Cambria Freeman.

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

VOLUME VI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1872. NUMBER 34.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

FARMERS, SEE THIS!

BUCKEYE

GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER,

Patented Feb'y 1st, 1870.

MANUFACTURED BY

NIEBEL & PENNINGTON

Tiffin, Ohio.

The Buckeye Grain and Seed Cleaner is far superior to any other Fanning Mill ever made, having more than twice the screening surface of the ordinary mill, while it is neat and compact and can be easily handled and lifted around by one man. Its capacity for cleaning is from 50 to 75 bushels per hour, and runs so easily that it can be turned by a boy ten years old.

Added to the above advantages, it is far cheaper than any other Fanning Mill now made.

To substantiate our assertions, we give the following as the opinions of several reliable gentlemen, residents of Seneca county, Ohio, who have given the "CLEANER" a thorough trial:

We, the undersigned, have thoroughly tested the Buckeye Grain and Seed Cleaner, and believe it to be superior to any one in use for cleaning Wheat, or other small seeds, for market or for sowing, as it separates every grain of Cheat, Cockle or Rye from Wheat designed for seed, and all Red Dock from Timothy, and all wild vine seed from Flax, so as to render each particular kind of seed designed for sowing purposes pure and entirely free from filth and foreign grain.

N. G. HAYWARD, THEO. T. INK,
WM. LANG, J. BOWERSOCK,
Dr. J. D. O'CONNOR, G. KINZER,
JAMES DORAN.

The undersigned are the regularly constituted AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE BUCKEYE GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER in all parts of Cambria County, except the Townships of Carroll, Chest, Clearfield and Susquehanna, and will in a short time call upon the farmers of the different Townships and demonstrate to each farmer, if he owns a farm, that this "Cleaner" will do all that is claimed for it.

The "Cleaner" can be seen and tested at any time by calling on us at our farms, one-and-a-half miles northwest of Ebensburg.

☞ All orders or letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention if addressed to

HOOVER & WEIBLE,
Aug. 23.-tf. Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

THE undersigned has the agency for the manufacture and sale in Carroll, Susquehanna, Chest and Clearfield townships of the above described GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER, which he will furnish on short notice and at reasonable rates. The "Cleaner" will be exhibited at Carrolltown, St. Nicholas and St. Augustine.—Come and see it in operation.

JAMES BYRNE.
Carroll Twp., Sept. 13, 1872.-4t.*

FARMERS!

LOOK AT THIS!

The Farmer's Favorite

GRAIN DRILL,

STONER'S

Fanning MILL,

AND THE

KEYSTONE CIDER MILL!

FOR SALE BY

L. & S. W. DAVIS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [Jan.20.-tf.]

DR. CARPENTER,

136 MULBERRY STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.,

Is now treating successfully

Consumption, Bronchitis,

and all diseases of Throat and Lungs, with his COMPOUND MEDICATED INHALATIONS, CONCENTRATED FOOD, AND COUGH SYRUP.

During the past ten years Dr. Carpenter has treated and cured thousands of cases of above named diseases, and has now in his possession certificates of cures from all parts of the country. The Inhalation is breathed directly into the lungs, soothing and healing over all inflamed surfaces, entering into the blood, it imparts vitality as it permeates to every part of the system. The sensation is not unpleasant, and the first inhalation often gives very decided relief, particularly when there is much difficulty of breathing. Under the influence of my remedies, the cough soon grows easier, the night sweats cease, the hectic flush vanishes, and with improving digestion the patient rapidly gains strength, and health is again within his grasp.

The Concentrated Food rapidly builds up the most debilitated patient, presenting to the stomach food all ready to be assimilated and made into good, rich, healthy blood.

The Cough Syrup is to be taken at night to alleviate the cough and enable the patient to obtain sleep. *Full directions accompany each box of my remedies which consists of*

One Inhaler; One Bottle of Alterative Inhalant One Bottle of Soothing Febrifuge Inhalant; One Bottle Anti-Hemorrhagic Inhalant; One Bottle Concentrated Food; One Bottle Cough Syrup.

Price of Box containing medicines to last one month, $10; two months, $18; three months, $25. Sent to any address C. O. D. Pamphlets containing large list of patients cured sent free. Letters of inquiry must contain one dollar to insure answer. Address,

A. H. CARPENTER, M. D., Newark, N. J.

Dr. Carpenter's *CATARRH REMEDY* will give immediate relief, and will effect a permanent cure in from one to three months. Price of remedy to last one month, $5; two months, $8; three months, $10.

CANCER in all its forms successfully treated. Send for list of patients cured.

A. H. CARPENTER, M. D., Newark, N. J.
August 9, 1872.-1y.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION of PENNSYLVANIA.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following Amendment of the Constitution of this Commonwealth be proposed to the people for their adoption or rejection, pursuant to the provisions of the tenth article thereof, to wit:

AMENDMENT:

Strike out the sixth section of the sixth article of the Constitution, and insert in lieu thereof the following: "A State Treasurer shall be chosen by the qualified electors of the State, at such times and for such term of service as shall be prescribed by law."

WILLIAM ELLIOTT,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
JAMES S. RUTAN,
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved—The twenty-second day of March, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. JNO. W. GEARY.

Prepared and certified for publication pursuant to the Tenth Article of the Constitution.

[7-13.-3m.] FRANCIS JORDAN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Office Secretary of the Commonwealth, Harrisburg, June 26th, 1872.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

R. R. Davis & Co.

HIGH STREET,

Three Doors West of Centre Street,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes,

FLOUR, FEED, BACON, FISH,

Coffee, Tea, Syrups and Molasses.

ALL WHICH THEY PROMISE TO SELL AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

Country Produce taken for GOODS.

JOHN R. MURRAY..... .....JOS. M. DUNN.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-1f.]

CAPS, CAPES, TORCHES,

AND

FLAGS of All Sizes;

Lanterns, Leggings, Badges, and Campaign Goods of all kinds.

Buy from Manufacturers,

John W. Pittock & Co.

Opp. Postoffice, PITTSBURGH, Pa.

Send for Circulars.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

THE DARK DAY IN 1780.

We publish a condensed account of this remarkable phenomenon, by D. T. Taylor, of Rouse's Point, N. Y. The article was originally published in the *Boston Journal* of June 14, 1871. The phenomenon has never been explained. Dr. Tenney, in 1785, wrote to the Historical Society that the ability of the land had endeavored to present a cause, but, said he, "you will agree with me that no satisfactory solution has yet appeared." In similar language wrote Dr. Noah Webster in 1843. The theory of some, that it was smoke and ashes from forest fires, extensively ranging, was disproved. No fires in the forest could have been sufficient to spread a dense cloud over the whole of New England and even some parts of the Middle States. It came too suddenly, with no wind to carry it from one point to another. It was a darkness that settled down over an area of more than 300,000 square miles at the same time. Here is the story in brief:

On the 19th of May, 1780, the inhabitants of New England and the adjacent parts were the trembling witnesses of a phenomenon never seen before nor since, and which to this day remains unexplained. The year was celebrated for its numerous auroral exhibitions in this latitude. They covered the midnight heavens with corruscations of red and silver, and streamed out like lightning, seeming, says one writer, fairly to flash warmth in the face. The winter preceding was marked by extraordinary severity. Snow lay on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of April. In December and January a storm continued for seven successive days, and the snow fell to a depth of four feet on a level in this single storm, and with drifts eight and ten feet high. Sheep were buried in the drifts for many days, and even men and animals perished with the cold. Long Island Sound was crossed by heavy artillery on the ice. Narragansett Bay froze over so hard that men traversed the ice from Providence to Newport in skating parties, and from Fall River to Newport loads of wood were conveyed on the ice through Bristol ferry.

Previous to the 19th a vapor filled the air for several days. There was a smell of sulphur. The morning of the 19th was overcast with some clouds, and rain fell over the country, with lightning and thunder. Scarcely any motion was in the air, what wind there was came from the southwest. By nine o'clock in the forenoon, without previous warning, the darkness stole gradually on, with a luminous appearance near the horizon, as if the obscuring cloud had dropped down from overhead. There was a yellowness of the atmosphere that made clear silver assume a grass green hue. Then a dense, undefinable vapor settled rapidly and without aerial movement over all the land and ocean from Pennsylvania to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the darkness it caused sinking by degrees until the sunlight was effectually shut out. Ordinary cloud it was not. The rapidity with which so large an extent of country was enveloped precludes the possibility of supposing this to have been a natural cloud moving laterally. Besides this, the day was too calm to imagine such a thing. Down came the darkness thicker and thicker. By ten o'clock the air was loaded with a thick gloom.—The heavens were tinged with a yellowish or faint red; the lurid look increased; few, if any, ordinary clouds were visible. The sun, in disappearing, took on a brassy hue. The lurid, brassy color spread everywhere, above and below. The grass assumed the color of the sky, and all out doors wore a sickly, weird and melancholy aspect—a dusky appearance as if seen through a smoked glass. By eleven o'clock it was as night itself, and from this time until three in the afternoon the darkness was extraordinary and frightful.

The extent of the darkness was greater than is related of any other similar phenomenon on record, not excepting the celebrated dark days over Egypt and Judea. It reached south to the northern half of Pennsylvania, and from thence along the coast northeast to the wilds of Maine, eastward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and out at sea 120 miles southeast of Boston, and undoubtedly much farther; west to the valleys of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, and north into undefined regions in Canada. Portland, Boston, Hartford, New York, West Point and Albany were affected by it. But the degrees of darkness differed in different places, the deepest night settling over New England. A tract of land and sea 800 miles in length and 400 miles in breadth, embracing an area of 320,000 square miles, was known to be covered by the cloud, and so far as can be ascertained, a population of 700,000 souls sat for a portion of the day and night in a gloom more or less profound and inexplicable.

Just how dark the day was is attested by indisputable evidence. The hour and minute could not be discovered on the face of a clock or watch by persons of unimpaired eyesight. Candles became an absolute necessity both out doors and in, as it was impossible to transact ordinary business without them. Fires on the hearthstone shone as brightly as on a moonless November evening, and all dinner-tables were set with lighted candles upon them, as if it were the evening repast. The keenest eyes in doors could not see to read the common print. So far beyond any ordinary fog was the effect that stages on the road either put up at the nearest hotel during the mid-day hours, or carried candles or lanterns to enable the perplexed driver to well see his way.

And the brute and feathered creation seemed puzzled and agitated. The birds ceased to fly, and hid themselves in the branches of the trees. As the darkness increased they sang their evening songs as they do at twilight, and then became silent. Pigeons on the wing took to the shelter of the forest as they do at night. The whip-poor-will, as if it were truly night, cheerfully sang his song through the gloomy hours. Woodcocks, which are night birds, whistled as they only do in the night time. Bats came out of their hiding places and flew about. The fowls marched solemnly to their roosts as they do only at nightfall, and, after cackling for a while over the mystery of so short a day, became still.—Cocks crowed as is their custom at nightly intervals and the early breaking of day. Frogs piped their evening concert, and dogs whined or howled and ran away as on the approach of an earthquake. The herds of cattle on New England's thousand hills sought the shelter of the shed or barnyard, lowing as they came to the gate, and sheep huddled around the circle with their heads inward—the invariable token of apprehended danger.

On the human family the effect was still more curious and terrifying. The mechanic left his tools in the shop, the farmer his plow in the furrow, and each moved in silent and marveling mood toward the barn or dwelling. On the home threshold they were met by pale and anxious women, who tremblingly inquired: "What is coming?" The alarmed traveler, seeking the sympathy of his fellow man as one impressed with a sense of impending peril, put up at the nearest house, and mingled his anxious questionings and forebodings with those of the family. Strong men met and spoke with surprise on their countenances, and little children peered timidly into the deepening gloom, and then sought the sheltering parental arms. Schools broke up in affright, and the wondering pupils scampered homeward with many expressions of childish fear. The inevitable candle shone out of the windows of all dwellings—every countenance gathered blackness—all hearts were filled with fear of an approaching, unparalleled storm, or the occurrence of a terrestrial convulsion; but it was not the blackness of the storm-cloud, such as sometimes, with frightful agitation, breaks over a single city; it was the silent spreading of the pall-cloth over the earth by strong, invisible hands. Many anecdotes of terror are related. In Boston, from the hours of 11 or 1 till 3 o'clock, business was generally suspended and shops were closed. At Groton, a court was in session in a meeting-house full of large windows, as was the old style of houses of worship; but at half-past eleven all faces began to wear a sombre hue, whereupon magistrate and people followed suit with all New England, and called for lighted candles.—Connecticut went totally under the cloud. The journal of her House of Representatives puts on record the fact that "None could see to read or write in the House, or even at a window, or distinguish persons at a small distance, or perceive any distinction of dress, &c., in the circle of attendants. Therefore, at eleven o'clock adjourned the House till two o'clock, afternoon." Amid the deepening gloom that wrapped about the city, darkened the rooms of the State House, and set the lawgivers trembling with the apprehension that the Day of Judgment was at hand, when the motion for adjournment was made, Colonel Abraham Davenport, afterward Judge of Stamford, Conn., and State Councilor in the Legislative Chamber at Hartford, said: "I am against the adjournment. Either the Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought."

The darkness of the day having been succeeded an hour or two before evening by a partially clear sky, and the shining of the sun, still obscured by the black and vapory mist, this interval was followed by a return of the obscuration with greater density, that rendered the first half of the night hideously dark beyond all former experience of probably a million of people who saw it.

MUSICAL STONES.—The largest and most complete set of musical stones that was perhaps ever collected, in this or any other country, may now be seen in Hutton's Museum, Keswick.

The set consists of fifty-six stones, which vary in length from eight to thirty-six inches, and from which five octaves can be taken with the greatest precision. The wooden elevation on which the stones are placed is twelve feet in length, and though they are ragged and unshapely in appearance, as can well be imagined, they have occupied the owner thirteen years in collecting, and have been got chiefly from Skiddaw, at leisure times, by a man named Joseph Richardson, an industrious mason, residing at Applethwaite, near Keswick, who is reaping the fruits of his industrious and laborious research, as tourists think no more of leaving the capital of the lake district without seeing these truly astonishing musical stones, which the owner has very appropriately named the Rock Harmonica, than they do of leaving without seeing Flintoff's celebrated model, or Crosthwaite's far-famed museum.

These stones, from their number, and the compass they necessarily take up, are worked by Richardson and two of his sons, and they at once astonish every visitor who listens to their enchanting and perfect music. In fact, any piece of music set to the pianoforte can, with the greatest delicacy and correctness, be played upon what the collector has so happily denominated the Rock Harmonica.—*English paper.*

STOP THE INTEREST.—Among the many anecdotes of the sayings and actions of the great New England statesman, Daniel Webster, none of them are much better than the following:

On one occasion while dining with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by Peter and passed to the host. Taking the bottle, he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another for himself, he held it to the light and said:

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?"

"I think it a fine specimen of old Port."

"Now you can't guess what that cost me!" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster, "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass, he hastily presented it again with the remark:

"Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

THE curious phenomenon of regalation can be exhibited by placing a block of ice on a netting of fine wire. The ice will be melted by the wire, and, passing down through it, will become frozen in a mass again below the wire. A simple wire can, in a similar manner, be drawn slowly through a block of ice, which unites again behind the wire, finally showing no sign of having been cut at all.

A THRILLING TALE.

Narrative of Albert S. Gallup Before the Metis Investigating Commission—Two Hours Bailing with a Gaiter Shoe—Other Testimony.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., September 11.—In the Metis investigation to-day, Albert S. Gallup testified that he was a passenger; that he was awakened by the crash; saw one of the under officers, who said that everything was all right; was afterward aroused by Captain Hull, who said that the ship was sinking; went into the saloon and found the people in it in commotion; some had life preservers on and some were putting them on; he could find none in his room, and did not secure one at all; after getting on the hurricane-deck he attempted to jump into a boat and fell, seizing an iron brace connected with the lowering apparatus; at that instant the bow of the boat fell into the water, and every person except myself fell into the water also; the ship had not lost her headway, and in moving forward, the stern tackle being in the water carried the boat bottom-upwards, dragging it end over end; by some means she righted, and was dragged along until a man, who afterwards proved to be the second mate, cut the davit fall, and the boat was free; there were some five got into this boat; I helped two of them myself; there were some eight or ten voices at the stern

CRYING FOR HELP;

there were only three men in the boat that could handle an oar besides the man in command; there were five oars in the boat; they rowed out to these heads in the water; we could not see anybody, but the sound of their voices ceased, and I feared we should be able to pick up nobody; they kept pulling and got hold of a fireman with a life preserver on; took him into the boat; then picked up a man without a life preserver after rowing some distance; just then a sea struck her, knocked everybody in the boat into a heap, and knocked the oars adrift. I sang out to put her head to the sea, or you will swamp her; the man in charge told them to put her head to the sea; he had the steering oar, and gave directions to the rowers; I got down in the bottom of the boat to find something to bail with; she was about one-third full of water; found a gaiter shoe; I commenced bailing and did not stop for two hours; the storm increased; the men on board, when they found I was making some headway in the water with the shoe, compared notes and called the roll, as it were, as to

WHO WERE ON BOARD;

they all knew each other, and talked of several who started with them in the boat but were missing; I said nothing, but kept at my work bailing, and concluded that I was on board a boat that had been lowered without authority; then there was a discussion among them about the steamer; they all declared that they could not see any sign of her, the man in charge stated that he was sure she had gone, as her guards were under water when the boat passed away from the steamer; when we left the steamer we went directly astern of her; she was going one way and we another; never saw her afterwards; knew nothing of the direction in which we were going and no one in the boat knew; we sighted a schooner; all hands shouted, and the man in charge ordered me to get upon the seat to show myself, as I had on a white shirt; he said,

"GET UP THERE, WHITE SHIRT."

As I had heard some mutterings when the storm was heaviest about there being too many in the boat, I obeyed promptly, stood up and shouted at the top of my voice, with others; the vessel did not see us and sailed away from us; that was repeated in two other instances; I received the order, "Get up, white shirt," and I got up; I was very much exhausted; I had cease d bailing from exhaustion and a fireman was put to work to keep the boat clear; found in thwart cap a badge of the second mate's; I asked if the second mate was on board this boat; the man who had given all the orders said that he was the second mate; I had never seen him before in my life; I asked him who ordered him to lower the boat; he replied Captain Torrey, the first pilot; sighted a steamer coming down quite a distance off; saw the name

THETIS ON HER SIDE;

saw the men on her; she was up to the windward; was not able to hail her; knew then for the first time in what direction the boat was heading; very soon after the Thetis passed a Portuguese in the bow saw land; the deck hands and firemen all sung out to turn the boat around and go ashore; one who was assisting the second mate in steering attempted to move out to turn her about; the mate threatened him, and then turns to me and says, "White shirt, you are a passenger, ain't you?" I replied that I was; he asked me my name and I gave it; he said it was not safe for this boat to go around, and wanted me to help to keep these men in subjection, which I did; this was three hours after we left the ship, according to the best of my calculation; a short time after this we sighted a small sail coming directly towards us; it proved to be the smack Quilp, of New London, Captain George Harris; he got us all safely on board; there were

EIGHT OF US ALL TOLD;

landed us in Stonington about half-past nine o'clock; I notified the Captain of the Narragansett, and the revenue steamer Moccasin was fired up and went to the rescue; I am one of the directors of the Company and Secretary; I went on board in New York as passenger; I have a pass as director; took supper with Captains Burton and Hull; *never saw Captains Burton or Hull drink a drop of liquor*; I have had no experience on steamboats; before I was told that the vessel was sinking I discovered a difference in the motion of the vessel; I thought she rolled heavily, dipped and quivered, and did not rise immediately; when taken on board the smack I was very much exhausted, but was able to be about; I was put in a berth in the cabin, and remained there trembling violently until we got into Stonington; I did not know the cutter was there until I saw her; it was a mere accident so far as I am concerned that information was given to them; was not in a life boat, but a small boat twenty feet long,

NOT A LIFE BOAT

in any sense of the word; am connected with the management only as with the Board of Direction; I considered the boat in charge of Captain Burton; Captain Hull, or any other man, ought to speak when he saw anything that was necessary to be done under such circumstances.

Q. In passing through the passenger gangway did you notice any passengers coming up from below? A. No, sir; I went up and down again; if there had been any ladies below at that time they must have been drowned; there were plenty of life-preservers forward when Captain Burton gave the order to put on life-preservers.

URBANE BAKER, WHEELSMAN OF THE METIS, testified that when the bow watchman reported a light ahead, he looked out and saw a red and green light on the port bow about half a point; should think it was about two minutes from that time that the pilot said "hard-a-port;" he had the wheel as hard aport as he could; I looked out of the window and said "the vessel is coming right for us;" he then rang two bells and stopped the boat; about this time the ship was heading about southeast; the schooner came afoul of us just abaft of the pilot-house; before she hit us I could see her sails shake from where I stood; at this time Captain Burton came into the pilot-house and asked what had happened; the pilot said we had hit a schooner; he then rang we had sunk her; then looked out of the window and the pilot stepped back and took hold of the wheel.

On the cross-examination the wheelsman said: I was on the port side of the forward rim of the wheel; I took range of the schooner when I first saw her, and she sighted one-half a point on the port bow; she was about one-quarter of a mile distant off the starboard side and all sails drawing; the pilot said, "Hard-a-port," and he took hold and we put the wheel over; it may have taken us a half a minute to get it over; when the schooner hit us the ship was heading southeast; I noticed the compass at the time; when we noticed the schooner's sails shaking she was close upon us; they were shaking before she struck—as I am positive before the pilot gave the order to put the wheel aport; he gave

NO SIGNAL TO THE SCHOONER.

After she struck he stopped the steamer; the Metis steered easily; I steered her six hours; I never saw any time when I could not steer her except perhaps in New York Harbor; there was another schooner I think reported on the starboard side, but I did not see her myself.

Albert Schroeder, a passenger, deposed: He thought over two hundred souls were on board; after the disaster, he said, *no one in authority was present with the passengers to advise, suggest or command.*

Mrs. Francis Harris, stewardess, testified that there were fifteen besides herself in the ladies' cabin; thinks all got out of the cabin except one, who was sick; all the ladies she saw had life preservers.

A Woman Metamorphosed.

A STORY TOLD FOR TRUTH AND VOUCHED FOR AS SUCH.

Some fifteen years ago, at one of the principal seminaries in Ohio were two beautiful and accomplished young ladies, whom circumstances threw unusually close together. They became like the friends in Shakspeare, "a double cherry growing on one stem." They studied together, roomed together, and, in their nocturnal envelopes, sat at their room window to gaze upon the moonlight and the tom-cats, who gently slept on the adjoining roof. In course of time they graduated, and each went to her home. But their friendship was not impaired by distance, and the national revenue was considerably increased by the postage on daily letters from each to the other full of affection, and not crossed more than twice. In 1863 one of them became acquainted with a gallant soldier from Iowa, holding the rank of colonel, who had distinguished himself during the war. A brief acquaintance formed during the furlough soon ripened into love, and finally culminated in a happy marriage. For two years they lived together, and under their roof no guest save happiness seemed to have been admitted. One child, the idol of its parents, was born to them. Towards the end of 1865, however, people began to notice that Mrs. —— had changed considerable in appearance. Her voice, once soft and silvery, had now a genuine masculine ring. Her hands seem no longer small and fragile, under their weight of rings, but large and bony. An indescribable change in her walk was apparent, and at last a luxuriant beard forced its way upon her face. It was painfully evident that her sex was changing. Physicians and surgeons were called in, and all were astonished but none could prevent nature from carrying out her strange freak. The unfortunate wife, almost broken-hearted, begged of her husband to apply for a divorce. He applied for it, and it was granted. Mrs. ——, throwing off the petticoat and panier, which were hardly compatible with the beard, gave up her feminine accomplishments and pursuits, forsook the sewing machine, treated talking as a lost art, and earned her way by giving lessons on the piano. Of music she had always been very fond, and her race accomplishments now stood her in good stead. Through all this time, even when parted from her husband, she had been in correspondence with her faithful friend and school-mate of years before. The changes which caused husband and friends to forsake her had no effect upon the faithful heart of her girl friend. And now comes the strangest part of this truthful and wonderful story. The school-girls of ten years ago are now man and wife. When Mrs. —— developed into Mr. —— she naturally turned for consolation and friendship to her old friend, and talked love, not as the school-girl, but as the man. In the new character she won again the heart which was already hers. They were betrothed and married, and now live together happily in the state of Iowa, where, we learn, they are prosperous in business and highly respected by all who know them. As a matter of course the names of the parties are withheld, on account of the prominent positions they hold in society, and to shield them from the curious gazes of all who visit their city. A correspondent of the Democrat, while traveling there heard this strange story, went into their store, and made a small purchase in order to obtain a view of this strange couple. He found them both in the store. The husband may be some 28 or 30 years of age, but does not look older than a man of 25. His figure is slight and well knit. The face is not that of a woman, but of a keen, active, and cultivated man. His wife (or her wife, as the reader may prefer,) is about 26 or 27, very young looking, with an abundance of blonde hair and very sweet dark blue eyes. She seemed very fond of her husband, and followed his every motion with her eyes, never speaking to him without addressing him as "dear." Their life, according to the neighbors, is an uninterrupted honeymoon.—*Missouri Democrat, August 22.*

HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE.

When Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the Tribune in favor of the Pacific railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And, therefore, they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist in due extravagance, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville, a distance of forty miles. The extra was on some account delayed and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at seven o'clock that evening, by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there at that hour. So the stage company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra: "Henry, this great man must be there by seven o'clock to-night." "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I must be at Placerville at seven o'clock to-night."

"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I must be there at seven!"

Again came the answer "I've got my orders."

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour, when he was about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow," said Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"

They were, indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack! crack! went the whip, and again that voice split the air. "Gin up! In yi! g'long! yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over ruts and stones, up and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other, like an India rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, and said:

"D—on't—on't you—a—a—think we—e—shall get there by seven if we do—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders." That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was becoming extremely sore from the jolting, and again his head might have been seen at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—are—are if we don't get there at seven."

"I've got my orders."

Fresh horses—forward again faster than before; over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a somersault.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all."

"I've got my orders. I work for the California Stage Company, I do; that's what I work for. They said 'Git this man thro' by seven.' An' this man's gom' thro', yes he!' Gerlang! whoop."

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amid the crashing of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop you—maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk:

"I've got my orders! Keep your seat, Horace."

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six horse wagon load of beautiful girls in mink wire dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation was amply provided with torches and bonfires all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach on the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foaming steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"He was a few miles back," replied Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follows: 'Git him there by seven.' It wants a quarter to seven. Stand out of the way."

"But, sir," exclaimed the committeeman, seizing the off leader by the rein, "we are to escort him into town. Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir."

"I've got my orders!" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothing about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'Git him there by seven.' Let go the reins. Clear the way there. Whoop! Keep your seat, Horace!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence gray-haired men, who were in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand-new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk thinks he is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is very fond of telling a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

HAD HIM THERE.—There was a political discussion, the other morning, between a number of colored citizens. Jim Stewart expressed a determination to go for Horace Greeley, as an old time friend of the colored race, when Gen. Grant was their enemy.

"Greeley went bail for Jeff. Davis," said one of the disputants.

"Dat's so, I admit," replied Jim, "but de men dat refuse to try Jeff. Davis, but took de bail and let him go free, is more to blame dan de men who bail d him; and I'm sorry to say dey was all 'publicans!" —*Rising Observer.*