

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 MEN SLAVES DESIRE.

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1867.

NUMBER 13.

TINWARE, HARDWARE, &c.

1867. SPRING TRADE. 1867.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN & SHEET-IRON WARE!

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c.,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL

CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARD-

WARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spears' Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELLENCE COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOK-

ING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get

when ordered at manufacturer's price—

Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for

repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others

will be ordered when wanted. Particular

attention given to

Spouting, Valves and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best mate-

rials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light

House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving

more light than any other in use. Also, the

Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SPENCER'S SIFTER!

It recommends itself.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' Lists

now ready, and will be sent on application

by mail or in person.

Hoping to see all my old customers and

many new ones this Spring, I return my

most sincere thanks for the very liberal pa-

tronage I have already received, and will

endeavor to please all who may call, wheth-

er they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY,

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.—6m.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

TO CASH BUYERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE!

The undersigned respectfully informs the

citizens of Ebensburg and the public gener-

ally that he has made a great reduction in

prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will

consist, in part, of **Cooking, Parlor and Heat-**

ing Stoves, of the most popular kinds; **Tin-**

ware of every description, of my own man-

ufacture; **Hardware of all kinds,** such as

The Poet's Department.

THE TWO APRILS.

Young April treads light in the woodland,
And smiles through her tears in the lane,
And the sun of the old, old spring-tide
Falls warm on her cheek again.

The breath of the old dead breezes
That blew in the face of the boy,
Creeps back from my life's faded meadows
With whispers of Hope and of Joy.

The larks that I heard in my childhood,
Hid deep in the bending blue,
Sing yet of the same old heaven,
Till that heaven comes almost true.

Sing yet of the loving and longing
For the beauty of far-off skies,
Of the pleasures that spring like flowers
Round the steps of the gentle and wise.

And I wake from my dream despairing
Like a trembling child at night,
And lo! through the darkness of sorrow
Hope walks with her calm, glad light.

And still, as she passes by me,
I see my pale dreams revive,
And the joy and the courage of spring-time
Make the dead, cold heart revive.

O world! thou art surely youthful!
But the building shall grow a tree,
Thou too has a soft green April
Shall bring the great summer to thee.

THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.

AN INCIDENT IN IRISH HISTORY.

In the year 1795 Tone, then a young man, became compromised with the society of United Irishmen, an organization having for its object the Independence of Ireland. He fled to this country, bringing with him his wife and children, and all his worldly possessions. At that time France was in the heat of a revolution, and at war with England. Tone, restless in his exile, conceived the plan of engaging the French government in an expedition for the conquest of Ireland. He procured the ocean, appealed to the French Directory, and soon persuaded them to undertake the execution of his favorite scheme. Several expeditions were fitted out, but were dispersed by storms. Tone accompanied them all, with the rank of adjutant general in the French army. Finally, the vessel he was in was captured, after a desperate resistance, by an English frigate, and Tone being recognized by an old acquaintance, was at once brought before a court-martial for trial. He attempted no defence. So far from denying the acts charged against him, he admitted them all, and gloried in them. "Under the flag of the French Republic," said he to the court, "I originally engaged with a view to save and liberate my own country. For that purpose, I have repeatedly braved the terrors of the ocean, covered as I know it to be, with the triumphant fleet of that power which it was my glory and my duty to oppose. I have sacrificed my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom, it is no great effort at this day to add the sacrifice of my life." And then he added: "I wish to spare the court all needless trouble. I charge against me, I presume, is that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the king of my native country. I deny the accusation in its most extended sense. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between England and Ireland as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that while it lasted this country could never be free or happy. As to that connection, therefore, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writings and actions, I have deliberately avowed. I have spoken and acted with reflection and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of the court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty; I shall take care not to be wanting in mine." The sentence of the court was that he die on the scaffold within forty-eight hours.

There was one friend who did not forget the young patriot in that trying hour. That friend was Curran, who had known Tone in his boyhood, and loved him, and who was determined that this outrage upon law should not be consummated without resistance from him. What followed we give in the language of Charles Phillips: "On the morning of the day fixed for the execution, the moment the court of king's bench opened, the dauntless advocate advanced, leading Tone's aged father by the hand, who produced an affidavit that his son had been brought before a bench of officers who had sentenced him to death. The scene at the moister pres-

ent description—the breathless crowd, the heart-broken old man, the pure and venerable judge, and above all the voluntary and untried advocate, the real friend—misfortune's friend—who, while others held aloof, alone stood forward to hold the scale of the law between injustice and its victim; to be appreciated it must have been seen.

"I do not pretend," began Curran, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of this charge of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honorable men. But it is stated in his affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his majesty, and, therefore, no court-martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him while the court of king's bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, while I stand upon the sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution while I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a writ of habeas corpus, to be directed to the provost marshal of the barracks and Major Sandys to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief Justice—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran—"My client may die while the writ is preparing."

Chief Justice—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the provost marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

In a short time the sheriff, having returned, thus addressed the court:

"My lord, I've just been to the barracks in pursuance of your order. The provost marshal says he must obey Major Sandys and Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis."

At this time Mr. Curran announced the return of Mr. Tone's messenger with the announcement that Gen. Craig refused to obey the writ of habeas corpus.

Chief Justice—"Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody. Take the provost marshal and Major Sandys into custody and show the order of the court to Gen. Craig."

It was now universally believed that the military authorities who had thus presumed to trifle with the powers of the King's bench would have Tone executed on the instant. Lord Cornwallis, a great constitutional judge, was very much affected. "His agitation," said Curran, "was magnificent." It soon transpired, however, that Tone, indignant at the menaced degradation of his death, had, with a small penknife which he had managed to conceal, inflicted such a wound in his throat that he had little to fear from this world's jurisdiction. The Chief Justice, however, as a matter of precaution, ordered a writ to be issued, suspending the execution. It is said on the surgeon expressing an opinion that as the carotid artery had escaped, the wound was not necessarily fatal, Tone faintly muttered, "I am sorry, then, to find that I have been so bad an anatomist." He survived, however, in silent agony for seven days, when the same surgeon, seeing he was sinking, whispered to an attendant, "You must keep him as quiet as possible, if he speaks he dies." "Thank you, sir," said Tone, who had overheard him, "you could not give more welcome news. What should I wish to live for?" and expired.

ANXIOUS TO MARRY.—Once in a church a young man who carried the collection plate, before starting to collect, put his hand in his pocket; as usual, and put a shilling, as he supposed, on the plate, and then passed it round among the congregation, which numbered many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused, and the young man taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a shilling, he had put a conversation longer on the plate, with the words "Will you marry me?" in red letters starting everybody in the face. None of the young ladies, however, closed with the offer.

A FIRM DESIROUS OF FINDING OUT the pecuniary status of a person who wished to purchase goods, telegraphed for the information. The answer came back, "Note good for any amount." So a large bill of goods was sold and shipped. The note came due and went to protest. The firm found with disgust that the dispatch should have read, "Not good for any amount."

CORRY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

Spring, or, as the poet calls it, ethereal mildness, has come.

It's rather pleasant style of weather and I hope it will continue.

Spring is a good thing in its way; it promotes clean living and is good for the agricultural classes, but in the city it is rather in the way.

I got tired of shovelling snow off our front stoop and side walk, which had to be done in consequence of a policeman on our block, who was familiar with the city ordinances, and was fond of quoting them to the neighbors after every snow storm.

Snow being out of the season, that policeman will have nothing to do but watch the sportive youths who, when denied the luxury of snowballs, use stones as substitutes.

If he does not consider small boys beneath his notice, I wish he would keep an eye on those youths who have such a fancy for projectiles.

One of them projected a lemon through our parlor window.

As the window happened to be shut at the time, one of the panes of glass had to make an opening for it.

At the present price of putty, window glazing is expensive.

Mrs. O'Lanus is soliciting proposals from all the glass-put-in men who come along.

The lowest figure at which any of these artists will repair the damages is ten shillings.

I love to gaze upon childhood passing its happiness while it may, but this particular recreation is too expensive.

Our Thermistoc'er has a weakness for throwing stones which is often brought home to me by neighbors who come in to complain.

I have tried to convince him of the error of his ways. I have reasoned with him with a rattan and Mrs. O'Lanus has tried the persuasions of a slipper.

But we only effect a temporary abatement; the first thing we know he is at it again.

He is an unlucky youth—if he breaks a window, he is sure to be detected and exposed to his parents with a bill for damages.

The expenses of that boy's education will include a large item for mending broken windows, besides being a source of anxiety to his mother, who assumes me every day that it is impossible to keep him looking tidy.

He certainly has a remarkable talent for tearing his trousers.

Allusions to policemen used to exert a wholesome influence over him, but latterly the guardian of the peace has lost his terrors for Thermistoc'er, and he now irreverently speaks of him as an M. P., and says "see 's. p. can't take you up unless he sees you do something."

Where the boy got his knowledge of the law I don't know. It is quite remarkable for his age.

Mrs. O'Lanus thinks he will turn out to be a great man when he grows up, and may be President of the United States or a Justice of the Peace one of these days.

When he is old enough I think I will put him under instruction to O'Pake to study for the bar.

The law is a very good profession to put a young man at when you don't know what else to do with him.

It is a general business,—don't require much capital, either in cash or intellect to start in business.

All you want is to hire an office, a small boy to hang around the premises, and get your name painted in gilt letters on a tin shingle to nail to the door post as bait to the snare.

If he finds the law is too hard work, or don't pay for want of work, having plenty of leisure he can cultivate politics and get an office.

It may lead him into the Legislature, or even to the Common Council, but there are risks in all professions.

O'Pake is making out very well. He has had one case already. It was in the police court I believe. Whisky was the foundation of the suit. Which would naturally account for O'Pake's connection with it.

Whether he got him off on an alibi or a habeas corpus I didn't hear. Anyway it was a triumph for O'Pake, and his friends talk of running him for District Attorney or County Judge.

He is a rising man, in O'Pake. He is laying the foundation for a successful career by joining all sorts of societies.

He belongs to the Ward Democratic Club, a Fenian circle, the Dew Drop Socials; is one of the fourth nine of the Hit-or-Miss Base Ball Club, and turned out with the Striker Musquetiers.

The report that he had taken the pledge is a calumny, got up by a rival who wants to damage him with the liquor interest.

Nobody who knew him believed it for a moment, but some misguided Son of Temperance took it up and quoted the rumor one evening at a meeting, as an evidence of the progress of the movement.

Whereupon the head Patriarch of the division gave out the hymn:

"Brethren, rejoice, the day has come,
When sinners vile forsake their rum,
With songs of praise the echoes wake
For a rescued brother, Miles O'Pake."

It hurt O'Pake's feelings, and took away his appetite so that he didn't drink anything for half a day; but he is better now, and his views on the Excise law are unchanged.

I understand that the excise Commissioners are going to sue Brother Craig for selling punch without a license.

Serve him right.
Still fondly thine own,
CORRY O'LANUS.

A State Prison Scene.

The Governor of New Hampshire recently visited the State Prison at Concord, and after viewing the building requested the warden to bring a certain prisoner into the room. In a short time Mr. Mayne and the man entered and took their position in the middle of the company. The convict was, of course, astonished to find himself ushered into so large a gathering, in which there were some twenty ladies, including the wife of his Excellency. The Governor rose, took the man by the hand, and spoke substantially as follows: "My friend, about twelve months ago you were committed to this prison for five years for the alleged crime of passing counterfeit money. Soon after your incarceration circumstances came to light tending to prove that, although a counterfeit bill passed through your hands, it was used by you in an innocent manner, and that you were unwittingly the dupe of a scoundrel, who led the State, and has never been arrested. I immediately ordered a full investigation of your case, and I am thoroughly convinced that you are an innocent man and serving out an unjust sentence. The Constitution of the State gives me the power to open the doors of this prison, and in the lawful exercise of that power I now grant you a full and free pardon. This very hour the warden will relieve you of a convict's uniform and give you a citizen's dress. You have been a good man within these walls, and while I and my friends here live we will everywhere bear testimony that your imprisonment leaves no stain upon your character. A dear wife and loving sister have prayed for your release, and I now restore you to their hands." As the Governor closed his remarks the poor man, overjoyed with happiness, trembled in every limb, and his face was wet with tears. Not a person in the audience looked unmoved upon the scene. All present congratulated the prisoner upon his just release, and wished him a happy and prosperous future.

A CURS FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—We find the following good the rounds of our exchanges, and give it for what it is worth:

The effects resulting from the bite of a rabid animal are so inconceivably heart rending that the writer deems it but an act of justice to make the subjoined remedy public for the benefit of the unfortunate hereafter. Within the past two weeks there have been two cases of hydrophobia, of the most distressing character—one in this city and one in New Jersey—and daily reports are made in the newspapers of mad dogs being seen in and about the city. Every individual in the community, therefore, should procure and preserve a copy of the following cure, to use in case of an emergency.

William Heffner, Esq., of Passyunk, the gentleman from whom the writer obtained this invaluable receipt, states that he has known several instances of men and animals who have been bitten in the severest manner by mad dogs, but who, having taken this remedy, never experienced any effect whatever of the disease:

"Take of the root of elecampane one ounce and a half, cut it fine, then boil in one pint of heavy milk down to a half a pint; take this three mornings fasting, and eat no food until four o'clock in the afternoon. It should be taken every other morning; the last two doses must weigh two ounces each. This remedy will have the desired effect if taken at any time within twenty-four hours after the accident."

The press generally, by giving the above recipe a conspicuous insertion, will advance the cause of humanity.

BARNUM still has a museum in New York, but he has no show in Connecticut.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

She sat in her boudoir, a picture of love and gentleness. Her dreamy eyes rested on a piece of beef steak lying in its place on the kitchen table. "Pauline, or Loupan, was just at this time marring into conversation." She was possessed of a large waterfall, an exuberant but a nice pair of gaiter boots, a pair of false braids—oh, no matter what these were.

A projecting proboscis, enough in itself to bewitch a Chinaman. She played on the piano, painted landscapes, ate corn-beef and cabbage, etc. She had a "faller." His name was Sam. He bore traits of having a good mother, for his old pants, which hung in his bedroom, were patched upon the knees and other places thereof, but I'm wandering. There Pauline sat, as listless as a bootjack, and as silent as a mute. Her dainty little hand held a photograph. With a superhuman effort she kissed it. Kissed it four times.

Then burst—drat the pen, and ink, they couldn't hold out till I had finished—into tears. She bawled long and earnestly. Then checked her tears and laughed profusely. Some one darkened the door. She raised her eyes and beheld the form of Sam. With a long, despairing cry, she fell into his arms. He bent tenderly, and kissed her on the nose. She rallied, and the first audible word that escaped her lips was "Sam!" She felt a little better. Their eyes met and went apart again. He cast a big piece of love at her. He fondled fondly with his six bit watch-chain. Pauline saw his eyes beam with love, and run over with the same. Sam's heart rose and swelled like a wave of the sea. Pauline's bosom heaved with commotion. Sam saw this was his time. Let us look at them. Pauline sitting in a chair a-heaving. So they both heaved. They pressed their lips passionately together. Sam sneezed, and so did Pauline. Sam coughed, and so did Pauline. Sam proposed, and so—no, and Pauline, oh! 'Twas too much! They both cut-throat and hugged each other so tight that they were—both one flash after the minister said the ceremony. They've got ten children now, nine boys, and all the rest girls. They now live in peace and plenty. Sam afterwards sold his six-bit watch-chain to get clothes for the children. Oh, blissful married life!

A JOKE ON A NEGRO.—A smart youth played a practical joke on a negro while he was driving a pair of dilapidated mules, to which a wagon and a load of wood was attached, up Jefferson street. In some places on the street, and more especially between Second and Third streets, the mud is several inches deep, and as it is of the genuine "sticky" order, wagons have the greatest difficulty in getting through it. The youth above alluded to saw the negro, with his load coming along, and decided to play a joke on him. At the corner of Second street he went to the edge of the sidewalk and called out to the darkey: "Say, you colored individual, is that wood for sale?"

"Yes sah." "Well go on and sell it," was the response. The negro looked scornfully at his tormentor, lashed up his poor animals, but they refused to budge, and he indulged in a little profanity, which seemed to be equally divided between the animals and the gay and festive youth on the sidewalk. After considerable lashing and swearing the mules managed to make a forward movement, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in getting round the corner. [Memphis Bulletin.]

HOW TO KILL A WELL MAN.—After the battle of Gettysburg, religious service was held in the field hospital, where some thousands wounded lay partially protected by shelter-tents. A clergyman from abroad made an excellent address, and then gave out the hymn, "Rock of Ages," relating, as he did so, a touching incident of a clergyman who breathed his last while his wife sang to him the closing words of that most devotional of hymns. The "leap" in the singing was taken by a delegate of the Christian Commission and his wife. They sang execrably, horribly, gratefully—their discord only broken by the groans of a poor fellow who had just suffered amputation at the shoulder, and who, as those memorable last words died away and gave place to a blessed silence, sighed out in misery: "I don't wonder that minister died, if his wife sung as badly as that. It would kill a well man!"

A watch has been manufactured in Paris which is wound up by simply opening the case to note the time. It only requires to be opened once a month to keep it always going and it is perhaps the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet invented.