



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

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REPAIRING OF BOOTS AND SHOES attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

JOHN D. THOMAS, Ebensburg, May 28, 1868.

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

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

JAMES WILKINSON, Loretto, March 12, 1868.

JOSEPH ZOLNER HAS just opened, and offers for sale low than they can be bought elsewhere, a splendid lot of

CLOCKS, fine WATCHES and other articles of every description, ACCORDIONS, JEWELRY, and a variety of all articles in his line.

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

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ANOTHER VETO MESSAGE.

THE PRESIDENT VETOS THE JOINT RESOLUTION EXCLUDING FROM THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE THE VOTERS OF CERTAIN STATES LATELY IN REBELLION.

WASHINGTON, July 20, 1868.

The President this afternoon sent the following message to the House: To the Senate of the United States:

I have given to the joint resolution entitled "A resolution excluding from the Electoral College the voters of the States lately in rebellion which shall not have been reorganized," as careful an examination as I have been able to bestow upon the subject during the few days that have intervened since the measure was submitted for my approval.

It is a resolution which has induced my action. This joint resolution is based upon the assumption that some of the States whose people were lately in rebellion are not now entitled to representation in Congress, and all that was required to enable them to resume their relation to the Union was that they should adopt measures necessary to their practical restoration as States.

It would thus be placed in the inconsistent position of being a State which was admitted to the Southern States, being component parts of the Union, were in rebellion against the lawful authority of the United States, upon its termination we resort to a policy of reconstruction which assumes that it was in fact a rebel State, but that the war was ended by a request of territories assumed to be out of the constitutional Union.

It is worthy of remark that if the States whose inhabitants were recently in rebellion were legally and constitutionally organized and restored to their rights prior to March 4th, 1867, as I am satisfied they were, the only legitimate authority under the election for President and Vice President held therein must be deprived from the governments instituted before that period; and it clearly follows that all State governments organized in those States under acts of Congress, are illegitimate and of no validity whatever; and in that view the votes cast in those States for President and Vice President, in pursuance of acts passed since March 4th, 1867, and in obedience to the so called reconstruction acts of Congress, cannot be regarded as valid.

After the reading of the message the bill was passed over the veto, when the Senate adjourned.

MR. SEYMOUR was President of the New York Convention four days. As in the Scriptural prophecy that only votes in those States that can be legally cast and counted will be there cast in pursuance of the laws in force in the several States prior to the legislation by Congress upon the subject of reconstruction.

FORNEY'S RESCUE—AN INCIDENT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

—Happily few whose normal state of feeling is ingratitude. Such, licking the hand that strikes them, bite the hand that strokes.

He was terribly ungrateful to Mr. Buchanan, his earliest and truest friend, who raised him from obscurity and sustained him in his early career, and loaned him money—never, as we have heard, to this day repaid. The last phase of his ingratitude is to General Blair, whom, in his two papers "both daily," he is just now bespattering with the lowest personal abuse.

Reading this, we felt assured that Mr. Blair must some time or another have done Forney a kindness. Such we know to be the fact. It was in this wise—A homely but characteristic incident: Some time in the Autumn of 1860, just as Forney had avowed his absolute apathy, he happened to be in the bar-room of one of the Philadelphia hotels—for the sake of localizing the incident we assume it to be the Girard House.

He was there assailed by a gang of ruffians, his party associates before he turned his coat—irate Democrats, in fact, of the baser sort—some of whom were armed, and all of whom were fatally bent on mischief. They surrounded him. He retreated, according to law, to the wall, and would, had the wall been pervious, have gone through it; for Forney is no hero. But there was no escape. His "friends" pressed around him. They hurried him. He called for help. He shrieked with terror.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.—In 1854 Mr. Buchanan was Minister to England. Capt. George B. McClellan was detailed on secret service in the harbor of Cuba, under instructions from the Secretary of War, Gen. Quitman, Lieut. Beauregard and others were plotting filibustering raids against the island, for which the government soon after made an offer of \$1,000,000.

SPoons FOR BUTLER—PONIES FOR GRANT.—We read in a Mobile paper that a little son of General Grant rides about in the City of Washington on a pony, followed by a soldier in the uniform of the United States army.

BUTLER declares he never fell in love. Butler, however, must feel spoozy at times.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

It was midnight; the hour for changing the watch on board her majesty's frigate Inconstant, cruising in the Pacific.

Accordingly the light sails were taken in, the mainyard laid aback, and the captain, with the second lieutenant and a boat's crew of twelve men, proceeded on shore in the cutter, leaving the first lieutenant in charge of the ship.

At last the captain's party discovered the remains of a small hut, constructed of roughly hewn branches of trees and some planks, evidently the remains of a ship's boat. While examining this they had discovered a grave with a piece of board at the head, on which were rudely carved the letters J. S. This board appeared to be part of a boat's thwart or seat.

Still nothing could be seen which would explain the mysterious peal which had been heard by every one on board of the frigate. As the sun was getting low in the west the captain concluded to return to the frigate without searching any farther, and the whole party started on their return to the boat.

The whole mystery was now explained. The survivors of the wreck, bearing in mind the long distance at which sounds can be heard at sea, had secured the ship's bell before leaving her, and placed it in its present position in order that they might by ringing it attract the attention of any vessel that might pass within hearing distance of the island, and in all probability this had been the means of their deliverance, as the shattered condition of the boat's planks, which had been used in the construction of the hut, showed that their boat had been broken up by the surf on the shore.

STRANGE PHENOMENON.—At one of our hotels yesterday, says the Press and Times, a very strange phenomenon occurred. A large piece of ice was put into a glass of milk for one of the guests.

A Tragedy of Indian Life.

The following story, from the Milwaukee Wisconsin, reads like a romance of Cooper's, condensed, but is said to be a record of facts gathered by a gentleman who is collecting material for a history of the upper Mississippi valley.

The band was under the control of a well known chief of the Winnebagoes, named Wan-keese-hoong-er-er, or Snake Chief, who had two wives, Sees-ka and He-nee-kee.

On Friday last Snake Chief returned to his wigwam drunk. Sees-ka was in the wigwam, and the chief commenced beating her over the head and shoulders. Driven to desperation, and unable longer to stand his brutality, Sees-ka drew her knife and stabbed the chief twice, the blade penetrating the heart of the warrior, who died instantly, while the first notes of the death song were on his lips.

Sees-ka knew this. Some of the Winnebagoes urged her to fly, but she would not. With true Indian resignation she folded her blanket about her and sat down in her wigwam, facing the door, and awaited her avenger. It was believed by many, that He-nee-kee, the younger and favorite wife, would be the avenger, but she seemed to have no such intention.

The eyes of the two did not meet. In the face of Chan-no-ne-ga there was a look of mingled hate and revenge. Deliberately he raised his musket to his shoulder—deliberately he aimed it at the woman's head—coolly he fired. The report rang out through the Indian camp—the smoke cleared away—Sees-ka still sat there—her blanket about her—her arms folded—but one side of her head was blown completely away—her spirit had fled, and the code of Indian justice was satisfied.

The test of enjoyment is the remembrance it leaves behind.

HOT SUMMERS.

In 1132 the earth opened, and rivers and springs disappeared, in Alsace. The Rhine was dried up.

In 1718 it did not rain once from the month of April to the month of October. The crops were burned up, and the theatres were closed by the decree of the lieutenant of police. The thermometer marked 36 degrees Reaumur (113 of Fahrenheit.)

In 1811, the year of the celebrated comet, the summer was very warm, and the wine delicious, even at Susenes. In 1818 the theatres in France and Great Britain remained closed for nearly a month, owing to the heat. In 1850, in the month of June, on the second appearance of the cholera, the thermometer marked 25 degrees centigrade.

THE EMITY CRADLE.—There is a whole volume of poetry in the following little sketch, which we find in the last number of Miss Barber's Weekly:

What golden heads were once pillowed here, heads on which the curls grew moist in slumber, and the cheeks and lips flushed to the hue of rose leaves. When sleep broke, the silken fringed lids opened heavily from the slumbering eyes; smiles flitted like sunbeams over the face; the white fist was thrust into the mouth, and when mamma lifted the muslin and peeped to see if baby was sleeping, cooing and crowing was heard!

A MOTHER'S SOLOQUY.—'Tis mine! Bound to me by a tie that death cannot sever.

What golden heads were once pillowed here, heads on which the curls grew moist in slumber, and the cheeks and lips flushed to the hue of rose leaves. When sleep broke, the silken fringed lids opened heavily from the slumbering eyes; smiles flitted like sunbeams over the face; the white fist was thrust into the mouth, and when mamma lifted the muslin and peeped to see if baby was sleeping, cooing and crowing was heard!

Perhaps some little one once tenderly rocked here, is sleeping in the coffin. Over it grows heartseases, and vigorous box and white candy-tuft, and the starchy jasmine.

The bluebird flutters its bright wings through the willow boughs, and the cool wind whispers to the green leaves and grass blades on the grave. What of it? Perhaps of its immortality. Sleep on little dreamless one. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

That little heart shall never thrill with pleasure, or throbb with pain, without a quick response from mine. I am the centre of its little world; its very life depends on my faithful care. It is my sweet duty to deck those dimpled limbs, to pose that tiny, trembling foot; yet stay! My duty ends not here! A soul looks forth from those blue eyes!

An undying spirit, that shall plume its wing for a ceaseless flight, guided by my erring hand!

The lot blood of anger may not poison the fount whence it draws its life, or the hasty words escape my lips in that pure presence. Wayward, passionate, impulsive; how shall I approach it, but with a hush upon my spirit and a silent prayer!