

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

VOLUME 4.

Advertisement for The Cambria Freeman, including subscription rates and terms of sale.

DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN? AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO OBEY THE SUMMONS!

Advertisement for Wolf's Clothing Store, offering various clothing items and services.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT advertisement listing various garments and accessories.

Advertisement for Thomas Carland, a wholesaler and retailer in Altoona, PA.

Advertisement for George W. Yeager, a wholesaler and retailer in Altoona, PA.

Advertisement for Heating and Cook Stoves, listing various models and prices.

Advertisement for Boots and Shoes, highlighting the quality and variety of footwear.

Advertisement for L. Loyd & Co., Bankers, in Ebensburg, PA.

The Poet's Department.

Waning. The autumn days are waning, and the gold is on the leaf. The gold and crimson tint that paints with splendor bright and brief the grand old oaks...

Gales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c. Some twenty years ago, in consequence of the encroachments of French and American fishermen upon our fishing grounds on the coast of Newfoundland...

Wrecked Upon Ice. Some twenty years ago, in consequence of the encroachments of French and American fishermen upon our fishing grounds on the coast of Newfoundland...

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The waves did not reach, and with some difficulty succeeded in scrambling up perfectly clear of the spray. Here I found a tolerably level space. The schooner had struck on the least precipitous side of the berg, and having run nearly half her length up out of the water, had become firmly fixed; but this, of course, I did not discover until the day broke.

Returning cautiously, I hailed for a stronger rope, and regained the deck. I found that during my absence a quantity of provisions and clothing had been got on deck, which I directed to be made into bundles, and having directed each person to secure one to his body, I caused the men to land on the berg in the manner I had done myself. Had I known how firmly fixed the schooner was, we might have been spared that night's discomfort; but, not knowing, I deemed it advisable to abandon her at once, fearing she might slide off, in which case no mortal power could have rescued us.

Leaving the vessel the last, I joined my men on the ice, and then, in a few fervent words, we thanked the Almighty for our escape, and implored his protection. I can scarcely picture the horrors of that night. I would fain indeed forget them, but that is impossible. We had preserved our lives for the present moment, but we knew not at what moment the schooner might break up, or glide off the ice, and then what could we expect but starvation in its worst form!

Some twenty years ago, in consequence of the encroachments of French and American fishermen upon our fishing grounds on the coast of Newfoundland, the commander-in-chief of the North American Station hired and equipped a number of small fast sailing schooners, and despatched them from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to cruise on the banks, for the double purpose of stopping encroachment, and also of preventing the Newfoundland fishermen from smuggling capelin (a small fish used for bait for cod) to the French island of Saint Pierre, on whose rock-bound coast it is not to be caught. Of one of these schooners I was put in charge, and it was while running through the Straits of Belleisle, that the adventure I am about to relate occurred to me.

I had been visiting the stations on the coast of Labrador, and was returning to St. John's, Newfoundland, through the straits, when one evening I was caught in a heavy northerly gale. As night closed in, I reduced our sail to trifle reefs, and, knowing that ice was knocking about, placed extra lookouts on, and remained on deck in charge of the vessel myself.

To say the night was dark would give no idea of the inky obscurity in which we appeared to be sailing. One could scarcely see an arm's length, and as for discerning anything ahead, that appeared impossible. I say appeared, because there is much difference in having something to look at and nothing; because, in the latter case, you fancy that nothing can be seen, even if anything were there to be seen.

Meantime, the breeze kept increasing and I had the close reefs taken in. At midnight we were heading well out of the straits, and I thought I would go below and endeavor to snatch an hour's sleep, and was in the act of giving my orders to the officer of the watch, when a loud cry from the lookout men, "A sail ahead, standing right for us, sir!" startled me. Rushing forward, I saw the heavy, indistinct form of what I thought to be a large vessel under a press of canvas, within a cable's length of us.

and that most of the boats would have made their ports the night before. Our own boats were stove and useless, so all we could do was to hold the usual Sunday service, and patiently await the advent of another day. Next morning we were up betimes; but hour after hour passed, and still no welcome sail hove in sight, and we felt the truth of "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" but just before sunset, the welcome cry of "Sail ho!" sent a flood of joy to our bosoms, and a couple of fishing boats were seen heading well up for us.

To charge our remaining mounted gun and fire it was but the work of a moment, and before the smoke had cleared away, we had the joy of seeing them steer direct for us. All was now happiness and joy, and I thought no better time could be chosen for sending up thanks for our almost miraculous preservation. Soon after this was done the boats hove to close under the schooner's stern, and heaving lines to us we brought alongside.

Unbounded was the astonishment of the fishermen, and hearty and warm their congratulations on our escape. I at once chartered them to convey ourselves and as many of our stores as could be saved, to Saint John's; and, next day, having removed into them as much as they could carry, we set fire to the wreck, and made sail for that port, where we arrived safely, and from whence I returned to Halifax by packet. Arriving there, we were tried by Court of Inquiry for the loss of the schooner, fully acquitted of all blame, and congratulated on our fortunate escape.

A Cat Story. Down in Tuckahoe, there is a man named Simpson, who has a flat roof on his house covered with tin. The roof got to leaking badly a few weeks ago, and it happened to occur to Mr. Simpson that it would be a good thing to cover the whole surface with the material out of which concrete pavements are made. "So as to make her all tight and nice," said Simpson. A man was accordingly engaged, and he covered the tin to the depth of three or four inches. The curse of Tuckahoe is cats. In warm weather millions of them assemble and hold ratiocination meetings and rehearsals and General Synods out in the back yards and on the roofs. In Tuckahoe last July the heat was unusually intense, and Mr. Simpson was exceedingly annoyed by the animated discussions of the cats in the neighborhood. The more he "shoed" them and hung old boots at them, the more they yelled. Night after night it continued to grow more terrific, and day after day Mr. Simpson observed that the mysterious caterwaulings continued during all the hours of daylight. Simpson hadn't a boot jack or a backing-brush or a rolling-pi or a cologne-bottle left to throw at them. At last, one moonlight night, the uproar got to be so outrageous that Simpson arose from his bed and determined to ascertain what to thunder all this growling meant anyhow! It appeared to him that the noise came from the top of the house. He went up into the garret and put his head out of the trap door. There he found one hundred and ninety-six cats stuck fast knee-deep in the concrete, which had been softened by the heat—Some of them had been there four days. The minute they caught sight of Simpson the whole one hundred and ninety-six doubled up their back hair, snaked their tails, and gave one wild, unearthly howl, which shocked Simpson's nerves so much that he dropped the trap-door and fell down the step-ladder on the head of Mrs. Simpson, who was standing below, dressed in a thing with a frill on it, and armed with a palm-leaf fan and a bed slat, determined to protect Simpson to the death. The next day the concrete was removed, and the cats were dug out. But you ought to have been present when Simpson interviewed the concrete man! There were only four rounds, and then Simpson got up off the man's prostrate body in order to let him go and hunt for some good hair restorative and put a fresh oyster on his eye.

TEN CENTS A GLASS.—A countryman walked into a New York bar-room the other day, and called for a glass of ale. Having swallowed the refreshing beverage with great inward satisfaction, he laid five cents on the counter, and was proceeding on his way, when the bar-keeper stopped him and blandly intimated that the price of a glass of ale was ten cents. "What, ten cents for a glass of ale?" exclaimed the worthy old Jerseyman, with a look of indignant surprise; and then, while he brought from a bulky pocket-book the required additional currency, his countenance settled into an expression of mournful resignation as he plaintively continued: "Ten cents for a glass of ale, eh? Well if I had suspected that, I'd have took whisky."

Ten greater importance we attach to our opinions, the greater our intolerance, which is wrong even when we are right, and doubly so when we are in error, so that persecution for opinion's sake can never be justifiable.

Little George's Story. My Aunt Libbie patted me on the head the other day, and said, "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life." I guess my Aunt Libbie don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it got the tail hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her climb up to disentangle it. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled some Saturday afternoon, when it was "prime" coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a big lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she didn't. I guess she never had a "hokey stick" play round her ankles in recess, because she got above a fellow in the class. I guess she never had him twirl off her best cap, and toss it in a mud puddle. I guess she never had to give her humming top to quiet the baby, and had the point all sucked off. I guess she never saved up all her coppers a whole winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she must not blow it, because it would make a noise. No—I guess my Aunt Libbie don't know much; little boys have troubles as well as grown people—all the difference is they aren't complain. Now I never had a "brand-new" jacket and trousers in my life, never, and I don't believe I ever shall; for my two brothers have shot up like Jack's bean stalk, and left all their outgrown clothes to be "made over for George;" and that cross old tailor keeps me from bat and ball, an hour on the stretch, while she lapa over, and nips in, and tucks up, and cuts off their great baggy clothes for me. And when she shears me out the door, she's sure to say—"Gud-bye, little Tom Thomb." Then when I go to my uncle's to dine, he always puts the dictionary in a chair, to hint me up high enough to reach my knife and fork; and if there is a dwarf apple or potato on the table, it is always laid on my plate. If I go to the playground to have a game of ball, the fellows all say—"Get out of the way, little fellow, or we shall knock you into a cocked hat. I don't think I've grow a bit these two years. I know I haven't; by the mark on the wall—and I stand up to measure every chance I get. When visitors come to the house and ask me my age, and I tell them I am nine years old, they say, "Tut, tut! little boys shouldn't tell fibs." My brother Hal has got his first long-tailed coat already; I am really afraid I never shall have anything but a jacket. I go to bed early and have left off eating candy and sweetmeats. I haven't put my finger in the sugar bowl this many a day. I eat meat like my father, and I stretch up my neck till it aches,—still I'm little George. Oh, my Aunt Libbie don't know much. How should she? She never was a boy!

Story of a Faithful Horse.

Many years ago there lived on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old Quaker gentleman, who possessed an old faithful servant. This servant was a horse, and his name was Charley. Now, Charley had trotted before the family chaise for many a long year to the village post office, to the Sabbath day meeting, and upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley was ever ready to be "hitched up." Not one trick had he shown, nor had he once proved unfaithful, and grandfather always rode him on such errands or business as he might have about the farm. The river divided the farm, and it was at times necessary to visit the lot on the other side; there was a bridge a mile and a half from the house, but there was a good ford just down by the bank, which was always used when the water was not high. One day in the spring time grandfather had to go over the river, but the freshet had come, the banks were overflowed and the ice in great cakes and fields was coming down with a rush, so he mounted old Charley and set off by way of the bridge. Arriving on the other side, he spent some time in the business which had brought him over, and it was nearly sundown when he got ready to go home. He looked up toward the bridge, and said it was a long three miles around, and that he believed he would try the ford. At a moment he was striking out bravely for the opposite shore, but in another moment a great cake of ice came pounding along, overwhelming both man and horse. They both rose, but grandfather had lost his seat; but as he was swept along by the powerful current, he caught the drooping branch of a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe from immediate danger. The riderless horse pursued his journey toward the house, and soon reached the shore.—Here, appearing to miss his familiar friend, he looked around, and as it seems discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree; immediately, and without hesitation, he turned around and swam boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch he stopped and permitted my grandfather to get on his back, and then, although quite exhausted, started at once for home. The whole scene had been witnessed by the family, and they got ready with boats and went to meet the nearly exhausted horse; he was caught by the bridle when near the shore, and the old gentleman relieved from his perilous position.

Raising Ghosts.—The raising of ghosts was a favorite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torralva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalized in Don Quixote. The demons that the celebrated Italian artist, Bruvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conqueror's circle, and which amazed and terrified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odoriferous woods, in order to dim the vision of the spectators. When Emperor Charles the Fourth was married to the Bavarian Princess Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the bride brought with him a wagon load of magicians to assist in the festivities. Two of the chief proficients in the art—Zyho, the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion, the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zyho opened his jaws from ear to ear, and swallowed his companion until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out, because he said, they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror; but Zyho calmed their apprehensions by restoring the vanquished Guion in his perfect corporal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicable.

A Sudden Descent.—A correspondent tells the following story: A gentleman was telling in meeting, the other night, a glorious dream he had. "Bethren and sisters," said he, "I thought I was standing on the mount of glory. Below me lay the mansions of the blessed, all of pure gold, and the streets were paved with silver, while everywhere around me lay heaps of 'greenbacks'—whispered some one near me, carrying out the miser's figure. But the speaker did not hear him, and added, 'heaps of precious diamonds.'" "Oh," he continued, "if you could have been there, my friends, and stood with me upon that crystal shore, and seen what I saw there, I wouldn't have begrudged a dollar!"

Hard Route.—At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of provisions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses the passengers seated themselves at the table, and the host said: "Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?" "No, thank you; I never sat bacon," said one traveler. "Well, then," said the station keeper, "help yourself to the mustard!"

The assertion so frequently made that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time is altogether wrong, as we are all here, but cannot stop a minute!

NOT MUCH OF AN ADVANTAGE.—In a rural town in Rhode Island an elderly gentleman died and left a somewhat eccentric wife. The parish clergyman in pursuance of his duty, called on the bereaved wife shortly after her husband's decease, and among other remarks, said that the deceased was "now free from all the ills that flesh is heir to." "Umph," replied the sorrowing wife, "there wasn't much flesh to him; all skin and bone!"

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