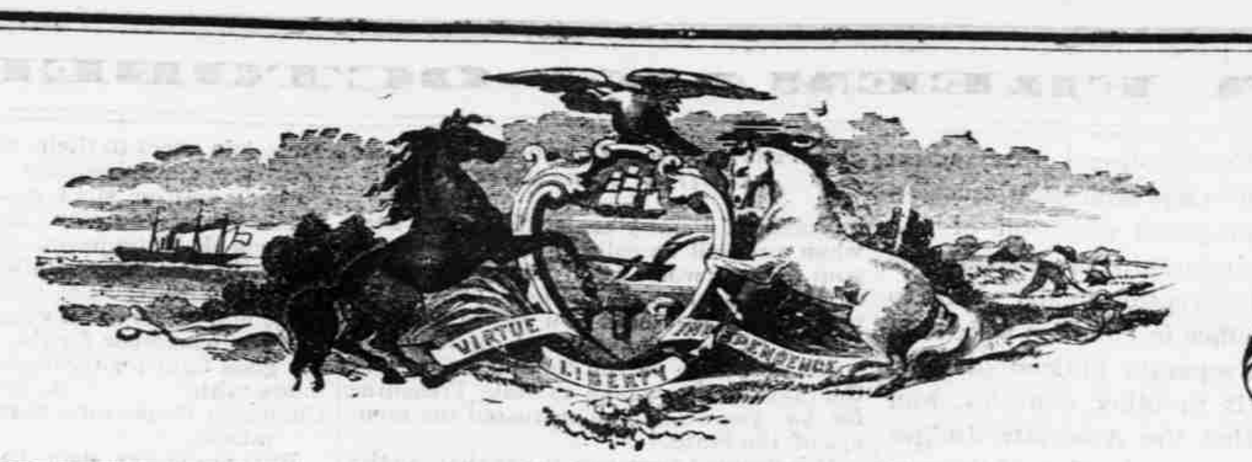
Cambria  Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1873. NUMBER 37.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs over the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

RATTLESNAKE'S SON-IN-LAW.

BY PAUL PLUME.

In the summer of 1850 five sportsmen started from San Antonio on a hunting expedition. The party consisted of Robert Glendy, Thomas Smith, John Simpson, Enoch Stiles and Albert Mapes. I knew only the latter, and had the following account from his own lips. In those days the savages who roamed the plains had matters pretty much their own way. The small number of troops that were posted on the frontier were wholly inadequate to furnish protection to those who went any distance beyond the settled parts of the country.

Our party arrived safely on their ground, and pitching their tent, began to hunt with excellent success. For a week they camped upon the same spot, until at length they began to feel that fancied security which springs from a disregard of danger.

It was late one night, when Mapes was playing the violin and the others were engaged in draw poker, that a hound which accompanied the party started from the buffalo robe on which he was lying, and springing to the front of the tent, began to utter savage growls.

Mapes dropped his fiddle and the others their cards, and catching up their rifles, all went out into the night. The moon struggling faintly through the rifted clouds showed that the horses were safely picketed. This being ascertained, several of the party made an examination of the ground lying about the camp, and discovering nothing unusual, they went back to the tent.

"I don't like the way old Hector behaved just now," remarked Simpson, placing the butt of his rifle upon the toe of his heavy boot and looking anxiously into the face of his companions.

"Bah!" cried Glendy, picking up the cards; "come, put up your antes."

"No, no," they replied, "no more cards to-night, Bob; rather let us determine who is to stand guard."

"Stand guard?" ejaculated Glendy.—"Hallo! what's the matter? Old Hector has scared the whole party. Why, we haven't stood guard but three nights since we've been out, and we still have the hair on our heads. But if you think it necessary," he continued, "post me for any hour you please."

"I certainly consider it necessary," replied Mapes. "As long as I have owned that hound, I never knew him to show any signs of uneasiness unless there was cause for it. Before now he has got me out of a tight place, and I would sooner trust to his instinct than to the eyes and ears of most men."

The watches for the night were thereupon arranged, Glendy taking post for the first hour, while Mapes was to go on guard at three in the morning.

The moon went down early in the night, but there was bright starlight, and when Mapes shouldered his rifle to watch, faint streaks of coming day were already visible in the eastern horizon. His inseparable companion, Hector, was at his side. First he examined the wagon at which a couple of mules were munching corn, then he visited the horses and stooped down and felt the iron picket pins.

Satisfied that everything we correct, he walked to the smoldering fire in front of the tent and set down upon the end of a log, Hector crouching at his feet. He had scarcely taken his seat when a low whistle, like the note of a curlew, struck his ear. Mapes was an old Texan hunter. No man knew better the stratagems of the Indian than he. There was no bird would utter such a cry to be found in that locality. He started to his feet, and the hound at the same moment sprang in front of him with a savage growl. An instant more and Mapes was in the tent waking his sleeping companions.

"Quick, quick; we haven't a moment to lose," he cried.

Rifle in hand, the inmates of the tent sprang from their repose just in time to hear their terrified horses (cut loose by the creeping Indians) madly dash across the prairie. The whole party made a rush for the wagon, intending to fight under that cover. For the next half hour all was quiet; but as daylight dawned twenty Indians, mounted on ponies which had their tails tied up (an unfailing sign that they were on the war-path), were observed about a mile to the eastward.

"In for it now," said Mapes, looking at Bob Glendy. "I reckon you have some faith in the hound after all."

"There's only twenty of them," answered Glendy.

"I know it," replied Mapes in his quiet way. "'Tis not the first time I've had this thing to do. I feel mad about the loss of our horses, and I want the fight to begin at once. I'll step out as a skirmisher and draw them."

"No occasion," cried Enoch Stiles, "for here they come like very devils."

"Now, boys," said Mapes, "every man pick out his game."

The Indians came at a full dash until within range, when they opened fire with rifles, while the whizz of arrows proclaimed they were not all provided with firearms.

The Texans returned the fire, but unfortunately without success, and the Indians deployed according to their customary mode.

"Aha!" ejaculated Mapes, picking up an arrow from under the wagon and intently examining it. "My old enemies, the Apaches. Well, I'll try and wipe out old scores to-day. Hec., you know something about these devils, don't you?" he continued, addressing the hound. "You haven't forgot the arrow they put in your paw, have you?"

A desultory firing now commenced on both sides, which was kept up for the space of thirty minutes, when the Indians made a charge.

Robert Glendy and Thomas Smith fell dead, and the Indians almost got possession of the wagon. Stimulated by their success, they repeated the charge, and were stubbornly met by the fire of the three determined men. Poor Hector was the only victim. A half dozen arrows went thro' his trusty heart and with a few convulsive quivers, he stiffened out his form in death.

It was an awful place to utter profanity, but Albert Mapes swore a terrible oath, as he laid his hand caressingly on the body of his old companion.

Up to this moment no Indian had been killed outright, though it was evident that one or more were wounded, for the savages gathered in a group, many of them dismounting.

"We'll pass in our checks if we remain here," said Mapes, sternly grounding the butt of his rifle and gazing at the savages. "I think there's mighty little doubt that we'll follow poor Bob and Tom. But we have got to die some time, and a man can't do so better than defending his life; but it's hard to be wiped out of existence by a set of thieving Apaches. That's the only thing that has a sting in it for me. Now, if we could only reach Ranchero Creek, we might fall in with the troops that are scouting in that vicinity. Suppose we take the mules and try it. It's a poor show for success, boys, as two of us will have to back one mule; and it's not likely we'll have a pleasant journey."

The proposition of Mapes was at once adopted, and for some unexplained reason the savages followed close in the rear of the party, but never fired a shot until they came within sight of the creek. They now were within nine miles of Fort Lincoln. Their spirits, however, fell when with eager eyes they peered over the country and saw nothing but dense thickets and numerous Indian trails. They were now in the most dangerous part of the country—a region usually infested with savages, but also frequently visited by scouting parties of the troops. In the hope of meeting one of these detachments they had set out, and the disappointment they now felt was something hardly to be described.

Forcing their way with difficulty through the chaparral, they reached a hill of rough sandstone. Springing from their mules, which they hastily secured in their real, they took refuge behind the rocks just as their foes came upon them and opened fire. It wanted but little more than an hour of night, and the savages seemed determined to settle matters ere darkness came. Their first new grief now was the death of both mules, which cut off all hope of escape except by foot. With a yell, on came the foe, but suddenly halted short of the spot where the three men stood prepared to fight with determined obstinacy and courage.

As if ashamed of being kept at bay by such an insignifficant force, the Apaches rode almost within arm's length of the men and poured into them a volley, after which they quickly retreated. Albert Mapes had faced death often in his Texan campaigns, and no man had ever seen his cheek blanch or his hand grow less steady in the hour of danger; but when he saw Simpson and Stiles fall forward on their faces, with their mouths full of blood, he involuntarily recoiled, while the lines about his weather-beaten face perceptibly grew harder.

Quickly casting a searching look about him, he espied an opening in the sandstone ridge, and the next moment he sprang into it. To his great joy, he found it tolerably spacious, while the entrance was large enough to admit but one man at a time. Here he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. In his belt he carried a revolver, which he had reserved for the last. It was fortunate he did so, for in his flight into the cave he lost the rammer of his rifle. His foes, who saw him enter his retreat, now pressed toward the mouth of the cave. One of the more daring attempted to enter and was shot dead in his tracks.

The lesson was sufficient for the savages, who at once successfully put into practice an ingenious ruse. Stripping their dead comrade of his apparel, they hastily made a manakin and carefully pushed it toward the mouth of the cave. Mapes, deceived, fired, and the dummy fell and was withdrawn. This they repeated until Mapes had exhausted all his ammunition. From his count he supposed he had slain or wounded every Apache present. When his foes were satisfied that his ammunition was expended they rushed into the cave and secured him. To drag him forth amid exultations and bind him on a pony was the work of a few moments only.

Then they set out on their march with their prisoner. By noon on the following day they halted at their camp of a hundred lodges. Klin-cha-ah, or Rattlesnake, was the presiding chief. From his contact with the Mexicans he had learned Spanish, and as Mapes spoke the language well, he was enabled to talk with the chief quite freely.

"You have killed a good many warriors," said Rattlesnake, laughing, as he referred to the trick at the cave.

"I would kill more," replied the prisoner, "if I had the opportunity."

"You have a big heart to talk so bravely. Don't you know what I intend doing with you?"

"You will kill me, I suppose," replied Mapes. "It's just what I would have done with one of your thieves had he fallen into my power."

Rattlesnake gazed at his prisoner for a few moments, and then put him under guard, securely bound.

The following day there was merry-making in the Apache camp. The Indians were practicing gymnastics, and Mapes was led out and bound to a tree, where he witnessed their athletic exercises. A smile of derision curled his lip as he regarded the sports. Rattlesnake approached him.

"Can you do these things?" he asked.

Mapes told him that he could do better.

"Unbind him," commanded the chief, "Now let me see you make good your boast."

It would have been difficult to find a better gymnast than Albert Mapes. He outleaped the best Apaches in the camp; he ran swifter and excelled them in everything they attempted. Rattlesnake regarded him with a look of satisfaction.

"My brother has spoken truly," he remarked, for the first time using that term. "How would he like to become a chief and remain with us? He has a big heart."

"I would prefer it to dying, of course," replied Mapes, with a laugh.

"It is well," answered the chief.

That day Mapes was presented to Rattlesnake's daughter, who was to be his squaw. She was not as comely as some of the Indian girls present, neither was she as young; but Mapes exhibited no aversion to making her his wife, and Rattlesnake, in his liberality, gave his daughter as a dower a fine lodge, a dozen ponies and a few goats. With these Mapes and his squaw commenced lodge-keeping.

There was one thing connected with this arrangement that our newly-made chief did not relish. He was bound never to leave the camp without his wife's permission, and she took care that he was always under her eyes. For two years Mapes continued with the Apaches, never wholly losing hope of escaping. He was now burned to so deep a hue by exposure that it would have been difficult at first sight to have recognized him as a white man. During the period of his sojourn with the Apaches he traversed many thousands of miles about the country, but he never once showed signs of fatigue or discontent.

The camp of the Apaches was often visited by traders, and when these men had concluded their sales to the savages they were usually followed by a few Indians, who waylaid them and returned with the plunder to their camp. One would think such treacherous acts as these would have deterred traders from visiting them; but such seemed not to be the case, at least while Mapes was among them.

At the termination of the second year of his involuntary chiefship, a Mexican trader came into their camp. They were then at Comanche Creek, a distance of seventy-three miles from San Antonio. Mapes had often been at the place in other days, and the sight of it awakened anew in his heart the desire for liberty.

The trader had got through his business and departed, when the proposition was made to follow and kill him and recover what they had paid him. For the first time, Mapes asked permission to be one of the party, and was referred to his wife. It was only upon the most solemn assurance that he would return that he obtained her consent. The party, however, was increased to five, it being usual to employ only a couple of Indians in matters such as this.

The trader had got a day's start when Mapes and his party set out on the trail. They came upon him as he was camped near the Rio Saco. Keeping out of view until evening set in, they secured their ponies and began to amuse themselves. Mapes had managed to obtain a bottle of whisky from the trader when he was at the camp, and he had carefully preserved it for future use. He now produced it, but his Apache friends were cautious and did not intend getting drunk while they had him in charge.

They, however, drank sparingly of the bottle, which with the exercise of the journey brought on drowsiness which soon culminated in sleep. Now, if one attempts to walk with ever so light a step in the vicinity of a sleeping Indian he will awaken directly. Mapes, who was lying beside them, understood this. He therefore commenced to move uneasily in his sleep, rolling over several times.

With great caution he repeated his rolling stratagem until he had got quite a distance from the sleepers, when he noiselessly arose to his feet and hurried directly to the ponies. Selecting his own, he quickly drew out his knife and hamstrung the others. Then he jumped on his horse and rode for liberty.

Vandenburg was distant but fifteen miles, and Mapes never drew rein until he halted in the midst of it. The people flocked from all parts of the town to get a sight of him, and hear his strange story. His Apache wife must by this time be weary of watching for his return, and if she wishes to see him will have to visit one of our commercial cities, where, at the present moment, he is engaged in a more Christian-like occupation than taking scalps.

IN CHURCH—THE PRIZE-PACKAGE BOY'S DREAM.—One of the most alarming cases of somnambulism with which we are familiar is that of the prize-package boy who operates on the Norristown Railroad, in Philadelphia. By some extraordinary combination of circumstances this child of sin was induced to go to church a few Sundays ago, and whilst listening to the sermon he fell asleep in the back pew where he sat. There had been a Sunday school meeting there before church, and all the Bibles and Missionary newspapers were piled up in that particular pew. Suddenly this remorseless young orphan picked up a bundle of the papers in his sleep and began to walk up the aisle, throwing one into each pew as he went along. When he got under the lee of the pulpit he stopped and waited two or three minutes. The minister looked cross-eyed at him and glared at him through his spectacles, but the young brigand was unconscious. Then he glided down the aisle and amazed the congregation by removing the papers from each pew. When he reached the rear he seized an armful of Bibles and rambled up the aisle again, tossing them at the occupants of the pews. Resting again under the pulpit, and wholly indifferent to the circumstance that the clergyman's eyes again were out of their natural straight position, and were making his spectacles look like a double-barreled locomotive headlight, the infant brigand pranced down the aisle the second time, yelling, "Here's your prize packages, only ten cents; each one contains a prize from ten cents to ten dollars!" and grabbing for the Bible as he proceeded. The minister waived his hand at one of the deacons; the deacon and the sexton charged on that boy, and the organist tells us the three scudded down the thoroughfare at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, while the sexton shook the boy up, and the deacon boxed his ears, and wished it was not wicked to swear. Then they took him up into the steeple and killed him. We are not certain that they killed him, but we think they did, of course, for that is the only way in which he could be kept quiet. We could have butchered him long ago if we could have got him alone in a steeple somewhere.—*Max Adeler.*

Be Careful What You Say.

BY CHARLES CARROLL SANGER.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from *that* point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide;
Some may have faults—and who have not—
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
I try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know;
Remember, curses, sometimes like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

HOW ANDY JOHNSON GOT HIS TABLE AGAIN.—A recent issue of the Bristol (Tenn.) *News* relates the following: "Ex-President Johnson has been noted for his kindness to tailors. Some time since he loaned to one of them the old table on which he used to ply his shears and needle, and from which he in an unparalleled career rose to the Presidency. During the cholera alarm of June last this brother left Greenville in a hurry, taking his family with him to Bristol. In the confusion he neglected to leave behind this celebrated table. Mr. Johnson was prostrated by a violent attack of the cholera, and could not look after out-door matters, and so the table found its way to Bristol. Of course it was regarded by the family a relic too interesting to be lost, and on Wednesday last Mr. Andrew Johnson, jr., a son of the ex-President, arrived at Bristol in quest of it, and found it safely locked in one of the A., M. and O. cars, and snugly billed for a distant Virginia town to which the aforesaid tailor had already removed. There was no use in a warrant in detinue, for the service could not be made, and, as both table and tailor were in Virginia, an attachment could not be gotten in the State, and one from a Tennessee justice could not be served. Did the pursuit end here? Not a bit of it. Learning that many of the Virginia cars are backed across the State line to the Tennessee switch in order to get them on the proper track, Mr. Johnson procured from a justice on the Tennesse side a warrant of replevin, and when this car was being switched for its Virginia journey there was present a Tennessee officer, who very dexterously switched the celebrated table out of it, and turned it over to the son of the ex-President, who now has it again in Greenville."

WHAT I BEGIN TO BELIEVE.—I begin to believe, now-a-days, that money makes the man, and dress the woman.

I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout on Sundays.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

I begin to believe the surest remedy for hard times and tight money market is an extravagant expenditure on the part of individuals to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that piano-fortes are more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who does not swear, smoke and chew tobacco may be a very good boy, but is naturally stupid.

I begin to believe if the devil should die one-half the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe that he has most merit who makes the most noise in his own behalf; and that when Gabriel comes—not to be behind the times—he, too will blow his own horn pretty loud.

A NEGRO minister whose first wife had died, and who had remarried rather sooner than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched the Scripture from Ginisee to Revelations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to help himself; and having a first rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so again. Besides, brethren and sisters, I considered that Betsy was just as dead as she would ever be."

AN ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had religion. She replied: "I have slight touches of it occasionally."