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VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871. NUMBER 37.

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The Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Leader*, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business **scientifically** and **systematically** in such a way: that is, so as to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

CAUTION!—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or otherwise interfering with the following personal property owned by me and left in the possession of WILLIAM A. BAGLEY, of Carroll township, Cambria county, viz: 1 Bay Horse and Harness, 1 Sorrel Horse and Harness, 2 Plows, 2 Harrows, 1 Leg Sled, 1 two horse Sled, 1 White Yearling Steer, 1 Brindle Yearling Steer, 1 Brown Bull, one year old, 2 Red and White Spotted Cows, Oats, Wheat, Rye and Hay in the barn, 1 small stack of Hay, 1 Bureau, 1 Cupboard, 1 Bed and Bedding, 1 Dough Tray. JOSEPH LANTZY.

Carroll Twp., Oct. 7, 1871.-3t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to make distribution of the money in the hands of MARGARET LEAVY and AUGUSTINE WALKERS, Executors of Michael Leavy, dec'd, gives notice that he will attend at his office in Ebensburg for that purpose, on **Thursday, the 19th of October next**, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend.

JOHN S. RHEY, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Sept. 30, 1871.-3t.

The Poet's Department.

OCTOBER.

Child of the grand old Autumn!
  October floateth by,
A regal grace on her sun kissed face,
  And light in her beaming eye;
Over her polished shoulders
  To the dull and fading grass,
The golden brown of her hair flows down,
  As her springing footsteps pass.

She will breathe on the dim old forest;
  And strainings of crimson light,
Like the blushes that speak
On her own bright cheek,
  Will fall on the leaves to-night;
And the mellow sight of the dawning,
  When the first faint sunbeams play,
And the flushes that rest
On the sunset's breast,
  She will leave on the trees to-day.

She will tap at the cottage window,
  One tap with her fingers cold,
And the fire will be bright
In the hearth to-night,
  As it was in the nights of old;
And hearts will draw close together
  In the lights of the cheery flame,
While fond lips will bless
For their happiness
  The sound of October's name.

Then she'll touch the tree tops softly,
  And a carpet all fresh and sweet,
In colors as bright
As the rainbow's light
  Will fall at her fairy feet;
Sometimes she woos the summer
  By the light of her magic smile;
Sometimes she calls
At the frost king's halls,
  And bids him reign awhile.

Then when the hills are woven
  With many a tainted strand,
When a veil of romance
(Like the bright cloud's dance)
  Is wrapped over sea and land,
Like a dream that is wild with splendor,
  Like the sun at the close of day,
Like the visions that rest
In a maiden's breast,
  October will float away.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE FLOOD OF 1832.

A Night's Adventure on the Ohio River.

"The river rises wonderfully fast, wife," said Jack Martin, as he wiped his hands on the roller-towel behind the door, before sitting down to supper. It's almost up to the top of the bank; never was known to be so high;" and Wilson really appeared scared about it.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked Mrs. Martin, as she poured out the tea.

"No; we are not going to be carried away because it is a few feet above high water mark. It will go down as it came up when it is ready. Come in." This was said in answer to a knock at the door, and was followed by the appearance of a boy about thirteen years of age.

"Mother is sick, Mrs. Martin," he said, approaching the table, "and sent me to ask you to come over. Granny Hays is down with the rheumatiz, and she hain't got no one with her."

"I expected it," said Mrs. Martin.—"What shall I do?"

"Go, of course," said her husband. "You can't do anything else."

"She is very bad," said the boy, "and I am to go around and fetch the doctor."

"Well, draw up and get some supper, Joe," was Jack's answer, "then I will put Dolly in the wagon, and will go the upper road and take the doctor in."

"But the children, father?"

"Now don't begin to worry, Molly, Sally can take care of the baby, and I will not be gone more than an hour or so. You can get along, can't you, Sally?"

"I guess so," was the smiling reply of a bright-eyed girl of some thirteen years, who sat beside him.

"The creek is running like a mill race, and trees looked standing in it when I came over the hill, I don't believe we could get along that road."

"The water is backing up, then," said Jack; but it is too cold to rise much further."

"The water is spreading all over," said Joe.

Mrs Martin made a hurried meal, and was ready by the time her husband had the wagon at the door. With charges to Sally concerning the baby, she stepped in, while Jack locked the house door, and put the key in his pocket, telling the children to go to bed as soon as they had set things to rights, but to be sure and have a good fire, and keep a light burning, as he would not be gone long.

Jack Martin and his young wife had left New England when they were first married, and settled upon the Ohio river some distance above Cincinnati. Here Jack had built a small frame house, and begun to cultivate his land, and here his five children were born, two of whom had died—Sally and Will and the baby being all that were left. Jack was a happy, light-hearted, industrious man, who worked his farm and "took things easy." His land was productive, his crops had sold well, he had built a fine barn, and had good out-houses, but his own house was the shabbiest part of the premises. It was a frame of but one room, with a loft above, which had been put up for present wants when he first settled there, but it was plastered snug and tight. Every year Jack had thought he would add to it, and when his wife represented that it was getting very old, and was really too small for her growing family, he would put her off with a promise of building next spring, and a complement to her house keeping.

After her parents left, Sally proceeded to wash up the tea things. The baby, a child some ten months old, was asleep. Turning up the end of a brown table-cloth, Will got out his slate and arithmetic and began to cipher, while Sally went back and forth from the cupboard to the table, singing and putting the things away.

Will was slow at figures; he put down and rubbed out; and bothered and scratched his head; and finally appealed to Sally with "Just show me this part."

Thus an hour passed. The baby awoke, and was fed and played with, and the two getting sleepy they prepared for bed.

Usually they slept in the loft, unless the weather was very cold, but this time they had been told to get in below with the baby. Before undressing they rolled a large log on the fire, and put a candle in the lantern, as they had been taught to do for safety.

Tired of their walk of two miles from school in the wind, they were soon asleep. Suddenly Sally was awakened by she knew not what, and was turning to go to sleep again, when there was a groaning, creaking noise, and she thought she heard the house move.

Thoroughly aroused, she sat up in bed. The lantern was dark, and from the hearth, where she had left a great fire, came a hissing sound, and there was only the glare of a dull burning log. She thought some one was putting out the fire, and called, "Father! Father!"

There was no answer, but the sound continued. Without waking William, she sprung out upon the floor and ran towards the fireplace. As she reached it her feet splashed in the water which was running along the floor. Quick as light the thought came, "the river is up!" She groped for a candlestick, and found one with a small piece of candle remaining in it. Taking one of the long sulphur matches used in those days she touched it to a coal and obtained a light.

A quick glance around told her at once what was the matter. The hearth, laid with heavy stone, had sunk several inches below the floor of the room, up through the crevices of this came the water, which had almost put out the fire, leaving only the logs burning. The door was locked, but raising the window curtain, she gazed out. The house was surrounded by water; the waves were washing against it and over the doorstep. As far as her eye could reach all roundabout was water, only water, with trees standing in it.

The girl had been brought up to depend on herself, and she had both resolution and courage. Running to the bed she shook Will. "Get up, Will, get up!—The river is all around the house." The boy sat up, rubbed his eyes stupidly, then sank back again. "Get up, Will, do get up! don't you hear? The river is coming in the house." She shook him again. "Dress quickly, and don't wake the baby." She already had her own shoes on, and was fastening up her dress. There was the same creaking noise, and the house shook. Will comprehended at last, and while putting on his clothes ran to the window.

"What are we to do?" he asked in affright. "If father was only here!"

"We must go up to the loft, and wait until father comes," she answered.

Taking the baby in her arms, she climbed the stairway, and laid it on her own bed, wrapping it up warmly. When she came down again, Will, who had been looking out, stood with tears running down his face.

"Where is father? Oh, Sally, where is father? I am so afraid he has been drowned; he has not come home."

She hugged the tender-hearted boy close.

"No, Will, no; father is safe; he will only be troubled about us." She shuddered herself as she reassured him.

"He will get a boat and come."

Finding the water was covering the floor, they carried to the loft all the articles they could move, not forgetting some bread and a crock of milk for the baby. They then took refuge there themselves. While they were thus engaged, they frequently heard the house quiver.

It was cold. They had a light, but no fire. So, wrapped in comforters, they held each other close, not daring to go to bed. They crouched near one of the windows, of which there were two in the loft, one looking back on the hills, the other in front on the river.

Their father did not come.

It was not a dark night, and they could see that the water had spread over the meadows almost to the hills. The barns and all the out-houses stood surrounded. They could hear the geese gabble in alarm, and the ducks quack, for they had been driven from their shelter.

It was a strange sight, and one well calculated to fill them with fears. They spoke little as they sat hugged together, except to say, "What is that?" as the creaking noise they had heard grew louder. Will, who had always been delicate, was a dependent, loving, sympathizing boy, whose bravery was shown in bearing—he was uncomplaining, but sympathetic. Sally, who had often kept the house for weeks together, when her mother was ill, and cooked her father's meals, and even done the washing, was sturdy and a little rough to others, but to Will she was always tender. Now her heart ached for the lad she held in her arms.

The little wooden clock on the mantle-shelf struck two, and a moment after there was a great noise, as of something tearing away—a jarring and a jerking; the house swayed to and fro and, as if struck by something, went down one side and up the other. With a smothered exclamation, the children covered up their heads and clung closer to one another.—A violent motion was followed by a calm. They looked up. There was a tearing and a pushing along the sides of the house, a violent thump, the window glass rattled as it broke and fell, and the opening was darkened by branches of trees. A moment more and all was quiet again. They were still. Presently, Sally stood up and said: "We are moving, Will; the house is moving!" She ran to the front window and looked out. They were afloat on the broad Ohio! Alone, without help, in this old house, they were moving down the surging stream!

With a wild scream Sally sprang across the floor and looked out at the back window. She saw the barn, and the woodhouse, and the tops of the fences, with chickens roosting on them. Great trees which had been uprooted, and in whose branches logs and other *debris* had caught were swaying where the house had stood, apparently pinned by something remaining there. Even as she gazed, the distance between them and these familiar objects increased and she knew they were on the broad, swift current of the river, helpless.

The boy saw the terror in her face, and, clinging close to her, he looked up, and said, softly, as a big tear welled from her lid, and fell upon his upturned cheek, "Don't cry, Sally; God will help us."—The girl, always more given to depend on herself than to seek higher aid, clasped him, and relieved herself by a loud burst of sobbing.

Awakened by the noise, the baby cried, and had to be taken up and fed; this took the attention of the children for some moments from themselves and their situation, which they could fully realize. The raft of trees and driftwood coming against the old house, already swaying in the water, had forced it from its foundations and swept it out into the open river, bearing it past the great trees on the bank, the boughs of which had broken the windows, and torn off some of the weather-boarding from the side.

Somewhat herself again, Sally laid the baby down, and drawing Will with her, crept to the window. Crouching, they looked out. Just then the piece of candle flared up, sank again in the socket, flickering and went out. "It will soon be morning," the boy said, in answer to Sally's clasp, as they were left in darkness.

"Then the people will see us, and come and take us away," was her reply.

The clock had struck four. Kneeling there, they passed villages and high bluffs, and saw distant towns, all of which seemed submerged, for there were lights gleaming from upper story windows in the houses and moving about as though on the water. Dark objects went swiftly by them, and every little while the house would dip and rock, as a log or tree or other weighty object struck it.

Heavy as their hearts were, they spoke to each other of the great flood and likened themselves to Noah in the Ark. They were in the current and went swiftly on. Five o'clock struck, then six; they began to see objects distinctly in the dawning light.

"See!" exclaimed Will, "there is something on that bale of hay, and there is a coop full of chickens, too, !"

"Look at that settee and those chairs! and there is a dog house turned upside down, and the poor dog is clinging to the outside with his paws; he is chained to it." Sally pointed towards the spot.

Hay, straw, articles of furniture, bales of cotton, wood and timber of all kinds, strewed the face of the river.

"Oh!" The house careened as though going over, as some large object struck against it, and the children were thrown back upon the floor. It righted again, and tremblingly they continued to watch the waters, their thoughts diverted from themselves by what they saw.

There was a strange noise at the back window, a scratching and clawing and thumping. They drew near to see what it was, and found that the cat, which had probably been on the shed that plank by plank was falling away from the house, had sought the refuge of the window-sill without, where she was disturbed by the old ram, also on the shed, and making frantic efforts to reach the same position with puss, as he felt his unsafe foothold quiver beneath him. As he bounded up or climbed against the house, striving to make away with his horns, the cat would draw back and hiss and spit at him.—Amused despite themselves, the children opened the window and the cat bounded in while the old ram was left to his fate.

With the light, all Sally's resolution and energy came back to her.

They passed towns and villages. She knew they must be nearing Cincinnati, of which she had heard; and there she had a vague idea, they would be rescued.

Taking the sheets off the bed, she fastened them to a couple of slats from the bedstead; and put them out of the window, as she had often seen persons do on the river bank, when they wished to attract the attention, and get a steamboat to stop. After several attempts she succeeded in nailing the slat to the the window-sill.

Stationing Will at one window, she placed herself at the other, her heart palpitating with expectation.

The sun had now been up some time, and they began to realize the danger, and to shudder at every creak of the timbers of the house.

They passed a solitary dwelling half immersed, then several, then a town with steamboats at the landing, skiffs and dug-outs paddling through the streets. They were sure that the men in them saw the house,—they pointed to it, and were talking of it, but still no help.

On they went. The waters were more turbulent, the surface of the stream more studded with floating articles. Now it spread out so wide it seemed boundless, and again it would contract, and on the high grounds would be dwellings not yet reached by the flood.

An hour passed. Sally was almost frantic, and began to despair. Several times she had seen people making signals to them, but none came to help. The baby fretted and cried, and Will took it up and soothed and gave it milk.

"Eat a bit, Will, eat a bit," said Sally, who was herself almost exhausted through want of sleep and excitement. The lad only shook his head and looked up. There was an expression on his face beautiful to see.

"We are coming to a town. This must be Cincinnati. See the houses!"

Sally leaned out of the window and wildly waved something she had snatched up, raising her voice at the same time and shrieking for aid.

"Put down the baby, Will, and come and wave and holler," she said, looking in at him, and Will obeyed.

"They see us! Why don't they help us?" she exclaimed in wild excitement. "It is Cincinnati! Why don't they come? See the boats!" She came near falling out of the window. They passed the suburbs; people saw, and shouted to them, but seemed to have no power to reach them. They were coming in front of the city, the lower part of which—with Covington and Newport—lay in the water. The steamboats appeared to be away up in the town, and many skiffs and other little crafts were plying about the river.

Now they were indeed seen, and their shouts were answered, but the skiffs could not get near them. The current of the river was strong, and there were too many large objects on its surface. Encouraged by a knowledge that they were seen, the children increased their exertions. Sally brought the baby from the bed and held it up. Presently a large boat, which was manned by men who were at work trying to save some of the lumber of a saw-mill, shot out and came towards them. Slowly and steadily it moved in and out, avoiding or pushing off the drift-wood and other articles floating by.

People who had been obliged to retreat to the second story of their dwellings put their heads out of the window to see the strange sight—a house afloat—and waved and shouted and threw up their hands when they saw it had inmates, and these inmates were children. Meantime, the house was floating on and the boat was nearing it. A few lengths, and it would be at its side. Just then a huge saw-log, which had been lying like a great whale on the surface of the water, was struck by something, and changing its course dashed into the side of the dwelling. A startled shriek was given by the lookers on, as, thrown by the concussion, the children disappeared, and the waters dashed over the parted timbers.

While the frame turned and whirled in the eddy, the log moved on. Taking advantage of the clearer space, the boat gained by a few clever strokes, the side of the ruin; then, while one of the crew succeeded in making it fast, another climbed to the window, where the children had again appeared, and lifted them out. A moment more and the house fell over on its side.

"I thought God would take care of us," whispered Will to Sally, as they were safely set ashore.

Jack Martin, who had reached the vicinity of his home to find it gone, was soon informed of the safety of his children, and ere long the family were again together. Need we say it was a joyful meeting.

A DISTRESSING CONUNDRUM.—A New Orleans paper tells of an ambitious young debater in a village society who propounded this abstruse conundrum:

"Eff'r man plants a watermillion seed next to his fence; and this 'ere watermillion seed sprouts up into a watermillion vine; and that 'ere watermillion vine grows and meanders through that 'ar fence into another man's lot adjacient that 'ere watermillion vine that sprouted from that watermillion seed and meandered thro' that 'ar fence into this 'ere other man's lot adjacient; tharin consolidates and homologates into a watermillion, the question, feller citizens and ladies, is: To which of these 'ere men did that 'ar watermillion, so homologated and promulgated belong? To the man who planted that 'ar watermillion seed that meandered thro' that 'ar fence into this 'ere man's lot adjacient and thar consolidated into a watermillion; or to the man who owned this 'ere lot adjacient, whar was so promulgated the watermillion that so exerggitated from that 'ar watermillion vine that meandered thro' this 'ere fence and so sprouted from that 'ar watermillion seed that that 'ere man there planted?"

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

NO PARALLEL IN MODERN HISTORY—THE GREAT FIRES OF THE PAST.

Among the great conflagrations of the past that of London in September, 1666, will always stand pre-eminent for its terrible destructiveness. It followed upon the great plague, which had carried off one-third of the population in the previous year, and swept over nearly five-sixths of the space included within the city walls at that date. It lasted four days, and the ruins covered 436 acres. It destroyed eighty-nine churches (including St. Paul's), the Royal exchange, the custom-house, Guidhall, Zion college, and many other public buildings, besides 13,200 private houses. Four hundred streets were entirely laid waste, and about 200,000 of the inhabitants of the city were obliged to encamp for some time in the open fields of Islington and Highgate. The most disastrous fire in London since that date occurred on the 25th of March, 1784, when 200 houses in the Cornhill ward were destroyed. Many destructive fires have occurred in the British metropolis at later dates; the most recent worthy of special note being the burning of the cotton and other wharves of Tooley street in June and July, 1861. The fire continued raging with greater or less fury for nearly a month. Several persons were killed, and property was destroyed to the value of £2,000,000.

On the 5th of May, 1842, a fire broke out in the city of Hamburg, Germany, which raged with great fury for four days, destroying about one third of the city. Sixty-one streets, containing 1,747 houses, were utterly laid waste, and thousands of people were rendered homeless. There were few public buildings of value destroyed, and that portion of the city was quickly rebuilt in a much more substantial manner than before.

In this country great fires, especially before the day of improved fire engines have been comparatively frequent, and New York has had her full share. In September, 1776, soon after the city came into the hands of the British, 500 houses were destroyed, forming at that time a large part of the town. The buildings were rather huddled together at the lower end of the island, and were mostly of wood, and the district west of Broadway and below Cortlandt street was swept bare. New York was visited by another great conflagration, the greatest in its history, on the 16th of December, 1835. Six hundred warehouses, and property to the extent of over twenty millions of dollars were consumed. The oldest inhabitants still remember the horrors of that terrible disaster. On the sixth of September, 1839, the city had another severe visitation, when forty-six buildings and property valued at $10,000,000 were destroyed. The next conflagration of large extent in that city took place on the 19th of July, 1845, when 302 stores and dwellings in the lower part of the city were destroyed. These, however, were of comparatively inferior value, the whole loss amounting to $6,000,000. Four lives were lost on this occasion. Since that time, owing to the increased efficiency of the means employed to prevent and extinguish fires, they have generally been confined to a single building or a small group.

In the same year of the last great fire in New York, 1845, Quebec suffered terribly from the same destroying element. On the 28th of May a fire broke out in the Faubourg St. Roch, which destroyed 1,500 buildings before it could be quelled. Several lives were also lost. Exactly one month later 1,300 buildings were burned, and by these two conflagrations nearly two-thirds of the city was laid in ruins. The pecuniary loss has been stated at $8,000,000. In the same year, on the 12th of June, nearly the whole town of St. Johns, Newfoundland, was destroyed, and 6,000 people were rendered homeless.

Albany suffered from a great conflagration on the 9th of September, 1848. Six hundred buildings, besides steamboats, piers and other property, valued altogether at $3,000,000, were burned. Twenty-four acres land within the city limits were covered with ruins.

St. Louis had a great fire in May, 1849, when fifteen blocks of houses and twenty-three steamboats were consumed, causing a loss of over $1,000,000.

Philadelphia has been fortunate in having few great fires, but one occurred in that city on the 9th of July, 1860, which destroyed 350 buildings. These were of inferior value, and the whole loss was but $1,500,000, though twenty five persons were killed, nine drowned and 120 injured.

A large portion of San Francisco was destroyed in 1851. On the 3d of May a fire broke out which consumed nearly 2,500 buildings, causing a loss of $3,500,000 and several lives. A little over a month later, on the 22d of June, 500 more buildings were burned, valued at $30,000,000 or more.

Twelve acres of land in Syracuse were burned over on the 8th of November, 1855. About 100 buildings were destroyed, and the loss of property amounted to $1,000,000.

The scene most naturally recalled by this fearful disaster in Chicago is the terrible celebration of the fourth of July in Portland, Me., in 1866. The leading facts of the great event are still fresh in the public mind. The fire, beginning in a boot shop on High street swept north, and destroyed in its course nearly one half of the city. The pecuniary loss was about $15,000,000, and one-fourth of the population were rendered houseless.

It seems probable from the reports thus far received that the terrible fire in Chicago has no parallel in modern history, unless in the conflagrations kindled by war. Even the great fire of London, though relatively more destructive, did not equal it in absolute extent. The London of that day was little more than two-thirds the size of the Chicago to day, having less than 250,000 inhabitants; and if, as reported, two-thirds of Chicago is in ruins, the desolated territory is far greater than the five-sixths of London said to have been laid waste in 1666.

A "STRONG-MINDED" thus relieves herself: "Marry! marry! marry! That's man's eternal cry. Marry and settle down. Settle down into a house—two-story back perhaps—settle down into a kitchen, a cook-stove, a wash tub, a cradle! and so keep settling into a weary, worn, faded woman—on whom the male importuner, after five or ten years of his exclusive companionship, may look and congratulate himself on having accomplished a successful ruin!"