

works prove it to demonstration, and super-abundantly ; and no doubt his future writings will reinforce the proof with some added maturity and charm. He is not the sort of a man to be abashed or hurt by criticism. Let me add that the less attention he pays to objections, even

if well founded, and the more he continues to write out of the fulness of his own natural gifts, the better it will probably be for both himself and his readers. America may be proud of him.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

(From All the Year Round.)

A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

I was standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer to the Horse-shoe along the brink of the rocks, and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but, owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of a boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapid, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move. It was a man. Yes ; he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about nine or ten o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil, and the dashing spray of the rapids.

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could

almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray, as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed on all sides ; already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable, and dropped down to him from the bridge, which crossed the rapid between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall.

But now a despatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of little more than twenty miles), by electric telegraph, desiring that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, nine-thirty, a.m., and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was, large, built entirely of sheet iron, with air-tight chambers ; a boat that could not sink. She was girth round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him