

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPHEE, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1869.

NUMBER 4.

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.
Ag. 13. SAM'L BELFORD D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
Altoona, Pa.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.
Office on Caroline street, between Virginia and Emma streets. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. (Jan. 21, 1869.-)f.

DR. W. W. ZIEGLER, Surgeon Dentist, will visit Ebensburg professionally on the SECOND Monday of each month, and remain one week, during which time he may be found at the office heretofore occupied by him, adjoining Huntley's Hardware Store. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrate Oxide or Laughing Gas.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrollton and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one-fourth of a mile south of A. Hange's tin and hardware store. (May 2, 1867.-)f.

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. (May 2, 1867.-)f.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. B. Bona, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867.-6m.*

FRANK W. HAY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, Johns town, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand.

D. McLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—opposite the Court House. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.
Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

J. R. SCANLAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

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

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

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.-f.

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row.
Jan. 5, 1867.-f.

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

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

GEORGE W. OATMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street.
January 31, 1867.-f.

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

G. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store.
Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

W. L. READE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street.
[Aug. 27.-]f.

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to.
Jan. 31, 1867.-f.

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Civil Agent—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Husson. Eq. Dec'd, on High St., Ebensburg. #12.

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust street, Second Ward.
Dec. 21, 1867.-f.

G. GRAFF, WATKIN & CO., Wholesale Dealers in BOOTS AND SHOES
No. 513 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

LADIES
Of sedentary habits who require a gentle purgative will find Roback's Blood Pills just the medicine they want. They are perfectly safe, and can be taken at all times. They contain no mercury or mineral poison, but are purely vegetable.

LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Jaundice and all affections of the liver are soon removed by the use of Roback's Stomach Bitters and Blood Pills, they are composed of vegetable medicinal extracts with especial reference to their direct action on the liver and digestive apparatus.

SICK HEADACHE
Arises from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, and a bilious derangement of the liver, and can be permanently cured by the use of Roback's Blood Purifier and Blood Pills.—Full directions accompany each bottle and box.

DYSPEPSIA.
Thousands of the worst sufferers from this terrible gnawing disease have been cured by the use of Roback's Stomach Bitters, as the testimonials now in our hands fully prove.

CONVALESCENTS
Should use Roback's Stomach Bitters to strengthen the prostration which always follows acute diseases; it will be found far superior as a stimulating tonic to any of the wine and bark preparations of the present day.

NEURALGIA
Can be effectually cured by taking Dr. Roback's Blood Purifier and Blood Pills, and bathing the affected parts with Tincture of Aconite of Chloroform.

NIGHT MARE
Is one of the many diseases which Dyspepsia is the parent of. To effect a cure persons should avoid heavy food at night, and take a wine-glass full of Roback's Stomach Bitters on retiring to bed.

DR. TAYLOR'S OLIVE BRANCH BITTERS.
A mild and agreeable TONIC STIMULANT, STOMACHIC and CARMINATIVE.

BITTERS,
Extracted entirely from HERBS and ROOTS. Highly beneficial in Dyspepsia, General Debility, and LOSS OF APPETITE.

Dyspepsia, General Debility, and LOSS OF APPETITE,
and an excellent CORRECTIVE for persons suffering from Disorders of the Bowels, Flatulence, &c., &c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DEPOT, NO. 415 MARKET STREET PHILADELPHIA.

J. K. TAYLOR & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF LEAD AND BLOCK TIN PIPE, SHEET AND BAR LEAD, AND ALL KINDS OF Plumbers', Gas and Steam Fitters' Materials.

No. 107 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. Send for a Price List. Nov. 18 '68.

The Poet's Department.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow.
If we listen to all that is said as we go;
We'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew.
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do,
For people will talk, you know.

If quiet and modest 'twill then be presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You are a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else
You're a fool;
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk, you know.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen—
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain.

If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one of course will take notice of this,
And hint rather close that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited whatever they say,
For people will talk, you know.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticize them in a far different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your bills are unpaid,
But mind your own business and keep straight ahead.

For people will talk, you know.
If through-draw your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
Some one of course will take notice of this,
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"One day, I was hard at work, when I heard the dog bark. That was a sign that something was wrong, and throwing down my axe, I lunged on my coat, caught up my gun, and made for the creek, where I kept a little Injun canoe that I had found floating during a freshet. By the time I could jump this and get the paddle in my hand, Rollo was beside me.

"What is it, pop?" I asked. "Injun?" "Yes," he answered, as plain as you or I could do.

"Then we had better make ourselves scarce," thought I; and, as he was of the same opinion, I piled with the paddle with all the skill I could command.

"It was Injun sure; for I hadn't gone a quarter of a mile, when I heard a shouting and who-ping, and looking back, seen about twenty running along the edge of the creek, firing their guns and calling, as though they expected I would paddle back again; and I returned my volley."

"I didn't think it worth while to do that, and so I paddled as hard as I could till I found they were coming about twice as fast, when I run into shore, jumped out, and tried what I could do in the way of running. I was always pretty active on my feet, and if I ever had any good reason for using my legs, I certainly had now.

"When a man doesn't do much else but hunt and run from the time he is born, he is pretty apt to understand himself, and I soon found they could outrun me. I did the best I knew how, but for all that, they kept gaining, and I was not long in finding out that I should be overhauled, unless one of two things occurred.

"The first thing that entered my head was to shoot them off my track in some way or other, although just then I couldn't think of any plan by which to do it; the other was to keep out of their reach till night. It was in the afternoon when the chase began; and, as every now and then I held my own, and once or twice thought I was really gaining, I had strong hopes that I might get out of their reach under cover of night.

"What troubled me a good deal was, that the wood was so sparse, and there were so many open spaces here and there, that I never could keep out of their sight more than five minutes at a time, so that I was afraid to try any of the different tricks to throw them off the trail which came into my head as I hurried over the leaves.

"After the first half hour, the Injuns could have shot me any minute; and had I not been afraid of losing the time, I could have wheeled about and knuckled over the foremost man or two; but I suppose they wanted to catch me. Their redskins had a way of amusing themselves with their prisoners by tying them up to stake and heaping fire around them, while the rest of them danced and yelled with delight. You've heard of such things, and they came into my head as I hurried over the leaves.

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blow. Feeling myself growing weak and faint, I loosened my hold, and he threw me off and began rising to his feet, with the intention of killing and scalping me in his most approved style.

"A minute later, and it would have been all over, when there was a rush of some swift body, and the Indian was hurled violently backward, with the massive jaws of Rollo furiously closed in his throat. Of course, I went to the dog's assistance, and between him and I it took but a short time to put the Indian out of danger of doing us any harm.

"My best had been more imaginary than real, the thickness of my coat preventing much more than the point entering my side; but such it was, I carry its scar to this day, and can never forget the service done me by the opportune arrival of the respected grandfather of the dog dozing at my feet."

A Coal Pit Legend.
In a small mine in the neighborhood of Bilston, England, which was only worked by day, there was employed, many years ago, a strange looking man, known by the name of "Black Jack." He was a man whom no one could comprehend.

Instead of working in the daytime with his comrades, he always chose to descend the shaft just as their day's work was over, and remain there all night quite alone. The work he performed was prodigious—he earned as much in those twelve solitary hours, as any of his companions could earn in three days, and no one could fathom the mystery.

One night, however, the secret leaked out. It had been previously arranged that some one should descend the shaft as quietly as possible, and act as a spy. This was done, and the scene that presented itself was startling in the extreme. Jack sat smoking his pipe with the utmost composure; surrounded by intemperate imps, who were busily at work under his direction. The spy was agast at the sight, and shrieked in terror.

The sound of his voice reached Jack's ear far up the dim passage of the mine, and he looked round in surprise. The spy instantly signalled to be drawn up, and had no sooner gained the top than a shower of stones, pickaxes and lumps of coal, all mingled together, and smelling strongly of sulphur, were hurled out of the mouth of the shaft in wild confusion.

At daybreak the miners descended as usual, to their work, trying to appear as if nothing had happened; but on reaching the bottom of the shaft, all disguise was thrown aside, for poor Jack lay quite dead, and half buried beneath a heap of shattered rock. A surveyor who was sent to inspect the mine reported that there had been an explosion of fire damp, but the spy maintained that the eruption was caused by the imps, who, having been discovered by an ordinary mortal, broke the spell that bound them, and regained liberty, to the utter annihilation of unfortunate Black Jack. Strange as it may seem, we are credibly informed that this wild legend enters into the creed of many a Staffordshire collier to-day.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.—Is there a heart in all the world so bad as not to reverence the mother that watched over us in our infantile weakness—that guided and supported our first tottering footsteps—that hung in agony over us when sickness had laid its wasting hand upon us, and watched by our night and day—administering to our wants as none but a mother can—forgetful of herself?

Who of us has not seen the mother, in her anxiety for her darling child, forget even to take her accustomed meal? And as for sleep, that was out of the question till her cherished one was free from danger.

Stand with me by the side of the bereaved mother, when she is fully aware that her darling child has ceased to breathe, and is no more a habitant of earth. Does it not seem as though her heart must break? Witness the bowed form, the heaving chest, the swollen eye as she bends over that little coffin for the last time; and when the tiny form is gently lowered into its last resting place, and the falling gravel sends back its reverberating and muffled sound, does it not grate harshly upon that agonized mother's ear?

Who—oh! who can estimate a mother's love? How little she appreciated while living! Not till she has passed away from our sight, do we know how to prize the gem which we once possessed. When the world's chilling breath passes over us, and withers the flowers in our youthful hearts—when we seek for sympathy, and find it not—when we do we years for her kind sympathizing heart, and weep when we think that her gentle voice can never fill our hearts with its sweet music.

"A mother—sweetest name on earth,
We miss it on the knee,
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's infancy."

SINGULAR CAVE.—There is a cave in Russia not far from Orenburg, which possesses the remarkable character of being partly filled with ice in the summer, and partly destitute of it in the winter. The latter the air outside, says Roderick Murchison, the colder it is inside. Its property depends on the arrangements of the currents of air, and the principle that evaporation produces cold. Many years ago President Hitchcock applied the same principle to the explanation of the frozen well of Brandon, Vermont.

A Perilous Adventure.

Leon de Boux, a native of Gaspere, Lower Canada, and for the last four months at work on the Manitou Island, left his log cabin on January 2d with his dog, a large, powerful Newfoundland, in pursuit of game. He soon discovered the fresh tracks of a large bear. Cautionally following it he reached the shore of Lake Huron and saw at no great distance on the ice a very large animal. Climbing over huge rocks which the storm of the previous night had strewn in wild confusion on the rocky coast, he approached suddenly, the bear stopping and trying to reverse his steps to the neighboring forest.

To intercept the animal De Boux and dog went on the ice, which seemed secure, as the road was for miles intercepted by water. He gained on the bear from minute to minute, when he saw to his astonishment that the huge beast stopped, looking around and retraced his steps, chasing the dog before him. He shot, and a well aimed ball entered the head and killed him. He reached the bear and tried to drag it to the shore, not more than three-fourths of a mile distant. But imagine his surprise when he found that the wind, blowing fresher and more violent, had made a chasm between him and the land more than two rods broad.

At once seeing his perilous position he fired rapidly and halted at the top of his fire; no one answered, echo alone brought his own voice back out of the deep recesses and rocks, and he was rapidly drifting in a southwesterly direction, to the middle of the lake. His position was indeed most dangerous, the wind increased from moment to moment, and when night set in it blew a perfect hurricane, breaking the large piece of ice on which he stood into a thousand fragments, throwing him at one moment against icy masses, at another covering him with a freezing wave. There he sat on the dead bear, his shivering dog at his feet, looking wistfully at his master for help.

De Boux saw no help, every moment threatened death, the cold was intense, unbearable; he prayed and asked God to end his sufferings, the ice in the meantime drifting more and more to the Michigan shore, and when they began to break over the water he could see far in the distance a dark line, which grew until he could distinctly discover that it was land; suddenly the ice on which he lay stopped. It had joined huge fields of ice. Exhausted and frostbitten, he walked for miles toward the shore on the frozen break, drifting steadily toward the Michigan shore.

Now he could distinctly see trees and huts, he heard the barking of dogs, he tried to load his gun to fire; impossible, his hands were swollen and numb, he hallooed and shouted—no help. In the meantime the wind had turned more to the east, and forced the ice right in to the western shore; crawling on his wounded hands he at last reached terra firma about six miles north of the light-house, where some kind-hearted fishermen found him and took him to their shanties.—*Port Hudson Commercial.*

THE JAPANESE MINT.—All the work of making money in the Mint of Japan—which issues a coinage of \$70,000 a day—is done by hand. The cutting, the punching, the milling, the stamping are all by processes of the simplest manual labor. Few foreigners have ever been allowed to enter the mint. An English diplomat who had this privilege writes of one of its curious regulations:

While every operation is performed in this primitive manner, perfect order prevails in the establishment; every man goes through his portion of the work in silence, and with regularity of clock work, and many evince considerable skill. There are about three hundred hands employed in the building. When the men enter in the morning they are made to divest themselves of their own clothing and put on others belonging to the mint. At the end of their day's work a gong sounds, when the somewhat curious spectacle is presented of three hundred men springing from the ground on which they had been seated, throwing off their clothing, and rushing, a naked throng, to one end of the yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal:—Their back hair is pulled down and examined; they wash their hands and hold them up to view; they drink water and then halloo; and lastly, they run to the other end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way, after which performance they are allowed to put on their own clothes and depart.

A DOMESTIC BOMBHELL.—We are indebted to a friend, says an exchange, for the following amusing incident, which is said to have occurred a few evenings since at one of our up-town and aristocratic domicils. A little boy of six years ran from kitchen to parlor, crying at the top of his voice: "Mamma, mamma, papa and the hired girl are fighting. Papa has got his arm or—her neck and is choking her real hard, and the girl bit papa twice, right in the mouth!"

It is unnecessary to state that the lady of the house brought that row to a close in a hurry, and that girl is looking for a new place.

A Strange Story of Marshal Ney.

Mr. C. H. Browning contributes to the *Round Table* a curious narrative concerning the early career of this famous French soldier, which differs materially from the current biographies. According to Mr. Browning's story, Marshal Ney's proper name was Michael Rodolph. He was a captain in Gen. Wayne's army in the war with the Indians. His career was marked by the most daring deeds of valor, and he was called among the soldiers by the last title Napoleon ever gave him—the "Bravest of the Brave." Captain Michael Rodolph was young and fiery, and on one occasion feeling himself insulted by Gen. Wayne he challenged him.—Gen. Wayne reported his subordinate conduct to the Government, and General Washington struck his name from the army list. Rodolph then turned his attention to farming on Elk creek, Elkton, Md., and possessing himself of a small vessel, he traded in tobacco to the West Indies. Such a restless nature could not be satisfied with so prosaic a pursuit.—Having unexpectedly put back from one of his trips he found his wife engaged in a suspicious affair with another man.—Without saying a word to any one, he left her and her children in peaceable possession of his rival, returned to his vessel, made sail, and never returned.

M. Pickney, then our minister in France, recognized him shortly afterwards, under his new name, in a review of the Champ de Mars; and Mr. Browning says "his friends in Maryland carry out the theory of the identity of the two men, by supposing that Rodolph proceeded to Bordeaux with his cargo, sold his vessel, established a shop, and retailed his tobacco; and with his daring military taste and genius, enlisted in the army of the revolution as a common soldier, from which his general superiority and the technical knowledge acquired under Gen. Wayne soon raised him.

The wife of Rodolph married again after her husband's desertion, and settled in the obscure town of Brunswick, in Georgia; and it is a noticeable fact that some years ago young Ney—Count Ney—who was for some years French charge at Rio de Janeiro, well known to many officers of our navy—visited the United States, and set out immediately after his arrival in New York for that place and remained several weeks in the neighborhood as the guest of the Rodolph family, who were independent and respectable farmers, but not people likely to receive a