Cambria Freeman.

J. A. SPIKE, 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, JANUARY 13, 1870. NUMBER 49.

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Bonds and Mortgages, being first liens on Real Estate,	$502,957 00
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Altoona, Pa., Jan. 31, 1867.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the manufacture of LUMBER at Lilly's Station, (Hemlock,) Cambria county, was dissolved by mutual consent on Monday last, Nov. 29, 1869. The accounts of the firm have been left in the hands of J. McGonigle, by whom the business will hereafter be conducted.

JEREMIAH McGONIGLE,
B. F. VAUGHN.

The Poet's Department.

POETICAL MEDLEY.

Oh, Absalom! my son! my son!
His fleece was white as snow;
He stole a pig and away he run
To the bay of Biscay, O.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
And smoked his pipe of clay.
And bet his money on a bob-tailed nag,
When the moon had gone away.

I'm lonely since my mother died—
The ice is round her still—
So I'll peel a bag of taters, O,
With the sword of Bunker Hill,

It is the hour when from the boughs
I kissed my Molly Ann,
So run, Elijah, and hurry up Pomp—
Yes, or any other man.

Oh, what are the wild waves saying?
I cried the long night through;
And a voice replied far up the height,
A little more cider too.

The harp at nature's advent strung,
Is coming through the rye!
Then kiss me quick and go, my honey,
Said the spider to the fly.

My Willie's on the dark blue sea,
With five hundred thousand more;
And my days are gliding swiftly by
To the old Kentucky shore.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

HOW REV. J. HYATT SMITH CHASED A LOCOMOTIVE.

The following story is told by Rev. J. Hyatt Smith:

"We stopped at Syracuse, New York, for dinner. You remember the railroad depot centrally situated, with its eastern and western entrances exactly alike—as much so as the two ends of a car. After we had dined, the depot master informed me that we had seventeen minutes to spare before the departure of the eastern train. This, thought I, will give me an opportunity to see the city, and a glorious chance for a smoke, provided a clergyman could be tempted into such a piece of wasteful and worldly amusement. I sauntered forth, and after absence of exactly thirteen minutes, having enjoyed a delightful and soothing stroll I was leisurely returning, watch in hand, when to my sudden astonishment, I beheld the train slowly gliding out at the other end of the depot, and increasing its speed at every puff of its gigantic locomotive.

Here indeed was a "call" that admitted of neither correspondence nor delay; there was no time for "taking it into consideration." So, without conferring with flesh and blood, I put off like a sky-rocket with a double fuse. For a moment I thought I had it all my own way; I thought I I was gaining ground, although I knew I was losing wind. I was encouraged in the race by sundry helpful fellows, who kept crying out as I passed, "Go it gaiters!" "Plucky boy!" "He ain't left, O no!" and other well-meaning and benignant exhortations. Though they intended, perhaps, helping me over the course, I found that the more they shouted the less inclined I was to run, and the more decidedly did the locomotive make terrible headway against me. To give up the chase; to submit to the chagrin of being left; to lose my party and my passage; to meet with disappointment, and not to meet with friends; all this was bad enough; but the thought of encountering, all the way back to the depot, that line of interested individuals who, with their cheering exclamations, had so feelingly encouraged me on my outward journey, was the bitterest pill in this unexpected dose.

But it must be done; so, tapering off gradually, I gave up the contest and turned back to meet my fate, and—if I could find him—the depot-master, whose blundering statements were the cause of all my trouble. Without search, that individual advanced to greet me with the bland recognition of a fact that no one could well deny. "Well, you got left, did you?" I replied only with resentment of a "silencing eye." If I looked as I tried to look, my photograph taken at that instant would hardly be chosen to grace an album gallery of "eminent divines." Several bystanders, seeking information, asked, with a show of confidential interest in my case, on what wise the thing had happened? and others, wishing to "point a moral," advised me to be on hand a little earlier next time. With returning breath, relief and words came together, and I squarely charged the railroad official with all the blame. I spoke of his incompotence in no measured terms, recalling how that after I had placed my party in the car he had assured me that there were full seventeen minutes to spare before the train went out; "while here," said I, with triumphant exhibition of my watch, "the seventeen minutes are even now barely up, and yet the train is gone and out of sight."

After no little hot shot cast back and forth, with the usual variations and final perorations of "you did" and "you didn't," "you're another," etc., I asked him whether I would be risking another chance of being left if I depended upon him to give me the exact hour of the departure of the next train. "Eastern!" exclaimed he. "Yes, Eastern," I replied, with a decidedly upward and sarcastic inflection. Said he, "why, the train you have been chasing with such good look wasn't an Eastern train, but the Western Express." With much and interesting confusion and excitemen', I stammered out, "Then where in Joppa is the Eastern train?" "Why, there it is," replied he, "just getting under way at the other end of the depot; leg it, or you'll lose that." If ever I made Dexter time, I made it then. I passed right through the depot like the wind. I felt as if I was all legs. One glance, however, at the rear door of the last car as I was nearing it came near being too much for me. I discovered the group of my lost friends, whose forms and faces seemed bursting with poorly suppressed and ill-timed mirth.

As I reached safely the platform, the fire that opened upon me could only be equalled for its merciless effect by the fire in the rear from which I had providentially fled. I heard jibes, and jokes, and jeers. I heard the hoarse laughter of full chested men, the hysterical efforts of mirth-exhausted women. They had all witnessed my chase after the wrong train; now fearful lest, indeed, I should overtake it, and then rejoiced at my evident lack of what jockeys call "bottom" as my speed began to slacken, and my chances with the locomotive began to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less." They had witnessed the "blowing-up" administered by the depot-master, the strange procrastination in starting for the right train, until at length it had actually started and I had entered upon a second "stern chase." Then they feared I was left again, as they looked with breathless interest at the unequal contest of legs *versus* a locomotive. They had witnessed my final triumph; but how gracefully was I welcomed, and with what feelings I received their peculiar congratulations, I leave my hearers to imagine.

A Profitable Woman.—The advantages of early marriage and the selection of a good domestic wife, are happily illustrated in the following article clipped from an exchange, which we commend to the perusal of our bachelor friends:

I have been married twenty-two years. The first four years before I was married, I began farming with 250 acres, in the Blue Grass region, Kentucky. I handled cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses—principally the two first named and lived, I thought, tolerably economically; spent none of my money in any way; never betting a cent or dissipating in any way; and yet at the end of four years I had little or no clear money. I then married a young lady 18 years of age—who had never done any housework or work of any kind except make a portion of her own clothes.

She had never made a shirt, drawers, pants or waistcoat, or even sewed a stitch on a coat, and yet before we had been married a year, she had made for me every one of the articles of clothing named, and knit numbers of pairs of socks for me—yes, and mended divers articles for me, not excepting an old hat or two. She had also made butter, sold eggs, chickens and other fowls, and vegetables to the amount of near $600 in cash, at the end of the year, whereas, during the four years that I was single, I had never sold five cents worth—besides making me purely happy and contented with my home. And so far as to making money, we have made money clear of expenses ever since we have undertaken it on the farm, and she has made $350 to $500 every year, except one, during the time, selling butter, eggs, and marketing of different kinds.

My yearly expenses of fine clothing, etc., before I was married, were more than my yearly expenses were after I was married, combined with the expense of my wife and children, and our farm has increased 250 to 500 acres; and I believe that if I had not married it would have increased but little, if any; and I have never been absent from home six nights, when my wife was at our home, since we were married, and her cheeks kiss as sweetly to me as they did the morning after I was married.

Get Leather Bits.—One of the cruelest things to dumb beasts is putting frozen iron bits into a horse's mouth. It is not only painful but a dangerous act. For, every time living flesh touches a metal much below the freezing point, the latter extracts the heat from the former and freezes it. Thus a horse's mouth becomes frozen by the cold iron several times a day put into it; each time causing these freezings to go deeper and deeper, to end at last in extensive ulceration, with such a sore mouth the poor horse refuses to eat and pines away, which calls the horse doctor in. They call it bots, glanders, horse-ail, etc, and go to cramming down poisonous drugs in big doses; and the next you know of the poor abused creature, he is trundled off to be food for fish or the crows. Many a valuable horse has been "mysteriously" lost in just that way. Thinking and human people avoid this by first warming the bits; but this is troublesome, and sometimes impossible, as in night work like staging and physician's work. Now all this trouble and loss are entirely avoided, as we have found on large trial, by getting the harness-maker's to get leather bits for winter use, so made that no metal substance can touch the flesh. They are durable and cost only half a dollar. We wouldn't exchange ours for a gold one, if it couldn't be replaced. Don't fail to try it.—*Exchange.*

The Cardiff Giant Interviewed.

"Gris," of the Cincinnati *Times*, recently paid a visit to the "great Onondago Giant," which he describes as follows:

I found his giantship reclining in a wooden enclosure that looked like an aquarium from which the water had been drawn off. Encircling it was a platform so elevated as to afford a good view of the monster. There were but few visitors when I was there. The height of the giant is 10 feet 4½ inches, or would be if he stood erect, which he is not calculated to do very well. He reclines upon his back, with his right hand pressed upon his back, indicating that he died of the liver complaint aggravated by the bilious colic. He evidently died hard, and he has been getting harder ever since. The right side of his face is nearly perfect, showing a noble profile, but the left side is very much worn away by the action of water, as indeed is the entire left side of the body and limbs. It is the form of a powerfully developed man who died in the vigor of life.

The skull is perfectly smooth, showing no indication of hair. (Wood's hair restorative is being tried by Mr. Wood to bring it out, but so far in vain) The material from which the giant is carved, (and by which the proprietors are carving their own fortune,) is gypsum, a mineral consisting of sulphate of lime and 21 per cent. of water. When calcined it becomes *plaster of Paris*. If this is a petrified giant he couldn't be one of the modern giants who travel with shows. None of them ever get 21 per cent. of water in their systems in all their lives. They might get to be gyp-*some*, but not altogether.

An enthusiastic spiritualist who was viewing the giant with me averred his entire belief that he was a petrified giant, and declaring that being himself a medium, he had actually received communications from the giant's spirits. I asked the medium if I could be permitted to propound a few questions to the giant through him, and he said I could. I propounded as follows:

Q. Who are you?

A. I'm A. Stunner.

Q. Were you always as hard as you are now?

A. No, simply a hard case, that's all. Now I'm hard all through.

Q. Were your parents hard?

A. Yes, hard of hearing.

Q. What is your weight?

A. Three hundred stone.

Q. Why did you turn to stone?

A. Because I didn't know what else to turn to at the time.

Q. What were you petrified with?

A. Petrified with astonishment.

Q. Ever have any of the infantile diseases?

A. Yes, stone bruise on the heel.

Q. What were your boyish amusements?

A. Playing marbles, riding on a stone-boat and running around stone quarries.

Q. What is your occupation?

A. *Laying stone* at present.

Q. Got brothers?

A. Yes.

Q. Are they like you?

A. Yes, all in the stone business.

Q. Did that stony heart ever feel the softening power of love? Didst ever have a sweetheart?

(At mention of a sweetheart he softened visibly; a sigh heaved his massive chest, while something like a tear trickled down his stony cheeks (washing away some mors gypsum), but he quickly recovered and was stone again. He was silent, and I didn't press the question.)

Q. How do you feel now, anyhow?

A. I feel a good deal *worn* especially on my left side. Besides, I don't like this *idol* life.

Q. What is your drink?

A. Stone fence.

Q. Would you like to throw in a glass now?

A. No; those who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glass.

Q. Was you killed in Cardiff, and how?

A. Yes, killed by the cars. Got a car-*diff*—in the stomach.

Q. Was you ever a rolling stone?

A. No. And that's the way I gathered my moss.

Q. Hard feelings toward anybody?

A. Yes, I'd like to punch the head of the man that dug me up.

The interview was entirely satisfactory, and I left with feelings of lofty admiration for the stone man.

A Detroit paper relates the very pleasant incident of how a young party went over the ferry in that city. The water was a little rough, and the lovely and estimable young lady, as the boat gave a sudden lurch, clung affrightedly to the extended elbow of her male companion. Looking up into his fond orbs, she murmered:

"Oh, Henry, this is terrible!"

"Yes it is," he responded, "but lean on me and I will protect you."

"Do you think it will be as rough as this all the way across?" anxiously inquired the female.

"I do," responded Henry.

"Then I guess I'll have to lean on you," returned the lady.

"For life?" whispered Henry, turning pale at the thought of refusal.

"I—I—don't know—the water is awful rough—I guess yes-yes-you'd better ask papa."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

My grandfather, a revolutionary soldier, was accustomed to relate the following among the incidents of his experience during the war:

It was during the famous Jersey campaign of 1777–8. Attached to the company to which he belonged was a private soldier, an inveterate fault-finder, sour, crabbed, and perpetually "disgruntled" about something, but who, nevertheless, was never suspected of leaning toward the enemy, and had always done his duty as a good soldier of the continental army.

On one occasion, a lieutenant and a part of his company, including the subject of our story, were sent out on a scouting excursion, instructed to watch the movements of a body of the enemy who were prowling in the vicinity. It was a very warm day, and the party, after a three-hours' tramp, came in sight of the foe, who being in greater numbers than was anticipated, compelled the lieutenant and his men to use "the better part of valor," and prepare for a retreat.

On this "Old Gron'y," as he was called, lowered his musket, broke forth into a tirade against military duty in general and scouting parties in particular, and finished by declaring that he had done enough for one day, and was determined to remain there. To the representations of his comrades that he would be captured by the enemy, he replied that such an event would be preferable to any farther exertion, and stay he would and abide the result.

After exhausting argument and entreaty, the lieutenant informed him that rather than suffer him to be taken by the British and give them the information they would seek concerned our forces, if he persisted in his determination to remain, he must shoot him in order to secure the general safety. The reply was, "Shoot and be hanged! I shall stay where I am."

On this a hurried consultation was held by the officer with his men, and it was resolved to experiment with him, and avoid, if possible, the sacrifice of his life. He was told to take his seat upon a log in the woods where they then were, and to avoid alarming the enemy by a general volley, a single soldier from behind was to send a bullet through his heart.

The announcement was received with a dogged resignation and an unaltered purpose. All being ready, the soldier detailed as executioner, at the word of command, fired a blank-cartridge, while by pre-arrangement a second simultaneously threw a small pebble smartly at the spot intended to be hit. The man fell and groaned, and the lieutenant approached, expressed his opinion that he was mortal, and sorrow that his duty compelled him to the measure, bade him adieu, and then led his party to the rear, where they concealed themselves to watch the result.

The martyr to stubbornness lay for some time; uttering an occasional groan, varied with maledictions upon the service, his fate, and red-coats, and his comrades. His wrath toward the latter seemed to be kindled by the bungling manner in which they had performed their duty, leaving him to a lingering death instead of dispatching him at once.

At length, with a dolorous exertion, he raised himself on his elbow and looked over and beneath his shoulder, as though wishing to determine the nearness of his exit by the quantity of blood that had issued from his wound. Apparently astonished at finding none, he next, with slow, but seemingly less painful movements, commenced feeling behind his back for traces of the bullet-hole. Not satisfied with this, he raised himself to a sitting posture, and with much exertion took off his coat; and finding no perforation, the truth of the trick flashed on him at once, when, seeing some stragglers of the enemy in the distance, he started up, seized his musket and ran, as none had ever seen him do before, toward the American lines. He arrived long in advance of the lieutenant and his party, who never had occasion thereafter to censure his baffled subordinate.

Too Good to be Lost.—The following excellent piece of witticism we find in a Boston paper:

Shortly after the recent great rain storms and freshet in the New England State, a resident of Boston, who owned a mill property in Maine, dispatched an agent to ascertain the condition of his property, and report upon the damage. It turned out to be all *damage*. By due course of mail the owner received the following report:

"Dear Sir:—I arrived here this morning—found the *dam* by the mill *site*, but no mill by a dam site."

Panification is the name now applied to a process of bread making recently discovered and patented in France. This method dispenses with the grinding of the wheat, and, it is asserted, will produce 150 pounds of bread from 100 pounds of grain; while by the old plan of using flour, only 112 pounds are produced from the 100 pounds of wheat. The new kind of bread is said also to be of better quality than the old, as the gluten is not decomposed and lost by the heat of grinding. The new mode of fermentation, it is also asserted, contributes greatly to the whiteness of the bread.

Woman as seen by Mark Twain.

At the annual banquet of the Washington Correspondents' Club, held on the night of the 12th of January, the *Star* reports the twelfth toast as follows:

Woman—The pride of the professions, and the jewel of ours.

The toast was responded to by Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, who remarked as follows:

Mr. President: I do not know why I should be singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening—for so the office of replying to the toast of woman has been regarded in every age. [Applause.] I do not know why I have received this distinction, unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the question, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly, or labored with a heartier good will to do the subject justice, than I. Because sir, I love the sex. [Laughter.] I love all the women, irrespective of age or color.

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to women, sir. She sews on your buttons [laughter]; she mends our clothes [laughter]; she hopes us in at the church fairs; she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors; she gives us good advice, and plenty of it; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and sometimes all of it; she soothes our aching brows; she bears our children—ours as a general thing. In all relations of life, sir, it is but a just and graceful tribute to woman to say of her that she is a brick. [Great Applause.]

Wheresoever you place woman, sir—in whatever position or estate—she is an ornament to the place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. [Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers, and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.] Look at Cleopatra!—look at Desdemona!—look at Florence Nightingale!—look at Joan of Arc!—look at Lucretia Borgia! [Disapprobation expressed.] Well, said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, suppose we let Lucretia slide—Look at Joyce Heth—look at Mother Eve. [Cries of "Oh, oh!"] You need not look at her unless you want to, but, said Mr. Twain, reflectively, after a pause. Eve was ornamental, sir—particularly before the fashions changed. I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history! Look at the Widow Malchree!—look at Lucy Stone!—look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton!—look at George Francis Train! [Great laughter.] And, sir—I say it with bowed head and deepest veneration—look at the mother of Washington. She raised a boy that could not lie—could not lie—[Applause.] But he never had any chance. [Oh! oh!] It might have been different if he had belonged to a Newspaper Correspondent's Club. [Laughter, groans, hisses, and cries of "put him out."] Mark looked around placidly upon his excited audience and resumed:

I repeat, sir, that in whatever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors [laughter]; as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men. (Laughter.)

What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? They would be scarce, sir, almighty scarce. Then let us cherish her; let us protect her; let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. (Laughter.)

But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is loveable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one has personally known and loved and honored the very best one of them all—his own mother. (Applause.)

Wonders.—When a young man is a clerk of a store and dresses like a prince, smokes "foreign cigars," drinks "nice brandy," attends theatres, dances and the like, I wonder if he does all on the avails of the clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor during the day, with her lily white fingers covered with rings. I wonder if her mother doesn't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen?

When the deacon of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as a good article, I wonder what he relies upon for salvation?

When a lady laces her waist a third less than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life a dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live.

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toils for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for instance?

When a man receive a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading it, and don't pay for it, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard?

The bread of idleness—Loaf ing.