



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

THIS IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKE FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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## The Cambria Freeman

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Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Gallery on Julian street, two doors south of the Hall, on the corner.  
T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.  
Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers at Private Sale his valuable FARM, situated in Cambria township, two miles east of Ebensburg, on the road leading to Loretto. The farm consists of 80 Acres, more or less, about 64 Acres of which are cleared, under good fence, and in a good state of cultivation. The balance of the land is well set with sugar, chestnut, locust and other marketable timber. There is a comfortable FRAME HOUSE and a FRAGRANT Orchard on the premises, and an Orchard of choice Fruit Trees that have never yet failed to bear. There is also a never-failing spring of pure water and other necessary conveniences on the premises. The Farm will be sold on fair terms and easy payments, and an indisputable title will be given. What is known as Bradley's Station, on the E. & C. R. Road, is located on this land.  
Further information can be obtained by applying to  
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REVERE THE MEMORY OF  
FRIENDS DEPARTED!  
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The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the  
Loretto Marble Works,  
all kind of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BURIAL COPS, 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 cities or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits of my work.  
JAMES WILKINSON.  
Loretto, March 12, 1868-ly.

JOSEPH ZOLNER  
HAS just opened, and offers for sale lower than they can be bought elsewhere, a splendid lot of eight-day and twenty-four hour CLOCKS, fine WATCHES of every description, ACCORDIONS, JEWELRY, and a variety of all articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches, and all kinds of Jewelry, done on short notice and most reasonable terms. All work warranted.—Call at his shop, High street, opposite Public School House, Ebensburg. [Sep. 5, '67.]

T. M. P. DAVIS,  
WITH  
BOYD & STROUD,  
Importers and Dealers in  
QUEENSWARE, CHINA and GLASS,  
No. 22 NORTH FORNETH ST.,  
Four doors below Merchants' Hotel, PHILA.

## From the Rochester Union. The Horrors of Andersonville. —The Truth at Last.

We have for a few days past been making faithful inquiry into the question as to who originated and enforced the policy of leaving Federal soldiers, taken by the enemy, to starve and rot in rebel prison pens, and have at last struck upon evidence that appears to remove all doubt. This evidence, we are glad to say, is of a character and comes that these lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, advised by the wisdom of the General-in-Chief of the armies to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last.

The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact, and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost. It is Gen. Butler, chief Manager of Impenetrable and leader of the Radical party now supporting Gen. Grant for the Presidency, who states these facts and makes this criticism upon the originator and executor of the policy of sacrificing, uselessly and unnecessarily, more lives than the British lost in all their wars with Napoleon. We have nothing to add.

A REMINISCENCE OF INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—In his sermon last Sunday, in the Methodist church in this village, the venerable divine, Rev. Mr. Parker, of Rochester, who is now about seventy-five years of age, related an incident that will be of interest to the majority of our readers. Sixty-one years ago last February, a certain person started from Leicester to cross the Genesee flats, bound for the western shore of the Genesee river. When about half way across the flats, in the early evening, he was startled by hearing a strange noise in the heavens above him, which sounded to him like the screaming and wailing of a person far up in the clouds. He returned to his home and related the circumstances to his neighbors, who went with him to the place the next evening, and then and there were witnesses to the same noise. People came from a distance to hear the strange noise, and for weeks a large crowd was at the place every evening, at times to the number of two thousand. The native Indians that were then dwelling on Squakie Hill held a council and came to the conclusion that it was the spirit of one of their fathers who died a short time previous, and had lost his way while on its journey to the "happy hunting grounds," and in its distress was calling for help. To assist this departed father on his journey, and open a way for him, one hundred warriors were selected and armed with rifles as heavily loaded as they could bear. These warriors were placed as nearly under the noise as possible, and at a given signal from one of their number, they fired simultaneously into the air. From that time and forever after, the noise was heard no more. Mr. John Scott, of Leicester, and Mr. Scott, of Scottsburg, aged men, were acquainted with the facts at the time, and corroborated the version given above.—Genesee Herald.

LOUDEST MUSIC.—The musical organs of the loudest, by which they keep up the peculiar and universal din, from sunrise to sunset, are described by a scientific writer, and the fact stated that it is only the male which has the organs of sound. We quote as follows:  
"The musical organs are also very curious, and difficult to describe. Directly under the shoulder of the wing on each side of the chest there is a beautiful membrane, somewhat triangular, convex, and ribbed with fine bony ridges. This membrane resembles a small shell, and is stretched over a cavity in the chest, the lower angle connected internally with a strong muscle. On the breast there are two large scales, one on each side, firmly attached to the breast above, but free below. On bending the body backwards these scales are elevated and expose two large cavities, also covered with extremely fine and silk like membranes. These cavities are connected with those under the muscular membranes under the wing shoulders, and probably serve for lungs. When these cavities are filled with air, the musical organs or membranes first described are made to produce the sound by the large muscles; the bony ridges of the membranes being made to act upon each other with such rapidity that the motion is scarcely perceptible."

AN EGYPTIAN HERMIT.—A letter from Egypt to the Citizen, describing a voyage up the Nile, contains this item: "The next day we went ashore to see a hermit on the bank, who has sat there, perfectly nude, for fifty years. He never washes or smokes, or leaves his position. Let them believe it who will, but his limbs were altogether too supple to confirm the Arab's story. Of course, he is old, and fat and dirty. His thick, gray hair was matted and sun burnt. He sat curled up like a bear, near a smouldering fire, with a little kitten by his side, receiving the admiring homage of our poor ignorant boatmen, who consider him a very holy man. They say he has power by simply lifting his hand to prevent boats from passing up or down the river until passengers have come on shore to pay him reverence. Crocodiles go up and play with him, and the Nile knows him and never overflows him. But the truth must be told that he was clever enough to choose for himself a seat on a high bank quite above its inundations."

change, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death, from cold, starvation and pestilence, of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed in the wars of Napoleon: the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives, to know the exigency which caused this terrible and perhaps, as it may have seemed to them useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them, by horrible deaths, each and all have compelled me to this exposition so that it may be seen that these lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, advised by the wisdom of the General-in-Chief of the armies to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last.

From N. Y. Metropolitan (Campaign) Record.  
"LET US HAVE PEACE,"  
OR,  
How Uncle Samuel Sampson settled His Family Troubles.  
Uncle Samuel Sampson had a large family of grown up children, several of whom were married and settled, but the old gentleman still insisted on exercising authority over them. They all lived in the same town, and in course of time it came to pass that a quarrel sprang up and criminations and threats were freely used. Ten of the married sons had colored servants in their families, and the others said it was wrong to keep the colored people as servants. The quarrel waxed so furious that the ten sons finally said they would move away with their servants, in order to have peace, and they made preparations to do so. But the other sons said they should not move away, and the old gentleman espoused their side and threatened paternal punishment to the ten if they attempted to carry out their intention. They were spirited fellows, however, so they did attempt to go away with their servants and families, whereupon the other sons and old Uncle Samuel Sampson fell upon them and a great conflict began. It raged for a long time, and created terrible consternation in the town; but as the ten sons were not one-third of the family, and had the old man against them besides, they were finally compelled to submit and give up the fight. Then Uncle Samuel Sampson said to them: "Let us have peace." "On what terms?" asked the ten. "You must give up all your servants and let them do just as they please." "But they are ours." And Uncle Samuel Sampson again said: "Let us have peace." The servants were all given up and the ten sons were working hard to get things set to rights again when another commotion sprang up in the village. The ten had borrowed money to pay their servants while they had them, and after the quarrel had been settled they proposed to pay the money they had borrowed. But the others objected because the money would not be paid to them, and the old gentleman again interfered. "If you attempt to pay that money," said he, "we will go at you again and give you another whaling." And Uncle Samuel Sampson said once more: "Let us have peace." So the ten agreed not to pay the money, though it went sore against them, and again began to set things to rights. But they had not got very far when another difficulty arose. There was to be an election in the town, and the ten proposed to vote, as they had been in the habit of doing. "No," said old Sampson, "you shall not vote at this election." "It is our right," said the sons, "and when we gave up the fight there was nothing said about taking this right from us." "I say you shall not vote; that's enough."

Let us have peace!" The election was held, and the successful candidates were bitter enemies of the ten who were not allowed to vote, though they were just as much interested in the election as any of the others. Things went on quietly for a while, but pretty soon more trouble came about. The particular ten sons of whom I am writing were obliged to support the servants that had been taken from them, but did not allow them to sit at the same table. So one day old Uncle Samuel Sampson and the other sons went to them and said they must invite the released servants to sit at the table with them. "They are our own tables," said the ten, "and we do not choose to have colored people sitting at them with us." "But you must." "You have no business to interfere in this matter." And Uncle Samuel Sampson again said: "Let us have peace!" The end of it was that the ten had to take the colored servants into their dining rooms and eat and drink with them. All things went on smoothly for a little while, but another difficulty was brewing, and it soon broke out. The colored people complained that they were not allowed to use the property of their late employers, and old Sampson went to the latter and said: "You must allow these people to use everything you have, just the same as if it were their own." And the sons said to him: "Do you allow your servants to do with your property what you say we must allow these colored people to do with ours." But Uncle Samuel Sampson did not want to argue with them, so he merely said: "If you object, we will thrash you again. Let us have peace." The next trouble was about sleeping arrangements. The colored people complained that they had to sleep in small rooms, while the ten sons and their families had large, airy rooms. Uncle Samuel Sampson would not stand this, so he went to the ten sons again and told them they must give up their rooms to the colored people.

These rooms are our own," said they, "and we do not recognize your right to say that we must give them up." The old gentleman got quite angry and declared that if he did not have his own way he would raise the devil—winding up with his favorite remark: "Let us have peace!" So the rooms were given up and things went on quietly once more, until Uncle Samuel Sampson and the sons who sided with him got it into their heads that it would be better for them if all the affairs of the other sons were managed by the colored people. They then went to the ten and told them they must give up everything to the colored people; but the ten objected. They said they had already done much more than should have been asked of them, and they would not give up everything to their late servants. "But you must; we will make you," said Uncle Samuel Sampson. Whereupon he and his abettors went to work and put the colored people in possession of everything by main force, and when the ten others complained of the injustice of it, Uncle Samuel Sampson said: "Let us have peace!" And there was peace, for there was nothing more to quarrel about. Uncle Samuel Sampson is much pleased with the result of his efforts to maintain peace in his family, but I understand that the ten sons who were forced to submit to everything he demanded intend to test their rights in a court, and possibly they may yet turn the tables on the old gentleman. Mr. Boffin.

A COOL CUSTOMER.—Out at Columbus, in Ohio, lives a little weazen, dried-up shabby-looking politician, named Joe G. He is the most insignificant looking specimen of humanity one would meet in a month, but smart as a steel-trap, any one who takes him for a fool will find himself sadly deceived. He is notorious for furnishing the finest specimen of cool impudence of any man in Ohio. The following anecdote, illustrative of this trait of his character, is told of him: Some years ago, being in Philadelphia, he received an introduction to a prominent divine of that city. The reverend gentleman invited Joe to attend his church on a certain Sunday, which invitation was accepted. They entered the sacred edifice together. It was one of the first churches of the city, and its members were fashionable and aristocratic in the extreme. The minister put Joe into an elaborately furnished pew well to the front. Joe nestled comfortably down into one corner of the same and looked about as interested and contented as a toad under a cabbage leaf. After a while the owner of the pew arrived, and at once gave signs of intense disgust and indignation at the presence of the interloper. He looked at the pew, scowled magnificently, and finally after fumbling through his pocket for some time, drew forth a card and wrote on it with a pencil: "This is my seat, sir!" and with an air of the loftiest contempt, tossed it over to Joe. The latter took it up and read it with a lamb-like meekness peculiar to himself, and then with the most delightful coolness wrote in reply: "It's a devilish good seat! What rent do you pay?" and tossed the card back to its owner. The latter looked at it with the most profound astonishment a minute or two, and a broad grin overspread his face. He evidently enjoyed the sublime brass and coolness of his new acquaintance, and when service was over he approached Joe, apologized for his rudeness, invited him to his house, gave him the best he had, and treated him with the utmost respect and consideration during his sojourn in the city.

RECOLLECTION OF FACES.—It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces. A curious incident of this wonderful power is told of his visit to Jackson, Miss., in the year 18— On his way the cars stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric but strong-minded man made his way up to him, exclaiming, as he did so— "Don't introduce me, for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me." "Where did I know you?" asked Mr. Clay. "In Kentucky," answered the keensighted but one-eyed old man. Mr. Clay struck his long, bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought. "Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or had you lost it before?" inquired Mr. Clay. "Since," said the man. "Then turn the sound side of your face to me, that I may get your profile." Mr. Clay paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years. "I have it!" said he. "Did you not give me a verdict as juror, at Frankfort, Kentucky, in the great case of the U. S. vs. Innis, twenty-one years ago." "I did! I did!" said the overjoyed old man. "And is not your name Hardwicke?" asked Clay. "It is," replied Mr. Hardwicke, bursting into tears. "Did I not tell you," he said to his friends, "that he knew me, though I have not seen him from that time to this? Great men never forget faces."

THREE CHAPTERS OF ROMANCE.  
The Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican sends to that paper the following romantic narratives:  
ROMANCE NUMBER ONE.  
About four years ago, a young law student of a Western city traveling with a party of friends, came to Boston, and during his stay here met once or twice a young lady who lived in the most aristocratic of our suburban towns. The acquaintance was casual, going hardly beyond an introduction of the parties and the exchange of the usual comments on the weather, &c. Time passed, as the novelists say, and last fall the young gentleman wrote to the friend with whom he traveled to the following effect: He had established himself well in his profession, with a fair prospect of pecuniary success, and he wanted to marry; but in the entire circle of his lady acquaintances he knew not one who filled his eye. The friend who received this letter, a lady, pitying his condition, replied instantly, reminding him of the maiden whom he had met in the aristocratic suburb four years ago, and suggested that she would suit him admirably. He acted at once on the hint, and wrote to the young lady; she replied, a correspondence followed; in December he wrote that he would come East in January to see her, but could stay but one day; he came, he returned to the West, and she went shopping; one week from to-day the twain will go before a minister and be made one.

ROMANCE NUMBER TWO.  
Death laid his irresistible hand upon a young shoemaker, during the year 1867, and the cordwainer of course "pegged out," as he said in the cheerful game of cribbage. He left a widow and a nice little property. I should have called him a manufacturer not a maker. The widow mourned long and loud and draped her person in extensive weeds. She never should look upon his like again—command her to a generous dose of strychnine as the alternative. She was a conscientious woman, and, living in the country she couldn't spend all her income on purple and fine linen and the other traditional luxuries of wealth. So she resolved to invest some of her accumulating greenbacks in a "storied urn," or some such monumental monstrosity, commemorative of her defunct husband's virtues. She called upon a marble-worker of a neighboring town and took counsel with him. He was a comely person and plainly had a genius for sympathetic sculpture. The bargain was struck—for the monument, I mean. In due season it was finished and the artist came to the village of the lady's residence to superintend its erection. She was a constant attendant in the cemetery, watching the progress of the work. It was slow progress for some reason. Day after she put in an appearance in the melancholy enclosure, and wept silently while the work went on, except sometimes when the marble man ventured to beg for her advice on some doubtful point. Marble man though he was, he had a tender heart, and that organ was touched by the sight of her devotion. He pitied and anon he loved her, that Niobe in bombazine. One day as the two stood contemplating the white memorial of the departed, he spoke; she listened, her sob ceased; she placed her black kid glove in his muscular palm, and to make one story short they are to be married soon. I do not know whether the marble man got his pay for the monument.

ROMANCE NUMBER THREE.  
I have reserved the strangest story for the last. In 1845, a young man and a young woman took upon themselves the obligations of matrimony. They lived together in the enjoyment of what is known as conjugal bliss just one year. At the end of that time the husband disappeared. The wife waited, and waited, like Marianna in the moated grange, but the husband came not. In due time she procured a divorce, resumed her maiden name and addressed, herself energetically to work, finding in active employment the most potent nepenthe for her sorrows. Success awarded her; she accumulated a comfortable property, and after living in Boston and in California many years, she returned to her native village and lived at her ease. Once in a while she went to Boston and visited the family of Mr. S—. Since her husband left her on that memorable day in 1845, she had never heard of or from him. Beyond doubt he was dead. Last February, Mr. S—, riding near the city, took a stranger into his carriage. In the course of conversation, he asked the stranger his name. "G—," replied the latter. "Did you ever hear of J— G—?" inquired Mr. S—. "He is my brother." "And has anything ever been known of him since he disappeared years ago?" "Yes, he returned very recently, and is trying to find his family." "Why, bless your soul!" cried Mr. S—, "I know his wife perfectly well; she visited at my house, and is now living at M—." Of course the returned wanderer soon heard this news and a few days later, the deserted wife received a letter from him whom she had once called husband, but whom, for twenty-three long years, she had not seen or heard a word of. A correspondence ensued, and two weeks ago to-day, I think, the truant went to see the woman whom he had so cruelly wronged. The particulars of their interview I cannot give; but it is safe to infer that the smouldering spark of affection was rekindled in their bosoms, and that the great gulf of twenty-three years that had divided their lives was bridged by a process whose rapidity and simplicity Reeling of Ends, or any other civil engineer, could not parallel. In fine, at the first meeting they renewed their twenty-three years' old tryst-plight. The next day they went to D— to see his relatives; the next day, or rather she, for he had no property, bought a farm; the next day they returned to M—; the next day they were remarried very quietly; and the next they departed for the farm in D—, where they propose to pass the autumn of their lives in the calm happiness that attends, or ought attend, "two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one." The foregoing remarkable story is true in every particular, and I am acquainted with one of the returned couple.

THE ALKALINE DEWS OF THE WEST.  
A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes of the country west of Laramie, on the Pacific railroad:  
From Laramie to here the country is very miserable and very curious. Here and there a patch of Buffalo grass may be seen, but rarely anything except sage brush and cactus. The ground seems incapable of producing anything else. The banks of all the small streams glisten with white where the alkali water has evaporated. Almost all the small streams here are impregnated with this alkali. It renders the water almost useless for all practical purposes, but it produces some very queer effects, as the workmen on the road and visitors can testify. If one drinks much of it the same effect is produced as if a strong dose of salt is taken. This greatly disgusted the workmen when they were forced to drink it. Nor can this water be used in the engines with any effect; the steam it makes has no power. The water expends itself in froth and suds, and it eats and corrodes the boiler. This has been a great source of annoyance, and is one of the worst obstacles that the road has to overcome. Another peculiarity of this water is the effect it produces on the skin of those who wash in it; it roughens the skin of the hand, just as a cold wind chaps it in winter. It also peels the skin from the face, so that a person who uses this water has a new skin about every seven days. This is especially the case where soap is used in washing. The graders west of here, where the alkali in the water is much stronger, say that when soap is wanted for washing clothes, &c., they put some grease in the alkali water, stir it up with a stick, and there is soap. Naturally it costs but very little, and when freights are reduced on the road it is proposed to supply the whole United States with cheap and good soap. Unfortunately there is no demand for that article among the Indians, and the Great Western Soap Factory cannot be started at present. As it is, every man is his own soapmaker. The result of this bad water has been to force the railroad company to dig deep wells along the line of the road. But even this is not always satisfactory; the well at Wyoming, fifteen miles west of Laramie, is almost useless on account of the alkali. In some places along the road the country is almost completely covered with the low, thick sage brush, useless for anything, except in some places where the wood is so large that it can be burned. In this region, where the land happens to be free from the sage brush, it is often so impregnated with the alkali that for two or three inches down the earth crumbles and sinks beneath the feet like ashes. Every now and then there are found in this region drifts of fossil fish, oysters, clams, &c., thrown up from the bottom of the sea quite a time ago. Some of these fish are so well preserved that the glister of the gold and silver in their scales is almost as bright as ever. The oysters and clams are tremendous in size, and would do well for the giants of the olden days. Some of the snakes are quite large in size, but few of them are perfect. Some of them are found imbedded in red sand stone, while others lie loose in the earth. Along with these are to be found many sea shells of various kinds. In some cases the fish will be found split open, and all the bones perfectly preserved. Some of these drifts are on the top of bluffs, while others are low down.

AN ATROUCING AND CONFOUNDING DISCOVERY.—We have an enchanted land in Alaska. Here is what a Russian guide told a Californian who asked about a range of mountains near Sitka: "They are mighty in size and cause much cold. Wonderful things are told of them. It is that in some places there are deep pools and lakes in which dwell monsters—serpents as long as a fir tree, which, when they are in the open sea, would commit mighty damage. One thing which the Indians tell us for certain—that yonder, far away to the north, in the heart of these hills, there is a wonderful valley, so narrow that only at midday is the face of the sun to be seen. That valley lay undiscovered and unknown for thousands of years; no persons dreamed of its existence; but at last, a long time ago, two Indian hunters entered it by chance, and then what do you think they found? They found a small tribe of unknown people, speaking an unknown tongue, who had lived there since the creation of the world, and without knowing that other beings existed."