Cambria Freeman.

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

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VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872. NUMBER 47.

New Advertisements.

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M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for Cambria County.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—4TH DECEMBER, 1871.—*Highland Agricultural Society of Cambria County.*—Petition for Charter of Incorporation.

And now, to wit: Dec. 4, 1871, read, and the Court having perused and examined the within, and finding its objects, articles and conditions to be lawful and not injurious to the community, it is directed that they be filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court, and that notice be inserted in one newspaper of the county for three weeks, setting forth the within application for Charter, and, if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of next term, the same shall be granted. *By the Court.*

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—4TH DECEMBER, 1871.—*Petition for Incorporation of the Ebensburg Hall Association.*

And now, Monday, Dec. 4, 1871, read, and it appearing upon perusal and examination that the objects and conditions within set forth and contained are lawful and not injurious to the community, it is directed that the writing be filed in the office of the Prothonotary, and that notice be inserted in one newspaper in the county for three weeks, setting forth that if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary at the next term, the same shall be granted.

By the Court. J. K. HITE, Proth'y.

Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are desired to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.

Carroll Twp., Dec. 9, 1871.-6t.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.—The annual election of a Board of *TWELVE DIRECTORS* for the *Mutual Protection Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County*, will be held at the office of said Company, in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, Jan. 9th, 1872*, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 1 P. M.

R. J. LLOYD, Sec'y.

The Poet's Department.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

'Tis desolate out on field and mere,
And all about the moorlands drear;
The wind's weird voices come and go
With a muttered sobbing, faint and low,
Like the mourners in a burial-crowd;
Each wild-wood creature is in its lair,
For the cold is sharp in the freezing air,
And the earth is wrapped in a snowy shroud.

Faintly shimmers the frozen stream,
And the hoar-frost shines with a ghostly gleam,
For the depths of the vast unclouded skies
Are filled with numberless starry eyes;
Through the beech-trees' leafless branchery
Downward sparkles the solemn light;
In the shadow and loneliness of night;
They are watching to see the old year die.

Into the dim realms of the Past
The gray old year is journeying fast;
Without—the moonbeam's pallid glow
Quivers above his icy brow;
Within—the fire burns low and red,
And the hanging holly-boughs and bays
Throw shadows strange in the flickering blaze
On the panelled walls and overhead.

And now from the crypt-like gloom
And stillness of the quiet room,
Across the red, uncertain light,
Dim shapes are wavering to my sight
In long procession; they speak no word;
There is no sound of echoing feet;
But cold and low my pulses beat,
By the airy sense of their presence stirred.

They are the ghosts of joys long dead,
Of bright hours vanished, and fair scenes fled;
Of hopes that sprung with the springing year,
Only to fall when the leaf fell sere;
And sorrowful memories, pale and wan,
With the clinging dust of departed years;
And my eyes are filled with regretful tears,
And my heart cries out for the days that are gone!

—Catholic Record.

CENSUS OR NON CENSUS?

"The census, it is said, embraces seventeen million women. Who wouldn't be a census?" —Providence Paper.

Just think of it—seventeen millions,
Resplendent with multiplied charms;
A host of adorable women
Rushing right into your arms!
Coming one after another,
Faster than flakes of snow,
Myriads hurrying up to be kissed,
And waiting for others to go.

Just think of it—seventeen millions,
From every land under the skies;
Multitudinous types of figure and face,
A world of wonderful eyes;
Love's wildest vision of possible bliss
Turned sweetly, suddenly true—
Who wouldn't, if he could, be a census?
Think—seventeen millions! Who?

But stop! These seventeen millions,
From every land under the skies,
Can't be adorable women,
Can't all have wonderful eyes.
There are faces unpleasant to look at,
Complexions decidedly bad,
Heaps on heaps who never had beauty,
Or have lost the little they had.

There are women who scowl and who squint,
And look opposite ways at a time,
And blinking, blear-eyed monsters,
Whose kiss would be kin to a crime.
There are horrible objects with wens,
And features twisted awry,
Termagants armed with the broomstick,
Shrews who smack of the sty.

There are women with turned-up noses,
And noses bent down flat,
And features drawn and teeth all gone,
And cheeks like a knocked-in hat.
There are anatomical women,
With internal organs outside,
And women like magnified tumors,
Whom you could not embrace if you tried.

There are women all padded and painted,
More humbug than women, I'm told;
Manufactured of cotton and offered for sale
At current prices in gold.
There are women with hair that comes off,
And teeth that they have to put in,
Who drop slowly apart like a bundle
As you pull out each separate pin.

There are women with brains like a baby,
But tongues enough each for ten;
Women who live by abusing each other,
And women who feed on men;
Amazons, cannibals, Jezebels, bags,
Flatterers, simpletons, shrews,
Say sixteen millions of such, and about
One million a fellow might choose.

You must take them, though, just as they come,
As fast as they please to rush in;
On the whole 'twould seem—viewing it calmly—
As best, perhaps, not to begin.
It's a pity to spoil the great ones,
But think of those others, my friend,
And as soon as you start at the head of the line,
You are in for it down to the end.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

HARD TIMES.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Mrs. Fairman was a proud woman, if she did enjoy misery, and she had no intention of letting Miss Henslow know that the family lived on canaille bread.

Obed had been kicked in the chest by Black Bill, who was trying to run with the cart, and now he lay on the bed in the family bedroom, and Salome was with him. Mrs. Fairman had told the men folks, more than a hundred times, that they ought to sell Black Bill; but she was'nt anybody to be considered, and no heed was paid to what she said. There was one satisfaction though; things had turned out exactly as she predicted they would, and that was the worst possible.

Now as she stepped away from the stove where she had been carefully covering up the little gray loves with a crash towel, she glanced out of the window at the spring pastures that were perishing for the want of rain, and where the cattle could scarcely nibble a mouthful; and beyond to the hard looking plowed fields that showed only the faintest shimmer of the blue green oats. The wells were giving out, and springs that never had been known to fail.

Mrs. Fairman's face had a cut-water outline. It was rheumy and pinched in at the nostrils, and tucked down at the corners of the mouth. Now, as she looked at the cold, bleak, brown fields taken in connection with the canaille loaves behind the stove, it seemed plain to her mind that there was a judgment upon them; and in a somewhat vague way she connected the judgment with Obed, "who never had been under conviction since she married him," and who had seldom stepped his foot into the meeting-house at the Corners. She had read in the newspaper that the drouth extended over the whole of New England, and a large portion of the Western States; but it did not occur to her that Providence was going considerably out of its way to punish Obed for his obstinacy and spiritual blindness.

A man had ridden early in the morning over from Salisbury with Whitcomb's bill, and had threatened to levy on some of the farm implements and order a sheriff's sale, unless it was paid for in ten days. Mrs. Fairman knew that Obed was "drained" of money, and the prospect of being sold out of house and home, a thing which she so often predicted would happen, seemed dismally near.

Miss Henslow lived across the road in a little house that appeared to be always in the sulks. Now she left her goose heating, and took a section of Deacon Broderip's coat over her arm, with her big tailor's shears at her side, and went, stooping, across the way. She had a crooked back and a hooked nose, with a mouth that hid itself in the big cavity of her face, and which, some way, gave one the impression of a gigantic owl. She appeared to have a three story throat, and to speak out of the basement door. She stepped over one of Salome's flower beds, where the "sturtions" could not push their heads through the baked soil, and she gave a sharp peck on the window pane with her steel thimble.

"I got the fidgets sitting alone," she began, as Mrs. Fairman admitted her, and settled down and let her poke bonnet fall back, showing a ring of snuffy brown hair on each side of her face done up with a big pin. "You see I dreamed of rats last night, and it's always a bad sign. The last time it happened was just before aunt Debby Strong died. Seth Barnaby and his cousin went up to watch the last night, and they said Miss Pratt, who had been hired to stay there, set the scanticst supper ever was. Did you hear about Hiram Walker's wife? She was aunt Debby's niece, and is coming into the property; and just as soon as she got back from the grave, she went to counting over the things, and what do you think! There was six of the old lady's best linen sheets gone."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Fairman, coming out of the buttery with her apron half full of dried apples, "these are solemn times."

The expression had great force, although it was a little uncertain whether it applied to aunt Debby's sheets or to things in general.

"I guess they be," croaked Miss Henslow, suspending the operation of paring one of the seams of Deacon Broderip's coat. "It looks as though there wouldn't be a spear of grain raised this season; and there's Dave Hodgett, one of them Millerites—second adventurers, they call themselves—saying the world's going to be burnt up this year, on account of the big horn and the little horn in the Book of Daniel. I asked him if he wouldn't like to engage me to make his ascension robe, for I thought if he didn't come out straight in his calkerlations, I might as well have the job."

Salome stepped out of the bedroom with a gruel bowl in her hand. She was a tall girl, with light hair just turning a little on gold. It had slipped out of its braid and was hanging against her white neck.

"What a mop of hair Lome has got," said Miss Henslow, when she had got back into the bedroom. "I notice that weakly girls are apt to run to hair."

"Salome ain't rugged, that's certain," said Mrs. Fairman, who was interrupted in her calculations as whether she could squeeze out molasses enough to sweeten the dried apples she was coring. "She ain't tough, and had to be put to hard work before she got her growth. If Sarah Jane didn't keep school to help to get along, I should let Salome putter around for a year or two; and then I guess she'd get hearty; for the doctor says there ain't anything chronic."

"I don't know about that," broke in Miss Henslow. "She looks to me just like sister Patty's girl that went off with galloping consumption."

"Theer ain't no consumption in the family," returned Mrs. Fairman, giving a snappish little jerk to the hand that held the bread knife.

"Wal, I didn't mean to scare you, Mrs. Fairman; but then it's always best to be prepared for things as they come along."

"I'm never unprepared," returned the other dismally. "I've gone through so much that it seems as though I was always expecting trouble; and Obed, he don't seem any better; I don't 'spose it's to be expected. Religion's a great solemnizer, Miss Henslow; and now, when it looks as if we were all going to starve, and the cows don't average any day more than two quarts apiece, it seems most a sin to be making jokes."

"Look there at Miss Dacres," said the tailoress. "Ain't she stiff necked? I understand Jo comes here pretty often after Lome."

"He comes to see the boys," returned Mrs. Fairman, with some asperity.

"Law, a young fellow can visit the boys and squint toward a girl at the same time. But I'll tell you what, the old lady won't like it if Jo means to play that game. I feel it my duty as a friend to let you know how the land lays."

Mrs. Fairman had finished coring her apples; and now she went to the sink and began plying the handle of the pump with such vigor that her neighbor's last words were fortunately lost. Miss Henslow remembered her goose heating red-hot over home, so she took herself and her voice away; but not before she had got a peep at the canaille bread under the crash towel; and that same afternoon she tho't it was her duty to go over to Mrs. Seth Spencer's, and tell that lady how straightened the Fairman's were.

Jo Dacres, a broad-shouldered, lusty young fellow, with a great stride, and a cherry, loud voice, was just opening the gate of the home place. It was the snuggest, best kept farm in the neighborhood. Simeon Dacres, the old man, was forehanded, and had money laid up in the bank; and if there is anything country people do respect and bow down before, it is money in bank.

Mrs. Dacres always regulated her affairs by the almanac; and the first of May the sitting-room stove was taken down, whether or no; and now the house was as chilly as a cellar, with a clean smell about it of whitewash and varnish.

Mrs. Dakers was waiting for the men folks to come to dinner. She had blown the horn twice out of the back door, and the pork in the spider was curling itself up into little, hard, billious looking scraps. With enforced patience she came in and sat down in the rocking chair, with its puffy feather cushion, and untied her cap strings. She was a large woman, with a heavy tread and a double chin, and an immense talent for managing. In her own person she represented the hard-headed ethics of Burnham, and perhaps was more honest, if less nice, than some of her neighbors.

"Obed Fairman has been kicked by a horse, mother," said Jo, betraying a little hesitation in his tone. "The hurt isn't dangerous, but I think it would look friendly if you should step in and inquire how he is."

"If it ain't dangerous I shan't stir a step," returned Mrs. Dacres, shutting her mouth in a positive line. "You do running enough over that way for the rest of the family; and I expect you'll make a fool of yourself one of these days."

"There might be two opinions about that," said Jo, rather evasively.

"Wal, you know what I think right out flat-footed? You're hanging around that girl, and I expect you'll get a weakly wife on your hands who will be whining round with neuralgy or highpo half the time. Obed is shiftless. I don't mean that he is lazy, but he hain't got no kalkerlation. His wits are off wool gathering half the time; and Salome is out of the same piece of cloth. She's as easy as an old shoe, and would sozzle round a house and tend a lot of flowers, no matter whether there was any bread in the cupboard or not. If you are ever going to get ahead in the world, you must marry a woman that can help you push and pull, as I have helped your father—a regular staver, that can put her shoulder to the wheel, and not a bundle of aches and pains tied round the middle with a string, who will eat you up with doctor's bills."

Here was the Burnham valuation of woman put into the plainest words; and they made Jo wince.

"Salome isn't sickly," said Jo in a gloomy tone. "She may not be quite as strong as some girls, but I feel sure she will turn out a healthy woman. I have told you before, mother, that I don't mean to marry a drudge or a glare. I shan't look out for a wife to do my cooking and washing, and scrubbing and nothing else. I want a human companion, and if I have a man to help me on the farm, my wife shall have a girl to help in the kitchen. I shan't go and look up a wife as I would a horse. A man gets his eyes on a girl, and he longs for her, and likes her—he can't tell why. She is different to him from any other woman in the world, and he can't be happy without her. It isn't a thing for a fellow to be ashamed of neither, if he's got one spark of manliness in him; and that's the way I feel towards Salome."

"Granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Dacres, bringing her bread hand down on the arm of her chair at the heighth of the young fellow's ardor. "Do you think your father and me is going to give the money we have just worked and dug out of the ground to feed that Fairman tribe?"

"I don't ask for your money," returned Jo, rather savagely. "I shall take what grandfather left me, and stock a hired farm, and then I shall ask Salome to be my wife."

He strode out of the house without eating his dinner, and marched off to the woods to free his mind of excitement. As he was getting over the snake fence by the roadside, he saw Elder Northup stop under the cherry trees in front of the Fairman farmhouse, and fasten his horse.—The Elder was a little man and his Sunday suit appeared to tyrannize over him a good deal. His coat cuffs descended over his hands, a tuft of stiff hair stood up above his narrow forehead, and he spoke with a slight snuffle.

Mrs. Fairman was ironing by the table when she saw him ride up, so she put the flat-iron back on the stove and went out on the stoop to meet him. "I'm so glad you've happened along to-day," said she, with her face drawn into its usual puckers of anxious concern. "Perhaps you've heard that Obed got hurt. He's laid up now, and I thought mebbe if you should talk with him there might be an awaking. You don't know how I've wrestled in prayer to bring Obed to conviction. I often think of what the Bible says about being unequally yoked with an unbeliever—not that I would have it thought that Obed ain't a good, moral man, kind to his women folks, and as good a provider as he can be, when times ain't hard; but it's been a trial."

"I know it has, sister. These are all filthy rags of self-righteousness," said the Elder, taking out his bandanna and wiping the dust from his thin legs. "The human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperitly wicked."

Salome had been smoothing Obed's iron gray hair. He loved to feel the touch of her delicate fingers. One big brown hand, with prominent joints, lay on the patched quilt, and the man's face, so rugged and homely, with still a dreamy look in the eyes, was softened with an almost child-like expression of peace.—Mrs. Fairman came ushering in the Elder.

"Glad to see you," said Obed, to the little parson, and he put out his hand with genuine warmth. "I've had a little pull back, but the doctor says I shall be round again in a day or two."

"Ahem!" returned the Elder, clearing his throat; "the Lord sends seasons of affliction upon us to bring us to a sense of sin."

"I don't know about that," returned Obed, with his eyes brightening. "I ain't as familiar with the Lord's intentions as some folks profess to be; and as for the trouble, I guess we bring most of it on ourselves."

"That ain't Bible doctrine," returned the Elder, shaking his head rather dismally. "It may do to live by, but it won't serve in the hour of death."

"I don't know why," said Obed, whetting his argumentative weapon. "I guess what will stand in this life will stand in any other."

"The impenitent heart is in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," replied the Elder, fidgetting on his chair. "How will the sinner feel in the way when the goats are separated from the sheep."

"According to my cypherings," said Obed, 'God means to take care of the goats too. They may not be worth as much as the sheep; there's a big difference in folks; but I guess they'll go for what they are worth. At any rate, I shall take what comes, without grumbling or complaining. There's a passage of Scripture that says: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' I've thought of that a good many times when I've been working alone in the field; and I guess I can take what the Lord sends; but there are some things men would like to force on me I ain't so ready to receive."

The Elder couldn't think of any answer for this, so he cleared his throat, and said, "I should like, if you don't object, to have a season of prayer."

"I don't mind your praying," replied Obed, cheerfully, "if you want to; but I guess the Lord knows all you can tell Him and a little more. Folks take a sight of pains to give Him information. There's a still small voice spoken of that I thought I heard out in the lot sometimes, with the birds singing and everything still, and my heart has answered, and I've had a kind of a notion that that was a prayer."

Mrs. Fairman and Salome were whispering together in the kitchen.

"We must try and scrape the barrel," said the anxious housewife, "so as to get white flour enough to make griddle-cakes for tea; then we can put on the canaille bread to look like one kind. You must tell Ezra to be sure and refuse the cakes. He's dreadful fond of them. There's the dried apple sauce, and a little mite of plum preserves, just enough to help the Elder twice; so I guess we shall manage to appear respectable."

The next day there was a change in the weather. The cold northeast wind gave way to a south breeze, and it grew warm and close. Big black clouds rolled up the sky, and anxious, longing eyes watched it, and prayed for rain.

The shower was coming when Salome went into her father's room with a letter in her hand.

"Why, child," said he opening it, "Bunker, the man that bought the old Hayne's place, wants to get three acres off the back end of my land. It's a strong piece, but it goes cornering into his'n and there's some folks that can't bear to have a notch in a farm, and I guess he's one of them kind. He offers a big price and the money will pay off my debt to Whitcombe, and leave me something over. It does seem as though there was a providence in it. I can't ever see that the Lord bears a spite to his children, but I'm ready to acknowledge all his mercies."

"O, father, it's raining!" cried Salome, as she rushed to the window. The big warm drops were beginning to patter down on the leaves and grass, and soak into the hard ground. Faster and faster it came roaring upon the roof, while the winds swayed the wee limbs of the trees.

"That is music," said Obed, with his face all aglow. "It makes me think of where the Bible speaks about the fields yielding their increase, and the clouds dropping fatness. There ain't no such poetry as that anywhere."

The shower had lasted a long, long time, and soaked into the thirsty ground, and brightened the grass and brought out the dandelions by hundreds, and opened the pink lips of the apple blossoms.—With the patter on the roof, and the great peace that had fallen on his spirit, Obed fell asleep. Salome sat beside him. Presently there came a tap at the window. She started, and turned, and there stood Jo Dacres, leaning over the low sill backed by a lilac bush just shaking out its purple plumes. Everything was glittering with bright drops, and a robin was singing overhead. Salome went softly to the window, and she never forgot how that bird's song sounded. She was dressed in a pale blue calico, of glazy stuff, but it just suited her style; and now, as she leaned out, her light hair fell about her face.

"I've taken the Spinner place," whispered Jo, "and used grandfather's money to stock it. I felt as strong as fifty men, but if you should refuse to marry me, I should be as weak as a cat."

This was the way Jo proposed; and Salome just put out her hands to him, and for one moment her face was out of sight. The robin went on singing, and a tree bough showered down bright drops on Salome's hair, and the early roses began to blow, and good moist smells came from every thing there, over the happy girl's shoulders, was a rainbow spanning the dark cloud, which seemed to promise that there had come an end to HARD TIMES.

THE MISFORTUNE OF A PRINTER.—Some years ago, when the writer was a reporter upon an eastern paper, it devolved upon him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and the description of a patent dog-killing and sausage machine that had just been put in operation at the factory. Now, what made Dr. Mudge mad was this: The inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the forms got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press something like this was the appalling result:

"Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspecting dog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit and presented him with a very handsome gold headed butcher who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which so huge an animal was cut into so many fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the dog was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be obtained for fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been so handsomely treated."

Mad? Well, about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof and robed himself in boiler iron, so that he could watch the venerable clergyman tearing round there in the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war and carrying butcher knives and things. The next day we explained and apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription and began to take the rival paper.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.—Between Kenosha and Milwaukee an agent of an accident insurance company entered the car, and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterwards appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tickets.

"I got my ticket down to Kenosha."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam. I want to know if you want to insure your life against accidents."

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my daughter, who's married up there, and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's been married two years and a half and that's the first child. It's a gal."

Agent still louder:

"I'm an assurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's got along first rate, and is doing as well as can be expected."

Agent at the top of his voice:

"I am an *insurance* agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accidents?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

OLD TIME WRITING.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, stones, ivory, bark, and leaves of trees; and from the latter leaves of books are probably derived. Copper and brass plates were early in use, and a bill of divorcement on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper mill in England was built in 1586, by a German, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half, namely in 1713, before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone.—Subsequently reeds, pointed and split, like pens in the present day, were used.