



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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The Cambria Freeman

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:

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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 Binding, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY

AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!

NEW FIRM, NEW BUILDINGS, &c.

HAVING purchased the well known EBENSBURG FOUNDRY from Mr. Edw. Glass, and rebuilt and enlarged it almost entirely, besides refitting it with new machinery, the subscribers are now enabled to furnish

COOK, PAILOK & HEATING STOVES, of the latest and most approved patterns; THRESHING MACHINES, MILL GEARING, ROSES AND WATER WHEELS of every description; HORN, FLOUGH, and in fact all manner of articles manufactured in a first class Foundry. Job Work of all kind attended to promptly and done cheaply.

The special attention of Farmers is invited to two newly patented PLOUGHS which we possess the sole right to manufacture and sell in this county, and which are admitted to be the best ever introduced to the community.

Believing ourselves capable of performing any work in our line in the most satisfactory manner, and knowing that we can do work at low prices than have been charged in this community heretofore, we confidently hope that we will be found worthy of liberal patronage.

Reductions made to wholesale dealers.

The highest prices paid in cash for old metal, or castings given in exchange.

Other terms as usual on country produce. CONVERY, VINROE & CO. Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

628 HOOP SKIRTS 628

CORSETT CORSETS
W. M. T. HOPKINS, No. 628 ARCH
ST., PHILA., Manufacturer of the celebrated "CHAMPION" HOOP SKIRTS for Ladies, Misses and Children—the largest assortment and best quality and styles in the American Market. Every lady should try them, as they recommend themselves by wearing longer, retaining their shape much better, being lighter and much more elastic than all others.

WARRANTED in every respect, and sold at very low prices. Ask for HOPKINS' "CHAMPION" SKIRT.

Superior Hand-made Whole Bone CORSETS in Fifteen different Grades, including the "Imperial" and THOMPSON & LANGDON'S "GLOVE FITTING" CORSETS, ranging in prices from \$1.00 to \$5.00; together with Joe Hecker's celebrated FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, superior shapes and quality. 10 different Grades, from \$1.10 to \$5.50. They are the finest and best goods of the kind ever imported. The Trade supplied with HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETS at the lowest prices.

Those visiting the City should not fail to call and examine our Goods and Prices, as we defy all competition. (Nov. 12, 4m.)

SECURE THE SHADOW ERE THE SUBSTANCE FADES!

SPENCE'S NEW
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

Is now in perfect order for executing Pictures in every style of the art. Photographs of life like accuracy, ranging from the smallest card picture to the largest size for framing, taken in any weather, and warranted to give satisfaction. Particular attention paid to children's pictures. Frames of all kinds for sale cheap. Frames of any kind not on hand will be ordered when desired. Instructions in the art on liberal terms.

Gallery on Julian street, 3 doors north of Town Hall. T. T. SPENCER, Ebensburg, Oct. 8, 1868. Photographer.

JOHN CROUSE,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES
AND LIQUORS.

BEST BRANDS OF BRANDY, WHISKY, IRISH WHISKY, GIN, &c. &c.

The very best qualities of Liquors, Wines, &c., for Medical purposes. Prices LOW.

Hotel and Saloon keepers will do well to give me a call at my store on Canal street, in building formerly occupied by T. G. Stewart & Co. Johnstown, Aug. 27, 1868. J. C.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.—The best and cheapest at Tobacco and Cigars in town. Great St. L. Cigars. Go and see.

Choice Poetic Selections.

Beauties of Paradise Lost—Book I.

NUMBER ONE.

MILTON'S Invocation is at once grand and natural, more especially when he passes from the Pagan powers of poetry to the Deity:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe, With loss of Eden, till one greater Man Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the sacred top Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed.

In the beginning, how the heavens and earth Rose out of chaos; or if Son him Delight'd these more, and Silva's brook, that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God; if thence Invok'd thy adventitious song, That with no middle flight intends to soar Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer Before all temples thine upright heart and pure, Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first

Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread, Dove like art brooding on the dark abyss, And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark Illumine; what is low raise and support; That to the height of this great argument I may assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men.

The description of Lucifer, and the infernal abode to which he had been expelled by the just sentence of offended heaven, is thus given:

But his doom Reserved him to more woe; for now the thoughts Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain, Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,

That witness huge affliction and dismay, Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate: At once, as far as angels ken, he views The dismal situation waste and wild;

A dungeon horrible on all sides round, As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames No light, but rather darkness visible Served only to discover sights of woe,

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where Peace And rest can never dwell, hopes never come, That comes to all; but torture without end Still grows, and adds a fiery deluge, fed With ever burning sulphur unconsum'd;

Such place eternal justice had prepared For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd: Utter darkness, and their portion set As far removed from God and light of Heaven As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole. O how unlike the place from whence they fell!

Then follows Satan's address to Beelzebub, wherein he assures his co-conspirator that

Though the field be lost, All is not lost; the unconquerable will, And study of revenge; immortal hate, And courage never to submit or yield.

He afterwards solaces himself that

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice, To reign is worth ambition, though in hell: Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven!

The marshaling of his hosts by Lucifer has been pronounced by some critics an imitation of Homer's description of the arraying of the Greeks before the walls of Troy, but they should bear in mind that this assembly of the fallen angels was a necessity growing out of the subject treated by our poet. What can be more sublime than the poet's pen picture of the arch-fiend at the head of his hosts?

He, above the rest In shape and gesture proudly eminent, Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost All her original brightness, nor appeared Less than archangel ruined, and the excess Of glory obscured.

Or that of Mammon leading the infernal spirits in the search for gold:

Mammon the least erected spirit that fell From heaven; for even in heaven his looks And thoughts Were always downward bent, admiring more The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold.

Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed; In vision beatific; by him first Men also, and by his suggestion taught, Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands,

Rifled the bowels of their mother earth For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew Opened into the hill a spacious wound, And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire That riches grow in hell; that soil may best Deserve the precious bane.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE.—The Fairfield Iowa, Ledger, contains a romance which we condense. Years ago a Pennsylvania farmer loved a charming young girl from his own village.

Time passed on. Farmer occasionally got tight, or in other words, started a brick yard in his hat. Wife objected; farmer became angry, stabbed his wife with a butcher knife. Wife fell swooning to the floor. Farmer recovered precipitately for the wife.

Wife recovered. After five years, marries again. Husband dies in a year. She leaves for the West. Arrives at Fairview. Stops at a boardinghouse; meets her former husband. Years have passed; she does not recognize him, and he knows her not. He loves her, proposes. She accepts. They marry. Not twenty-four hours after the ceremony wife dies; and only scar is visible; husband sees this scar—utterly amazed. Truth dawns upon them—it is the long lost husband, once an assassin, now a sober, wealthy merchant of Fairview. Everything is lovely, and "all's well that ends well."

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

RUNNING AND SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

Strange and romantic adventures happen continually to persons traveling through the unsettled parts of the West, but any more singular and exciting than those experienced by the hero of the following story have seldom, if ever, been published. The following account is given by the Grand Rapids (Michigan) Eagle:

"Michael Tammany, of the township of Tyrone, in this county, who recently returned from a trading expedition through southern Kansas, and along that line of the Union Pacific Railroad as far as completed, has given us the details of his remarkable escape from the Indians, by whom his partner and a boy accompanying them were murdered in the valley of the Platte river. Mr. Tammany, at Fort Leavenworth, met a former acquaintance of his, of the name of Daniel Jones, of Jackson county, Ohio. A partnership was arranged between them for the business of selling goods as peddlers, which business for a time proved successful.

On their last trip westward they left the railroad on the last day of September last, at Fort Sedgwick—where Jonesburg was, but now is not—and proceeded up the South Platte Valley, on the north side of the river, making about thirty miles per day, without interruption or special discovery, until about eleven o'clock of the third day after leaving the railroad, when they struck a fresh Indian trail, showing that a large body of mounted Indians had passed that point not many hours previously. Apprehending danger, the teams were stopped, and a careful observation with a field glass resulted in the discovery of four Indian huts on the bank of the river, not more than a half mile distant, and about a dozen horses feeding on the grass plot in their vicinity. The travelers bore off a little more to the east, and as cautiously as possible proceeded on their way until about five o'clock, accomplishing a distance of about eleven miles from the point where they crossed the trail.

They had just passed through a strip of cottonwood timber, with some rather steep bluffs of sand at their right, when they discovered a short distance ahead a plat of about six acres of land, covered with corn, and in their midst a large and compact party of Indians, apparently in council, and listening to an address from one of their number. Mr. Tammany at once dismounted, and turned the teams off to the right, for the purpose of getting under cover of the bluffs, but the travelers had proceeded but a few rods when a band of about fifty mounted Indians, each armed with a brace of large pistols, suddenly appeared in their front, simultaneously yelling their demonic war cry, and making a rush for their victims. Mr. Tammany sprang to his saddle, and made an effort to turn the teams to the right; but the savages cut off retreat in that direction, and opened here upon the little party. Mr. Tammany saw both of his companions fall dead upon the ground, and then made a desperate attempt to escape by putting his horse to his best speed, in the only direction which was now left open, the savages having nearly surrounded him. This direction was north toward the railroad. This line of retreat was soon, however, cut off by his pursuers, in the direction of Sedgwick. He was sharply pursued by seven of the Indians, on their fastest horses, and for a distance of five miles they were not more than ten rods in his rear. His horse was a remarkably fast one, but his best efforts failed to increase the gap between himself and his pursuers. At length, when Mr. Tammany had almost despaired of making good his flight, his horse suddenly came upon a bluff bank, dropping off into a deep slough directly in front of him. From this bank, which was not less than nine or ten feet high, the horse made a desperate leap, and instantly sank into the soft alluvium to a depth which completely submerged his body, leaving only his head exposed to sight. At the instant of striking Mr. Tammany was thrown over the animal's head, and completely covered with mud. The horse was unable to extricate himself from his position, and Mr. Tammany, closely clinging to his neck, with his face only out of the water, on the side of the horse's neck opposite the bank from which the jump was made, the Indians immediately appeared on the bank and fired a volley, several balls passing through the blanket saddle cover, just above the body of Mr. Tammany. The firing then ceased, the Indians undoubtedly supposing they had killed their victim, and Mr. Tammany then changed his position sufficiently to enable him to take an observation of the bank whence the firing had proceeded. The savages had left the bank, and he observed four of them, with long knives in their hands, making an attempt to cross the ravine about ten rods above him, and three trying to get across below.

IN THE WATER.

"Although the horse had jumped nearly across the ravine, Mr. Tammany was at this critical moment so nearly exhausted that he could make no further effort to escape the fate which he knew must be his, if he remained a few minutes longer. But he jerked off his boots, leaving them

with his helpless horse, and crawled out, until he reached a soil that would support him in an erect position, when he started on a very fast run for the river; the dense growth of the alder bushes, through which he crawled in starting from the ravine, favoring his retreat against the observation of the savages until he could get some distance away. After running, as he thinks, about two miles, he reached the Platte river, and hearing his pursuers yelling on his track, jumped into the stream, and swam down it, keeping close to the clayey bank, which was several feet high, and so steep in many places as to reach several feet over the water. The water was beyond his depth, but Mr. Tammany was an expert swimmer. After swimming down nearly two miles he came to quite a sharp bend in the stream, and upon turning the bend he observed, near the middle of the stream, two or three islands about half a mile below him. Having taken but a little time to rest during his progress down the river, he felt himself too much exhausted to hold out much longer, and the idea occurred to him that he would be safe for a time if he could reach one of the islands. So he struck out to swim across the channel which was at that point thirty or forty rods wide. The rapid current swept him past this first island, but there was another immediately below, and knowing he would be drowned should he fail to reach it, he struggled for it with the energy of desperation, and fortunately for him he landed just at the outlet of a narrow gulch, which had evidently been the channel of a small watercourse, but was then dry, and bore a rank growth of tall grass. Mr. Tammany slowly crawled up the gulch, being very cautious not to leave any marks in the soil by which he could be traced to his hiding place—Here he stopped, and, lying on his left side, heavily panting for breath. Mr. Tammany kept his hiding place all that night, being without strength to renew his flight, and was compelled by prudence to remain in it all the succeeding day, until darkness should screen his movements from observation. When it became quite dark in the evening he carefully raised himself up, intently listened, and hearing no sound indicating the presence of Indians, crawled to the water and swam to the south shore of the river, a distance of about half a mile.

IN SAFETY.

"He then set out on foot, bare footed and bare headed, in the direction of Fort Sedgwick, keeping some distance from the river to avoid possible contact with the Indians, who might be camped near its bank. After proceeding about eleven miles he came in sight of the four Indian lodges he had observed while traveling with his companions on the previous day. He then bore off to the south about five miles, and then eastwardly about the same distance, when he again reached the river. Daylight was then appearing, and he swam to an island, where he concealed himself and remained during the day—His feet were much swollen and exceedingly painful, having been badly scratched in traveling through thickets of prickly pears, and their spines were badly lacerated by sand bars. The next night he renewed his journey. Sunday morning brought him to the old abandoned Antelope mail station, at which point he stopped, and again found an island in the Platte where he could remain during the day. He had lain but a few minutes, when he heard the report of a gun but a short distance from him. He then crawled up on an eminence near him to take an observation. Another report of a gun still nearer him directed his attention to two objects moving towards him, which he at once concluded were Indians still in pursuit. But his condition was now such that he had little dread of them. Almost unconsciously, however, he crawled into a thicket of sunflowers to escape their observation. He still carried with him a brace of small pistols, and as a last resort he thought of them. They had been through mire and water, and he thought, of course, they would be of no avail now. But he picked the wet powder from the tubes, and resorted to try them if his savage pursuers came up to him. Soon hearing their tread, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. As the foremost came up within a few feet of him, and as he was about pulling the trigger, he recognized in his supposed foe two 'boys in blue' soldiers of Uncle Sam, who were out from Fort Sedgwick, about eighteen miles, on a hunting expedition. The soldiers helped Mr. Tammany to his wagon, which was about two miles away from the place where they found him, and lifted him into it, at about sundown. They gave him bread, but nearly starved at it, as he was too weak to eat it. Mr. Tammany was placed in the hospital, where he received careful and attentive treatment, and at the end of two weeks he was able to get out. Mr. Tammany arrived in this city, on his way home, on Sunday morning, the 1st inst., and claims that their loss of property was about \$7,700.

ONIONS.—Boil onions in milk and water; this diminishes the strong taste that they are better, put them into a stew-pan with a little milk, butter, salt and pepper, and let them stay about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot. Onions for food are only surpassed by their medicinal qualities.

THE INCENDIARY.

Only those who have been startled from their sleep at the dead hours of night by the cry of fire, can form the least conception of the intense fear that pervades the whole system. The strongest nerves succumb for the moment, and the first law of nature, self-preservation, finds action in some singular and oftentimes unwise manner. To fire a building while the occupants are asleep, is the worst crime, save murder, known to our laws. Only the most hardened criminal will ever attempt so heinous a crime, and seldom if ever is it committed save from motives of revenge.

In the experience of many years but few convictions have taken place for arson. The history of one now serving out a life sentence in prison, furnishes abundant proof of the depths to which we can fall when passion is allowed to take possession of our hearts with evil purposes.

The winter of '61 had set in, and the intense cold had driven many to the comforts of their homes, and the streets for the time were nearly deserted. The clock in the steeple of the old church in the central square of the city, had struck the hour of one, and no sound, save the wind, broke the stillness of the night. Crouched in one of the narrow alley ways that abound in our cities, might have been seen a form, wrapped in a thick grey garment, his face and head closely muffled by a woolen shawl and sheltered from the cold piercing wind by the projecting doorway of the dwelling adjoining.

Cautiously but in several times stepped out from his hiding place, and with eager eyes surveyed the premises and muttered to himself the bitter curses that filled his heart towards the occupants of the house. "Sleep on in peace, you have robbed me of all that I possessed in life. This shall be thy last sleep on earth. For years have I followed in your track, and ever have I been cheated by your cunning." Stepping out from his hiding place he moved with cautious tread, and again surveys the premises. Not a sound can be heard that indicates the presence of the living. He approaches the window, noiselessly—the opens and enters. All is quiet. Taking a match from his pocket he lights it, and with a cat-like tread he enters the adjoining room. "Now will I be revenged," he mutters, and selecting the most combustible articles at hand he piles them together and fires them. Assured of their burning, he quietly leaves the premises. Away from the scene of danger he awaits the alarm; surely it comes. The quick sharp sound of the watchman's rattle, and the cry of fire resounds upon the air. Soon the bells give out the alarm, and the loud ringing cry of the firemen gives evidence of their faithfulness to duty. Brighter and more glaring grows the light as the flames ascend and spread with a fury that seem beyond control. His revenge had been almost complete. The blackened walls were all that remained of the building—Awakened by the suffocating smoke that filled the chamber where the occupants slept, they were enabled to escape barely with their lives. All they possessed was lost. A reward was offered by the city authorities for the detection and conviction of the incendiary, and sharp detectives were set at work to ferret out the criminal. Months passed away, and no clue to the party was obtained. A new house was procured by the sufferers and the circumstance was seldom or ever mentioned.

Scarcely had a year passed before the same avenging hand was present, but with much less success. Caught in the act with the implements of the incendiary in his hands, after a desperate struggle he was captured and safely lodged in jail. His boast of what he had done and his threats of further mischief, should an occasion offer, was sufficient proof of his guilt. I was determined to ascertain the cause of such bitter felony, when a favorable opportunity occurred. Days and weeks passed by, and his conduct had changed to such a degree as to warrant me in asking him for an explanation. I found him ready to communicate, and from him I learned the following story:

"I was born in the State of New Jersey, and at an early age was deprived of my parents by death. I was placed under the charge of one who it was thought would confer a proper care over my youth, and afford me sufficient education. The property left by my father was placed in his hands and was ample to keep me from want. But I was cheated out of my money, abused and neglected, and when able to work was put out to service, uneducated, and as it seemed to me an outcast on the world. To my repeated appeals for assistance, I was rudely assailed, and threatened with prosecution if I did not desist. Maddened by his taunts I struck him, and was imprisoned. On leaving the prison I vowed vengeance against him, and have on many occasions endeavored to fulfil my vow. In the winter of '61 I fired his dwelling and escaped without detection. I have followed him many times to kill him, but have been frustrated by some unforeseen circumstances at each attempt, and now again have I been defeated in my purpose. I presume I must suffer for my crime. From neglect and wrong done me I am what you see. I care not for myself, could I have been revenged. Prison has no terror for me, as my whole life has been a succession of failures and disappointments. I hope that the wrongs that he has inflicted upon me may be visited upon his head, and I shall be content."

I closed the cell door with a feeling of regret that one so young should have lost sight of those principles that are the only true guide of life. His trial took place a few months after his conviction to jail, and his conviction brought the only penalty affixed by our statutes—a life sentence at hard labor in the State Prison.

History of the Habeas Corpus.

About six hundred years ago, on an island meadow in the river Thames, still known as the Runnymede, on the 12th of August met King John, and wrested from him the same rights that have been trampled upon by Abraham Lincoln and the Radical party for the last seven years. The day was the birth day of *Magna Charta*, the great charter of English liberty; it contained these words: "No man shall be arrested, imprisoned, or deprived of his own household, or of his liberties, or of his own free customs, or outlawed and banished, or injured in any manner; nor will we pass sentence upon him, nor send trial upon him, unless by the legal judgement of his peers, or by the law of the land."

This is the great germ of our civil liberty. It was defended in England by many bloody wars, and has been ratified by many acts of Parliament, and the present day no king or Parliament of England, would dare, in any way, to restrict the privilege of the habeas corpus. It was engrafted as a fundamental principle in our Constitution; and our forefathers believed it to be a sure guarantee for the rights of future generations.

About six years before the Federal Constitution was adopted, a remarkable prophecy was uttered under the following circumstances; In 1789 Henry Laurens, former President of the Continental Congress, was sent as Minister to Holland.

On his way he was captured and imprisoned in the Tower of London for fourteen months. When Lord Shelburne became Premier, Laurens was brought up on habeas corpus and released. After his release he dined with Shelburne, when the conversation turned on the separation of the two countries. Lord Shelburne remarked: "I am sorry for your people."

"Why so?" asked Laurens. "They will lose the habeas corpus!" was the reply. "Lose the habeas corpus?" said Laurens in astonishment. "Yes," said Lord Shelburne. "We purchased it with centuries of wrangling, many years of fighting, and had it confirmed by at least fifty acts of Parliament. All this taught the nation its value, and it is so imagined into their creed as the very foundation of their liberty that no man or party will ever dare to trample on it. Your people will pick it up and attempt to use it, but having cost them nothing, they will not know how to appreciate it. At the first great internal feud that you have the majority will trample upon it, and the people will permit it to be done, and so will go your liberty."—*Bridgport (Connecticut) Farmer.*

THE BONES OF BRADDOCK.—Among the many things which time has brought to light is the answer to the oft-repeated query, "Who killed Braddock?" During that memorable retreat of the British and Provincial troops, Braddock ordered that his men should not protect themselves behind trees. One Joseph Faussett presumed to disobey this order, when Braddock, in a passion, struck him down with his sword. Tom Faussett, who was but a short distance from his brother, saw the whole transaction, and immediately shot the General through the lungs. The Hon. A. Stewart, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, says his father has often heard Faussett acknowledge this. After Braddock fell his body was carried by the troops for four days, when he expired.

He was interred in the middle of the road, so that all of the soldiers, wagons and horses might pass over and obliterate all vestiges of his grave from the eyes of the savages. About twenty-nine years ago some laborers, who were repairing the road, came upon the remains, and after taking a number of the most prominent bones, reentered the others. Some time afterward the scattered bones were collected and sent to Penn's Museum, which was in Philadelphia at that time. Braddock's grave is in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, and is marked by a plain shingle nailed to a tree, where part of the bones are interred. This is the only monument which serves to point out to the travelers the last resting place of the proud and brave, but unfortunate victim of Indian warfare.

A SAD STORY.—While laborers were demolishing an old building in Twenty-Seventh street, New York, they discovered in a rat's nest a roll of bills amounting to \$250. About eight years ago one of the occupants of the house lost the money. At this time a young man named William Cummings, a clerk in a tea store, was boarding at this house. As he was the last one seen in the room prior to the loss, he was suspected of the robbery, and upon being arrested was convicted of the crime, being in character and sent to prison; becoming dissipated, he eventually died on Blackwell's Island.

A MAPLE TREE that has been tapped for sugar for 106 years, still lives near Concord, N. H.

Singular Case of Hallucination.

Not very long ago, says the *Monongahela*, (Pa.) *Republican*, the young and beautiful wife of one of our citizens was called to her final account, leaving her husband and disconsolate and bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home, but not to forget his loved one. She was present with him by day, in spirit, and in his dreams at night. One peculiarity of his dreams, and one that haunted him—being repeated night after night—was this: that the spirit of his wife came to his bedside and told him that the undertaker had not removed from her face the square piece of muslin or tawkin, which had been used to cover her face after death; but had sewed down her coffin lid with it upon her, and that she could not breathe in her grave, but was restless on account of her napkin. He tried to drive the dream away, but it bided with him by night and troubled him by day. He sought the consolation of religion, and his pastor prayed with him, and assured him that it was wicked to indulge such a morbid fancy. It was the subject of his own petition before the Throne of Grace; but still the spirit came and told anew the story of her suffocation. In despair, he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him that the napkin had not been removed, but urged him to forget the circumstance, as it could not be any possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this, he could avoid the apparition, and continual stress upon his mind began to tell upon his health. At length he determined to have the body disinterred, and he visited the undertaker for that purpose.

Here he was met with the same advice and persuasion, and convinced once more of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night, more vivid than ever, more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside, and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would leave him until he had promised to remove the cause of her suffering. The next night, with a friend, he repaired to the cemetery, and there, by the light of the cold, round moon, the body was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unscrewed, and the napkin removed from the corpse. That night she came to his bedside once more, but for the last time. Thinking him for his kindness, she pressed her cold lips to her cheek and came again no more. Reader, this is a true story; can you explain the mystery of dreams?

German Proverbs.

One has only to die to be praised. Handsome apples are sometimes sour. It is not enough to arm; you must hit. Little and often make a heap in time. It is easier to blame than to do better. Would you be strong, conquer yourself. To change and do better are two different things. Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath need of it. Better free in a foreign land than a serf at home. Better go supperless to bed than run in debt. There is no good in preaching to the hungry. Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor. The end of wrath is the beginning of repentance. The sun dial only counts the bright hours. Piety, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility. God's will goes slowly, but it grinds well. High houses are mostly empty in the upper story. A hundred years of wrong do not make an hour of right. More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea. The fewer the words the better the prayer. With patience and time the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown. Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be. Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong. Our neighbor's children are always the worst. Forgive thyself nothing and others much. Truth may be suppressed, but not strangled. What comes from the heart goes to the heart. When God means to punish a nation he deprives the rulers of wisdom. He who blackens others does not whiten himself. Take care of your plow and your plow will take care of you. He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones. He who avoids little sins does not fall into large ones.

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.—There are a thousand things in this wide world to afflict and sadden, but O! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects that gladden the eye and warm the heart. We wish to see every where—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, every autumn breathes her change of breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Mariner out at a being so beautiful, and we can live happier than we do.