Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879. NUMBER 50.

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

Millinery Goods,

Ladies' Coats,

CARPETS, &C.,

NOW ON EXHIBITION!

THE LARGEST STOCK

And Cheapest

In the CITY of ALTOONA!

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C. SIMON & CO.'S
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HOLIDAY GOODS THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN THE STATE

500 Hops and Blankets at a sacrifice, from 50c. up.

200 LADIES' COATS, ... Prices $2.50 up to the finest make. To 1st. Ladies' Trimmed Hats, the up to latest and finest styles. 20 doz. Ladies' Trimmed Flower and Wool Shawls, 25c and up. 10 doz. Gent's Clip and Flowers, ... Prices from 50c. up.

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO TO

C. SIMON & CO.'S CHEAP STORE,

1320 Eleventh Avenue,

Opposite R. R. PASSENGER DEPOT,

ALTOONA, PA.

Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

AT CHAS. SIMON'S!

You can buy a Heavy Coat for $1
and get 1307;
A Man's Wool Hat for 35c.
At Chas. Simon's;
A Man's Wool Home Made Shirt for 75c.
At 1307;
Heavy Overcoats, very cheap,
At Chas. Simon's;
Men's Hats, of the latest styles,
At 1307;
Heavy Warm Caps for Men, very cheap,
At Chas. Simon's;
Heavy Shirts and Drawers for 25c.
At 1307;
Ladies' Coats, the cheapest in the city,
At Chas. Simon's;
Blankets and Haps, all colors,
At 1307;
If you want to keep as warm and snug as a bug in a rug, buy an Overcoat
At Chas. Simon's;
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, from 90c. up,
At 1307.
Young Men, if you contemplate matrimony, remember it will be a matter of money to you to buy your wedding garments
At Chas. Simon's.
Gent's White Dress Shirts for 40c.
At 1307;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing and Fancy Goods, the largest stock and the cheapest in the city,
At Chas. Simon's.
Overalls and Working Pants you can buy for a mere song, if you are a good singer, or a bad one,
At 1307.
If you want good, reliable Clothing and other Goods cheap, call on

CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,

Between 13th and 14th Sts.,

OPPOSITE KESSLER'S DRUG STORE, Altoona, Pa.

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable Farm in Cherrytree township, Cambria county, formerly known as the property of Christian Bender, containing 111 acres and allowance, about 100 Acres of which are cleared, under fence, and in a reasonable state of cultivation, the balance of good timber in nearly every field.—The improvements consist of a Frame House, Frame Bank Barn 66x52, a Wood Shed, and other needful buildings. The property will be sold altogether or in parts, as purchasers may desire.

Also, a HOUSE AND LOT in Carrolltown borough, opposite the St. Lawrence Hotel, now in the occupancy of Ferdinand Sier and others. Said House is a two story plank building, 55 feet front and 22 feet back, and is in good condition. There also a good Stable and other buildings on the premises, as well as apple and various other fruit trees.

The undersigned offer same for either or both of the above properties will be accepted. Now is the time to buy a farm or a home in town at a great bargain.

FRANCIS A. BUCK.

Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1878, 2m.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Theodore Baker, of Susquehanna township, has made an assignment of all his real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Theodore Baker are therefore notified that payment must be made to the undersigned, and those having claims against the same will present them in proper shape for adjustment.

JOHN LLOYD, Assignee.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-6t.

ANOTHER GREAT

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT THE EBENSBURG

Hardware & House-Furnishing Store.

OWING to the large increase in my sales since the last reduction in prices and the adoption of the cash system, I find myself able to benefit my customers by a still further reduction in the prices of all goods comprised in my large stock.

JUST THINK OF IT!

A good No. 2 Cook Stove, trimmed complete for only $20.00.
Good Roasted Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.; best do. at 22 cts. per lb. No inferior or damaged coffee sold at this store.
Good Heating Stoves as low as $4.00.
Good Tea from 30 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, from 1 to 2 yds. wide and from 35 to 70 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Anvils at 15 cts. per lb.
Needles at 5 cts. per paper.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as $1 cts. per set.
Pins at 5 cts. per paper.
Best quality Blacksmith Vises at 15c. per lb.
Good Syrup Molasses at from 40 to 70 cts. per gallon.
Good Door Locks and Knobs complete, as low as 25 cts. each.
Good Cotton Thread at 4 cts. a spool.
Best quality 12 inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 28 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double bitted Axes at $1.05 and upward.
Largest stock of Stair Oil Cloths in the county, at 12½ cts. per yd.
4 doz. hard wood (turned head) Clothes Pins for 10 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 60 cts. each.
Good zinc Wash Boards for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Look-up Glasses in town, very low.
Washing Soda at 4 cts. per lb.
Best quality four-tined Manure Forks at 65 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 8 cts. per lb.
Diston's best quality 6½ foot Cross Cut Saws, at $3.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Door Latches as low as 7 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Bed Castors at low-est rates.
Good Flour at $4.55 per sack.
Largest stock of Glassware and Lamps in town, very low.
A No. 1 Furniture Varnish at $1.40 per gal.
Good Corset Steels at 6 cts. a pair.
Over 100 lengths and sizes Tire and Carriage Bolts kept in stock, very low.
Best Tobacco in the market, at 65 cts. per lb.
200 kegs Nails now in stock, $2.60 rates, selected and made of best stock iron. No inferior or scrap iron nails kept in stock.
I have the best Cigars in town for the money.
Over 80 sizes of Window Glass kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes always on hand, at low rates.
Good Bar Gum Combs at 6 cts. each.
Large stock of Table Oil Cloths on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 70 cts. a gal.
Dupont's best F. F. F. Rifle Powder, 40 cts. p. lb.
Drop Shot at 10 cts. per lb.
Best Green Coffee at 22 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Coal Buckets as low as 50 cts. each.
Good Green Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.
Best pure White Lead at $7.10 to $7.20 per keg of 25 lbs.
Stove Pipe, made of the best iron, reduced to 8 cts. per lb.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 papers Essence of Coffee for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Trunks and Valises in town, very cheap.
A large assortment of Wall Paper always on hand at lowest prices.
Paper Window Shades at 35 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Washing Soaps in endless variety.
Cook Stoves from $5.00 up to $35.00.
Large assortment of Hair, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $4.00 up to $35.00; very cheap.
Extra No. 1 Salt, $1.65 per barrel.
Revolvers, five and seven shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $10.00.
Best Carbon Oil at 16 cts. per gal.

The above are only a few of the thousands of articles in the hardware and house-furnishing line which I am furnishing at equally low prices. I don't advertise to sell at 20 per cent. cheaper, or indeed any cheaper, than other men do, as I think it better to let the public judge that for themselves; but I do advertise to sell goods as low as they can be sold and pay one hundred cents on the dollar. Neither will I throw out a good staple article of goods over the counter at first cost, or even less, and then charge two or three profits on something else to make up for the loss. Yet it will be my endeavor to sell goods at the lowest living profit, and I promise this because I know that I can furnish goods at prices that will be beneficial to both seller and buyer and not at prices which would benefit one and rob the other.

For thanking you all for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon me, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, I remain

Respectfully yours,

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

DR. C. W. GLEASON'S

RESTORATIVE REMEDIES!

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE is a POSITIVE CURE for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption. Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S LIVER RESTORATIVE is a SURE CURE for Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, &c., &c. Test it. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S STOMACH RESTORATIVE CURES DYSPEPSIA.

DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR, OR UNIVERSAL TONIC, an invaluable and invigorating Tonic for the Cure of DEBILITY and BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTIONS.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT acts on the Kidneys and cleanses the system of all morbid matter. Invaluable medicine.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFERS, highly Aromatic, Cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Piles, &c. Sample box, 25 Cents.

For Sale by all Druggists.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

August 2, 1878.-6m.e.o.w.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business having this day been dissolved by mutual consent, all persons indebted to said firm as well as to the estate of P. H. Shields, dec'd, will find it to their advantage to call and settle on or before the 1st day of February next, as all accounts then remaining unpaid will certainly be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. Meantime and until everything in the store is disposed of, all kind of goods will be sold at actual cost in order to close out business. Now is the time therefore to secure such bargains as no other dealer can afford to give.

J. E. SHIELDS,
R. T. SHIELDS.

Loretto, Jan. 1, 1879.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Rev. JOHN HACKETT, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. Jno. Hackett, late of Summitville borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THOMAS DAVIN, Executor.

Summitville, Dec. 6, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of J. A. MOORE, dec'd

Letters of Administration on the estate of J. A. Moore, late of Ebensburg borough deceased, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Administrator.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1878.-6t.

SNATCHED FROM NIAGARA.

"Yes, stranger, it's a mighty fine fall. I guess Niagara beats creation for bigness. You curiosity-hunters can't find a dip of water better worth eyeing over in all your jaunts any where. Well, you see, it's just an ocean, as it were, rolling over that limestone ledge. Foam, spray and thunder—one dull, eternal, awful roar, spanned by shifting rainbows—that's it.

"I hate it, but I calculate the sight's new to you. You think that Nature's got it fine up for you to stroll down to, after breakfast at Forsyth's.

"It's like an entertainment provided for those who house at our hotels; something to draw customers and trot up a jolly return for the capital invested. That's it, isn't it? It gives you a pleasure to talk about and pay for, and brings dollars to those that let you lodgings. Come, it is up to your notions, is it not, stranger?"

The dollar-giving uses of this sublime cataract had not, I must own, occurred to me. I looked with some natural wonder at the speaker who took this view of perhaps the most marvelous scene that this world of ours has to show. Indeed, with its deep, dread roar throbbing through my very brain and blood, I heard the suggestion with no little disgust. The spray clouds ever streaming up from the abyss, which received the plunging sea, the overflow of the vast American lakes, failed altogether in my mind to associate themselves with cash calculations. The twenty miles of river rolling the drainage of a continent to its giant leap did not bring with their mighty mass of doomed waters ideas of profit that better suited a New York counting-house than the shuddering surface of Table Rock.

My manner, as I dare say, smacked of surprise and candor, but my American friend took it with that self possessed coolness which showed him to be quite careless of my estimate of his want of what our fine old sculptor Nolleaens used to call "centuymuxy."

"Can't you see something beyond dollars and cents in this wonder of wonders?" I said. "I know familiarity breeds contempt toward most things, but I rather expected to find Niagara beyond this customary result."

"Well, to say the plain truth, Britisher, I don't go in for outlandish howlings about this roarer; but when you talk of my fancies about old thunder are something partiularly different to that. Shall I tell you why? Are you in a listening fit? Yes? Then for once I'll let out a story I have in my memory, and no living man, native or foreign, has anything to pair off with it as respects this tumbler below us." So with the dread music in my ears of this mighty mass of flashing down waters, I listened to a tale that has ever since formed part of my recollections of Niagara.

"Why do I get savage at travelers' spoony raptures about this awfulest work that the power of God Almighty has turned out? This is why: They are so much Brummagem tinsel—not go up well. You come here not just to feel as this would naturally make any creature feel, but to froth and fuss about what you do feel and what you don't. That riles me. I like to sneer down such bosh. This thing was not made to be talked at. It wasn't made to be raved over. It's too darned real, too horribly grand for that. You're a quiet one—not one of the mouthing sort, I see; my dander isn't riz by you. You're genuine, you are. I saw that; that's why I mean to give you a real scare with this tale of mine. If your wool doesn't straighten before I've done you're a cooler card than I gave you credit for being.

"I'm toughish still, you see. Oldish rather, for sixty odd years I've lived hereabouts, for here I was born. I know this place pretty well, I guess: every foot of every rock, of every track for long miles away—up to Erie and down to Ontario. Field and forest know my shoe leather all through these parts.

"When I was thirty, or thereabouts, I hutted up this river some four miles or so away. You've tracked it down may be to here. You'd hardly think we were coming upon this. The country up river is flattish. The river slides along quiet enough, too. No crags, no precipices, no darksome forests; all is fertile and good to the eye of man—just peace and plenty. It is different, though, as the sound of the thunder ahead grows upon you, dull, awful, everlasting, that has sounded on from creation, and will outlast you and me, stranger, and thousands of generations yet to come.

"Where I lived was, as I said, but a few miles above this. Further down the calm flow of the river swirls into ripples, and whirls and grows scared like of what's before it. Then it exercises itself for the hell it is to pass through. It tastes purgatory. It's all foam and dash, and splutter and growl, through the frothy rapids that roughen it for awhile. Then it settles for steady work. It braces itself for endurance, and then pluckily smooths itself to face its fate.

"How grand that calm deep flood is that pours along without stay or hurry, that you can see, to its awful plunge! But, stranger, smooth and peaceable as it looks, it's deep enough and strong enough to astonish weak nerves, or iron ones, as I know well, and you'll know before I've done if my tongue does its duty.

"Just look across the fall. You see it best from the British side. Run your eye round the great horseshoe near you. That curve is some two thousand feet broad, and some hundred and fifty feet deep. Then there's Goat Island, snug in the midst of the mighty plunge. Can you see a small flat speck of rock not so many yards off its shores? No? I know it as you'll hear. Our American fall beyond knuckles under a little to this nearer to us. But it's a mighty respectable water-shed, too.—Twelve hundred feet in breadth, a hundred and fifty feet high. Your know-alls guess that every passing minute some seven hundred thousand tons of good, fresh river roll over that rock into spray and foam in the dim gulf below.

"As a boy I used to see beauty as well as wonder in all this. Where it's not hid white with foam see what a clear sea green the flood is as it shoots over. You can measure the force of the rush of waters, for the curve of the shining sheet is fifty feet from the wall of rock it slopes down.

"How does it strike you? You see it, I dare say, as I saw it two score years ago. To you it is terrible, but not all terror. It's lovely too. And to me? well, to me it is horror only; it has been so since that day when I hung on its very brink for hours, and thought of it as one might think in a nightmare dream of some hideous thing, inconceivable, unterable, that held one in its awful grasp. But mine was no vision of the night to laugh at when awakened. Those hours grizzled the then brown of my young head into the iron-gray you see it now. It has lived there ever since, night and day, season and season. There it will stay till the death rattle calls the memory of all this side of my coffin.

"I hunted and fished then. That's how I lived. Visitors then came pretty plentiful to see this wonder. I could get a ready sale for what I caught, whether it was fur or fin. I had canoed it from when I could recollect any thing, and was pretty spry, I tell you, with the paddles, and pretty venturesome, too, I became, till I thought I was strong enough and skilled enough to run risks hereabouts that others would have shuddered from.

"I thought I knew Niagara too well to be in any danger from it. I was so familiar with it, I thought of it with none the care new comers found in it. I used to laugh at their genuine fears at the very sight and sound of it. I knew it by night when the calm moonlight poured down right through the silvered spray clouds that hung over it; by day, when the glad sun danced rainbows above its flashing floods. Then it was too old a friend of mine to be dreaded by me.

"One day changed all this, and I knew it for the hungry monster that it is—pitiless, craving for its human prey.

"It was one Wednesday in August. The hotels were full. Fish was in request, as much as I could bring. Price didn't matter. Pleasure-seekers bleed freely. I was paid well for what could be charged for as they liked. I had found that the nearer the rapids I got the finer seemed what I caught, and the more freely the bait was taken. I had so often gone where most were too timid to venture that I had come to believe I could skim anywhere.

"Even now I think, had my paddle been sound, I should have come off safe.

"Well, that morning I was out at sunrise, and pretty successful I was. I steadied my course, letting the canoe drift little by little toward the rapids that frothed and raved some miles below. I felt at any moment I could shoot it out of the strength of the current into the smoother waters by the shore.

"I got fully employed with my lines, for as I glided down stream, my take was rapid and that of the finest. So eager was I that I failed to pay that attention to the drift of my canoe which was so needful.

"It was with a start at last I felt I was far too much in the full deep current of the river, and that its strength would need my utmost efforts to escape from its grasp. For the first time I felt real dread, for the boiling and hiss of the seething waters could almost be heard below me. I plied the paddles strongly, and for a while I had hopes of safety, though I had never known the need of the exertions I was now using to draw myself out of the mighty force of the flood that sped onward to its fearful fall.

"Inch by inch I fought my way upstream and toward the shore where I was to sell my morning's takings. Every inch was won by a strain that made the perspiration start from every pore. It was for life I fought, for dear life. It was death that I pulled against—and such a death! for it was as if a curtain was suddenly withdrawn to show me all the danger I had so long been running unconsciously. It flashed into my thoughts how I had played in the very jaws of destruction that now seemed to hunger for me.

"As I toiled frantically against the rushing waters, they were living things whose clutch sought to drag me with them to share their awful doom. I had grown so used to the roar of the cataract (as I now recollected, so near!) that my thoughts had ceased to be cognizant of it; now it almost stunned me.

"I talk stagily, don't I? I tell you, stranger, if you want to wake up your fancy really well, just try an hour's pull against Niagara, with the feeling that perhaps fate is against you. You'll be far from cool and commonplace in thought or speech, if you think or utter any thing.

"Minutes that had seemed hours had passed, and still I was struggling frantically, streaming with my frenzied exertions. I had won some way. I had edged some distance from the central rush of the river, and safety would be found in the slower waters that skirted the bank, could I but reach them.

"I bent still more madly to the effort.—In a moment I had lost my hold on existence and was rushing, helpless and hopeless, to the dreadful fate I had been fighting against. One of my paddles, overstrained, had broken, and, at the mercy of the mighty flood, I was speeding every minute more swiftly to what I knew so well—what I saw as plainly with my mind's eye as I had thousands of times seen it with my living sight.

"How I saw all we are looking down on here! Not a sight, not a sound, we are seeing and hearing, but was in that moment heard and seen by me more vividly than now. I was literally bewildered with the roar I now hear so calmly.

"I shrieked aloud in my agony as I clasped my useless hands over my sight, vainly, to shut out the smooth slide of the inland sea, as I saw it flashing back the morning sun as it leapt into the misty gulf into whose thunder it shot.

"A few moments bore me down to the rapids. A few minutes, and I was through them—safely. How I escaped wreck among them puzzles me. I was too paralyzed with horror to use my own paddle, or in any way steer my light craft through the foaming currents on which it tossed.—Its lightness must have saved it. Had it been a heavier built boat it would have been dashed to shreds a score of times before we reached smooth water. As it was, it danced along, frolicking, as it seemed to me, with a ghastly defiance of the destiny to which it so surely hurried.

"Out of the hissing! out of the frothing foam! We were on the calm, majestic mass of water—the sea tide, you might surely call it, that was to hurl itself and me to atoms.

"How oddly the mind acts in such moments of horror! Would you believe it? a tradition of Niagara actually occurred to me as I flashed along. It was an Indian legend. I remembered how an Indian squaw, long the favorite of a famous chief, found a young maiden was to supplant her in her wigwam. I recollect—I swear I saw it plainly as if imagination and reality were one—she bore the best loved child she had borne to its father from her forest home till she reached a canoe. Then she paddled herself and her boy into the full stream and cast the paddles from her, and with a heavy heart, nerved by hate and revenge and misery unendurable, stood up chanting her death song that recounted her wrong and her misery, and welcomed her coming escape from it, till they shot into eternity amid the hell of waters below.

"Even while this was for an instant flashing through my bewildered brain I was entering the very heart of the thunder of the fall. Moments only separated me from my release from agony. But the Indian stoicism was foreign to me; I could have yelled aloud in the terror that possessed me.

"I dared not await seated the awful last moment that was so near. I faced my fate; I turned; I stood up. I looked straight ahead to where the curving waters were to launch me to peace eternal.

"The flood had scarcely a ripple on its surface.

"Was it real? Within a few yards of the awful brink the canoe had shot by a flat speck of rock that off the shores of Goat Island lay stirless on the very edge of the abyss.

"With a hardly conscious effort in passing I had sprung to its slippery surface.—That moment had saved me from instant annihilation. The canoe was gone. I was standing as yet, alive, while, almost washing my very feet, the sea of waters hurried on—on—on either side of me, and disappeared.

"I gasped a cry of blessing for deliverance. Deliverance? Was it deliverance? For how long? I yet breathed, but who would, who could, save me from the rushing flood that tore past me, from the thundering cataract, that fell almost within reach of my touch?

"Oh, heaven! What had I saved life for? For a prolonging agony? For such misery as must end in starvation, madness, suicide? Could my mind long bear the strain now upon it? How could it?

"Let your eye skirt the rounding edge of this nearest fall. You can see the very rock I was on. It looks but yards from the larger space of Goat Island, but those yards were as bad as miles. They were an impassable gulf between me and the stretch of rock that seems so near.

"What were my chances of escape? Dared I hope there were any? I was almost too wild with terror to think at all.—Yet the train seemed fevered with life in such moments.

"Should I be starved? Should I slide into the rushing tide from cold and exhaustion? Would sheer, unbearable terror fling me to death from my utter inability to endure the horror that possessed me?

"What could be done for me? Was rescue possible? Could a boat be floated in any way down to me? Even if it could be guided to so small a point, could I dare to trust myself to it?

"Would any rope be strong enough to bear the force that the mighty flood would require it to endure and overcome?

"An instant's relaxation of the strain on the rope that might hold it till it towed it to shore, and I, if not it, would be where my own canoe had gone.

"Would human strength, could human endeavor, snatch me from the doom that had so nearly already ingulfed me?

"All these thoughts were in my brain in that instant, even while the very power to think seemed frozen in me.

"How could I dare to see? I shrieked to be senseless. Oh, for madness, if madness would rid me of the terror in my brain, in my very blood, that was, as it seemed, my life that so possessed me, that existence had room for nothing but unutterable horror!

"I looked to this very rock on which we stand. Here, on this spot, I saw a throng of excited spectators. I was seen; and who could see a human being in such peril and not faintly share the terror that I felt?

"I could hear the calls of men to me to have hearts. I could catch cries to me that I should be saved. I could see women wild with pity. Ah, what could their pity do for me? Yet that, perhaps, was the saving of my life. Anything—anything to make me forget the ever-rushing waters that unceasingly flashed by my feet and disappeared.

"Men were crowding the river bank.—They were consulting, I could see, excitedly, debating what should be done.

"There is a rush of some from the crowd. Time passes ages to me, in my agony. At last a boat comes, borne on the shoulders of boatmen at a run. They lay it at the water's edge. Delay! delay! Oh, God! Oh, God! There is a rush of others with a coil of cable, not rope; rope they knew would be murder.

"I see them boring the boat's sides—passing the cable through—knotting it—nailing it securely.

"The boat is towed along the still side water far up stream. The crowd follow it. What will they do? God! what will they do? What sane being will venture his life to save mine? Delay! delay! They have stopped. Talk! chatter! will they never act? Oh, dear God, help him—bless him! A canoe pulls out from shore, with the boat in tow. The canoe, as well as the boat, has a cable secured to it, by which those on the bank regulate its drift down stream. How strongly it struggles up and out into the full flood! Both cables are secured round trees and paid out by numbers.

"Fighting up and across the tide, drifted down it as the cables slack their length I watch—with what hungering eyes! The canoe steals inch by inch to where it and the boat it holds are in a line with my feet. The set of some current drifted me to the rock I stand on. The boat is detached, straining on the cable, guided, too, by a rope from the nearly stationary canoe.—The current sets it toward me. It is brought up by the strain of cable ashore. Still it drifts nearer and nearer.

"There are moments in life that swallow up all the rest of existence in our memories. They haunt us awake. We dream them always. If I should be a Methuselah with centuries of breath it seems to me one thought would always absorb all others, as Aaron's snake devoured Pharoah's magicians' serpents.

"I remember nothing more but that I awoke out of a dream of hell in bed at Forsyth's. I was told I had been in a death agony with a brain fever. What mattered that? I was out of the torment of the damned. I felt the blessedness of peace, of safety, of life wrung from death.

"They dared not tell me it it was real—that all I am now telling you had been awful reality—that I had dared as the boat drifted abreast of me to risk a leap into it—that, on the very edge and utter brink of perdition, the strength of scores ashore had overpowered the rushing flood—that amid the shouts and tears and sobs, not of women only, but of bearded, iron nerved men, I had been lifted senseless from the boat and borne to enjoy brain fever safely in the hotel yonder.

"Do you think I have told you a lie or a believing truth—the bare fact? I know it is plain truth, and yet I only half credit it myself. Well, stranger, dream or truth, I never forget it; it's part of me always.

"God save any one from ever trying, in fact or fancy, such an experiment as mine!

"Now you know why I don't see any thing of beauty in Niagara. I leave that to be discovered by those who never came so near to being a real part of it as I did."

COLD SNAPS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF SEVERE WINTERS IN EUROPE—INTERESTING DATA OF FIFTEEN CENTURIES.

What passes in England and Continental Europe for "a severe winter" would be regarded in the Northern States and Canada as a comparatively mild and open season. "Forty six degrees of frost," as the London papers shiveringly put it when recalling the hard winter of 1860, lose much of their importance when translated into our equivalent of fourteen below zero," and since the invention of the thermometer it is doubtful if the mercury has gone down in England below 20 degrees. Memorable severe winters there have been in Europe, not a few of which have had their importance as well as their interest in history. In 401 the Black Sea is said to have been frozen over for twenty days, and between October, 763, and February, 764, such a frost prevailed at Constantinople that the seas are spoken of as frozen for a hundred miles from shore.

It is certain that two centuries before, in 559, Zabergan, King of the Huns, crossed the Danube on the ice, and routing the troops of Justinian spread over Thrace to the very walls of Constantinople, this being the first incursion of the Bulgarians who are now to choose a prince and regain their autonomy. In 1222 ice covered the Hellespont. In 1294 the Cattegat was frozen over; in 1323 the Baltic was passable to travelers for six weeks; again in 1402 it was frozen from Pomerania to Denmark, and twenty-four winters later its surface would bear a rider from Lubeck to the shore of Prussia. In 1460 horsemen rode from Denmark to Sweden, and in 1548 sledges drawn by oxen traveled on the sea from Rostock to Denmark. In 1658 Charles X, with his army—horse and foot—and his artillery trains and baggage, crossed the Little Belt from Holstein to Denmark, to lay seige to Copenhagen.

The German chronicles contain as many records of severe seasons. In 1433 the large fowls of the air sought shelter in the towns of Germany; in 1468 and again in 1544 wine merchants in Flanders cut their wines—champagne frappe with a vengeance, only champagne was still a thing corked up and wired in the bottle of the future—with hatchets and sold them in lumps. In 1565 the lazy Scheldt was frozen so hard that it sustained the weight of loaded wagons; again, in 1594, it and the Rhine were frozen over. In the great cold of 1622 the Zuyder Zee was ice bound, and in 1661 the winter brought the wolves into the streets of Vienna, where they attacked horses, and even men.

The cold seasons of modern England have been most carefully noted, with an abundance of interesting details. On mid summer day, 1035, it is said the frosts destroyed all the fruits of the earth; in 1076-7—after the period of forty one years that the writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* has been figuring out—there were dreadful frosts from November to April, and in 1407 all the small birds perished. The Thames was frozen from London bridge to Gravesend from November 24, 1434, till February 10, 1435, and in 1515—after the long cycle of eighty years had been fulfilled—it was again crossed by vehicles between Lambeth and Westminster. In 1564 and 1607 the river was the scene of bonfires and diversions, elaborately described on later occasions by writers whose passages are as familiar to English readers of this day as the stories of the great plague and great fire. Some Shakespearean commentators think that they have found in this unwonted sight of fire upon ice the source of the inspiration of some of the Bard of Avon's images, and would use this as evidence to settle the date of the composition of a play.

The winter of 1683-4 was terribly cold. "The forest trees and even the oaks split by the frost; most of the hollies were killed; the Thames was covered with ice eleven inches thick, and nearly all the birds perished." "The frost," according to a citizen's diary, "began in the beginning of December. The people kept trades on the Thames as in a fair till February 4, 1684. About forty coaches daily plied on the Thames as on dry land. Bought this book at a shop upon the ice in the middle of the Thames." In the winter of 1709 there was a three months' frost with heavy snow, and in 1716 a fair was held on the Thames and oxen were roasted whole upon the ice. "Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from other stairs to and fro as in the streets, so that it seemed to me a Bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, while it was a severe judgment on the land."

Again, in the famous "hard winter" of 1740, there was another frost fair on the Thames, which lasted for nine weeks, during which period coaches plied regularly on the frozen surface and the usual amusements, were enjoyed. It was in this winter that the famous ice palace, with all its furniture of nature's crystal, was built on the ice at St. Petersburg. In 1766 there was a season of intense cold, lasting from Christmas day to the 22d of January, and ten years later Gilbert White, of Selborne, recorded the only severe winter that he seems to have encountered in his thirty eight years residence. January 7, "the snow was driving all the day," and on the 12th "a prodigious mass overwhelmed all the works of men, drifting over the tops of the gates and filling the hollow lanes." The company at Bath that wanted to attend the Queen's birthday were strangely incommoded." The cold was so penetrating that it occasioned ice in warm chambers, and in the day the wind was so keen that persons of robust constitutions could scarcely endure to face it. "Famed by the season, skylarks settled in the streets of towns because they saw the ground was bare." "The thrushes and blackbirds were mostly destroyed, and the partridges were so thinned that few remained to breed the following year." Four of Gilbert White's own parishioners suffered from frost bite, and, he adds, "the frost killed all the firs and most of the ivy, and in many places stripped the hollies of all the leaves."

From this minute description of a severe winter in a country parish in England, the rural reader can infer that an exceptional winter there does not differ materially from an average winter in our Northern States. In 1789 a cold wave swept all over Europe; and from November to January people crossed the Thames at the custom house on the ice. Again, from Christmas eve, 1794, to February 14, 1795, England experienced a season of intense cold, only intermitted for one day, January 23. December, 1796, was also remarkably cold; on Christmas day the thermometer in London marked 16 degrees below zero, the greatest cold registered up to that time. On the 13th of January, 1810, the quicksilver was frozen solid at Moscow. The winter of 1812, during which Napoleon's army struggled home from Russia, leaving 450,000 dead men to mark the track it had taken, was a very cold one.

"This is pleasanter than Moscow," said the emperor, rubbing his hands over a fire in the palace he had regained after posting across Europe; the soldiers he had left behind were literally frozen stiff in circles and scores as they lay or sat around their bivouac fires. In 1814 England endured a winter of exceptional severity. A writer in a London paper wrote a few days ago that he that winter walked on the Thames from Horseferry road to London bridge and back. The portrieve of Tavistock set out to walk the oath of office at the Quarter Sessions, thirty-two miles away, and as the "Annual Register" records, was stopped by snow and ice after proceeding twenty-one miles, and imprisoned in a little hamlet for twenty-six days without communication from the outer world. Soldiers marching from town to town were frozen to death on the road. The snow drifted in the streets to such a height that all the shops were closed; by the middle of January London Bridge was blocked, but that made no difference, for the Thames was completely frozen over a few days later, when a frost fair was opened on the river and a bullock roasted whole. For many days there were no mails, though the post office put forth all its powers to compel overseers and parochial authorities to clear the highways, and sent agents down into the country to dig roads, along which toiled mail coaches drawn by ten horses. No coal could get to London, and when the householders' supply of fuel gave out there was nothing for him but to shiver and wait. It was difficult even to reach the butcher's shop, where there were neither fowls nor vegetables to be had. The children had to be kept warm and amused within doors, where all day long the lamps were lit, for the snowdrifts shrouded the panes. The water-pipes were all frozen and people had to melt snow in pails within the fenders. The Solway was frozen over for the first time within the memory of living men, and the crews of coasters and fishing boats starved and perished of cold at sea, being unable from the accumulations of ice to make port. In the Scandinavian peninsulas the winter of 1849 was a most severe one in various parts of Norway on the 24 of January the mercury froze and persons exposed to the atmosphere lost their "breath." Five years and a day later the thermometer in London registered 8 degrees; the railroads and rivers were blocked, coal rose to an enormous price and the metropolis was threatened with darkness from the inability of the gas companies to procure a fresh supply.

The next winter, when the allied forces were shivering in the Crimea, was to the full as severe. On the 29th of January, 1855, the lakes were frozen over; on the 22nd of February fires were made on the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and in the fens in Lincolnshire was established a traffic on the ice thirty-five miles long. The spring was late, and there was cold weather till the 26th of June. In 1860 England experienced probably her coldest weather. From the 23d to the 30th of December the cold was intense. At Torquay the mercury went down to twenty degrees below zero. In Hyde Park it was at 17 degrees, and a letter to the *Times* recorded that a horse had been seen "with icicles at his nose three inches in length and as thick as three fingers," a sight by no means uncommon in Lower Canada. The Thames was partially frozen in its tidal reaches, and from Teddington Lock to its most remote sources was covered with ice from six to ten or even twelve inches in thickness. Skating parties were arranged for journeys from Oxford to London and back, and the year in question will always be remembered among skaters as the one in which round heeled irons finally superseded all others. On the 9th of January, 1861, there were bonfires and grand displays of fireworks on the ice in St. James' and the other parks. January, 1867, was another cold month, snow and ice practically suspending traffic at London for several days, though people offered cabmen fares of fifteen and twenty shillings a mile. It was on the 15th that the ice in Regent's Park gave way beneath some five hundred skaters, of whom forty-one were drowned. Still another cold season was the winter of 1870-71, during which the poor people of Paris and the ill-equipped Republican levies of Gambetta suffered so severely.

DUELS AND DUELING IN FRANCE.—During the first French Revolution, in 1793, dueling was very common. Mirabeau and Camille Desmoulins both went out and met their foes. The eloquent Barnave had two duels. Danton was challenged by the Duke D'Artois, but declined. Two days after another Royalist asked him if he would rather be kicked than shot like a dog, to which Danton replied as he was the challenged party, he would choose the guillotine, which retort he made good by causing the Royalist to be beheaded in a few days. Under the second empire there were many duels. The newspaper men had their full share. One editor was challenged for having stated that the sub lieutenants in the army devoured too many refreshments at social parties; the whole set challenged him. The editor selected one and "plunked" him; his second flew at the editor and wounded him seriously; and, as the journalist lay on his bed, the whole army of Republican editors called on him, and formed a committee of combatants to fight for him.

This was as late as 1858, and two years after, in 1860, the Duc d'Aumale challenged the cousin of Louis Napoleon, Prince "Plon Plon." He consulted the Emperor, and Eugenie was so incensed that she exclaimed, "The gentlemen who wants to fight never asks questions or takes advice," and Louis Napoleon added, wit more keen than cousinly, a few days after. "If ever a bullet is found in my cousin's stomach he