

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS, \$2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1869.

NUMBER 14.

**GOOD HEALTH**  
Is paramount to wealth. If the system is in bad order purge out the vile humors and disempower with Roback's Blood Pills, and get the internal organs performing their regular functions, and once in order, keep them so by the daily use of Roback's Stomach Bitters.

**DYSPEPSIA.**  
There is, probably, no one disease with which mankind are afflicted which is the source of so many ailments as Dyspepsia; and there is no more certain cure than Roback's Stomach Bitters.

**A REMARKABLE FACT**  
That not a single instance has come to the knowledge of the proprietors, of the failure of Roback's Medicines to give entire satisfaction in the hundreds of thousands of cases in which they have been used; this is worthy of remark and undeniable evidence of their intrinsic merits.

**LOUD**  
Is the praise in the mouths of everybody in favor of Roback's Stomach Bitters, Blood Pills and Blood Purifier.

**IS IT RIGHT**  
That you should bid defiance to all natural laws and the science of medical men, and suffer with Dyspepsia or Indigestion when Roback's Stomach Bitters can be procured at any drug store.

**AS A PREVENTIVE**  
Against Malaria, Fever and Ague and all diseases arising from a torpid state of the liver, there is no medicine so highly recommended as Roback's Stomach Bitters.

**THEY WILL CURE YOU**  
Of Scrofula, Erysipelas, Sick or Nervous Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Consumption, Pain in the Back or Loins, Gout, Pleurisy, Leucorrhoea, Eruptions, and all diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach. Roback's Blood Pills, Stomach Bitters and Blood Purifier.

**GRATIFYING**  
To know that a reliable remedy is within the reach of every body for the radical cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Such a remedy is Roback's Stomach Bitters. Sold by all Druggists.

**ROHRER'S WILD CHERRY TONIC BITTERS**  
ARE THE BEST IN USE!

**USE ROHRER'S TONIC BITTERS,**  
The very best in the Market

**R. E. SELLERS & CO.,**  
No. 45 Wood St., opposite St. Charles Hotel  
Also, Entrance Nos. 102 & 104 Third St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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OPENING OF NEW SILKS,  
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**WANTED—Fifteen Thousand (15,000) Feet of HEMLOCK LUMBER.**  
Will pay cash or produce. Will also sell Lumber of any kind upon a small commission.  
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**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.

**DR. H. B. MILLER,**  
Altoona, Pa.,  
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST,  
Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. 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.-cf.]

**DR. D. 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 Mountain House.  
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 Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Buck & 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. [my28.tf.]

**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.

**LLOYD & CO., Bankers,** Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

**W. M. LLOYD & CO.,** Bankers, Altoona, Pa. Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

**FRANK W. HAY,** Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly hand.

**S. SHOEMAKER,** GEO. W. OATMAN, SHOEMAKER & OATMAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Offices on High street, immediately east of Huntley's hardware store. [ap 8'69.]

**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. JOHNSON,** J. E. SCANLAN, JOHNSTON & 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 streets, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 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, upstairs, 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.

**A. KOPPEL,** T. W. DICK, JOHNSON & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonnade Row. [oct. 22.-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 PENLON,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

**H. KINKEAD,** Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., dec'd., on High St., Ebensburg. [j18.]

**J. S. STRAYER,** JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, Second Ward. dec. 12. 1y

## The Poet's Department.

### NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There's no time like the old time, when you and I were young;  
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of Spring time sung!  
The garden's brightest glories by Summer suns are nursed.  
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There's no place like the old place, where you and I were born;  
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn.  
From the milk white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore us;  
Where the dear eye glittered o'er us that will look upon us no more!

There's no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride.  
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and fading side by side;  
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!  
There's no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like the old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!  
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

## Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

### THE WILDERNESS.

BY REV. WM. H. MURRAY.

The Adirondack Wilderness, or the North Woods, as it is sometimes called, lies between the Lakes George and Champlain on the east, and the river St. Lawrence on the north and west. It reaches northward as far as the Canada line, and southward to Boonville. Its area is about that of the State of Connecticut. The southern part is known as the Brown Tract Region, with which the whole wilderness by some is confused, but with no more accuracy than any one county might be said to comprise an entire State. Indeed, Brown's Tract is the least interesting portion of the Adirondack region. It lacks the lofty mountain scenery, the intricate mesh-work of lakes, and wild grandeur of the country to the north. It is the lowland district, comparatively tame and uninviting. Not until you reach the Racquette do you get a glimpse of the magnificent scenery which makes this wilderness to rival Switzerland.

There, on the very ridge-board of the vast watershed which slopes northward to the St. Lawrence, eastward to the Hudson, and southward to the Mohawk, you can enter upon a voyage the like of which, it is safe to say, the world does not anywhere else furnish. For hundreds of miles I have boated up and down that wilderness, going ashore only to "carry" around a fall, or cross some narrow ridge dividing the otherwise connected lakes. For weeks I have paddled my cedar shell in all directions, swinging northerly into the St. Regis chain, westward nearly to Potsdam, southerly to the Black River country, and thence penetrated to that almost unvisited region, the "South Branch," without seeing a face but my guide's, and the entire circuit, it must be remembered, was through a wilderness yet to echo the lumberman's axe. It is estimated that a thousand lakes, many yet unvisited, lie embedded in the vast forest of pine and hemlock. From the summit of a mountain, two years ago, I counted, as seen by my naked eye, forty-four lakes gleaming amid the depths of the wilderness like gems of purest rai and the folds of emerald colored velvet. Last summer I met a gentleman on the Racquette who had just received a letter from a brother in Switzerland, an artist by profession in which he said that "having traveled over all Switzerland, and the Rhine and Rhone region, he had not met with scenery which, judged from a purely artistic point of view, combined so many beauties in connection with such grandeur as the lakes, mountains and forests of the Adirondack region presented to the gazer's eye." And yet thousands are in Europe to-day as tourists who never gave a passing thought to this marvellous country lying as it were at their very doors.

Another reason why I visit the Adirondacks, and urge others to do so, is because I deem the excursion eminently adapted to restore impaired health. Indeed it is marvellous what benefit physically is often derived from a trip of a few weeks to these woods. To such as are afflicted with that dire parent of ill, dyspepsia, or have lurking in their system consumptive tendencies, I most earnestly recommend a month's experience among the pines.—The air which they there inhale is such as can be found only in high mountainous regions, pure, rarified and bracing. The amount of venison steak a consumptive will consume after a week's residence in that appetizing atmosphere is a subject of daily and increasing wonder. I have known delicate ladies and fragile school girls, to whom all food at home was distasteful and eating a pound matter of duty, average a gain of a pound per day for the round trip. This is no exaggeration, as some one who will read these lines knows. The spruce, hemlock, balsam and pine,

## WILKINS ON THE PIANO.

"Mrs. Wilkins, of all the aggravating women I ever came across, you are the worst. I believe you'd raise a riot in the cemetery if you were dead, you would. Don't you ever go prowling around any Quaker meeting, or you'll break it up. Why? Why, you'd put any other man's back up until he broke his spine. O, you're too annoying to live; I don't want to bother with you. Give me more covers, and go to sleep."

"But, Wilkins, dear, just listen a minute. We must have that piano, and—"

"Oh, don't, dear me, I won't have it. You're the only dear thing around here; you're dear at any price. I tell you once for all that I don't get any new piano, and Mary Jane don't take singing lessons as long as I'm her father. There, if you don't understand that, I'll say it over, again. And now stop your clatter, and go to sleep. I'm tired of hearing you cackle."

"But Wilkins—"

"Now don't aggravate me. I say Mary Jane shan't learn to sing, and plant another instrument of torture in the house, while I'm boss of the family. Her voice is just like yours; it's got a twang to it like blowing on the edge of a piece of paper."

"Ain't you ashamed, Wilkins—"

"It's disgrace enough to have you sitting down and pretending to sing, and trying to deafen people, without having the children do it. The first time I heard you sing, I started round to the station house and got six policemen, because I thought there was a murder in the house, and they were cutting you up by inches. I wish somebody would. I wouldn't go for any policeman—not much."

"I declare, you are a perfect brute."

"Not much I wouldn't; but Smith he told me yesterday that his family were kept awake half of the night by the noise you made, and said if I didn't stop those dogs from howling in my cellar, he'd be obliged to complain to the Board of Health."

"What an awful story, Mr. Wilkins—"

"Then I told him it was you, and you thought you could sing; and he advised me as a friend to get a divorce, because he had said no man could live happily with any woman who had a voice like a cross cut saw. He said I might as well have a machine shop with a lot of files at work in the house as that, and he'd rather at any time."

"Phugh! I don't care what Smith says."

"And you are talking about a new piano! Why, haven't we got musical instruments enough in the house? There's Halferus Montgomery blowing away in the garret for ten days with that old huckle, until he's got so black in the face that he won't get his color back for a month, and then he only gets a spurt out of her every now and then. He's blown enough wind in her to get up a hurricane, and I expect nothing else but he'll get the old machine so clogged full that she'll blow back at him some day, and bust his brains out, and all along of your tomfoolery. You're a pretty mother, you are. You'd better go and join some asylum for feeble-minded idiots, you had."

"Wilkins, I declare you are too bad, for—"

"Yes, and there's Bucephalus Alexander; he's got his head full of your sentimental nonsense, and he thinks he's in love with a girl around the corner, and he menders about and tries to sigh, and won't eat his victuals, and he's got to going down into the cellar, and trying to sing 'No one to love' on the coal-bin, and he liked to scare the hired girl out of her senses, so that she went up stairs and had a fit on the kitchen floor-mat, and came near dying on my hands."

"That's not true, Mr. Wilkins—"

## MR. BRADY'S LAST WRITING.

The following remarkable passage is the last ever written by James T. Brady, the eminent New York lawyer, who died not long since:

"Our brothers in the pilgrimage will fall at our side, but, however thickly the arrows of death may shower, we can, while our powers continue, do naught but move on until we reach the awful instant when we are to exchange the feeble pulses of transitory existence for the ceaseless throbbings of eternal life. There, even there, at that mysterious frontier, if we have been faithful and fearless in the march we may lie down obedient to destiny, with the exalted hope that, after all the objects of this world shall have become lost forever to our mortal sight, there may be unfolded to our new and spiritual vision another realm of unimaginable glory, where we, and all whom we loved on earth, may realize the promise which the Great Ruler of the Universe has made unto the just."

## A CHILD SOMNAMBULIST.

A Milwaukee, Wis., paper tells the following remarkable story:

"Some three months ago a farmer named Knuteson, living a few miles from Stockholm, went away from his house, leaving at home a daughter about thirteen years of age, and the only occupant of the house. Upon the return of Knuteson he found the little girl lying on the bed in a half insensible state. From marks about the girl's neck it appeared that she had been severely choked and sadly frightened. As soon as she had in a degree recovered, she told her father that shortly after he had left the house a man came in, went to a bureau, in the drawer of which was a pocket book containing two \$100 and one \$50 Government bonds and papers of value, and took the book with its contents. Upon securing these the man grasped the girl by the throat and made her swear all the solemn oaths he could think of not to tell her father or anybody else who he was, or give a hint which might lead to his detection. Aside from the bonds, the book contained papers that were of importance to the farmer, and the loss of which he severely felt."

"The girl acknowledged that she knew the man well, but could not tell who he was, as she had promised not to. She seemed to feel the greatest regret at the sorrow of her father over the loss of papers so valuable to him; but despite all this, she could not be induced to give the name of the thief. Whenever urged to do so, with tears she said she could not—she had given her promise and could not break it."

"The grief of the girl at the sorrow of her father, and the excitement through which she passed, were the means of throwing her into a severe fever, and for many days she was quite out of her head. In her delirium she talked quite incessantly of the robbery, but the only word she uttered that in any way gave a clue to the robber, was an occasional appeal to 'Casper' to spare her, and she would not tell. As Casper Schmidt was a young man who formerly worked for her father on the farm, and was well known by the girl, suspicion turned toward him, and as he had been tracked from New Stockholm to this city, the officer came here in search of him. As it was shown that Casper had remained in Milwaukee but a few days and left, the search was ineffectual."

"When the child had nearly recovered from her illness, and was able to walk about a little, its mother, who slept with it, awoke just at daylight one morning to find the bed empty. Calling, and receiving no answer, the mother gave the alarm to the father, who arose and hastened out of the house. In the light snow that had fallen, he saw tracks of the child's feet leading to the barn, and followed them. Entering the barn the farmer saw a sight which paralyzed him—a single timber, stretched from a scaffolding to a small platform high up, and on this timber the girl was slowly working her way along. The position was a dangerous one, and the father was aware that few persons even with steady nerves would care to take it. The father, not daring to speak, and fairly holding his breath from fear, watched the girl as she made her way across the timber, and breathed easier when he saw her at length reach the platform and secure a firm foothold. Then she reached among some old boxes, and drew out the lost pocket book. As she did so she uttered a cry of joy, and immediately after a cry of affliction."

"The farmer did not stop, but reached the platform by a ladder, and when there found the girl holding the lost pocket book in her hand and trembling with fear. The girl was in her night clothes, and was soon taken from her position and into the house and to bed. She could give no account of how she reached the platform, only that she had been thinking very hard of her father's loss, and dreamed one night that the thief had gone to the barn, and up to the scaffolding and across the timber, and hidden the stolen article among the old boxes. She dreamed, too, of following him and recovering it, and it was understood that she had made this perilous trip in her sleep."

"The pocket book was found to contain all the papers lost, excepting the bonds, and the finding was another evidence of the guilt of the young man Casper, he having frequently walked across the timber, preferring the dangerous route to the more easy one of ascending the ladder, when he had business among the old boxes."

**UNREMEDATED ELOQUENCE.**—As an example of powerful unremedated eloquence, may be given a short answer of Curran, the Irish orator, to a certain Judge Robinson—"the author of many scurrilous political pamphlets"—who, upon one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him, had the impudence to reproach Curran with his poverty, by telling him that he suspected "his law library was rather contracted."

"It is true; my Lord," said Curran, with dignified respect, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of good works, than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation would make me the world universally and the more notoriously contemptible."

**JUST AS I EXPECTED.**—An old lady was one night reading a passage in the Bible, which speaks of faith that can remove mountains. Now, there was behind her humble dwelling a high hill, which hid the nearest village from view. She had often wished this hill might be taken; so before retiring, she prayed that it might be removed, because she had faith that it would be done. But in the morning, when she arose, she lifted her curtain, and lo! the mountain was still there. Then the old woman said to her son: "Just as I expected, John; the old hill stands there yet!"

**DURING** the first battle of Bull Run a brigadier general discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground and ordered him to join his regiment. The man, looking him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose and replied, "No you don't, old fellow; you want this hole yourself."

**A FRIEND** of ours had a surprise party the other night. 'Twas a boy,

yet. You might as well try to sing a long metre tune to a hornpipe as to undertake to dance to that polka. It would jerk your legs out at the sockets, certain, or else it would give you St. Vitus' dance, and cripple you for life."

"Mr. Wilkins, I'm going to tell you a secret."

"Oh, I don't want to hear your secrets; keep them to yourself."

"It's about Mary Jane's singing."

"Mary Jane, you know her singing?"

"I don't know, and I don't want to; she shan't take lessons, so dry up."

"What?"

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