oh, no indeed! I think they are smart and their pieces sublime, especially "T. I. M.'s," only I want harmony in the party, and especially among the officers of our club.

Now to be grave, for I have already told you that I studied gravity. Your correspondents remind me very much of "Spooney Ogle's" eagle. Ogle was a Congressman from the Somerset district, and made himself famous or notorious by smelling through Van Buren's kitchen, and estimating the cost of furnishing the house; and he reported to Congress the extravagance of President Van Buren, and enumerated all his silver spoons, (Butler had not been there, you see, at that time,) and from this fact he gained the name of "Spooney Ogle." But although Ogle did not resemble Butler exactly in the spoon business, I think he did in another particular. He had been a Democrat and became a Whig. However, Ogle, while a Democrat, attended a Democratic celebration of the Fourth of July, and had a toast all cut and dry. He thought he had committed it to memory, and threw away the manuscript.—When he took his glass to deliver himself he said: "Here's to the American Eagle!"—his memory being at fault he had to stop, but scratching his cranium he commenced again—"Here's to the American Eagle—he spreads his wings and soars aloft," (another pause, memory again at fault.) For the third time he essayed the toast, and succeeded in getting out: "Here's to the American Eagle—he spreads his wings and soars aloft, and—and"—(scratching his head and looking confused and irritated)—"and, damn it, he shows—." So I think of "T. I. M." and "Silly Boy." They spread their wings and soared aloft—and made a show of themselves. Yours, SILLIER.

IT is well known that at V. S. Barker's store is always to be found the largest, best and cheapest stock of dress and dry goods, groceries, &c., &c., in Ebensburg. But it may not be known by everybody that three different languages are spoken by the salesmen of the establishment—English, German, and Welsh. This is found to be a great convenience in attending upon the many-tongued multitude of customers who flock thither. The price of the goods is the same to all nations, tongues, kindreds, and peoples.

THE violent hail storm of last Wednesday is reported to have done some damage to the crops throughout this county. The wheat was beaten down here and there, and some apple trees were stripped of their load of fruit. A singular circumstance in connection with the storm is mentioned, to the effect, namely, that immediately following the deluge of frozen rain, it was discovered that the prices of all kinds of goods at R. R. Davis' store had fallen very perceptibly. Had the storm anything to do with it?

LADIES, attend! Of course you must have millinery goods and fancy goods, and of course you want to know where to buy these to the best advantage. L. Mayer is reputed to keep the largest and best millinery store in six counties, while his prices are said to be low beyond precedent. It might be to your advantage to give him an order. Mr. Mayer's store is in Parke's building, Main st., Johnstown.

WE see that a worthy lady in Johnstown advertises herself as the "sole agent for the sale of Howe's sewing machines in Cambria county." This is a mistake. C. T. Roberts, Ebensburg, is an agent for the sale of the Howe machines, and was the first appointed agent in the county. Any person wanting to buy a Howe or any other sewing machine is recommended to give him a call.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL is well provided with facilities for preparing teachers. It has a superior set of apparatus. *Text Books* in the common branches are furnished *free*.

EDITOR CAMPBELL'S house at Altoona was robbed of a gold watch Thursday night.

AN EXTENSIVE DRUG HOUSE.—We copy from the last Johnstown *Democrat* the following graphic description of the popular and extensive drug house of Messrs. D. W. Harshberger & Co., located in that place, and to the well-deserved compliment paid the enterprising proprietors, in connection therewith, we have no hesitation in according our approval:

D. W. HARSHBERGER & CO.—These excellent druggists have been enlarging and beautifying their storeroom, and have added so much to its appearance, that few if any similar establishments excel or equal it. They have put up a beautiful iron front with full size heavy plate glass windows and doors, which make a very imposing appearance. The room is well proportioned, and the neat shelving and elegantly constructed and finely grained counters show exquisite taste and complete workmanship. The long row of cases on the east side of the room add greatly to the general fine appearance of the store, and are very useful in preserving the goods stored in them. The doors of the cases are made with a light frame holding a large plate glass, on which are beautiful designs of artistic skill, representing various commodities, rendering the storeroom a picture gallery, containing high specimens of Art. Among the many of these most beautiful and costly signs, which are 40 by 60 inches, the most prominent are Mishler's Herb Bitters, Geo. W. Laird's Bloom of Youth, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, Hoofland's German Bitters and German Tonic, A. L. Scovill & Co.'s Family Medicines, and Hasson's Compound Syrup of Tar.

The drugs on the shelves are arranged to the best advantage, while the neat bottles and jars in which they are kept are new and of the most beautiful and convenient patterns. The very fine display made in their show windows cannot fail to attract the notice and attention of every passer-by. The counting room is situated in the rear of the salesroom, while an extensive labratory is still in the rear of the counting room. The building is eighty feet deep with proportioned width, having an excellent cellar under the whole of it, which is filled with paints, oils, wines, liquors and many other articles.

This establishment is one of the institutions of our town. This enterprising firm have, during their comparatively brief term in business succeeded in building up a patronage that has grown so large as to demand these increased facilities for its accommodation, and no firm in this line of business is more worthy such an endorsement of the public. They are thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the business, are always on hand, prepare their drugs with the most scrupulous care and exactness, accommodating and prompt, they sustain a high reputation with all who have bestowed upon them their patronage.

The firm whose name stands at the head of this article is one of the most reliable in our growing city, and having established a reputation for honesty and fair dealing they endeavor to the best of their ability to sustain it.

Persons wanting anything in their line should not fail to give them a call. Their goods are of the best quality—standard medicines—and they sell by wholesale or retail, as patrons may desire. Their prices are reasonable and in fact very low. Let everybody go and see the nicest drug store in Western Pennsylvania, on Main street, Johnstown.

ARE you going to Johnstown on the 4th?—If so, do not fail to drop in at M. Cohen's clothing store before returning. He keeps on hand as full a line of fashionable ready-made clothing as can be found in Philadelphia or Pittsburg, and his prices are unimpeachable. Maybe you will see something on his shelves that you need. Headquarters in Parke's new building, Main street.

If nobody's noticed you you must be small;
If nobody's bowed to you you must be tall;
If nobody's slighted you you must be tall;
If nobody's kissed you you're ugly we know.
If nobody's called you a tyrant and fool,
Nobody'll call you a spiritless bore;
If nobody's said to your face you're a fool,
It's because you're a patron of Shoemaker's store.

WE advise all young people who intend going from home to school, to go to the *State Normal School* at Edinboro. It is cheap, thorough and practical.

MARRIED.

IRVINE—PLUMMER.—On June 23d, by Esq. Pringle, Mr. John Irvine, of Altoona, and Miss Sarah Jane Plummer, of Croyle township, this county.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—Daniel Snyder vs. Margaret Snyder. In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County. No. 6, March Term, 1868. LIBEL IN DIVORCE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Court Commissioner to take testimony in the above stated case, hereby gives notice to all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where they may attend if they think proper. GEO. W. OATMAN,
July 2, 1868-3t. Commissioner.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR 1867 of the Board of Directors of Ebensburg School District, showing the receipts and expenditures, and the amount due from the Collector, and all the financial operations of the district for said school year:

DR.

Amount due on Duplicate for 1867...	$1,147 75
" " from Cambria township and other sources,	165 11
" received on School Warrant of State Treasurer,	96 18
Balance due from 1866,	343 94
Total,	$1,752 98

CR.

Amount paid to teachers,	$1,000 00
" " for fuel & contingencies,	180 44
" " collector, treasurer and secretary,	125 62
" " for rent, repairs, etc.,	271 15
Balance due from collector and treasurer, July 24th, 1868,	175 77
Total,	$1,752 98

D. W. EVANS, President.
SAMUEL SINGLETON, Secretary.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following persons have filed petitions for Tavern and Eating House Licenses in the Clerk's Office of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, which will be presented to the Judges of said Court, on Wednesday the 15th day of July next:

TAVERN LICENSE.

Conemaugh Bor.—Andrew Ablee, 2d ward. Johnstown Bor.—Margaret Nicholson, Thomas S. Davis, 2d ward; John Brady, 3d ward—Millville Bor.—Thomas Michaels. Yoder Tp—Robert Barclay.

EATING HOUSE LICENSE.

Carrolltown Bor.—Simon Schroth, Julius Steich. Johnstown Borough—Jacob Fend, 4th ward. Loretto Bor.—James O'Donnell.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Clerk.
Ebensburg, June 22, 1868.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of Thomas Kaylor, late of Allegheny township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY E. KAYLOR,
June 25, 1868.-6t. Administratrix.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

THE CAMPAIGN PATRIOT.

FORWARD, FOR THE RIGHT!

The WEEKLY PATRIOT will be published for the campaign at the following rates:

One hundred copies, to one address,	$50 00
Seventy-five " " "	45 00
Fifty " " "	32 50
Forty " " "	28 00
Thirty " " "	22 50
Twenty " " "	16 00
Fifteen " " "	12 45
Ten " " "	8 50
Five " " "	4 50
One copy, " "	1 00

Clubs may begin at any time after the present date, and will be furnished with the paper from the time at which the order is made, until November 28, 1868, which period will include the entire political canvass and the result of the Presidential Election. THE CASH must accompany every order.

The PATRIOT is a large double sheet, of eight pages, and will contain MORE READING MATTER, each week, than any other campaign paper published. It will support most earnestly and zealously the principles and nominees of the Democratic Party, and will not hesitate to exhibit, in their true light, the monstrous political heresies of the day, or to expose the corruptions and usurpations of the party at present in power. Every thinking man who has hitherto opposed the Democracy, should read the PATRIOT. Every Democrat who desires the dissemination of political truth, should assist us in circulating the PATRI