

SET ADRIFF IN NIAGARA.

Plunge of the Eurnlog Steamer Caroline Over the Great Cataract.

In the year 1837 the province of upper Canada was ablaze with internal and external strife. Many strong men had left their homes to do battle, and the timid members of their households were unnerved by the uncertainties of war and the local dangers with which they were personally surrounded. Then it was that false rumors flew thick and fast, to be gobbled up and believed by those who had no means of ascertaining the truth. Those who have not made a careful study of the incidents of 1837-38 will find it hard to conceive the excitement which at that time prevailed, but they will readily recognize how foolish was the patriot movement in its effort to change the dominion destiny. The patriots had gathered on Navy Island, just above the falls, and there from their headquarters they issued proclamations which caused the government to recognize the necessity of prompt action. Governor Sir Francis Bond Head issued a call for troops, and in response thereto about 2,500 men gathered on the banks of the Niagara River, near Chippewa Creek, on the Canadian mainland, opposite Navy Island. It was at this time that the steamer Caroline appeared on the scene. She was built at Charleston, S. C., in 1822, of live oak. Her capacity was forty-five tons. She had been sold as a smuggler, and was purchased and pressed into service between Schlosser and Navy Island. It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 29, 1837, that the Caroline moored at Schlosser dock, for the night. The small tavern on the dock, kept by a Mr. Fields, was crowded, for Schlosser was then a prominent place. It being the upper end of the portage between Lake Ontario and the Niagara River. A number of men took beds on the boat, and in all report says, thirty-three men slept there on the fatal night. It was about 8 o'clock that an unarmed watch was placed on the deck. There was no thought of danger.

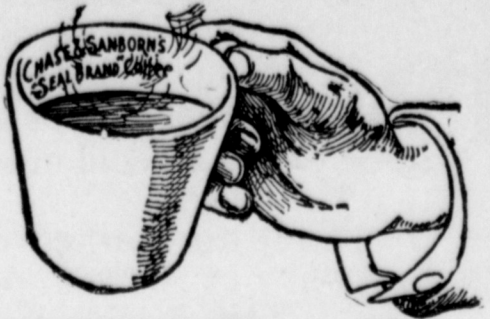
Colonel McNab concluded that this method of supply of the patriots must be cut off, and he therefore decided on an expedition to send the Caroline to destruction. Captain Drew was put in command of the expedition. In all seven boats were loaded. One was commanded by Captain Drew, another by Shepard McCormack, the third by Christopher Beer, the fourth by John Gordon, the fifth by John Emesty, and the sixth by Thomas Hector, and the seventh by John Buttery. The members of the expedition proceeded up the river a short distance before crossing. After passing midstream they were given orders to destroy the Caroline wherever she was found. Two of the boats lost their way—one grounding on Buckhorn Island, while the other pulled along the shore of Navy Island, and was fired at from shore to shore, but fortunately none of the men in it was hit. The other five boats kept together and pulled on the wharf at Schlosser, where the Caroline was moored. As they approached, the sentry board called out, "Who comes there?" In accordance with Drew's orders no answer was given. The sentry repeated the challenge, and, there being no response, he fired, at the boats, it is said, and then ran ashore. The noise of the shots aroused the people on shore and those on the steamer. There was a brief battle, and Amos Durfee fell dead on the wharf, a bullet piercing his skull.

At first it was thought that he was one of the attacking party, but the late J. M. Buttery fully identified him as a loyal Yankee. The invaders secured control of the Caroline very easily, and, cutting her loose, they towed her out into the river. Members of the attacking crew boarded her and made sure no human beings were left aboard. Then she was set on fire, and by the time the middle of the stream was reached she was all a blaze. The flames lit up the wild river from shore to shore and made a never to be forgotten scene. As she started down the current the thrilling cry ran around on both shores that there were living souls on board, and as the vessel, wrapt in vivid flames, disclosed her doom as they shone brightly on the water, was hurried down the rapids to the cataract, a number caught in fancy the wails of dying human beings hopelessly perishing by the double horror of a fate which nothing could avert, and watched with agonizing attention the flaming mass until it was hurried over the falls to be crushed in everlasting darkness and unfathomable water below.

When the news of Caroline "massacre" spread there were wild mutterings of war. The United States government demanded redress "for the destruction of property and assassination of citizens of the United States and the soil of New York at Schlosser." The men known to have taken part in the expedition were indicted by the New York courts and they were toasted as heroes in Canada. Public sentiment was worked up to a high pitch and a war between Great Britain and the United States appeared imminent.

In November, 1840, Alexander McLeod came from Canada to New York and boasted that he was the slayer of Durfee. He was at once arrested and the indignation of the English was greatly increased. His release was demanded and the situation was decidedly embarrassing. He was finally brought up for trial, however, in October, 1841, when it was clearly shown that he was a mere braggart, and had not even been present when Durfee was killed. His acquittal happily ended the case and smoothed the case for the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty, which opened all Washington soon afterward, and settled all questions between England and the United States.—Philadelphia Record.

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Incidents from Exchanges Showing High Powers of Reasoning.

A young man had for some years owned a dog, which was his constant companion. He married, and moved with his wife and dog into a house on the opposite side of the street from his father's house, his old home. The dog was not happy, for attentions which had once been his own were now given to the young wife. His master tried to reconcile him to the altered state of things, and the bride tried to win his affections; but he constantly showed his displeasure and misery. One day the master came home and sat down, putting his arm about his wife. Jack was lying by the fire, and he at once rose, approaching the two, and made the usual exhibition of his disapproval. "Why, Jack!" said his master, "this is all right. She is a good girl," and as he spoke he patted his wife's arm. Jack looked up at him, turned away and left the room. In a moment they heard a noise, and, going into the hall, they found him dragging his bed down stairs. He reached the front door and whined to be let out. The door was opened and he dragged the bed down the steps, and across the street to his old home, where he scratched for admittance. Since then he has never returned to his master and his refused all overtures toward reconciliation.

A resident of Pimlico writes that he took charge of a black-and-tan terrier belonging to a friend who was to leave the neighborhood. It was reported to me that Jimmie always left the house after breakfast. At first some alarm was felt that he would stray but as he invariably returned after an hour's stroll, I took him to be one of those 'vagrant' animals who cannot live without a prowling in the streets, and I felt no anxiety. But I ascertained that, whenever he went away, he carried off a bone or something edible with him. I watched him one or two mornings, and saw him squeeze through the area railings, on each occasion carrying a big bone, which he had great difficulty in steering through the iron bars. Being curious about the destination of the food I made up my mind to follow him. I tracked him to an empty house, next to that in which his former owner had lived. In a cellar in the area there lived a half-starved, ownerless terrier, who, I suppose, had once been a friend of Jimmie's, and whom my dog in his days of prosperity never forgot. Regularly the good little fellow trotted off to the empty cellar, and divided his morning's meal with his poor friend.—London Spectator.

Angus, Albert, a baker doing business in New Orleans, owns an intelligent dog, Albert, that keeps his master's shop for him. Albert has a little back-room behind the shop, and, as he always gives his personal attention to the oven, Fifi proves invaluable in waiting upon customers. The dog carries strapped about his neck a little bank whose slot is arranged to receive more or less than a nickel. The customer may help himself to a loaf from the counter, but woe betide one who tries to depart without depositing the requisite nickel in Fifi's bank. If more than one loaf is taken an equal number of deposits must be made in the bank, or Fifi will know the reason why. She knows very well how to use her teeth in case of necessity, though she is usually as mild as a lamb, and quite a favorite with her customers, but, if her master should be needed, she has only to pull the bell-rope which communicates with the baker's room and he is on the spot.—New Orleans Correspondence, Philadelphia Times.

Dr. John Clark Redpath, the historian, living at Greenacres, has a rather remarkable dog, known all over Putnam county as Duke. He seems to have absorbed some of the rare intelligence of his noted master. One day Duke was sent to the butcher shop after a basket of meat. He secured it and started home. On the way home he met a fellow canine that was determined to have some of that meat. After worrying with the highwayman for awhile, Duke decided that more heroic measures were necessary, and jumping upon a stone fence near by, he deposited the basket out of harm's way, leaped to the ground, and wallowed the lie out of his enemy. When the latter went howling away, Duke secured the basket of meat and trotted homeward. He goes to the post-office after the mail. He asks it by placing his fore feet on the delivery window and barking. This act he performs several times a day, never loses a letter, and never forgets what time to go. He almost invariably eats at his master's side. In fact, the bites of meat alternate between his mouth and Dr. Redpath's. He is a collie, and can do a score of odd tricks.—Indianapolis Star.

Spelling No Good

Professor Earle, the eminent philologist, has caused no small stir in England by a proposal to omit orthography entirely from education. He maintains that a compulsory standard of spelling is mischievous; and it does not matter how anybody spells, provided that the meaning of the language employed is clear; and that we should all be spelling as we please if it were not for the autocracy of the press.—Boston Herald.

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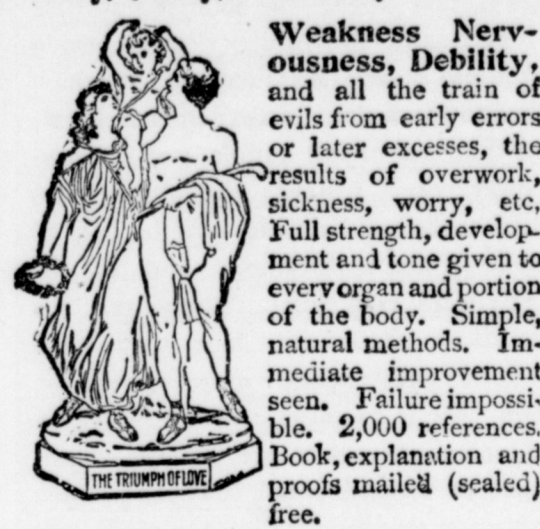
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BLIZZARD STORIES.

Recollections of Awful Cold Snaps by Imaginative Recounters.

"I remember the winter of 1873 very well," said Tom Anderson. "I was moving a small bunch of cattle from Tarrant County, Texas, near Fort Worth, to Greeley, Colo., at the time. The railroad was completed only to Wichita Falls, and we had to drive across No. 10's Land to Colorado, it taking three months to accomplish the trip. It had been warm and rainy, which was an occasion of great rejoicing in that drought-infected country. When we left Wichita Falls it was muddy, and driving was slow work. A blizzard struck us suddenly. I was feeling warm and comfortable, when in a moment, I seemed to be paralyzed, and, looking around in a dazed sort of way, realized what had happened. The ground was frozen solidly, and, of course, each one of the steers had three feet caught fast, having been stuck in the mud. The other foot, which had been lifted to step with when the blizzard struck us, was on top of the frozen earth. Something had to be done at once, or we would lose every steer; so I called all of my men. Fortunately we had plenty of matches in the commissary, and the supply of dead mercurio brushes was unlimited, so it did not take long to determine upon a plan of action. We started a fire under each steer, and watched them carefully. We had twenty men, and you never saw fires built so rapidly in your life. Within two hours they were all blazing. We could not thaw the cattle out of the earth, but they were kept alive, and two days later the sun came out, as it does in Texas, suddenly and strong, and in another day we were moving along the trail again as if nothing had happened."

"That blizzard must have been very general," said Silas Adams. "I was living in Peoria, Ill., at the same time. Peoria is built along the western bank of the Illinois River, which widens into a lake at that point. Back of the business portion of the city, a little over a mile from the river, is a bluff, upon which some of the leading citizens have erected handsome residences. I lived near the street-car stables on the bluff. I had an office on South Adams street near Main and started for home early in the evening. It began to turn cold just as I passed the soldiers' monument, and, meeting Bob Burdette, who at that time was editing the Review there, he remarked that it was going to be cold enough to freeze all the pipes and even the knobs off the doors, which would boom the plumbing and hardware trades. I left the humorist at the post office, one block farther on, and by the time I reached the foot of the bluff I realized that he was right. It seemed to me that I could never live to get home. The exposed portions of my face were frozen, and it took a long time to thaw myself out with ice before venturing into the house. When I entered my wife screamed, and looking into a mirror I saw that my beard, which was then long, was white as snow. It was not simply frosted; the roots of the hair had frozen, and every vestige of color had been taken out. The next day we went to Pekin, ten miles below Peoria, to attend the wedding of a friend of my wife. I had never been there, and it was evident that my wife's friends were astonished at my seeming age. I made up my mind to have the beard cut off as soon as I returned to Peoria. As we sat in the parlor of the house where the wedding was to occur I noticed first one and then another turn and gaze upon me. It seemed that some peculiar fascination existed in my beard. Their eyes opened wider and wider, and they sat spellbound. All conversation ceased. I felt so uncomfortable that, making some excuse, I started to leave the house. In doing so I passed a mirror in the hall, and a part of my beard showed up as black as it ever was. On a by one the hairs would take on their natural color—the roots were thawing out. In an hour the transformation process was complete, but, while the guests were too polite to say anything, when an explanation was made, I felt that they did not believe me, and that there was something uncanny about a man whose beard changed color like mine."—Washington Star.

The Man He Was Glad to Meet.

Not long ago a celebrated novelist was the guest of honor at a brilliant reception. He had heard the praises of his own work until every one but a conceited man would have been faint and weary, but he had borne up bravely through it all. Finally a timid man was presented to him who said, with an apologetic air: "I'm ashamed to confess it, but I haven't read one of your books." The novelist bent forward, a look of relief and joy irradiating his face. He placed both hands on the newcomer's shoulders. "My dear fellow," he said, "with a warmth he had not shown before, even to those of high degree, 'I'm glad to meet you.'"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

True Basis of Peace.

The heart must always be glad when it learns the true basis of peace in the blood shed on the cross. Rest on that precious blood; make much of it; remember that God sees it even if you do not; be sure that it pleads through the ages with undiminished efficacy, and be at peace.—Meyer.

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