

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

A Democratic Weekly Newspaper; Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Home Interests and General Information.

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

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1867.

NUMBER 25.

QUICK SALES, QUICK SALES, QUICK SALES,
AND SMALL PROFITS,
AND SMALL PROFITS,
AND SMALL PROFITS.
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
GURLEY'S NEW CHEAP STORE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
EBENSBURG, PA.
EBENSBURG, PA.
The Largest Stock of Goods. The Best Selected and the Greatest Variety ever brought to town.
LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST,
LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST,
LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST,
GO AND SEE.
GO AND SEE.
GO AND SEE.

The subscriber calls the attention of the public to the fact, that he has just received and opened out in his New Store, a large stock of goods, consisting of
FLOUR, CORN MEAL, CHOP FEED,
Bran, Fish, Bacon and Cheese; Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses, Spices, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Soap, Vinegar, &c., &c.
NOTIONS, DRUGS, PERFUMERY,
Stomach and Earthenware. ALSO, a fine assortment of the best and latest style of Hats. He always keeps constantly on hand Bologna Sausages, Sardines, Fresh and Spiced Oysters in can, or half cans, and almost everything in the eating or drinking line. All of which will be sold at small profit.
GEO. GURLEY,
MAIN STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.
January 31, 1867.

IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.

"NEW WRINKLE" IN EBENSBURG!

JOHN D. THOMAS
Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Ebensburg and the north of the county generally, that he has recently added to his stock a large and complete assortment of SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c., for Ladies' and Children's Wear, from the celebrated wholesale manufacturing establishment of Ziegler & Sutton, Philadelphia. This stock comprises everything that is desirable and serviceable in the way of custom-made sewed work, and every article is warranted of the best material and most perfect manufacture. In the sale of these goods the subscriber pledges himself to repair free of charge any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. The ladies are specially invited to call and examine the stock.

The subscriber also keeps on hand and is prepared to manufacture to order BOOTS and SHOES for Gent's and Youth's wear, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Common Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of leather constantly on hand.
Store on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel. [Feb 21-4f.]

TO THE LADIES OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.—Having recently arrived from the city with a handsome assortment of Spring and Summer Millinery and Straw Goods, of the latest styles, comprising Bonnets, Silks and Velvets, fine French Flowers, an assortment of Ribbons, all widths and colors, Ladies' plain and fancy Dress Caps, Infants' Silk and Embroidered Caps, together with Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., we invite the ladies of Ebensburg and surrounding districts to call and examine our stock, in the store room formerly occupied by E. Hughes, below the Mountain House.

We have a fashionable milliner of excellent taste, who will pay particular attention to bleaching, pressing and altering Hats and Bonnets to the latest styles.
Mrs. J. DOYLE,
Miss M. RUSH.
April 26-3m.

H. CHILDS & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, AND SOLE LEATHER,
103 WOOD STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Agents for the sale of "Hope Mill" Cotton Caps, Bags, Baiting and Carpet Chain.
Feb. 28, 1867.-4f.

GAY & WELSH,
Successors to Gay & Painter,
Wholesale
Grocers and Commission Merchants
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CARBON OILS, &c., &c.,
Corner Penn and Canal Sts., opposite Grain Elevator. [Feb 28] Pittsburgh, Pa.

JAMES H. DAVIS,
Dealer in all kinds of
POPULAR, CHERRY & ASH LUMBER,
Yard Nos. 314 and 316 N. Broad St.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Business attended to in Ebensburg by
J. J. Williams. [July 16-17]

HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.

CASH CAPITAL \$500,000.
We are now prepared to insure LIVE STOCK against both Death and Theft, in this live and reliable Company. Owners of stock have now the opportunity, by insuring with this Company, of obtaining security and remuneration for the loss of their animals in case of DEATH or theft.

OWNERS OF HORSES,
Manufacturers, Farmers, Teamsters, Expressmen, Physicians, and in fact all who are to any extent dependant upon the services of their horses in their daily vocations, should insure in this Company, and thus derive a protection against the loss of their animals, which are in many cases the sole means of support to their owners.

FARM STOCK.
Farmers and others owning cattle should avail themselves of this means of saving the value of their stock, and secure an equivalent for the loss which would otherwise fall heavily upon them in being deprived of their Cattle, by insuring in this, the
PIONEER COMPANY OF AMERICA!
By insuring in this Company you exchange a certainty for an uncertainty. No man can tell whether his animals may not be stolen or die through some unforeseen calamity.

Competent Agents wanted, to whom a liberal compensation will be paid. Apply to
KERR & CO., General Agents,
April 4, 1867.-1y. Altoona, Pa.
Col. WM. K. PIPER, Ebensburg, has been appointed local agent for the Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY,
Manufacturers of
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS we are Headquarters for the following, viz:
Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c.
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR.
From negatives made in the various campaigns, and forming a complete photographic history of the great contest.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS ON GLASS.
Adapted for either the Magic Lantern or the Stereoscope. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.
We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 200 varieties, from 50 cents to \$50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.

Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, &c., &c.
Our Catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit 25 per cent. of the amount with their order.
The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. [Apr 25-1y.]

FOREIGN SHIPPING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE.

We are now selling Exchange (at New York Rates on
England, Ireland, Scotland,
Wales, Germany, Prussia,
Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg,
Baden, Hesse, Saxony,
Hanover, Belgium, Switzerland,
Holland, Norway and France.
And Tickets to and from any Port in
England, Ireland, Scotland,
Germany, France, California,
New South Wales or Australia.
KERR & CO.

JOHN ROCKETT, - - - F. J. STORM.
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING.
Wholesale.

JOHN ROCKETT & CO.
Desire to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to execute House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Graining and Calcining, either in Cambria, Blair or Huntingdon Counties, on the shortest notice, in the very best style, and at prices as reasonable as any other firm or individual in the country.
Call at their room in Lowther's building, under Roush's Drug Store, or address
JOHN ROCKETT & Co., Altoona, Pa.
April 25, 1867.-6m.

JOHN HICKEY, ALTOONA PA.,
Dealer in all kinds
Household Furniture!

SUCH AS
LOUNGES, TABLES, BEDSTEADS,
SOFAS, BUREAUS, WHAT-NOTS,
CUSHIONED, CANE-BOTTOMED AND
COMMON CHAIRS, &c.

NEW FURNITURE WAREROOM,
JULIA STREET, NEAR HARRIET,
Opposite the Protestant Episcopal Church,
March 7, 1867.-1y. EAST ALTOONA.

The Poet's Department.

THE MEDLEY OF MEDLEYS.

As I was going down the street,
With Maggie by my side,
An old crow sat on a hickory limb—
Make way for liberty! he cried.

We go for strong, vigorous measures,
Said the spider to the fly;
The artful dodger sighed,
Good bye, old arm, good bye.

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound—
No Irish need apply;
Listen to the gipsy's warning,
Don't fly your kite too high.

We won't go home till morning—
What's that to you?
I'm a young man from the country—
I paddle my own canoe.

I spent six weeks in Georgia,
With the sword of Bunker Hill;
I heard old Abe telling jokes,
Metinks I hear him still.

Dearest love, do you remember
The cottage by the sea?
'Twas twenty years ago to-day,
Beneath the old oak tree.

Weep not for me, the veteran cried,
I'm a bachelor forlorn;
I'm going home to die no more,
I'll meet you in the morn.

A grasshopper sat on a sweet potato vine,
With the banjo on his knee;
To arms! to arms! he cried,
My country, 'tis of thee!

Meet me by moonlight alone,
I say to Nellie Bly,
Says she to me—Joe Bowers,
The goose hangs high.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
The Radicals once did avow;
Tell me, ye winged winds,
Why don't they do so now?

Lie up nearer, brother,
Pityone Butler's coming to town;
Great God! she cried, in accents wild,
I tremble at his frown.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With Bingen on the Rhine;
And Noah he got on a spree,
In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A hundred years hence;
The country's gone to thunder, John,
There's a nigger in the fence.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Oh, Susannah, don't you cry;
How are you, Horace Greeley?
Tear down the haunting lie.

The poor old slave has gone to rest,
But his soul is marching on;
Wake, Betsey wake, my sweet galoot,
Who's pin here since ish pin gone?

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

A LEGEND OF VERMONT.

About ninety years ago the events of my story commenced. It was in Vermont, within the limits of the township of Rockingham or Springfield, it is impossible to say which, that the log cabin which was the home of the heroine stood, surrounded by a forest. The real names of the actors in this tragedy of the woods have passed out of the legend, and I, therefore, substitute names which come to my mind.

"I have finished my spinning, Robert, and I shall carry the yarn home to-day. I think I will spend the day with Mrs. Green, and wish you would come and meet me and bring the baby home," said the young wife, taking the linen yarn in her apron and the baby on her arm.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving his crowing child a kiss, as he started off with his hoe over his shoulder for his wheat field. His lot had been burned over and sown with wheat, but the huge stumps of the old trees, and the thick underground roots in the new land, prevented the use of the plow.

All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, with the strange wood sound about him, eating his lunch at noon from the little basket, until the lengthened shadows of a forest around his clearing betokened sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife. A mile or two in the forest his neighbor Green had made his clearing. He went on, without meeting his wife and baby, until he got to his neighbor's door.

"Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his enquiries, "didn't you meet her? She hasn't been gone long—only a few minutes."

"Can she possibly have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris, aghast.

"Do not be alarmed, neighbor Harris," said Mr. Green, "I will go along back with you."

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker

and drearier. They called Mrs. Harris' name aloud at intervals, but there came no reply. They kept saying to each other, "We may find her at home," but they were heavy at heart.

The log house was reached, but the mother and baby were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs, who ran in the woods all day and came home at night, clamored for their usual feeding, but the men took no notice of these. Back again through the woods, with a lantern, calling and hallooing. Then they went to the next clearing, and the next.

"A woman lost!" What telegram in the exciting days of battle ever fell more thrillingly on human ears than those words, going from mouth to mouth among the home-nests of a new country?

With iron muscles and determined wills the warm-hearted settlers started out. "We will scour the woods; we will find her, never fear!" According to a custom they had at such times, they blew dinner horns, built fires, and shouted until they were hoarse. No tidings of the lost ones on that night. All the next day they searched, and day after day as long as possible. Fires were left smouldering among the trees, men who knew the woods swept resolutely to the search, but the budding April forests had its own secrets.

When Mrs. Harris started, with her baby in her arms, from Mrs. Green's, expecting momentarily to meet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to the child, when, suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scar of the axe on any tree in sight. But she fancied she had only stepped out of the track, and might in a moment regain it. A vain fancy! She went on, but nothing familiar met her eye.

The night came on. The song birds went to rest, and the owls commenced their doleful hooting. She was alone with her infant in a great sea of forest, where never woodman's axe had echoed. She was lost. She sat down faint and tired, and, womanlike, began to cry. Hark! That was a human shout! She arose and, holding her course, ran breathlessly toward it. And now she thought she heard it again, farther off. Many hours of the night were spent in running, with hysterical sobs and palpitating heart, towards the voices of her friends, so near that she could hear them, but so far away that no effort of frenzied strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence.

Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree, with the baby on her bosom. But she started nervously in her dreams, and at the first bird song awoke to full consciousness. With daybreak came a renewal of her courage. She would not weakly give up to die. Her friends would find them. She saw near her some last year's berries, and tough leaves of wintergreen, and a few acorns. A poor breakfast, but she eat whatever she could find, for the sake of her child more than her own. This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of dead brakes and briars, growing from the decay of centuries over the gullies and jagged rocks, past rude branches that caught at and rent her dress, till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she lingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert had kindled this fire with his own hands, and for her. Hark, again! the search has commenced this morning. Echoing through the woods comes the prolonged shriek of the dinner horn. She calls with all the desperation of one drowning; she rushes forward, but the ground is rough, and, alas! how heavy the baby grows! She is giddy from the loss of sleep and the want of food. The baby moans and will not be comforted. In this way she passed the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire; she stays by it and keeps it burning through the night, for she is afraid of wolves. Another morning and she is almost hopeless. O, will not heaven pity her? The little one grows weaker; he cannot hold up his head. Another terrible night; baby moans piteously; he falls into convulsions; the next day he dies. All day she carries the little, lifeless body in her arms, and all night, beneath the un pitying stars, she holds it to her bosom.

She carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple hue of decay was setting rapidly over it, and she felt, with a pang at her heart, that she must bury it. Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave, so deep that the wildcat and wolf would not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree, upon a soft earth where the roots had lain she scooped out the baby's resting place, and, making it soft with moss, covered the cold

little form forever from her sight. Then she sat down by the grave in a stupor of grief. Hour after hour passed; how to commence the dreadful pilgrimage? Then she noted everything about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes, she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert.

Then began again the struggle through the wilderness. Day after day, week after week, she passed on. Her shoes were worn to fragments and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made even the soft showers that fell upon her welcome. First she ate the buds of trees and the bark of the birch. Presently she began to find the young checkerberry leaves, and now and then she came upon a partridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were red raspberries and black thimble berries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry one finds in the woods, sauntering out from the busy world for an hour, she cared nothing. She saw nothing but trees, trees, trees, in interminable succession. It seemed years, yes, ages ago that she swept the hearth with a birch broom, and sung the baby to sleep in Robert's cabin. Her mind grew bewildered, still she went on, on, on. When she came to a large stream she went up towards its source until she could wade across it. So she said; and she affirmed that she never crossed a stream wider than a brook. She paid no attention to sun and moon as a guide, or indication of the points of the compass, but she must have taken a north-westerly direction. There were Black river, Mill river, Waterqueechy, and White Wait's Well, flowing into the Connecticut river from the Vermont side; but she constantly asserted that she saw none of them. Through July and August there were berries of various kinds, and by means of these she sustained what little life was left. And now the maple began to take on its gorgeous crimson, and the silver birches to wear their pale gold of September; the birds were leaving the forest; occasionally she had glimpses of a black bear, turned out of the path afraid of the human form; but no human being did she meet. And long before human voices had ceased to call her name.

Was she alone on earth, and was the earth one vast wilderness without outlet, without a clearing or a settlement? Had God taken all life but that of brutes, and forgotten her, or ordained her to wander forever? Tramping, tramping, with her feet bleeding and cracked at first; and after calloused; naked, or nearly so; knowing nothing of time or place, she was fast becoming idiotic; when she was hungry she sought for food, but the great idea lingering in her mind was that of pressing on. Since the luxuriance of summer had filled the forest with ferns and a new growth of brier and underbrush, there was more trouble of passing through. But she had become quite accustomed to the rough work, and the frenzy at last became a steady, constant habit, almost the labor of life to her.

One day in October the inhabitants of the village of Charleston, N. H., were startled into the wildest excitement by seeing a nearly naked, emaciated woman, with her hair streaming upon her shoulders, walk with bewildered gaze along their streets. She told them she was Robert Harris' wife, and that she was lost.

"Robert Harris' wife, who disappeared from the opposite side of the river in April!" exclaimed the villagers. "How had she crossed the Connecticut? Where had she been all this time?"

But she told them she had never crossed the Connecticut, and that she had been lost in the woods all this time. There was no lack of hospitality; the wanderer was immediately clad and fed and cared for to the utmost. Volunteers went at once and brought her husband, for the story of his bereavement was well known on the Charleston side of the river.

We can only imagine the meeting, and the tears that were shed at the thought of the little, forsaken grave by the uprooted tree. But it is said that joy bells were rung in the village, and the poor woman, a living skeleton, was nursed and petted—everybody vying with her neighbor to lavish every good thing upon her—until her weakened mind received its tone again.

As she constantly asserted she had never crossed the river, it is supposed she wandered into Canada, and going round the Connecticut at its source, or crossing where it was a brooklet, passed down on the New Hampshire side, until she reached a location just opposite that from which she started.

When she began to grow strong again her mind recurred constantly to the grave in the wilderness. She described to her husband its surroundings, and he went and searched for it, but without success. As soon as she was able, she went out with her husband and other friends, to search, but the baby's grave was never found.

It was thought very strange that she, in all her wanderings, never met a roving Indian, but so it was. The Indian tribes had perhaps nearly disappeared from New England since the French and Indian war; but however that may be, the first human being she saw, after the burial of her infant, was in Charleston.

This singular legend has descended to the writer from a descendant of hers, who was the third child born in the town of Rockingham, Vt., and the story is an undoubted fact.

The Latest from the Song Writers.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

The man who "Drempt I dwelt in marble halls" has opened a marble quarry there, and is doing a thriving business in getting out grave stones.

The author of "Carry me back to Old Virginia" has opened a livery stable and is carried back in his own conveyance whenever he wants to be.

The man who sang "I am Lonely since my Mother died" is 'n't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending a sawmill. He will be on the water.

The one who gave "The Old Folks at Home" to the world has recently taken them to the poor house, as they were getting troublesome.

The author of "Shells of Ocean" is in the clam business.

The man who wanted to "Kiss him for his Mother" attempted to kiss his mother for him the other day, and *him* gave him a walloping "for his mother."

The one who wailed so plaintively, "Do they miss me at home?" was missed the other day, together with a neighbor's wife. He is missed by a wife and seven children.

The author of "Three blind mice" has started a menagerie with them.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the morning" found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitterns, so he lies abed rather later now.

"Give me a cot in the valley I love" has got a cot in the infirmary. Mein Gott!

The man who sighed, "Take me home to die," took Dr. Kerr's System Renovator, and is now a "Fine old Irish Gentleman."

"Meet me by moonlight alone," has left off meat, and taken to drink.

The author of "Roll on silver moon," has opened a ball alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it.

The disconsolate who sings, "Have you seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another feller informs him through the music store, that "Maggie's by my side."

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine," has been sued for a breach of promise.

"Oh! Susanna," settled with her at length, and don't owe Susanna any more.

The author of "Old Arm Chair" is still in the furniture business.

The one who pleaded "Rock me to Sleep, Mother, Rock me to Sleep," has at length been gratified. His mother, yielding to his solicitations, picked up a rock and rocked him to sleep. He hasn't woke up yet.

The one who asked, "Who will Care for Mother now?" has finally concluded to take care of the old woman himself, as no one else seems inclined to.

The Superintendent of a Sunday School in Hartford, Connecticut, recently made his Annual Report, in which he recommended that the adult members should go to work and do all in their power to increase the infant class in his school during the coming year.

In China there are seven grounds for divorce, of which the fourth is talkativeness in woman.—[Ex. paper.—"Holy sail-or! what's the fare to China?"]

MILITARY order obeyed by the ladies in wet weather—"Dress up in front, and close up in the rear, stand fast in the centre."

Mrs. YELL lately cowed a Mr. Lay for not performing a promise to marry her. As he wouldn't make her Lay, she made him yell.