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

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PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

SHYEMUS O'BRIEN: A TALE OF '98.

As related by an Irish Peasant.

LEFANU.

Just after the war, in the year Ninety-Eight, as soon as the boys were all scattered and late, 'twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got, to hang him by trial-barrin' such as was shot.

There was a trial by jury goin' on by day-light, and the martial law hangin' the livin' by night.

It's them was hard times for an honest peasant; if he missed in the judges he'd meet a dragoon; and whether the soldiers or judges gave sentence, he'd wait a month time they allowed for repentance.

An' the many a fine boy was then on his keepin', with small share of restin' or sittin' or sleepin'.

An' because they loved Brinn, and scorned to sell it, a prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the unbelieved by night and unretired by day.

With the health for their back, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' honestest boy of them all, was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glimall; his limbs were weak, but his heart was stout.

An' the kee-fanged hound had not teeth half as white.

An' his chief love was pale as the face of the dead, and he'd never warm'd it with the blush of the red.

And for all that he was n't an ugly young boy, for the devil himself couldn't blame with his eye.

So droil an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright, like a flash that crosses the depth of the night.

An' he was the best mother that ever has been, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

An' in lumbh he beat Tom Molloy's a cur; for he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

An' it's many the one can remember quite well the square things he did, an' it's oft I heard tell how he frightened the magistrates in Cahir.

An' escaped through the soldiers in Aherlin, and he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

An' the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild and treacherous prey on the blood of the best; an' many an action of power an' pride.

An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side, in darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shemus look back on the beautiful moon, for the door of the prison must close on you.

An' take your last look at her dim, misty light, that falls on the mountain and valley to-night.

One look at the village, one look at the flood, an' one at the sheltering far-distant wood.

Farwell to the forest, farwell to the hill, an' farwell to the friends that will think of you.

Farwell to the pattern, the burlin, an' wake, an' farwell to the girl that would die for you.

An' twelve soldiers brought him to Maryborough, an' there he was taken at last.

The fleet limbs were chained an' the strong hands were bound, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

An' he lay down his length on the cold prison floor, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

As he lay an' soft as the sweet summer air; an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

An' happy ruminations crowdin' an' cheer, as fast as the foam flakes drift down an' clear.

Bringin' a fresh to his heart merry days long gone by, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

Till the tears gathered heavy an' thick in his eye, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

But the tears didn't fall, for the pride in his heart, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

An' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur, an' he'd often be late Tom Molloy's a cur.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago a young priest, fresh from the seminary, was appointed to his first pastoral charge in a small village of the diocese of Lyons.

We shall not give his name just yet. In fact, if his parishioners had then been asked it, they would have felt quite at a loss what to say.

They knew him as Monsieur le Cure; they knew no other name, cared for no other name than this.

Well, then, in this village lived Monsieur le Cure, who was the kindest and best of men.

Revered by his whole flock, he sympathized with them in their trials, assisted them by his counsels, and shared with them his small income.

His sole motive of action was an ardent love of God, and, for His sake, a tender charity to man.

We are not to imagine, however, that this good priest, kind as he was, lacked firmness when it was required.

On the contrary, he had frequently shown that gentleness of disposition and manner is by no means incompatible with inflexible strength of purpose and will.

More than once he had to defend the interests of his parish against the encroachments of the village authorities, and, contending most energetically for his rights, he succeeded in upholding them.

At the same time he was so conciliatory to his opponents that no breach of charity occurred.

Thus the young pastor won golden opinions from all his little world. Even those who, perhaps, would be slow to appreciate his goodness, applauded his prudence; so that scarcely any one of his congregation would begin an undertaking, great or small, without first seeking the opinion of Monsieur le Cure.

He was the general lawyer, notary, architect, doctor, and even public letter writer.

In his last capacity he managed almost the whole correspondence of his small Kingdom, which is not strange, considering that the most learned of his subjects could scarcely spell the Gospel of the day, even when printed in the largest type.

One morning, toward the end of February, the village was aroused at daybreak by the continued peal of the one bell which the church still possessed.

The winter had been an unusually severe one. The hills were covered with snow, and even the plains retained their white covering, and hindered the farmer's labors.

So the poor peasants whenever they met their priest in his daily walks, they urged the one request:

"Pray for us, Monsieur le Cure, and for our fields. If the thaw comes not soon, the sowing time will be past; then how shall we get bread for our little ones?"

And Monsieur le Cure would give his invariable answer:

"I have confidence, my children; fear nothing. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well."

Such was his logic, such his eloquence. "Whatever Almighty God does, He does well." The greatest philosophy could find no better method of consolation.

The greatest orator could not add to its persuasiveness.

Now, at daybreak, on this February morning, as has been said, the clamorous ringing of the bell roused every one from his slumbers.

All rushed into the streets, expecting to find one or more dwellings in flames. But, alas! terrible as are the ravages of fire, a worse foe threatened the destruction of the village.

Fire may be extinguished, or at least its course be stopped; but water rushing along in tumultuous streams, leveling in its way banks and barriers—water, sweeping over plains and through valleys, surmounting hills, breaking through walls, carrying in its foaming course trees, houses, cattle—everything—an inundation! Who but God can say to its fearful might: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

The wished-for thaw had suddenly set in, and the stream which passed by the village—in summer a shallow brook, now a headlong torrent swollen by the melting snow—was spreading ruin and desolation in its track.

Already half the village was overflowed by its turbid waves; and cows, sheep, horses—all uttering their different cries of fright and pain, and all mingling with the fragments of their sheds and stables—were borne swiftly past the panic-stricken spectators.

It was in truth a scene to strike terror into the boldest heart. There was, however, one heart that quailed not.

The good cure, who had been engaged during the night by the bedside of a sick parishioner, was the first abroad. Thanks to his energy, his calmness, the panic soon abated; measures were adopted to save what property was still unharmed, and in an astonishingly short time the men formed into bands, and worked bravely under his direction.

The cure was everywhere; here animating the toiling men, there consoling the weeping women, and always with the same maxim:

"Have confidence, my good friends; Providence has not forsaken us. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well. Yes, His saintly soul could bless God and trust Him alike in His judgments as in His mercies."

On a sudden a loud cry arose from the crowd. The torrent, leaving its direct course, had thrown itself upon a cottage which stood apart from the rest of the village. In the twinkling of an eye the waters had mounted to the roof, upon the

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

A TRUE STORY.

upper ridge of which a woman with two children, one an infant on her breast, had taken refuge.

Higher, still higher, rose the waters; already the mud built walls of the hut were yielding to the furious dashing of the waves.

All hope seemed lost. In vain had Jacques, the blacksmith, a man of great strength and courage, endeavored to ford the rushing waters; three times had he striven to reach the hapless family, but always without success.

Two others had made the attempt and failed. A few more minutes and the mother with her little ones must be swallowed up in the raging waters.

Just at this crisis the galloping of a horse was heard. All turned eagerly to see it. It was the good cure, bareheaded, and with his cassock tucked up, calmly urging on the stout pony that bore him each Sunday to say Mass at an outlying chapel.

Encouraged by the voice and hand of his master, the brave animal took to the water, and, despite the force of its current, managed to reach the tottering hut. But how to save all these unfortunate? It was with the greatest difficulty the pony had withstood the torrent with only one person on his back; could he sustain the additional burden?

The cure's resolution was speedily formed. He held out his hands for the children; the poor woman, in her maternal tenderness, was only too glad that they should have the first chance of safety, and champing them in his arms he set out on the dangerous return.

He succeeded. Leaving the children on the bank, he again essayed the perilous passage, unheeding the cries of the people, who implored him not to risk again a life so dear to them all.

Nothing could daunt his heroic courage. "Pray for me," was all he answered, and plunged into the torrent. In spite of the animal's resistance, and the increasing force of the waves, he once more reached the cottage, just as the walls gave way.

The roof disappeared, and the poor woman was precipitated into the stream. Another moment and she would have been beyond the reach of help; but the priest, who never lost his presence of mind, seized her by the hair as it floated on the surface, and again, encouraging his pony once more, crossed the torrent and landed her in safety.

Exhausted by his superhuman exertions, he sank upon the ground, murmuring: "Whatever Almighty God does, He does well!"

It is needless to attempt a description of the scene that followed; to dwell on the emotions of the people as all anxiously helped to restore him to consciousness. It would be hard to say whether love or admiration was the predominant feeling.

From that night of terror Monsieur le Cure was a hero, a saint; and those simple people's judgment perhaps was not far astray. However, they were not content with giving him gratitude and admiration. They cast about for some way of showing in a tangible form what they thought of him.

And soon an opportunity presented itself—a dull opportunity, surely, but they were too much in earnest to be particular. Within a few weeks the township was called on to select officers of the fire brigade.

The people met as usual, and on examining the ballots it was found that Monsieur le Cure had been unanimously chosen captain.

In vain did the object of their strange compliment protest against such an unheard-of proceeding; in vain did he explain that the equipments of a fireman—helmet, axe and trumpet—were out of keeping with the cassock; the voters sturdily declared that the prefect must settle that part of the affair—as for themselves what was done, was done.

It was a new thing for Monsieur le Cure to have another do the work while he bore the credit; but there was no remedy. Notice of the election extraordinary was sent to the Minister of the Interior; the singular occurrence was told to the Minister, and the Minister thought it worth telling to the King. The whole court was in great amusement over the tale.

Some years after this, misunderstandings arose between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in the diocese of Nancy. Things came to such a pass that it was decided the bishop should cease to be resident, but even this did not allay the excitement.

An actual civil war broke out between the opposing parties, and even ecclesiastics were on opposite sides. Confusion reigned, and the Minister of Public Worship thought it necessary to bring the subject to the King's notice, as it called for the most delicate and prudent management.

"The diocese of Nancy gives more trouble than all the rest of France," said the Minister in conclusion. "In fact, sire, the whole city is in a conflagration."

"If that be so," said the King, jestingly, "what can we do but employ our clerical captain of the fire brigade to put it out?"

The suggestion struck the Minister. "Sire," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "your Majesty's propositions are always to the point. I have heard much of the priest you are pleased to remember—he is the very one for the emergency, as conciliating as he is firm."

In fine, a month afterwards M. le Cure, our hero of the inundation, was nominated coadjutor to the Bishop of Nancy, and the selection was approved by the Pope. Very soon all discord ceased; tranquility was restored, and on the death of the Bishop, which occurred not long after, the

A SAD STORY.

Many years ago, a picturesque spot, about six miles northwest of Lockport, N. Y., was the location of a handsome and comfortable homestead.

The family which resided there was respected alike for its wealth and worth, and from that parental roof went forth to homes of their own a goodly number of lovely daughters and noble sons.

One of these, more ambitious than the rest, thought to better his already prosperous fortune by accepting the golden promises California, at that time, so temptingly held forth.

While there, he met and loved a young girl who was filling the honorable position of nursemaid, in a rich man's family. She was uneducated and of humble birth, but amiable and remarkably beautiful.

He placed her in a boarding-school, where she remained for several years, until her education was completed, when he married her.

He was then a very wealthy man, and he decided to return with his young wife to his native State. At San Francisco they took passage in a sailing vessel for New York, which, when within two hundred miles of the latter port, sprung leak and rapidly filled with water.

When the captain saw that his vessel was sinking, he let down the boats and into them lowered the female passengers. When this poor young wife learned that her husband was not going, she implored them to allow her to stay and die with him.

But the captain was inexorable, and she was torn from his arms and lowered into the boat, which hurriedly made for land. What an agonizing farewell! The wife looked back and saw that loved husband for the last time, clinging to the mast of the vessel as it sank into the pitiless sea.

The poor girl reached the home of her husband's parents in safety, and a few months after her arrival became the mother of a bright little boy. A few years later she visited a Southern State, taking her child with her.

From that fatal tour she returned childless, and the remains of her darling boy lay in a Southern grave. By her child's death the last tie which bound her to her husband's kindred was broken, and she came back to Lockport, grieving over the manifold sorrows which had befallen her in a stranger State.

Wentry of her lonely life, she at last listened to the protestations of an ardent suitor and married him; and to him she entrusted her property, which was considerable, although \$80,000 in gold went down with that ill-fated vessel.

This second husband proved to be a gambler and worse; and, after squandering the larger portion of her wealth, leaving her with two children, penniless and homeless. And now, in an obscure dwelling a few miles outside of the city, this sad wreck of a once lovely and beloved woman subsists by the charity of a single friend.

THE INDIAN'S DREAM.—When the Indian went to see the white man, he said with him all night. In the morning he says to the white man:

"Me have dream last night."

"Ah, what was it?"

"Me dream you gave me your gray mare, and that you gave me rifle; that you gave me much powder—much ball, much shot."

"Did you indeed? What a dream!"

"Yes, me dream it all."

"Well, that's bad, for my wife always rides the gray mare, and she thinks she cannot ride any other horse; but if you dream it, why I suppose you must have it."

"Yes, me dream rifle too."

"Well, if you dream it, why I suppose you must take that too, but it's very singular."

"So the white man gave them all into the Indian's possession; but persuaded him to tarry with him one night more."

In the morning the white man said to the Indian:

"I had a dream last night."

"No, did you?"

"Yes, but I did though; I dreamed that you gave me all the land between Poonjankit river and Catapung mountain—about three thousand acres of the most beautiful land imaginable."

"Ah! Bones of my father! Well, if you dream it, why I suppose you must have the land—but me never dream with you any more!"

PRESIDENT SMITH, of Dartmouth, used to set type in the printing office of Simeon Ide, at Windsor, and says of it: "It always seemed to me that it was a profitable service. I learned to spell, an attainment which even men of great notoriety do not always make. I learned many things about newspapers and books, and the matters they treat of, which served as a good preparation for the further studies I at length undertook. I am far from being satisfied with my labors in my present position; but, imperfect as they seem to me, I cannot but help thinking that I am a little better president for having been a printer."

"What would you do if mamma should die?" asked a lady with whom we have the honor of an intimate acquaintance, of a little three-year-old girl that we would not take a hundred dollars for. "Well, mamma, was the melancholy response, 'I 'spose I should have to spank myself!'"

WHEN women are in arms they never oppose the liberty of the press,