

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

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BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES BOOTS AND SHOES OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE

WHAT I MAKE I CAN WARRANT! After an experience of more than a year in the sale of Eastern-made work, during which time I have expended more than the profits in repairing rips and tears, I have determined to come back to first principles and have determined to make my own boots and shoes. I have a large stock of boots and shoes of my own manufacture, and I can warrant that they will give more satisfaction than any other boots and shoes in the country.

MY TRAIN ALWAYS ON TIME! All work will be ready for delivery at the time promised. I have a large stock of boots and shoes of my own manufacture, and I can warrant that they will give more satisfaction than any other boots and shoes in the country.

JOHN D. THOMAS, Ebensburg, May 23, 1867.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED! MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.

Loretto Marble Works, all kinds of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line.

JOSEPH ZOLNER HAS just opened, and offers for sale, at a low price, a splendid lot of eight-day and twenty-four hour CLOCKS, fine WATCHES of every description, ACCORDEONS, JEWELRY, and a variety of all articles in his line.

RICHARD ROWAN, ALTOONA, PA., HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, Second Ward.

NOT ALL IN BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in bringing up, Let folks say what they will; You think was a better cup— He will be wiser still. Even he of old, wise Solomon, Who said "train up a child," If I mistake not, raised a son, A gay, rattle-brained and wild.

Another, raised by poverty Upon her bitter bread, Whose road to knowledge is like that The good for Heaven must tread, Has not a spark of Nature's light, He'll fight to a flame, Till his burning letters bright The world man read his name.

If it were all in bringing up, In counsel and restraint, Some rascals had been hest men— Oh! 'twas't all in bringing up, Let folks say what they will; Neglect may dim a silver cup— It will be silver still.

THE PORCELAIN TOWER OF CHINA.

One of the recollections of school days is a course of a tall old-looking building, divided into stories by curved and pointed arches, and described as glittering in colored enamel tiles, and enshrined in idolatrous legend. It was the porcelain tower of Nanjing. This evening we are but a few miles from the site of that once wonderful creation.

Today we visited the spot, but the marvelous tower is no longer to be seen. Its site is now a grassy plain, and the only remains of the tower are a few fragments of shattered and broken porcelain.

The unique creation was built upon the site of an ancient monastery, by Yungkuo, the third Emperor of the Ming dynasty, and was called the "Recompensing Favor Monastery," in honor of the Empress. It rested upon a wide brick basis, was octagonal in form, and its copper sheathed roof was fifty feet high above the earth, than the top of Pikes Hill.

When Nanjing was taken by the Taiping rebels, a few years ago, the Porcelain Tower was entirely destroyed for fear it might be used by the Imperialists as a battery against them.

We chartered a roomy Chinese boat and four boatmen and started up the creek which forms the moat on the western side of the city wall. At the mouth of the creek, and for a mile above, was an accumulation of Chinese boats.

Today is the first day of the Chinese New Year, and all classes even those who labor for each day's subsistence, consider it a point of honor to make this a holiday.

Among the crowded boats were a large number of small war junks, vessels mounting only one small gun. From each of these many flags were flying—green and scarlet and yellow, pointed and ruffled, and with great Chinese characters painted upon them.

After much pulling and pushing, and many exclamations from the Chinese boatmen, we passed the lines of crowded boats and came to clear sailing. The muddy sloping banks were six or eight feet above our heads.

On our left the city wall, gray, old and crumbling, stretched along, here receding from the stream and there approaching it, crossing bridges, running over the rough land, skirting the bases of hills, always time-stained and scarred, and telling of ages past and buried. On our rowed, twining and twisting up this narrow stream occasionally meeting a loaded boat, from the tip of whose slender mast a line passed to women on the bank, who slowly tugged at the line, and the boat advanced.

A few miles farther, and we came to another gathering of boats, gay with bright flags, partially hidden by a thin veil of smoke from the bursting and popping fire crackers. The broad bank was covered with cone shaped piles of the feathery-topped reeds which the natives use for fuel, and the heaps of which were now hollowed and used as abode and shelter.

Beyond the huts of reeds, the wall receded, and on its top, immediately above the high arched gateway that admitted through it, was a building of old shape, and occupied by soldiers who guarded the gate. Here we passed between the stout rough piers of a bridge the rebels destroyed, and, a short distance beyond we passed under the arches of another bridge, which, though but a few yards wide, had a street over it, and rows of houses on each side.

Beyond this stream was unobstructed and we passed up a mile or more, when tired of the slow benediction, we guided the boat to the bank, jumped ashore, and walked along under the shadow of the wall. We soon turned a sharp angle of the wall, and there could see beyond the principal southern gate with bright flags fluttering above its guard house—an arched bridge which spans a five or six foot wide creek, and between which the creek was filled with boats—a small city of the one-like red huts and crowds of people.

After a walk we reached the place and crossed the filthy and sticky flag pavement of the bridge, then passing a small village of tile and stone huts, we entered an open country, rough and rising, and the only product of which seemed to be broken tile and stone and refuse. It cannot be a common matter that visits are made here by foreigners, for before we reached the bridge, men and boys followed us, some evincing fear, and all of them great

"The Hour of Death"—A Scientific Investigation.

In Mr. John Timb's "Notable Things of Our Own Time" are some accounts of the curiosities of scientific investigation—among them the following concerning the hour of death:

The subject of the hour of death (says Mr. Haviland, an eminent surgeon, in a paper read to the British Association), has occupied the attention of medical writers from the time of Aristotle, who flourished at the court of Constantinople in the fifth century, up to the present date, but no practical fruit has been the result for the physician in his treatment of disease. He concluded that the time had now arrived for a thorough investigation of the facts in our possession, inasmuch as if there be any latent truth in them of importance to mankind, it is our simple duty to evoke that truth, and avail ourselves of its teachings in the practice of medicine.

He remarked that the physician's duties do not cease when he has ascertained the disease of his patient, and prescribed medicine to remove it; by medicine alone the patient is not healed; he has to act upon the advice of Hippocrates, and see that those in attendance do their duty also, and in his absence watch every phase and act in the living present. But, so direct, the physician must know each cause of change, and by his knowledge anticipate what may occur; lay down simple rules for the guidance of friends and nurses, and teach them how to watch each circumstance of disease; he must know the changefulness of our bodies in health; he must take due account of this changefulness when illness supervenes; he must know when all our vital functions are at their height; he must know when they are at their lowest ebb, for this knowledge is a most necessary element of success in his combat with the enemy he is implored to encounter. Of late years the art of nursing has more than ever occupied the thoughts of physicians and the laity at large. We have had noble efforts made in the camp and at home, to soothe the anguish of the wounded and die.

The author had collected over 5,000 cases of death, with the hour of death and circumstances recorded, which he had tabulated, and exhibited on a large chart, the difficult connections being distinguished by colored diagrams. By this chart he showed that in 1,000 cases of death in children under five years of age the greatest mortality took place between the hours of one and eight a. m.; that an extraordinary depression took place in the succeeding hours between nine and twelve p. m., and that the ratio of mortality was at its minimum. He then compared these statistics with 2,891 deaths from all causes, and the chart showed how remarkably the wave lines of death compared with those above. He then compared deaths from consumption, which, although they showed a general resemblance in the wave line, yet between the hours of four to eight a. m. there was a depression when compared with the first four hours' period. He showed that small numbers are not sufficient for a statistical truth, and he therefore urged upon his provincial brethren to assist him in his work by forwarding to him data for further investigation into this interesting subject.

He contended that the tables on the chart proved the extraordinary mortality in the early hours of the morning when the powers of life were at their lowest ebb, and strange to say, when the patient was most careful. He urged the necessity of feeding and stimulating the patients at their weakest hour, so as to tide them over a critical period; and even if death be inevitable, to support the patient that he may have a few more hours of life snatched from eternity to admit of his being able to carry out some duty, pardon some enemy, or see some beloved friend.

He next urged upon his professional brethren the importance of teaching friends and nurses how to attend those under their charge. He concluded by saying that the subject itself required no apology for its introduction to the association, however much the mode of his treating it might. He felt convinced that it was one which his hearers when they had been watching him for an hour the fiftieth change of disease in the persons of those most dear to them, or of those to whom as nurse they had devoted consecutively to do their duty. To simplify this duty and to calm the excess of the one or an ignorant neglect of the other might be fatal, was one of the main objects of this investigation; and he felt convinced, however imperfectly he might have expressed his opinions on the subject, that it is one of great interest, not only to his profession, but to the community at large.

A Wisconsin paper describes a freak of nature in the shape of a perfect rose in full blossom on an apple tree. On the same limb, and close to the rose, are several young apples growing. The rose is the only blossom on the tree. Several rods from the tree, in front of the house, is a white Scotch rose bush in full bloom, and upon comparing the rose upon this bush with the one upon the apple tree, they were found to be alike.

Many farmers will be rejoiced to know that a machine has been invented for digging potatoes, picking them up and depositing them in heaps.

THE ANCIENT LOCUST.

The insect commonly known among us as the "Seventeen Year Locust" is making its appearance in large numbers. Newman's Entomology has an interesting history of the Locust from which we will follow. The Locust here described, and found on the Eastern Continent, appears to differ somewhat from the American species:

The Locust, from the remotest ages, has had a greater power to injure man than any other living creature. Its course is almost invariably accompanied with famine and pestilence; man is armed with no power to resist it.

The Locust was sent as a plague to the Egyptians especially to punish them for the detention and oppression of the Israelites; the whole face of the country was covered by their multitudes.

Afterwards, about the date B. C. 200, we have it on record, that locusts again swarmed in the same part of Africa.

St. Augustine mentions another enormous swarm in the same region, which devoured every green leaf, and eventually reaching the sea, perished by drowning; and the mass of their corrupted bodies created so great a stench that a pestilence ensued, which carried off nearly a million human beings.

In 1778 the Venetian territory was visited by a swarm of locusts, which so completely destroyed the crops as to cause a famine, in which more than thirty thousand persons died of starvation.

In 1650 a swarm of locusts entered Russia. As they passed the air was darkened by their numbers; they covered the face of the earth; the trees bent with their weight; and in places the mass of their dead bodies was four feet in depth.

In 1748 a swarm of locusts visited the Austrian dominions; at Vienna the breadth of the swarm exceeded three miles, and so darkened the air that one person could not see another at the distance of twenty paces.

Major Moor witnessed in the Mauritius the ravages of a swarm of locusts, that was five hundred miles in length, and so compact as to completely hide the sun and occasion darkness.

Mr. Barrow relates that in Southern Africa, in the years 1784 and 1797, a swarm of locusts covered an area of nearly two thousand square miles. When driven by a northwest wind into the sea, they formed upon the shore, for fifty miles, a bank three or four feet high: the stench from their putrifying bodies was perceptible at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

In 1775 and 1780 a swarm of locusts visited Morocco; every green thing was eaten, and a dreadful famine ensued, such vast numbers of people died of hunger in the streets of the town that their bodies lay unburied.

The egg of the locust is deposited in the ground; when it is hatched it has all the appearance of a locust in miniature, except that it is without wings. Its work of destruction immediately commences; it devours every green blade of grass and every green leaf that it can obtain.

In the autumn it assumes the winged state, and then migrates, assembling, and having stripped the earth of its mantle of green rice in the air and are driven by the wind, carrying with them destruction, famine and pestilence.

The shape and appearance of the locust is that of our common grasshopper, but it greatly exceeds that insect in size; it leaps with ease and agility, but, excepting in its migrations, does not readily fly.

The jaws of the locust are excessively hard and strong, capable of devouring not only the leaves, but when these fail, the bark and even the solid wood of the trees. The sound of their feeding, when in swarms, is as the rushing of flames driven by the wind.

Happily in this country the locust is very rare; it has occasionally been driven here by winds, but has never been known to breed here. In the year 1748 a considerable number were observed, but not enough to do any serious injury.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—A statistical genius declares that "more is exported in the United States for cigars than for all the common schools in the country."

A wag, undoubtedly a lover of the weed, seeing the statement going through the papers, gets off the following: "It has been estimated that the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions."

"The expenses of buttons on the back of our coats, where they are of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all our orphan asylums."

"It is estimated that the value of old boots thrown aside, which might have been worn at least a day longer, is more than enough to buy flannel night-gowns for every baby in the land. Also, that the cost of every inch on the fat shirt collars of our young men is equal to the sum necessary to put a Bible in the hands of every Patagonian giant."

"The Radicals have not yet done speculating in our deceased braves. After strewing their graves with garlands, Gen. Logan is making a big job by having an account of the ceremonies published by authority of Congress. The account will appear in the next appropriation bill."

A WILD MAN.

The latest account of "a wild man" comes from Mississippi. It seems that what is described as a "strange-visaged creature, similar to the one seen near Vicksburg last fall," has made its appearance near Meadville, Franklin county. We give the following, with a few alterations, from a Vicksburg paper of a recent date:

Some time in September, as a party of hunters were driving in the swamps a few miles from the river, a trail was taken up by the hounds, and followed up at a brisk pace, leaving the party far behind. In following they discovered the track of the game in miry places, which appeared similar to the track of a human foot, and they observed also that the toes of one foot turned backward. On coming up with the dogs who were now baying, they beheld a frightful looking creature, of about the average height of man, but of far greater muscular development, standing menacingly in front of the dogs. It had long hair flowing from its head, reaching to its knees; its entire body, also, seemed to be covered with hair of two inches in length, which was of a dark brown color. From its upper jaw projected two very large tusks, several inches long. Its head and face, as well as could be determined from the distance of the observers, bore a striking resemblance to that of the negro, except that the chin and cheeks were covered with long hair. On the near approach of the hunters it fled with great rapidity towards the Mississippi river, and was not overtaken until within a few yards of the bank. When the party came up with the dogs the second time the monster was standing erect before them, none of them having yet dared to clinch with it. But when they dogs were urged by their masters they endeavored to seize it, when it reached forward and grabbed one of them, and taking it in its hands, pressed it against its tusks, pierced it through and killed it instantly. The hunters fired several shots at the creature, which caused it to leap into the water. It remained under water several minutes, and then rose almost its entire length above the surface, uttering shrieks which almost petrified the pursuers with terror. No similar sound had ever come to the ears of these men, who were all familiar with the howl of the wolf, the wailing of the panther and the hoarse bellowing of the alligator. After sinking and rising several times, it swam to the Louisiana shore and disappeared. This report of the hunters created quite a stir and considerable speculation among the sportsmen, and a much greater amount of fear among the community, who looked at the thing in a practical point of view. But, however, as time rolled away, and no new discoveries were made concerning the monster, the excitement died away, and the strange individual had almost ceased to be thought of long before its second appearance. Meadville, where it first appeared, is about forty miles east of the Mississippi river, and I suppose, near one hundred miles from Vicksburg.

Throughout Franklin county there are reports especially adapted to the accommodation of wild beasts, as the high barren hills, ravines, and the dense vine-matted swamp of the Homochitto river. It is highly probable that this is the same creature seen near Vicksburg.

DR. CAPLAIR'S hair dressing is just as popular as Dr. LARYN'S cough preparation, yet those who take them could not be made to believe that these two eminent physicians are the same person, and that as both articles came from the same factory, there is more than a suspicion that both are the self-same article. It is not our wish or intention to do mischief, but a friend of ours meets sometimes a leaky cask of the doctor, who informs him that "at one time there were ten thousand bottles of each of these invaluable remedies to be labeled. 'Where are the cough remedy labels?' asked the Doctor, as he came in when they had the job half done. 'Here they are,' was the reply. 'My gracious!' said he, 'you've put the cough labels on the hair preparation. Well, well, no matter; I dare say 'tis just as well; put on the others.' And if you will believe it," said the clerk, "before a fortnight, the purchasers of the hair dressing for cough medicine sent for some more, and gave a certificate of the benefit they had got from it. Depend on it," continued the clerk, "there's nothing like faith. No, sir!"

A RATHER NEAT COMPLIMENT.—One of the younger members of the French Legation at Washington has become noted for his gallant speeches and his exquisite compliments. A few evenings since, at a "german" at Governor Morgan's, he was introduced to a witty New York lady, who has an unmistakably flat nose. The polite Frenchman discreetly complimented her on her dancing, to which she archly replied—"Ah! I have heard you are a flatterer; but you cannot find it in your heart to compliment me on my personal beauty, so you praise my dancing." "Madame," was the reply, with a Parisian bow, "you are an angel from heaven, but you fell on your nose." The lady narrated this compliment with great complacency, until it was insinuated that she was a "fallen angel," since which she has been silent on the subject.—New York Herald.

MRS. MYERS' NEW PETTICOAT.

A meek and quiet looking person, calling himself Bill Myers, was detected recently in the very act of stealing a large roll of flannel from the door of a dry goods store on Baltimore street. He did not deny the fact, but attempted to palliate the offence by the following address to the Judge of the Criminal Court:

"Sir, I confess I did take the flannel but when you hear why I took it, you will say I am an unfortunate man, and ought to be pitied. My wife says to me yesterday morning, 'Bill, I've got a two dollar greenback,' says she, 'I made by washing and ironing, and I want you to go and buy me two petticoats, for the spring is backwards,' says she 'and I haven't a rag to wear. And mind you, don't lose the money, nor go near any drug shop,' says she, 'for you know your weakness; and don't you get into conversation with any other loafers as you are going along on this errand.'"

"So I took the money—the two dollar note, I did—and set out, and went three squares out of the way to keep clear of a grocery that's a short distance from our house; but, in 'tother street I met Tom Tucker. Says Tom, 'Bill, where are you bound?'"

"Says I, 'To get eight yards of quarter dollar flannel, to make my wife two petticoats.'"

"Says he, 'Dock the old woman a yard, and let's have a couple of glasses of toddy. It's only making the petticoats a little shorter,' says he, 'and as she's got a handsome pair of ankles she won't mind having a scant pattern.'"

"Well, I thought a yard of flannel wouldn't make much difference. So in we went to the saloon, changed the note, drank a glass apiece, and that put us in the notion for more, it did, and Tom drank, and drank, and in less than an hour, I'll be switched if I had twenty-five cents out of two dollars. Well, what could I do then? I ax any reasonable man, what could I do? I couldn't go home without the flannel—and I couldn't buy it without the money. So I looked a bolt of it, I did, that's a fact, and I'm not ashamed to acknowledge it, for nothing else could be done; and if I hadn't been nabbed, my old woman should have had six red flannel petticoats instead of two, and that's the whole story."

Poor Bill Myers was compelled to retaliate at Fort Henry for a brief interval.

ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.—The New Albany (Ind.) Commercial, of June 23d, 1858:

"Some years ago Paris Shirley married a Miss Tate (step daughter of Richard Houston) near Bloomington, in this State. Some time after the marriage Shirley removed to Illinois, where, in the course of time, he bought a drove of cattle, and after sending his wife and two or three children back to Bloomington to remain with their friends until his return, he started with his cattle to California. A short distance beyond Salt Lake City he was captured by the Flathead Indians, and his cattle confiscated. He remained in captivity some eight or ten years. During all this time his friends heard not a word from him, and he was supposed to be dead. In the meantime his wife sought and obtained a divorce, and was married about a year ago, and removed with her husband to Illinois; and now comes the sorrowful part of the story. On Thursday last week, says the Mitchell Commercial, Shirley returned to his father's (John Shirley's), near Bloomington, in bright anticipation of a happy meeting with his beloved wife and children; and, when told that his wife was married, he wept like a child.

"We learn that he has written his late wife a letter, alleging that he has the oldest claim; but the courts can afford no relief. So closely did the 'redskins' keep Mr. Shirley confined, that he never heard a word of the rebellion until he made his escape a short time ago. He bears upon his person unmistakable evidence of hard treatment, but he considers this a small matter when compared to the loss of the mother of his children.

TO TAKE WILD HORSES.—The following are said to be the horse charmer's recipes, so that the wildest can be made in a few minutes as docile as a kitten. We give them for what they are worth, and would like to know if any of our readers have ever tried them:

1. Take finely graded horse castor, oils rhodium and cumin; keep these in separate bottles, well corked; put some of the oil of cumin on your hand, and approach the horse on the windy side. He will then move toward you, then rub some of the cumin on his nose, give him a little on anything he likes, and get eight or ten drops of the oil of rhodium on his tongue, you can then get him to do anything you like. Be kind and attentive to the animal and your control is certain.

2. Give the horse a little castor on a piece of apple or potato. Put eight drops of oil of rhodium into a lady's thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger of the right hand, with the fore finger stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out while you are opening his mouth. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.