



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1868.

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JOB PRINTING.

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



Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S IMPROVED HAIR RESTORER

FAVORITE HAIR DRESSING

New style in one bottle

will quickly restore Gray Hair to its natural color and beauty, and produce luxuriant growth. It is perfectly harmless, and is preferred over every other preparation by those who have a full head of hair, as well as those who wish to restore it. The beautiful gloss and perfume imparted to the Hair makes it desirable for old and young.

For Sale by all Druggists,
 DEPOT, 135 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAIREIRA'S old established FUR MANUFACTORY, No. 718 ARCH ST., above 7th, PHILA., Pa.

Have now in store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the largest and most beautiful selections of FANCY FURS, for Ladies' and Children's Wear, in the City. Also, a fine assortment of Gents' Fur Cloves and Collars.

I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a visit from my friends of Cambria county and vicinity. Remember the Name, Number and Street.

JOHN FAIREIRA,
 No. 718 ARCH ST., ab. 7th, south side, Phila., October 9, 1868-4m.

EYRE & LANDELL,

FOURTH and ARCH STS., PHILA., Pa.

GOOD BLACK SILKS, GOOD COLORED SILKS.

FALL GOODS OPENING,

FANCY AND STAPLE
 LYONS SILK VELVETS,
 NEW STYLE SHAWLS,
 NEW DRESS GOODS,
 GOOD BLANKETS,
 TABLE LINENS,
 SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS,
 CLOTHS and CASSIMERES.

N. B. New Goods received daily in large lots for Jobbing. [Sep. 17-68.]

STRAY BULL.

Came to the premises of the subscriber, in M. master ownership, on or about the 13th inst., a two year old BULL, with yellow sides and white back. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

JOHN GARNEY,

DENTISTRY.

The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the fourth Monday of each month, to remain one week.

Aug. 13. **SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.**

DENTISTRY.

Dr. D. W. Zeigler has taken the rooms on High street recently occupied by Lloyd & Co. as a Banking House, and offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity.

Teeth extracted without pain by use of Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

ALTOONA, PA.,
 Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.

Office on Caroline street, between Virginia and Emma streets. ALL WORK WARRANTED.
 Altoona, June 18, 1868-6m.

GREAT BARGAINS!!

Will be sold at a great sacrifice, if sold soon, a number of

THRASHING MACHINES, PLOUGHS,

POINTS and other FARMING IMPLEMENTS, and CASTINGS.

COME AND SEE, FARMERS, and you cannot fail to purchase.

Ebensburg, July 30, 1868. **E. GLASS.**

M. L. OATMAN,

EBENSBURG, PA.,
 Is the sole owner of the Right to Manufacture and sell

THE UNEQUALLED METROPOLITAN OIL!!

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tender his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Duck & 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.]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Summit, Pa. Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my 23. 67.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S.

BURN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867-6m.

D. M'LAUGHLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.
 Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

R. L. JOHNSTON, J. E. SCANLAN,

Attorneys at Law,
 Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.
 Office opposite the Court House.
 Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street.
 Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

F. A. SHOEMAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co.
 January 31, 1867.-tf.

F. P. TIERNEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row.
 Jan. 5, 1867.-tf.

JOSEPH M'DONALD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel.
 [Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.]

JOHN FENLON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence.
 Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
 January 31, 1867.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
 Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

G. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

W. M. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [Aug. 27.]

GEO. M. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [Aug. 27.]

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867.

H. KINKAD, Justice of the Peace

and Claim Agent.—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., dec'd., on High St., Ebensburg. [18-]

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE

PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, Second Ward. [Dec. 12-67.]

THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

The rust is over the red of the clover,
 The green is under the gray,
 And down the hollow the feet-winged swal-
 low
 Is flying away and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
 The glow and the glory done,
 And down the hollow the feet-winged swal-
 low
 Flying the way o' the sun.

In place of summer, a dread new-come
 His solemn state renews;
 A crimson splendor instead of the tender
 Daisy, and the darning dews.

But, oh, the sweetness, the full comple-
 ness,
 That under his reign are born!
 Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
 And wheat, and millet, and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory
 Maple, and oak, and thorn;
 And rising and falling, his winds are calling,
 Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower
 That comes when the day is done,
 With warmth beaming and gold gleaming
 Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together
 Color the wood so gay,
 We must remember that chill December
 Has turned his steps this way.

And say, as we gather in the house together
 And pile the logs on the hearth,
 Help us to follow the little swallow,
 Even to the end of the earth.

THE LOST RING.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

"Mr. Docket?"
 "Yes, Madam."

It was an elderly woman upon whose brow care had furrowed many a wrinkle. She was dressed in homely garments, and the struggle between penury and neatness which they evinced would have been an interesting study for a philosopher. Her eyes were red, as though she had been weeping; and when she seated herself by my desk, the pent up current of grief burst afresh.

"What is the matter, my good woman? You seem to be in deep distress," I remarked in the most encouraging tone I could command.

"I am, sir. They say the Lord is near to them that are suffering, and I am sure he ought to be near me."

"I dare say he is, ma'am. But you know that afflictions are sent to us for our good, and we ought never repine at the discipline of life, however severe it may sometimes seem to us."

I had heard an excellent sermon the day before, for it was Monday, on Tribulation, and I was just in the frame of mind for giving others more excellent advice, which, perhaps, I should have been very unwilling to follow if the dark waves of trouble had rolled over me.

"I try to bear it as well as I can," she replied, wiping away her tears with the corner of her apron.

"I don't know as I am acquainted with you, ma'am," I suggested, for the purpose of changing the topic and bringing her to business.

"I don't know as you are," she replied; and she proceeded to give me a very long and very succinct account of her previous history, beginning back some forty years, when she was born among the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

I tried to check her, but it was no use. I was as patient as the case would admit, and mindful of the duty we owe to the weak, the infirm, and the ignorant; but my patience was sorely tried. I will not punish the reader with the long, fine spun story she told me, for a few lines will suffice to inform him of the material facts.

She was a widow—her name was Marche. She had an only son, Philip, who was employed in an insurance office, and received three dollars a week for his services. He was a good boy and loved his mother, as a son should. Upon their united earnings they lived very comfortably in an obscure street, where they hired two rooms. Mrs. Marche's catalogue of her son's virtues was certainly very edifying. He never spent a cent upon himself, never went out nights, and attended church forenoon and afternoon.

An evil day had come. On the Saturday three weeks preceding, Mr. Carman, the President of the insurance company, as he declared, had sent Philip with a valuable diamond ring to the jeweler's to have the stone reset. On inquiry the ring was found not to have reached its destination. The jeweler had never seen it. To make the case more complicated, the boy denied having received the ring. Mr. Carman had never sent him on any such errand.

The boy had been arrested on the charge of stealing the ring, and was now confined in jail. Mr. Carman was ready to swear he delivered the valuable article into the hands of the boy, with explicit directions as to where he should carry it and what should be done with it.

It looked like a bad case. The poor woman was in the saddest distress. She was sure that her darling boy would not steal. I pitied her and promised to do what I could for her son.

When she had gone I called upon Mr. Carman. I found that he was one of those dogmatic old fellows, who are never in a wrong, who find it impossible to err, even by design, or to make a mistake. I tried to argue the point with him, but he

would not say much. He told me the story; was sure he sent it by the boy and nobody else.

I ventured to suggest that he had sent the ring by some other person.

"Do you take me for a simpleton, sir? Do you think I don't know what I am about?" he exclaimed, bestowing upon me a look of withering contempt. "I sent the ring with the boy, sir. The boy has stolen it. Nothing more need be said, sir." And he turned to the newspaper he had been reading.

I was not much pleased with the interview. I was highly vexed at the haughty bearing of the fellow; and I confess that my pique rendered me tenfold more zealous in my endeavors to clear my youthful client.

I visited Philip at the jail. He was very sad on his mother's account; on his own he seemed not to care. A more frank, open hearted boy I never saw.

He told his story; and though I questioned him pretty severely, he was consistent to the last.

I made the case my own, and worked unceasingly, as it seemed to me then, for the overthrow of the haughty President of the insurance company, as much as for the salvation of the widow and her interesting son. I visited more than a dozen jewelry shops that afternoon and the next morning; with what result the reader shall learn in the details of the trial, which came on the next day.

Philip was duly arraigned, and his poor mother sat by his side, weeping and sobbing like a child as the case proceeded.

Mr. Carman, with majestic dignity, stepped upon the stand. He told the story I have before detailed, and was turned over to me for cross-examination. I could see that he was nettled, for he certainly could see no mercy in my face.

"Mr. Carman, are you willing to swear that you gave the ring to the boy?"

"Certainly I am," he replied, vexed and angry, for he had answered the same question a dozen times in the course of the cross-examination.

"I lay your honor to notice particularly the words of this witness," I remarked to the Court.

His honor testified readily that he had noticed them, as a matter of course; he had them in his minutes; and he rather snubbed me for pressing so respectable a witness in so severe a manner.

"Now, Mr. Carman, may I beg you to examine this ring?" and I handed him the one he had lost.

"It is mine," he replied, with evident astonishment.

"You identify the ring, do you sir?"

"That is all, sir. May it please your honor, I shall bring but one witness for the defence. Will Mr. Graham take the stand?"

Mr. Graham took the stand. I showed him the ring.

"Have you ever seen this ring before?"

"I have."

"State to the Court what you know about it."

Mr. Graham proceeded to state that he was a jeweler; that the ring was left at his shop three weeks before by an elderly gentleman, to have the stone reset.

"Is the gentleman in the court room?"

"He is; there he sits," and he pointed to Mr. Carman.

The Court was astonished; the officers were astonished; and Mr. Carman was overwhelmed with confusion. He acknowledged his error when there was no possibility of concealing it. He asked to correct his testimony, and did so.

Mr. Carman was a very absent-minded man; and the solution of the whole matter is that he forgot all the circumstances connected with the ring. He intended to have sent Philip to the jeweler's with it, and actually called him for that purpose, but his attention was attracted to something else, and he thought no more about it. On his way home to dinner, while his mind was absorbed by an important business operation, he had left the ring at Mr. Graham's.

The impression that he had given the ring to Philip was fastened upon his mind. He remembered the fact of calling him, and his intention became a reality.

When this cornered he amused the judges with several other instances of absent-mindedness of which he had been guilty, in this manner explaining the mistake he had made.

I must do him the justice to say that he made Philip ample amends in the shape of a hundred dollar bill for the trouble he had caused him; but I believe that Mr. Carman hated me to the day of his death. I can only say I should not have punished him so severely if he had treated me like a gentleman.

Ex-Sheriff Henry Pratt, of Kent county, Delaware, has taken to heart the Scriptural command to increase and multiply upon the face of the earth. He has nine children, ninety-one grandchildren, and fifty-six great grandchildren, in all one hundred and fifty-six. He is eighty years of age, weighs about two hundred pounds, and taken all together is about as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

LEE'S MISERABLES.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

They called themselves "Lee's Miserables."

That was a grim piece of humor, was it not, reader? And the name had a somewhat curious origin.

Victor Hugo's work, *Les Miserables*, had been translated and published by a house in Richmond; the soldiers, in the great dearth of reading matter, had seized upon it; and thus, by a strange chance, the tragic story of the great French writer had become known to the soldiers in the trenches.

Everywhere you might see the gaunt figures in their tattered jackets, bending over the dingy pamphlets, "Fautaine," "Cosette," "Marius," or "St. Denis,"—and the woe of "Jean Valjean," the galley slave, found an echo in the hearts of these brave soldiers, immured in the trenches and fettered by duty to their muskets or their cannon.

Singular fortune of a writer! Happy M. Hugo! Your fancies crossed the ocean, and translated into another tongue, whiled away the dreary hours of the old soldiers of Lee, at Petersburg!

Thus, that history of "The Wretched" was the pabulum of the South in 1864; and as the French title had been retained on the backs of the pamphlets, the soldiers, little familiar with the Gallic pronunciation, called the book "Lee's Miserables!"

Then another step was taken. It was no longer the book, but themselves whom they referred to by that name. The old veterans of the army thenceforth laughed at their miseries, and dubbed themselves grimly, "Lee's Miserables!"

The sobriquet was gloomy, and there was something tragic in the employment of it; but it was applicable. Like most popular terms, it expressed the exact thought in the mind of every one—conceding the situation into a phrase.

Truly, they were "The Wretched,"—the soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia, in the fall and winter of 1864.

They had a quarter of a pound of rancid "Nassau bacon"—from New England—for daily rations of meat. The handful of flour, or corn-meal, which they received, was musty. Coffee and sugar were doled out as a luxury, now and then only; and the microscopic ration became a jest to those who looked at it. A little "grease" and corn-bread—the grease rancid, and the bread musty—these were the food of the army.

Their clothes, blankets, and shoes were no better—even worse. Only at long intervals could the Government issue new ones to them. Thus the army was in tatters. The old clothes hung on the men like scarecrows. Their gray jackets were in rags, and did not keep out the chilly wind sweeping over the frozen fields.

Their old blankets were in shreds, and gave them little warmth when they wrapped themselves up in them, shivering in the long cold nights. The old shoes, patched and yawning, had served in many a march and battle—and now allowed the naked sole to touch the hard and frosty ground.

Happy the man with a new blanket! Proud the possessor of a whole roundabout! What millionaire or favorite child of fortune passes yonder—the owner of an unpatched pair of shoes!

Such were the rations and clothing of the army at that epoch—rancid grease, musty meal, tattered jackets, and worn-out shoes. And these were the fortunate ones! Whole divisions often went without bread even, for two whole days.—Thousand had no jackets, no blankets, no shoes. Gaunt figures, in ragged old shirts and torn pantaloons only, clutched the musket. At night they huddled together for warmth by the fire in the trenches. When they charged, their naked feet left blood-marks on the abatis through which they went at the enemy.

That is not an exaggeration, reader.—These facts are of record.

And that was a part only. It was not only famine and hardship which they underwent, but the incessant combats—and mortal tedium—of the trenches. Ah! the trenches! Those woe summed up a whole volume of suffering. No longer fighting in open field, no longer winter-quarters, with power to range; no longer freedom, fresh air, healthful movement—the trenches!

Here, cooped up and hampered at every turn, they fought through all those long months of the dark autumn and winter of 1864. They were no longer men, but machines loading and firing the musket, and the cannon. Burrowing in their holes, and subterranean covered-ways, they crouched in the darkness, rose at the sound of coming battle, manned the breastworks, or trained the cannon—day after day, week after week, month after month, they were there in the trenches at their grim work; and some fat of Destiny seemed to have chained them there to battle forever! At midnight, as at noon, they were at their posts. In the darkness, dusky figures could be seen swinging the sponge-staff, swabbing the cannon, driving home the charge. In the starlight, the moonlight, or the gloom lit by the red glare, those figures, resembling phantoms, were seen marshalled behind the breastworks to repeat the coming assault.

Silence had fled from the trenches—the crash of musketry and the bellow of artillery had replaced it. That seemed never to cease. The men were rocked to sleep by it. They slept on in the dark trenches, though the mortar-bells rose, described

their flaming curves, and, bursting, rained jagged fragments of iron upon them.—And to many that was their last sleep. The iron tore them in their tattered blankets. They rose gasping, and streaming with blood. Then they staggered and fell; when you passed by, you saw a something lying on the ground, covered with the old blanket. It was one of "Lee's Miserables," killed last night by the mortars, and gone to answer "Here!" before the Master.

The trenches!—ah! the trenches!—Were you in them, reader? Thousands will tell you more of them than I can.—There, an historic army was guarding the capital of an historic nation—the great nation of Virginia—and how they guarded it! In hunger, and cold, and nakedness, they guarded it well. In the bright days and the dark, they stood at their posts unmoved. In the black night-watches as by day—toward morning, as at evening—they stood, clutching the musket, peering out into the pitchy darkness; or lay, dozing around the grim cannon, in the embraces. Hunger, and cold, and wounds, and the whispering voice of Despair, had no effect on them. The mortal tedium left them patient. When you saw the gaunt faces contract, and tears flow, it was because they had received some letter, saying that their wives and children were starving. Many could not endure that. It made them forget all. Torn with anguish, and unable to obtain further for a day even, they went home without leave—and civilians called them deserters. Could such men be shot—men who had fought like heroes, and only committed this breach of discipline that they might feed their starving children!

And after all, it was not desertion that chiefly cut down the army—wounds and exposure which thinned its ranks.—But this as they were, and ever growing thinner, the old veterans who remained by the flag of such glorious memories, were as defiant in this dark winter of 1864 as they had been in the summer days of 1862 and 1863.

Army of Northern Virginia!—old soldiers of Lee, who fought beside your captain until your frames were wasted, and you were truly his "wretched" ones—you are greater to me in your wrecks, more splendid in your rags, than the Old Guard of Napoleon, or the three hundred of Thermopylae. Neither famine, nor nakedness, nor suffering, could break your spirit. You were tattered and half-starved; your forms were war-worn; but you still had faith in Lee, and the great cause which you bore aloft on the points of your bayonets. You did not shrink in the last hour—the hour of supreme trial. You meant to follow Lee to the last. If you ever doubted the result, you had resolved, at least, on one thing—to clutch the musket, to the end, and die in harness!

Is that extravagance—and is that picture of the great army of Northern Virginia overdrawn? Did they or did they not fight to the end? Answer! Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Charles City, every spot around Petersburg where they closed in death-grapple with the swarming enemy.—Answer! winter of '65,—bleak spring of '65,—terrible days of the great retreat when hunted down and driven to bay like animals, they fought from Five Forks to Appomattox