

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

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

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

VOLUME 1. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1867. NUMBER 19.

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM FOR INVALID SOLDIERS.

FOR INVALID SOLDIERS, created by Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, March 6, 1867.

The Board of Supervisors appointed by above Corporation to carry out the object of the act of incorporation, respectfully announce to the public that the Legislature of Pennsylvania has authorized the raising of the late war, to be built on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and as inducement to patriotic citizens to contribute to this benevolent object, have empowered the Corporation to distribute amongst the subscribers articles of value and interest, from among the late war, or any moneys, property or estate, real or personal, in the State or elsewhere, as such as upon such terms, and in such way as may be deemed proper, as to them shall fit, any laws of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

The enterprise is cordially recommended by the following named well-known gentlemen:

- Governor Andrew G. Curtin,
- General George H. Meade,
- General Galusha Pennypacker,
- General E. M. Gregg,
- General John R. Brooke,
- General Charles H. T. Collins,
- General Henry J. Madill,
- General James L. Selfridge,
- General James A. Beaver,
- General Horatio G. Sickles,
- General Joseph F. Knipe,
- General William J. Rotton,
- General Samuel Zulick,
- General John K. Murphy,
- General John F. Baller,
- General T. F. McCoy,
- General R. E. Winalow,
- General Henry Pleasant,
- General J. P. S. Gobin,
- General J. M. Campbell,
- General Thomas Walker,
- General W. Cooper Tally,
- General D. M. M. Gregg,
- and F. Stambaugh.

A site for the institution (thirty acres) has been purchased, and it is hoped the good work may commence before summer. Descriptions will be received at the office of Association, No. 1126 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on and after Monday, the 6th of May, 1867.

Each subscription of five dollars a year will be issued which will entitle the subscriber to a share of the proceeds of the first distribution. The proceeds of the first distribution of the diamonds and other precious stones purchased from citizens of the South during the war, and their genuineness is guaranteed by Henle & Bros., the most extensive diamond importers in the country, by J. Hermann, diamond setter, New York.

Secretary Board of Supervisors, Box 1481, P. O., Philadelphia. Following is a schedule of awards to be made under the first distribution. The diamonds and other precious stones purchased from citizens of the South during the war, and their genuineness is guaranteed by Henle & Bros., the most extensive diamond importers in the country, by J. Hermann, diamond setter, New York.

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1126 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

FIRST DISTRIBUTION.

Twenty thousand Subscribers at Five Dollars each.

- 1 Diamond Necklace, 48
- 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch, 15 000
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 10 000
- 1 Diamond Cross set in Silver, 7 000
- 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch, 5 000
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 5 000
- 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, 4 500
- 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, 4 000
- 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, 4 000
- 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, 4 000
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 3 000
- 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, 3 000
- 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, 2 000
- 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, 2 000
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 2 000
- 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch, 1 500
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 1 000
- 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, 800
- 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch, 800
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 500
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 500
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 500
- 1 Award 10-40 Govern't Bonds, 500

CERTIFICATE.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the above list, and find them all genuine. HENLE & BROS., Diamond Importers, 24 Maiden Lane, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

Books can be had containing Twenty Certificates, One Hundred Dollars. All orders for Certificates must be addressed to J. D. HOFFMAN, Secretary, Box 1481, Post Office, Phila. May 16, 1867.-6t.

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 dependent 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,

PIONEER COMPANY OF AMERICA!

By insuring in this Company you exchange a certainty for an uncertainty. No man can tell whether his animals may 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.-ly. Altoona, Pa.

Col. WM. K. PIPER, Ebensburg, has been appointed local agent for the Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company.

PRIVATE SALE.

The subscriber offers at Private Sale two valuable tracts of TIMBER LAND, situated in Jackson township, Cambria county, and known as the "Lloyd Property." Also—Four other valuable tracts of LAND, situated in Cambria and Jackson townships, and known as the "Pescod Property." Also—TWO FARMS adjoining the borough of Ebensburg—one containing about 100 acres; the other about 150 acres. The buildings are all in good repair, with never-failing springs of water near the houses.

Persons wishing to purchase or sell Farms or Timber Lands, will do well by calling on me before buying or offering them for sale. F. A. SHOEMAKER, sp. 11. Atty at Law, Ebensburg.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY.

Having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Edward Shoemaker, late of Ebensburg, Cambria county, dec'd, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, to the subscribers at the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Ebensburg, Pa. MARY SHOEMAKER, Executrix. ELLEN J. MURRAY, sp. 11. Atty at Law, Ebensburg.

H. A. SHOEMAKER & CO.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. B. W. Zeigler, having opened an office in rooms over B. R. Thomas' Store, offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. ap. 18. 9m.

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SUMMIT, PA.

Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my23. if.]

The Poet's Department.

WHAT DARBY DOYLE WOULD DO.

I heard a moonstruck chap the other day (writes Darby Doyle) remark that he loved a certain young lady well enough to die for her. Now, I love somebody very much, and—
I'd swear for her,
I'd pray for her,
I'd weep for her,
I'd fight for her,
I'd drink Rock river dry for her;
I'd bleed for her,
I'd stay for her,
I'd watch the house all day for her;
I'd "cuss" for her,
I'd "wuss" for her,
I'd always have a "bus" for her;
I'd heap for her,
I'd weep for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her;
I'd fight for her,
I'd bite for her,
I'd walk the street all night for her;
I'd plead for her,
I'd bleed for her,
I'd do without my "feed" for her;
I'd shoot for her,
I'd "boot" for her,
A rival who'd come to "toot" for her;
I'd kneel for her,
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd slide for her,
I'd ride for her,
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her,
I'd cry for her,
But—hang me if I'd die for her!
N. B.—Or any other woman.

Tales, Sketches, Quodnotes, &c.

THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Catherine Elizabeth McAuley was born in 1787, near Dublin. Her father was a man of small independent fortune and the descendant of a long line of Catholic ancestors. Though he died when his daughter Catherine was only seven years of age one custom of his made an indelible impression on her mind. It was his habit on Sundays and holidays to collect the poor of his neighborhood and give them instruction in the requirements of their religion. Her mother, it appears, was a woman of fashion, who was far from approving her husband's Sunday schools. "How is this, sir," she would say, when she saw the swarm of ragged pupils approaching. "Most my house become a receptacle for every beggar and cripple in the country? It is certainly very unsuitable for a gentleman in your position to continue these absurdities. I don't know how you can enjoy yourself with these low, ignorant creatures."

The little Catherine listened every week to these altercations, and, though fondly attached to her mother, always sided in her heart with her father. Four years after her father's death, when Catherine was 11 years of age, her mother also died. Her death-bed, we are told, was terrible, and she died in all the agonies of remorse. The scene, we are informed, impressed the mind of the young girl all the more from the contrast it afforded to the joy and tranquility of her father's death, and it was one of the most powerful incentives to her future life of piety and benevolence. The death of her mother left her a poor orphan; for the estate which her father left had been mismanaged and lost through her mother's inexperience and profusion. She was taken home by a relative, who afterwards became so poor that she frequently suffered from want of food.

At sixteen she was one of the most beautiful girls in Ireland. She was beautiful at all periods of her life. Her form was erect and symmetrical, and her noble countenance beamed with intelligence and benevolence. Her portrait, taken late in life, shows her to have been a most comely and grand-looking woman; and I can well believe that, in her youth, she must have been splendidly beautiful. Her hand was sought in marriage by many admirers, but neither then or at any future time did she show any inclination to matrimony.

While she was living in these narrow circumstances at the house of her relative, who was a surgeon, there came to live in the village a gentleman, with his wife, who had made a large fortune in the East Indies. They bought a handsome house near by, and soon became acquainted with the family with whom Catherine lived. In the course of a few months they became so attached to this interesting girl, that their chief happiness seemed to be in her society, and they finally offered to adopt her as their daughter and heiress. The offer was accepted, and she was soon established as an inmate in a sumptuous and elegant abode. As she

grew in years her attention was drawn more and more to the deplorable condition of the poor. Ireland swarms with the poor, and the wonder is, not that Catherine McAuley should have devoted her life to their relief, but that any wealthy person in the country should sit down to enjoy life amid such scenes, content to witness misery without making an effort to relieve it.

Visiting one of the parish schools of Dublin, she noticed with pain that many of the pupils were insufficiently clad. Instead of giving them clothes, which she might easily have done, she rendered them a better service by going to the school and teaching the girls to sew. Many of them were soon able, not only to make and mend their own clothing, but to do plain and fancy knitting, the sale of which was a benefit to their parents. She established, also, a repository in one of the school-rooms for the sale of the articles made by girls, and induced her friends to come and purchase them. When she had established this system in one school and saw all its pupils well clad, she introduced it into others, and was thus a great benefactor to the poor of Dublin.

Her attention was also powerfully called to the case of poor girls who need protection against the danger to which poverty and beauty expose them; and she long cherished the project of establishing a home for such—a kind of benevolent intelligence office, in which they could be sheltered until respectable employment could be obtained for them. Her adopted father asked her one day what she intended to do after his death.

"I think," said she, "I shall take a small house, and support a few poor women, whom I could instruct and teach to work."

"How much do you think," he asked, "would support such an establishment?"

"I think," she replied, after a little reflection, "the interest of a thousand pounds would be quite sufficient."

"Catherine," said he, "your desires are very moderate; but if ever you possess wealth you will do good with it."

Not long after this conversation her adopted parents died, and she found herself the sole heiress of all their wealth. It consisted of an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, thirty thousand pounds in money, the mansion in which she lived, several policies of life insurance, and a considerable quantity of jewels and plate; a fortune equivalent to more than half a million dollars of our present currency. She was then thirty-five years of age.

The sudden acquisition of wealth is one of the severest trials to which poor human virtue can be subjected. Catherine McAuley bore this trial nobly. She dressed more plainly than before, and was more assiduous than ever in her labors for the relief and instruction of the poor around her. Unsatisfied with these comparatively desultory efforts, she now determined to carry out her early dream of founding an institution in which poor children could be taught to read and sew, and in which servants and other women of good character might, when out of employment, find a temporary home. Aided by the advice of an excellent priest, she purchased the necessary ground for £5,000 sterling, and employed an architect to construct the desired edifice. She told the architect that she wanted three or four large rooms for poor schools; four large sleeping rooms for poor young women; one long and lofty apartment for a chapel; and a few small rooms for any ladies who might wish to aid her in taking care of the poor. In due time the building was finished. She sold her handsome abode, dismissed her carriage and servants, and went to reside in the institution she had founded.

The first inmate painfully illustrated the need of such an institution. Visiting the sick one day in a poor lane, she saw a little ragged child crying bitterly. Its parents, she learned upon inquiry, had just died in a cellar, and the landlord had thrust the child into the streets to make way for some new comers to whom he had rented it. Miss McAuley took the child in her arms, in all its rags and filth, and carried it home as the first of her orphans.

It had never been her intention to found a convent, still less a new Order of religious Sisters. The institution seemed, however, to take that form by a kind of necessity. The ladies who came to assist her in teaching the children and in caring for her poor women, fell into the habit, first, of taking a plain meal in the institution as a matter of convenience. Some of them necessarily slept there; and as they were all devoted Catholics, their life within the institution gradually arranged itself after the manner of convents. In a short time, through the agency of her

Archbishop, the Pope gave the institution his special sanction, and established a new order of nuns called the Sisters of Mercy. The ladies assumed a non-like dress, made the usual vows of chastity and poverty, and gave themselves up for life to the holy work of relieving the miserable and instructing the ignorant.

Various circumstances contributed to give immediate celebrity and success to her institution. The spectacle of a lady of rank, wealth and beauty renouncing the pleasures of the world and dedicating her existence to the poor and miserable, is one which always captivates the imagination. Daniel O'Connell, too, who was then in the zenith of his renown, became acquainted with the new Order, and pronounced some fine eulogiums upon it in his public addresses. When the Order was but five years old, the first cholera broke out in Ireland. Never has there been a more terrible scourge. For a considerable time the deaths in Dublin averaged six hundred a day, and the whole city was in consternation. Such was the terror of the people at the awful mortality in the hospitals, that they conceived the impression that the doctors were murdering the people, and large numbers refused to allow their sick to be treated by them.

Then it was that the Sisters of Mercy exhibited the most sublime and heroic benevolence. They did not visit the hospitals; they lived in them. Some of them remained in the hospitals for months at a time, and they never discontinued their exertions as long as there was a patient to be benefited by them. It is a remarkable fact that not one of the Sisters of Mercy took the disease, although when, some years after, Ireland was desolated by the famine fever, many of them perished.

Catherine McAuley lived fifty-four years. Toward the end of her long sickness, her joy, it is said, became rapture; and, when one of her friends asked her if she felt any of that fear of death which she had once experienced, she said:

"If I had thought death could be so sweet, I never should have feared it!"

This remarkable woman was in the habit, toward the close of her life, of whipping herself as a mortification for her sins. On the day before she died she gave her whip to one of the sisters, while it was still wet with her blood, and ordered her to put it into the fire and see that it was burned. On the same day, she gave to another sister a parcel carefully tied up which contained her shoes, which she had also converted into means of torture. Her amiable and gifted biographer tells us that, when life was extinct, her shoulders were found to be scarred and her feet lacerated.

Her mortifications of this kind were a secret known only to herself, and she always discouraged penances which lowered the tone of the bodily health and incapacitated the sisters for endurance. During the hours of recreation, she was one of the merriest of the merry—she would sing a lively song, tell a funny story, and relate her early experiences in the world to the delight of all who heard her, and she would write merry letters, in rhyme, to the sisters in other convents.

STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.—There were in this city not long since three children, all of whom were joined together at the hands. One hand on each of the right and left figures was perfectly formed as far as the finger joints, where they united with those of the central figure—the hands of the three being thus firmly clasped together. The central figure had no fingers, the end of the arm resembling a ball when clasped by the hands of his two companions. The arms of the trio were boneless from the shoulder to the finger ends, and could be bent or twisted into any conceivable shape. The limbs from the knees down were also boneless. At the knees there is said to have been a large protuberance, as if nature had intended them to act as substitutes for the boneless leg and useless feet. They are entirely blind, the whole surface of the eye-ball being of a deathly white color, and containing no pupil. Their heads and bodies were perfectly formed, and the organizations and functions appeared perfect in each. They were visited by a number of persons, among which was our informant, who says they were still-born, and vouchers for the assertion. There was, we understand, no medical examination of the case, which is to be greatly regretted. The parents have left the city, taking with them the remains of the children.—Saturdays Register.

THE hunting party that is going to visit the Rocky Mountains this summer wouldn't let Ben Butler go along, fearing that when they would get high up among the clouds he might pocket the silver lining.

A GROWING "HEN."

A Richmond (Va.) paper says: There is in this city a young married woman, who is very strongly afflicted with a mania for imitating the crowing of the morning cock, while in a state of somnolence. We are assured that at the hour appointed by Nature for chattering to frighten away the midnight prowlers from yawning graveyards, the fortunate husband of the crowing wife, on the first night of his marriage, was roused from his slumbers by a most lusty crowing. On opening his eyes, what was his astonishment to behold his better-half seated in the middle of the convulsioid couch of conjugal bliss, flapping her wings and crowing in a most loud and clear voice, stretching out her neck after the most approved rooster fashion. Thrice did she thus "herald in the morn," and then sank back and slept on. In the morning he spoke to her about it, and was not more surprised than amused to learn that she had been born in the country, and that a favorite Shanghai which he reared with his feathered family in the hen-coop, near the window of the maternal bed-chamber, frightened her mother by his loud crowing, and thus the child was "marked." And ever since—yes, even a babe lying in the cradle—she has been wont to wake the echoes of the coming dawn by imitating "ya rooster"—and still, each morn she "flaps her wings and crows." As the business of the husband requires him to rise very early, he is rather pleased than otherwise to find his wife possessed of this additional accomplishment, which dispenses with the necessity of an alarm clock, though having heard his grandmother say that the "crowing of a hen indicated ill-luck, unless her head was immediately cut off," he is in some doubt, whether, in order to insure good fortune to his household, he is in duty bound to stop his wife's crowing by severing her maniac throat. We advise him to let his "hen" crow on as long as she likes, but to cut her off as soon as she does not "caw" him. Some persons may question the truth of this remarkable incident, but we can assure such that it is true in every particular, and can be vouched for by responsible parties who have known the lady from infancy; and the moral of it is, that ladies who do not desire "crowing" children should not sleep too near the hen-coop.

SHOT THROUGH A PLANK.

A Scotch paper, the Haddington Courier, has an extraordinary story of the escape of a miner who fell down the shaft of a coal pit, near Traquair. An old shaft was made use of to open up a communication with a new pit recently sunk. About half way down the shaft, which was two hundred and seventy-six feet deep, a wooden staging, composed of strong two-inch planks, was built, completely intersecting the down shaft, to afford a firm footing to the miners entering the side shaft. At the bottom of the down shaft was a considerable accumulation of water, as is usual in pits which have not been worked for some time. On the occasion in question, a young man named Mylne, rather than wait for the comparatively tedious process of being lowered down by the windlass, said he would slide down the rope. Disregarding the advice of his companions, he got upon the rope, and they were in another moment horrified to see that he had lost hold of it.

The crash of his body against the wooden staging was heard, and they were making preparations to descend for the mangled remains, when a cry for the assistance was heard coming up from the very bottom of the pit. The rapidity of his descent of 170 feet had propelled him through the two inch boards as neatly as if his body had been a rifle bullet, and with about as little injury, for not a bone was broken, and, except a small scratch on his chin, his person did not bear the slightest mark of coming in contact with anything during the descent. Falling into the water at the bottom, he had, on coming to the surface, providentially thrown his arms over some wooden frame work which happened to be there and had thus been saved. The man was found here and was conveyed home quite conscious, and under medical care was soon able to go out of doors.

The story has certainly the appearance of a fable, yet if it is possible to shoot a candle through a two-inch board, why cannot a man be shot through a two-inch plank? The narrative is at least amusing, and anybody who chooses can have the liberty of doubting that it is well authenticated.—Boston Advertiser.

By doing good with his money a man stamps, as it were, the image of God upon it, and it passes current in obtaining for him an abundant share in the felicitous of Heaven.