

Freemantle

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 5.

EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

NUMBER 1.

New Advertisements.

USCARORA ACADEMY
The 10th year of the school year will open on the 1st of September. Those wishing to send their children to this school should apply to the principal, Mr. Isaac Bennett, at the school house, or to the publisher of this paper, at No. 25 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

VICK'S MORAL GUIDE!
FOR 1871.

The first edition of **VICK'S MORAL GUIDE** has been sold in every part of the world. It is a beautiful and instructive work, and is now being re-issued in a new and improved form. It contains a full and complete course of instruction in all the branches of knowledge, and is a most valuable and interesting work for all who wish to improve their minds and hearts.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE MARKET REPORTS ARE THE LATEST AND MOST COMPLETE
Published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

THE PAPER.

THE LARGEST DAILY IN THE STATE.

Contains MORE Original Reading Matter than any Paper Outside New York City.

It has the Largest Corps of Reporters of any Paper published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

The Market Reports are the Latest and Most Complete published in Pittsburgh, and the only First-Class Paper, Geographic Short-Hand Writing, in the State.

POLITICS.
The paper is entirely Democratic, and will at all times and under all circumstances boldly advocate and fearlessly defend the time-honored principles of the Democratic party. We believe that in those principles are laid down and expounded by the Fathers—Washington, Jefferson, Marshall and Madison—the people of this great country must ultimately find their political salvation. Sectional strife and partisan rancor, inaugurated by ambitious leaders, and kept alive by greedy office-seekers, have for years past been the curse of our country, and there are evidences on every hand that these agencies have spent their force, and that the people are beginning to turn their backs upon every branch of the Government. We believe every branch of the Government should be reorganized, and the best interests of the country should be the first consideration in the selection of its officers.

HOME INTERESTS.
While the paper will advocate a wise, liberal and catholic national policy for the Democratic party, it will not be unkindly of the best interests of our own State. It will be interested in all the business and commercial interests of the State, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

NATURAL HIGHWAY.
The paper is interested in the progress of the great natural highway, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

THE GREAT COAL TRADE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the great coal trade, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

SHIP CANAL.
The paper is interested in the progress of the ship canal, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

THE NEWS.
The paper is interested in the progress of the news, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.
The paper is interested in the progress of the local department, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.
The paper is interested in the progress of the financial and commercial department, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

OUR MARKET REPORTS.
The paper is interested in the progress of our market reports, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF IT.
The paper is interested in the progress of what the press say of it, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

THE WEEKLY EDITION.
The paper is interested in the progress of the weekly edition, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

TERMS.
The paper is interested in the progress of the terms, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the administrators' notice, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the executor's notice, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the administrators' notice, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the executor's notice, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the administrators' notice, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
The paper is interested in the progress of the executor's notice, and will be ready to support any measure that will promote the best interests of the State.

The Poet's Department.

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Absolom Lee. He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty.

So fair, and so good, and so genteel was she That lovers came wooing from country and city.

The first and the boldest to ask for her hand Was a trimly dressed dandy, who worshipped her tin;

She replied, with a smile he could well understand, "That she'd marry no ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired Rich, gouty and gruff—a presuming old sinner;

Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired, And thought to himself, "I can easily win her!"

So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow, And said she'd might live there, but wickedly told her

Kitty told him she'd long ago made a rash vow "Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next; he was fearless and bold In claiming his right to fair Kitty's affection;

He said she'd not want for a home while his gold; Could pay for a cabin to give her protection.

Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice, She curried, and thanked him and blushing

Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice, "Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy; He feared the bold wooers who came from the city;

But the flash on his cheek, and the light in his eye, Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.

"My life will be one of hard labor," he said; "But, darling, come share it with me if you can."

"I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head, "I must marry the farm for the sake of the man!"

THE BRIDGE OF DEATH.

In a rich and populous county in Mississippi was once a stretch of woodland so dense that the sun, even during the brightest days of summer, never penetrated its leafy canopy, except where a carriage-way had been cut through its centre.

The hills on both sides formed a deep ravine, through which ran a small brook or bayou, the water only being a few inches deep in places, and two or three feet wide.

Over this little straggling stream a rude bridge of logs and planks was thrown. At all times the air around it was damp and suggestive of the chills of death, while at night the darkness could almost be felt.

For many years that part of the country had been infested by small gangs of runaway negroes, and all efforts to capture them by the patrol had been ineffectual, owing to the co-operation with the runaways of the negroes of plantations in the surrounding country.

Many a dark and bloody deed had been committed at the bottom of the gloomy ravine on this very bridge, until it came at last to be called "The Bridge of Death."

Many a time had the cold, stark body of a beheaded traveler been drawn from beneath its fatal cover, the crushed skull proclaiming the manner of his death, and pointing out the ruthless murderers.

At last there was a cessation of horrors. Not a murder had been committed for nearly a year, and belated travelers began to breathe more freely in the twilight fell before the bridge was crossed.

About six miles apart, with the fatal bridge between, dwelt two families of planters, bound together by such ties as similar pursuits and grown-up children of both sexes, on either side, will always cement. The young people had always kept up a constant intercourse with each other; but on account of the terrible reputation of the bridge at night, the visits had been of three or four days' duration, and the travel backward and forward had been done in the day time.

For many months now the visits had been all on one side, owing to the ill-health of the mother of the young people living nearest the dreaded spot, the distance being scarcely half a mile.

At last George and Mattie, the eldest son and daughter, determined to make their friends a visit, intending to return before nightfall, and accordingly they made an early start in a light barouche driving a gentle but very fast-trotting horse.

The day at the house of their friends was spent as all days must be where youth and light hearts combine to chase time away; and in this instance they did it so effectually that night was darkening the earth before the young people thought of returning home. Putting aside all solicitations to remain over night, they prepared to depart. Relying on the trotting qualities of their horse, they hoped to reach home before their mother should grow uneasy at their absence. It was near 9 o'clock before they finally got off; but once started, they rolled easily and swiftly along, until the brow of the hill overlooking the ravine was reached. Here the horse suddenly stood still, and no amount of encouragement would induce him to go down the hill.

George was a brave youth, and Mattie

was brave too, when her brother's reputation was concerned, and they both knew to turn back would expose them to many covert jests on the part of their neighbors, who would be sure to hear of their retreat—and they determined to press on.

George alighted, and bidding Mattie hold the reins to prevent their falling about the horse's heels, took him by the bit, and by dint of patting and coaxing started him down the hill, trembling with mortal fear.

As soon as her brother left her side, Mattie slid down from her seat, and crouched down on the floor of the carriage, holding on to the dash-board, too frightened to speak.

The horse was slowly led to the bottom of the hill; but as he neared the bridge, his terror overcame him, and with a snort and a bound he shook off George's restraining hand, and in a moment had thundered over the bridge and was tearing up the other side of the hill, still snorting with the most extreme fear.

At the first plunge of the maddened animal Mattie was jerked out of the carriage, and went over the bridge into the brambles and bushes; and although George groped around in the thick darkness, and called her name repeatedly, not a sign of Mattie rewarded his search, and although suffering the direst apprehensions he felt that he would be compelled to leave her there and hurry home for assistance.

The thought of leaving his sister in such a place for a short time even was almost too painful to be entertained, and he began feeling along in the dead leaves beside the bridge, with a last hope of finding her before he left the spot to procure help.

While thus employed, lying flat on the bridge, he touched something that felt like a hand, but larger and heavier than that of his sister's should be. He instinctively drew back, and casting his eyes up the hill toward home saw the welcome light cast from pine torches and heard the familiar voices of his faithful negroes, and he knew that they were searching for him.

To call on them to hasten onward was the work of a moment; and with glad shouts and merry laughter, as was the wont of happy negroes under any little excitement, four or five of them, under the lead of the plantation driver, crowded around him, inquiring, "Where is Miss Mattie?"

In a few words George expressed to them what had happened, suppressing the fact that he had felt a strange, cold hand under the bridge. Had he told them, in spite of all their devotion to him and their young mistress, they would have turned and fled away as fast as their feet could carry them.

Then began a rapid and vigilant search, and poor Mattie was soon brought to light, tumbled all in a heap close beside the bridge. Partly under her and partly under the bridge was another object upon which the red glare of the torches fell with a terrible distinctness. A man in the full bloom of early manhood lay mute and cold, the crushed skull showing to the men who were ordered to take horses immediately and ride into N—, to arouse the sheriff of the county to come and take charge of the dead man. George and three negroes remained and kept solemn watch over the body of the young stranger until the arrival of the officers of the law.

An inquest was held; and then the unfortunate victim was buried near the scene of his last struggle, making the sixth grave on that lonely hillside.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The following story, exemplifying remarkable presence of mind in an old lady, is perfectly true. This old lady—stay; she shall tell the tale herself, as she used to tell it to me, her little nephew:

"You know, my dear, I was living in the country at the time, my little granddaughter being my only companion. We had two female servants and a man servant, but he did not sleep in the house, but in a loft over the stable. One night, late in the autumn, I went up to bed at my usual hour—nine o'clock. I was early, you see, for Fanny was only seven years old, and I did not care to sit up alone after she was in bed; by the time I read my chapter, and said my prayers, and undressed myself, it was fully ten o'clock. Well, on this particular night I went up as usual. I first undressed the child, and put her into bed; then I made myself comfortable, and got my bible, and sat by the fire—it was very cold for the season, and I kept a fire in my room—and after I had finished my chapter, I knelt down to my prayers; my position as I knelt was with my back to the fire, and my face toward the bed. I had scarcely got on my knees, when I caught sight of something unusual under my bed; on looking more attentively, I could see that it was a man's foot. My first impulse was to scream, but fortunately I restrained myself, and the first shock over I was able to think. I had no doubt that it was a robber, and that if he found he was discovered, he might not stop short of murder. I dared not go to bed, and pretend I did not know he was there; and yet, how to get the child and myself out of the room without exciting suspicion, I couldn't imagine. These thoughts passed through my mind in half the time I have taken to tell you; and I was about to rise from my knees, when I suddenly recollected that my doing so at once might in itself excite suspicion; for ought I know, it might be some one who knew my habits, perhaps even my own man-servant, though I had no reason to suspect him. At all events, I determined to remain some time longer, as if engaged in my devotions. I need not tell you that I could give much heed to my prayers, but I did ask for protection and guidance. You know, dear, that I am a slow, methodical old woman, and that I seldom get through my prayers in less than a quarter of an hour, so I now determined not to stir for at least ten minutes. What an age those ten minutes seemed! I never took my eyes off the foot until just before I arose, when it was slowly withdrawn out of my sight. When I saw it move, I felt faint with fright, for I feared lest the man had suspected, and was going to come out; however he remained quiet, and then I got up from my knees. The next thing to be done was to get the child out of bed without causing any alarm. Speaking as calmly as I was able, I asked her if she were awake; she answered in rather a sleepy tone, but aroused herself as I continued speaking. "Fanny, dear, I said, 'I have left my keys below stairs'—I felt a little uneasy at the falsehood, but I hope it was not wrong—and I cannot undress without them; I don't like going down by myself; would you mind getting up, my love, and coming down with me?" She jumped out of bed in a moment, and, having wrapped a shawl round her, I pushed her before me, then, when opening the door, I managed to take out the key and put it on the other side. I then shut the door and locked it; and then, my dear, I could no longer control myself—I shrieked several times at the top of my voice, and, fainting, after all, poor Joseph, the coachman, was faithful, for one of the males called him in, and, armed with a pitchfork, he secured the robber, who was trying to get out of the window."

A BATCH OF RIDDLES.—The following conundrums are the harmless ebullitions of a gibbering maniac:

Why is the letter G like death? It makes ghosts of hosts, and is always in the midst of slaughter.

Why should one never sleep in the cars? The train runs over sleepers.

What sort of a day would be good for fanning for a cup? A muggy day.

Are there any birds that can sing the "Lays of Ancient Rome?" Yes; Macaulays.

What have you to expect at a hotel? Ion-attention.

Why are there no eggs in San Domingo? They banish the whites and cast off their yoke.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.

What is the key note to good breeding? B natural.

Which is the better off, tea or coffee? Coffee. It settles itself, but tea has to draw.

At one of the stations on the Chicago and North-western Railway, recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage car, and said, "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks the baggage man rolled out a barrel of whisky. "Anything more?" asked the wet-grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man; "there's a grave-stone that goes with that liquor." The countenance of the wet-grocer assumed a wrathful appearance, and the car door was shut with a slam.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE—of misters.

SOMETHING always on hand—a thumb.

BACKGAMMON—A lady's waterfall.

The Antiquity of Invention.

The most ancient invention is that of the needle; whether the credit of this invention is due to Adam or Eve, we know not, but we do know that the Bible says "they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons." To sew without a needle would be an impossibility; therefore, they must have invented one; whether from a thorn, a shaggy stick, or fish-bone, is also a matter of doubt. How ancient then, is the trade of dress-making; and when we look at the fashionably dressed women of to-day, and reflect that all her dress, finery, etc., is the result of the combined thought, industry and perseverance of dressmakers for nearly 6,000 years, it is to be wondered at that she is "fearfully and wonderfully made!"

To Noah is attributed the invention of wine, 2347 B. C. Ale was known at least 404 B. C., and beer is mentioned by Xenophon 491 B. C. Backgammon, the most ancient of our games, was invented by Palamedes, of Greece, 1224 B. C. Chess is of later date, and originated 658 before the Christian era. The first circus was instituted by Trajan, 695 B. C., and theatrical representations took place as long ago as 3481, the first tragedy representing

Thespis, 556 B. C. Saucers were not at first as one would suppose have been to that the great philosopher, Aristotle, was the first to play chess, and his friends by taking their chess pieces from the gods and the tragedians, and those superb Homer could play a fair game of OATS.

WOLF makes As for musical instruments other than the psaltery, harp, lute, and thunder instrument, the symbol, which is spoken of as long ago as 1580 B. C. The lute was the invention of Pythagorus, 1896 B. C.; organs were invented by Archimedes 220 B. C., and Nero played upon the melodius bagpipe 51 A. D.

In household furniture, glass was used by the Egyptians; crochery was known to the Egyptians and Greeks 1490 B. C.; carpets were in use 899 B. C.; clocks which measured time by the falling of water, were invented 158 B. C.; sundials, which had been in use previous to the invention of the water-clock, date from 550 B. C.

Bells were made 2247 B. C.; the lathe was invented by Talus 1240 B. C. The compass was used by the Chinese 1112 B. C. Bellows are the invention of Anaxarchus, 569 B. C.

But when we think that bread made from wheat was known to the Chinese 8,650 years ago, we must confess that it is rather stale; we can imagine the young "heaven Chinese" of that date crying lustily for bread and honey. These Chinese are wonderful people, and no mistake, for even as far back as 1100 B. C., Mr. Pa-out wrote a dictionary containing 40,000 characters representing words.

When we read that the arts and sciences of astronomy, 2238 B. C.; sculpture and painting, 2100 B. C.; geometry, 2095 B. C.; husbandry, 1928 B. C.; philosophy; mathematics; mechanics; hydrostatics; geography; mensuration; geology; metallurgy; chemistry, called alchemy; and surgery, were all known to the ancients, we almost exclaim, with Solomon, "There is no new thing under the sun."—*Correspondence Scientific American.*

A Curious Invention.

A locomotive iron horse has been added to the catalogue of curious inventions by Auburn mechanics, by Dr. Patrick Breen.

Mr. Breen is a native of Tralee, County of Kerry, Ireland. He was brought up in the apothecary shop of the celebrated Dr. John O'Connell, who came to this country in 1817, and to Auburn in 1851. Though generally employed upon the New York Central railroad and other local machine shops, he has perhaps been better known as a curer of blind-eyes.

He has the credit of several inventions of merit. For nearly a year past he has employed his leisure hours in studying out some plan for an iron horse, supplying chemical power, to take the place of steam, and to make it move a piece of machinery having the motion of a horse. He claims to have brought that also to a degree of perfection which indicates success. That genius discovered a motive power in certain alkalies and acids, which has never been brought into practical use for agricultural implements, there is no doubt. Whether he can make it work his machinery, he is not confident himself that it will do so. Upon that we express no opinion now. We give his opinion of the machine as he has furnished it to us for public information—not to advertise it, but as a matter of news.

The machine does not go on wheels, like an engine, but walks like a horse, on four legs, which are eight inches and makes a forward motion of six or eight feet at every revolution of a centre shaft which works them. The shaft is ten feet long, the length of the machine. The feet are five feet apart, which enables the machine to preserve its balance on uneven ground. It is so constructed that it will go up or down a heavy grade with the greatest ease, and is calculated to walk and draw on soft and tilled lands, with more ease than a team of horses. It turns around in its own length to any point needed. As to speed, it will go at any rate from three to fifteen miles per hour. The engine can be reversed. It can be employed for all the purposes that a team of horses are useful, such as plowing, reaping, or drawing wagons, street cars and canal boats.—*Auburn (N. Y.) News.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A poor little boy, while attempting to jump from a city car the other afternoon, fell under the car, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved woman arrived she bent over the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," whispered he, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard working mother, whose burthen he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

THE PAPER,
NO. 25 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

CEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

The collection of notes payable, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention.