

Freemania

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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THE IRISHMAN.

A correspondent of the New Castle (Pa.) Gazette, whom we recognize by the initials "D. X. J." to be a prominent Presbyterian divine, formerly a resident of Hollidaysburg, contributes somewhat imperfectly from memory the first two verses of the following poem, which he precedes with the remark that "nearly half a century ago, when I was a boy, there appeared in the newspapers a few stanzas of a poem, the authorship of which was, at the time, ascribed to George Washington, the father of our Republic, and it was said to have been the only metrical composition he ever produced. Some of the verses linger in my memory, although I have not seen a copy of them for certainly forty-seven years, and I may not be able to give them with proper accuracy. I wish you would print what I can remember, and send them round in the hope that some literateur, who can throw light upon the question of their origin, may see them and give us information." Two additional verses, also imperfect, have been furnished us by a Celtic friend now on a visit to this place, who remembers to have listened to the song in Ireland many a time and off in his boyhood days, some thirty odd years ago, and although he is not familiar with the name of the author, is entirely confident that the poem was written in Ireland, and therefore could not have been the production of the great and good Washington. That the "Father of his Country" was not the author of the ballad is still further confirmed, if not made absolutely certain, by the assurance of our well booked (he is in the book business) friend, "Eriochan," who not only furnishes us with the entire sonnet, as given below, but declares positively that Washington did not write it. Who did remain the savage loves his native shore, Tho' rude the soil and chill the air, Then will my Erin's sons adore An idle which nature formed so fair. And none reflects a shore so sweet As Shannon broad or pastoral Bann? And who a friend or foe can meet More generous than an IRISHMAN?

STANZAS.
The savage loves his native shore, Tho' rude the soil and chill the air, Then will my Erin's sons adore An idle which nature formed so fair. And none reflects a shore so sweet As Shannon broad or pastoral Bann? And who a friend or foe can meet More generous than an IRISHMAN?

If you are poor, he'll for you pay, And guide you where you rate may be; If you're a soldier, he'll for you stay His cottage holds a jubilee. His inmost soul he will unlock, And if he may your secrets know, Your confidence he seems to seek, For faithful is an IRISHMAN!

A HUMOROUS ELOPEMENT.
"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forefinger, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the very last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money besides—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful bad to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now, if our son John would only marry Mary Brown's daughter Sally, it would help us out amazingly. The Browns, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land and things that they're always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," said Peter, brightening up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"
"I don't know, but it seems to me that they've always taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister than anything else."
"But suppose the Browns should object, as most likely they would? You know we ain't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."
"I'll tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put Peter up to elope with Sally."
"Agreed! I'll leave it all to you to manage."
Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassment.
Coincidences are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances. About

THE IRISHMAN.

the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Jonas Brown and wife, held an important consultation.
"Do you remember that note for \$600 I gave for stock last spring?" asked Jonas.
"Yes."
"Well, it's coming due in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."
"Mortgage the farm."
"We've done that till it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged; and there is Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is to come from is a mystery to me. We're on the verge of bankruptcy."
"I wish Sally would marry John Smith. Gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."
"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."
"You don't, eh? Well, I do. Ain't his folks rich? and wouldn't they set him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of getting help through Sally."
"That's a good plan," was Jonas' conclusion, after profound meditation, "but the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match."
"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."
So it chanced that the Browns and the Smiths planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage. The next step in each case was to mould the young folks to the proper shape.
John Smith was a handsome, brawny country fellow, with plenty of good sense and an ocean of love for Sally Brown. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would gladly do so, but feared her parents would object. Then his father slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in carrying out such an exploit. John said he would think about it.
Sally was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoiced in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy little rouseau nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which was neatness itself. When her parent spoke to her about John, she blushed becomingly, and after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the question of ultimate union, but that they feared parental objection.
"Now, I'll you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy."
"Yes, we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.
"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our fingers to prevent it."
"No," repeated the old man, "we would not lift a finger to prevent it."
In thus instructing their children, the Smiths and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Sally would, upon the first occasion possible, unobscure themselves, for how could free lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? And they didn't. At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks. However, they were not overdisposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devoutly wished seemed so near at hand, to question how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.
"I've been talking to John," said Sally, demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to elope. It is all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged."
"I saw Sally to-night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope; so I think that the thing had better be hurried right along."
One week from this time all the preliminaries had been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a bran new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been given enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing in their respective sleeves at their own cunning. The Browns were overjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, the Smiths were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.
The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over to Sally's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle, and Sally came out. Under the peculiar circumstances

AUNT HANNAH'S ADVICE.

And so you hate quarrels with David? And hide it as well as you can, I know at this moment you're thinking That he is a horrible man, He has no regard for your feelings, And each has confessed to the other That both were much better apart.
You think of the days of your courtship, When David was thoughtful and kind— In all your vexations so helpful, To all your follies so blind; And now o'er the gateway of Eden The sword of the angel is crossed, And you miss all the sweetness and sunshine, The joy of a Paradise lost.
You think you have done all your duty, Have prayed and have labored in vain, And feel, as a husband, that David Has really no right to complain. But let us sit down in the twilight And talk o'er the subject awhile, Before you take leave of the meadow It is well that you pause on the stile.
'Tis likely that David is fretful, And careless at times, it is true; His business absorbs him too closely, But is he not working for you? So when he comes home in the evening, Quite silent, and thoughtful, and queer, Just let your heart keep up its singing, And pretend you don't notice, my dear.
For just as a scratch on the finger Will heal if you let it alone, So may a trouble and grievance That David and you may have known Would soon have been gone and forgotten, And left not a scar on the heart, Had either been fond and forgiving, Had you never supposed you could part.
'Tis your duty to yield, and you know it; You will if you're true to your trust; Your God and your honor demand it, And David is gentle and just. Don't keep his bones of contention; Don't hold to this terrible strife; But make him a much better husband By being a much better wife.

Romance of an American Queen.

In 1733, the settlement of Georgia was commenced by a number of English people, who were brought over by Gen. Oglethorpe, and pitched their tents on the very spot now occupied by the city of Savannah.
In his intercourse with the Indians, he was greatly assisted by an Indian woman, whom he found in Savannah, by the name of Mary Musgrove. She had resided among the Indians, in another part of the country, and was well acquainted with their language. She was of great use, therefore, to General Oglethorpe in interpreting what he said to the Indians and what they said to him. For this service he gave her a hundred pounds a year.
Among those who came over with Gen. Oglethorpe was a man by the name of Thomas Bosomworth, who was the chaplain or minister of the colony. Soon after his arrival he married the above mentioned Indian woman, Mary Musgrove. Unhappily, Bosomworth was at heart a bad man, although by profession he was a minister of the gospel. He was distinguished for his pride and love of riches and influence. At the same time he was very artful. Yet, on account of his profession, he was for a time much respected by the Indians.
At one of the great councils of the Indians, this artful man induced some of the chiefs to crown Malatche, one of the greatest among them, to declare him Prince and Emperor of all the Creeks. After this he made his wife call herself the eldest sister of Malatche, and she told the Indians that one of her grandfathers had been made king by the Great Spirit over all the Creeks. The Indians believed what Mary told them, for since Gen. Oglethorpe had been so kind to her, they had become very proud of her. They called a great meeting of the chiefs together, and Mary made them a long talk. She told them that they had been injured by the whites—that they were getting away the lands of the Indians, and would soon drive them from their possessions. Said she: "We must assert our rights—we must arm ourselves against them—we must drive them from our territories. Let us call forth our warriors—I will lead them. Stand by me, and the houses which they have erected shall smoke in ruins."
The spirit of Queen Mary was contagious. Every chief present declared himself ready to defend her to the last drop of his blood.
After due preparation, the warriors were called forth. They had painted themselves afresh, and sharpened anew their tomahawks for the battle. The march was now commenced. Queen Mary, attended by her infamous husband, the real author of all their discontent, headed the savage throng.
Before they reached Savannah their approach was announced. The people were justly alarmed. They were few in number, and though they had a fortification and cannon, they had no good reason to hope that they should be able to ward off the deadly blow which was aimed against them.
By this time the savages were within sight of Savannah. At this critical moment an Englishman, by the name of Noble Jones, a bold and daring

How Smikes Stopped Chewing Tobacco.

Smikes made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He hadn't used tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce par day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything that he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there had never been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off at any minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to

his pipe.

He pitied Thompson, for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So one morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added, impetuously, what she had never said before; that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confessed when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. If his agitation he pulled out his tobacco box and was about to take a chew, when he recollected himself, and plunged out of the front door, forgetting his umbrella. About half way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over, Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth, and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while conversing with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover and sniffed of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing. He congratulated himself again and again that day that he did not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy habit, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening at the tea-table, till Samantha, marvelled greatly at the frankness of Smikes. She had already heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her, and kept telling her, that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virtue of strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a grass. That night Smikes had a nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon him a monstrous quid of "finest" as large around as a cart wheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked him what was the matter, his only reply was that "anybody could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told every body who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he happened out on a day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much-informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated, "Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes heard that camomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured a couple of ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out. He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for his dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old gentleman came into Smikes' office that day. He was a friend of Smikes, and as he drew forth his silver tobacco box and daintily shook out a small portion of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and as he handed Smikes his box, remarked that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.
An Irish clergyman, who was a hard laborer on his girth, and when so occupied dressed in a very ragged manner, was recently engaged attending the early potato field, when he was surprised by the very rapid approach of his patron in an open carriage with some ladies, whom he was to attend at dinner in the afternoon. Unable to escape in time, he drew his hat over his face, extending his arms covered with his tattered jacket, and passed himself off as a scarecrow.