Listowel Standard.

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A TRAGEDY REVIVED.

Descent of the Falls by the Burning Steamer Caroline.

Her Unfortunate Owner Interviewed.

Everybody who has read anything of Canadian history knows all about the Caroline, which was fired at Buffalo during the rebellion of '37, and was allowed to drift in flames down the Niagara river and over the falls. It appears that ex-Mayor Hamlet D. Scranton, of Rochester, New York, was the owner of the Caroline, and he gave the other day to a reporter the following interesting account of her: "I was the real owner of the Caroline," he says, "though William Wells, of Buffalo, was the ostensible owner. The boat was one which had been built in 1834 or 1835, for salt water sailing off the coast of South Carolina. She was afterwards taken through the rivers and lakes and Welland canal to Buffalo, and we had to have her cut from the ice in Buffalo creek, for the use we had put her to in Niagara river on and before that memorable night of December 28, 1837, when she was sent over the falls on fire. She had been called the Carolina, but the final letter of her name was changed when she was removed from the Atlantic coast to Lake Erie and the Niagara river. She was a copper bottomed

DECENT LITTLE CRAFT,

and on the day in question I had papers from the collector at Buffalo, permitting us to run her between that city and Schlosser, Niagara county, stopping at Navy island, where were quartered the Canadian refugees and sympathizers. We run her partly for the purpose of smuggling weapons and ammunition and provisions to the men on Navy island, and besides my clearing papers I had a bond from Dr. Johnson, who was then mayor of Buffalo, guaranteeing us indemnity in case of the loss of the vessel by British intermeddling. Of course I never presented the bond for payment. Others had taken the position that there was no such bond, in order thus, if possible, to appease the British wrath after McLeod's arrest. During the fatal day I was on the boat, and I came very near stopping on board over night, as did some twenty-three persons, including the crew. She was moored at Schlosser's about six o'clock in the evening, and was

BOARDED BY THE BRITISH,

about forty or fifty in number, about midnight. Amot Durfee, of the boat's crew, was murdered by the assailants, and it was believed that half a dozen others suffered a like fate, but I don't know about that, only it was said, and never denied, that Durfee's little boy went over the falls with the boat, when she was subsequently fired and set adrift. When the trial of McLeod for the murder of Durfee came on at Utica, I was subpœnaed as one of the witnesses for the prosecution, and I remember we all stopped at Bagg's hotel, and there was great excitement there and all around. Bennett, the founder, editor, and publisher of the New York Herald, was with us at Bagg's hotel during McLeod's trial. His wife accompanied him, and Jim—the James Gordon Bennett who now runs the Herald—was then a kicking baby in their arms. Old man Bennett came up to Utica himself to report the trial. He was a squint-eyed old Scotchman, and neither he nor his paper amounted to much in those days. Why, he was whipped two or three times in New York before he had made any progress worth speaking of as a journalist. Many of the older citizens can still remember how thankful they were, in view of the British Government's

THREATS OF WAR,

when they learned at last that McLeod was acquitted. He was tried before the Oyer and Terminer Court, Judge Gridley presiding, and it was generally believed at that time that the conviction and execution of McLeod for murdering Durfee and burning the Caroline would have certainly precipitated a second terrible war between Great Britain and the United States. When the jury returned, in twenty minutes, and pronounced the prisoner not guilty, 'all was hushed and quiet,' says the printed report, 'and there was no excitement visible anywhere. The prisoner's keen grey eyes brightened up somewhat, and, taking his hat and cloak, he slowly retired with his counsel from the court room, where perhaps the destinies of a nation had been determined in his own verdict of acquittal.'"

THE BRIGAND TOMPKINS.

He Abandons Brigandage for the More Profitable Pursuit of Plumbing and Meets a Terrible Fate.

The return of the brigand Randazzo to Palermo, and his full identification, naturally reminds one of the singular experience of another noted Sicilian brigand, whose name was Daniel C. Tompkins, and who for many years had been the terror of the eastern half of the island.

Tompkins was a popular man. He had won the sympathy of the people of his native town, Catania, by being compelled to kill his father, with whom he had a dispute as to some trifling question, and when he had fled to the mountains he carried the good wishes of the Catanians with him. He was accustomed to revisit Catania from time to time where, so long as he did not force himself upon the attention of the Police, he was in no danger of arrest. People pointed him out admiringly as the brigand who had killed thirty five men, and who was the terror of foreign tourists. Tompkins was both a liberal and a pious man, and gave frequent candles to the Blessed Virgin, and on many occasions listened to the prayers of beggars. Altogether, he was a fine fellow, and his friends and acquaintances were justly proud of him.

There came a time, after the union of Sicily with the rest of the Italian Kingdom, when brigandage failed to be as profitable as it had been. In vain did Tompkins order his wife—who knew how to read and write, and acted as his private secretary—to mark up the price of tourists' ears and noses 50 per cent., and to double the ransom previously charged for whole prisoners. The tourists had formed the habit of never going into the interior of the island without an escort of a body of soldiers, and the soldiers had formed the habit of protecting tourists instead of selling them to the brigands, whereas in former days an Englishman and three or four Germans were usually captured every month. Business had grown so dull that two or three tourists a year were all that an industrious brigand could hope for, and sale of tourists' ears and noses to members of distressed families had so greatly fallen off as to yield only a small and uncertain revenue.

Tompkins was sitting one morning at the mouth of his cave, mechanically telling his beads and sadly remembering the happy days of prosperous brigandage, when a prisoner of fierce and vicious appearance was brought in, who was fairly loaded with gold watchchains, diamond pins and studs, and other evidences of unusual wealth. The interpreter was called and the prisoner, on examination, mentioned that he was an American by birth, a plumber by profession, and a millionaire in right of his own exertions.

Tompkins seemed impressed by the prisoner's statements, and, calling for his ledger, examined it carefully. He found that since he had gone into business he had captured five rich Americans, all of whom were plumbers. A happy thought struck him, and he dismissed his band, with the exception of the interpreter, and entered into a confidential conversation with his prisoner. In a short time he had learned the nature of the plumbing profession, and fully appreciated its enormous superiority to brigandage. He resolved that he would no longer waste his time in capturing and robbing stray tourists, but would become a plumber. He kept the captured American with him for nearly a month, during which time by the help of ingenious tortures he drew from him the entire secrets of plumbing, and learned how to make out a plumber's bill with a skill that many a life long American plumber would have envied. Having finally learned everything that the plumber could teach him, Tompkins killed both the prisoner and the interpreter, from motives of prudence, disbanded his followers, and returned to Catania, where he informed the police that he had abandoned brigandage forever, and opened a plumber's shop, over which he displayed the sign, D. C. Tompkins, American plumber—though, of course, the sign was in Italian instead of English.

Tompkins was warmly welcomed by his friends, who wished him every success in his new business, and were glad to know that he had made his peace with the police and would no longer be put to the inconvenience of fighting soldiers or running away from bands of gendarmes. Orders came to him in showers, for the public felt that he deserved to succeed, and there was a general impression that plumbing in the American style must be greatly superior to the feeble efforts of old fashioned Italian plumbers. At the end of the first six months Tompkins's bills were sent in, and in less than two days there was a formidable riot in Catania. It was found that the total amount charged by him in thirty-seven different bills amounted to nine hundred and eighty-five thousand six hundred and three dollars and eighteen cents. Catania was outraged as it had never been outraged before. A mob surrounded Tompkins's shop and loudly demanded that he should come forth to be torn to pieces. As he unaccountably declined to comply with this reasonable request, the shop was set on fire, and Tompkins, after making a gallant defence, in the course of which he shot seven of his assailants through the window, was captured and flung, bound hand and foot, into the fire, where his nefarious career suddenly ended. The mob soon after dispersed, and for an hour before the arrival of the military the scene of the terrible tragedy was as quiet as the average grave. There has never since been any attempt made at American plumbing in an Italian city, and it is believed that the brigands of Sicily and the mainland have been inspired with such terror by the fate of Tompkins that not one of them, however depraved he may be, will venture to become a plumber.—N. Y. Times.

IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

Probable Fate of the Crew of the Jeannette.

Lieut. Schwatka, the Arctic explorer and commander of the successful Franklin search expedition, is at the Palace Hotel. He was asked last night by a Chronicle reporter what he thought in regard to the fate of the Jeannette party. He replied: "It is, of course, merely a conjecture with me. While I must confess that the failure this year to hear anything of them makes their safety and return very much more dubious, I do not give them up by any means. I think that the Jeannette pushed on during the first season as far north as possible, and probably reached the Perry Archipelago, lying northwest of the American continent. I presume she went somewhere about Prince Patrick's Island, on the northeast part of the group. Both McDlurs and Perry reached that neighborhood, and as she had a favorable season and was reaching for the pole, I have no doubt she pushed that far north. She may have pushed on to the pole or through Baffin's bay, and ultimately come out on the Atlantic side. At any rate, it is certain she will not be heard of this year, for all the avenues are closed there now. It is not improbable that she is fast in the ice somewhere about the Perry Islands and may yet get out. If she does not, I don't think we shall ever see any of her people again, because if crushed in the ice they could hardly reach the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which would be their best channel of escape; and if they had abandoned the vessel fast in the ice without her being crushed they would long ago have reached the Mackenzie, or the native year it, and have been heard of. I think that after searching Wrangel Land and finding it worthless, they pushed on toward Prince Patrick's and it is not unlikely that the vessel is now fast in the ice somewhere there. In that event they would probably stay with the vessel, in hopes of getting her out while the provisions lasted, because the chance of escape in the vessel while she remained sound would be much better than by such a sledge journey as would be necessary. It does not follow that she must have got out in such a case during such an open season as this, if she could. What might seem to be an open season might have been one unfavorable for the exirication of the vessel, because the wind may have been adverse and driven the ice, as the warm season broke up, in a pack upon the vessel, thus adding to her fetters. I don't think the Rodgers, from her present position, has any chance of finding the Jeannette next season. It is hard from here to criticise justly an officer in the Arctic, but it seems to me that the Rodgers' only chance of success in her search was lost when she failed to take advantage of the open sea and push on north from Wrangell. It is not likely that two such open seasons will occur in succession, sir."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A FALSE HUSBAND

Wesley Nichol of Palmerston Deserts His Wife and Elopes with a Servant Girl.

The Detroit Free Press of Tuesday tells the following story: An elopement case terminated in this city yesterday afternoon by the arrest of a man who had forsaken his wife and cast his lot with a domestic employed in his family. The facts are as follows: On Thursday last Mrs. Wesley Nichol arrived in this city from Palmerston, Ont., in search of her husband, who left her, taking his two children with him, about two months ago, at which time a domestic who had been employed in their family for three weeks previous also suddenly disappeared. Mrs. Nichol at once conjectured that they had eloped and began a search for them. She made her headquarters with friends at No. 323 Franklin street. On Sunday evening she called on Patrolman Frank Whipple and related the facts of the case to him. She said that previous to the elopement she did not notice any particular intimacy between the two. She did not live happily with her husband, and after he disappeared she never heard anything from him until she learned from a railroad man that he had come to Detroit with a young woman and two children. The letter also said that Nichol had recommendations in his possession from the Great Western railway company, and that he would attempt to find work in this city on some of the railroads. The patrolman met Mrs. Nichol on Monday by appointment and brought her to the Central Station, where she represented her case to Capt. Girardin. The latter instructed Patrolman Tuttle, on duty at the Michigan Central depot, to look out for Nichol, of whom a description was given him. The father and brother of the girl, whose name is Julia Crittington, upon hearing of the couple being in this city came here, arriving on Monday, and also began instituting a search. On Monday evening Patrolman Tuttle saw a man answering the description of Nichol about the hotels near the depot, accompanied by a young woman, and shortly afterward he was accosted by a young man who said he was Miss Crittington's brother and desired to have her arrested so that her father could take her back home. The officer and Crittington visited the hotels but could find no traces of the two. The officer ascertained that Nicol had been employed as a yardman by the Michigan Central Railroad company, and that he lived on Sixteenth street. An inquiry at his residence showed that he had left there and there were indications that he was preparing to move out of the city. The officer, however, continued the search for him and at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon arrested him and lodged him in the central station on a charge of adultery. The young woman still has Nichol's two children, two little girls. A reporter of the Free Press interviewed Nichol in his cell last evening and he said: "I left Canada two months ago with Julia and my two children." He was in tears at the time, proclaiming how deeply he loved the little ones, and now and then sandwiched in a remark that he cherished Julia "more than any one could tell." He said that yesterday morning he placed the children in Julia's care and told her to take them to the house of an old friend of his named Lawrence, living on Fifteenth street, but could not say where they were. The reason why he left his wife was because "he dearly loved Julia and because his wife did not treat him well." He frequently broke down in his remarks and filled the station with sobs, imploring that his children be brought to him.

Mrs. Nichol announced her intention to make a complaint against her husband. She says that before leaving Canada he borrowed $200 from friends, saying that he wanted the money to purchase a lot with.

—The usual arrangements are being made by Niagara hotel keepers to have grander ice scenery at the falls this year than ever before.

—The chubby boy, whose danger signal hangs sadly through the lattice work of his pants, knows that time, who waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles heroically on, give him knowledge and suspenders, and a solid girl.

—'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore; and coming events cast their shadows before; and the thirst that you feel is a thirst more intense, when a schooner costs five, and you've only four cents. That's what's the matter.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

The person or persons, who, sometime during Friday night, climbed upon the roof of Paradise hall and filled the chimney with old hats, straw, boots, etc., are hereby warned that it was the practice of just such deviltry as this that brought Captain Kidd to the gallows. When the janitor started a fire the hall soon filled with smoke, and the opening of the meeting was delayed twenty minutes by the joke. The roll had scarcely been called when Pickles Smith offered the following

"Resolved, Dat we hereby express our deep indignation at de exhibishun of human depravity; and

"Resolved, Dat we ax ourselves wid alarm whar' dis infringement of de rights of freemen will end; and

"Resolved, Dat we denounce the perpetrators of dis appallin' outrage as outlaws, imbeciles and orators of the deepest dye."

The resolutions were adopted and filed, and Brother Gardner quietly observed that this fresh outrage was another evidence to him of the drift of the times towards barbarism. If the chimney on Paradise hall could be choked up with old hats, what was to prevent the city hall from being blown up by the same gang? It was a spirit which must be suppressed and crushed at any cost, and he would authorize the Secretary to offer a reward of $500 to any person who would capture, convict and send the perpetrators of this fiendish crime to State Prison for fifty years.

ELECTION.

The following candidates were reported on favorably and put through the beam box: Old man Smith, Havana Jones, State Rights Green, Emblem Thompson, Elder Desire and Prof. Gifderheel.

CANCELLED.

The President announced that he had cancelled the following certificates of membership for reasons given:

No. 3,084, being the certificate of the Hon. Gonawanda Hooker, of North Carolina. Evidence was furnished the President that Hooker had three wives and yet ran away with a fourth.

No. 5,163, being the certificate of Col. Hunter, of Wisconsin. Evidence was furnished to prove that he was the biggest colored liar in that State.

No. 6,062, being the certificate of Elder Rackabout, of Kentucky. The Elder was convicted of stealing two bags of flaxseed, giving up a mule to settle the case and then hiring a man to steal the mule.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

The janitor here announced the presence of the Hon. Solo Bomby, of Arkansas, whose arrival had been expected for several days. The Professor is traveling in the North for his health, and is taking notes on trade and manufactures and social characteristics. Sir Isaac Walpole and Waydown Bebee escorted the visitor into the hall in due style, and he was given a generous introduction from the platform. He then began:

"My fren's, I did not arrove heah to-night to make a speech. I simply wanted to gaze on your hall, congratulate ebery member, an' go home wid Brudder Gardner to save hotel bill. (Cheers.) I should have jined dis club fo' y'ars ago, only dat I was led to believe dat a man wid a glass eye would not be taken in. I hev diskevered my error to-night, and my application has been filed. (Cheers.)

"I am astonished wid de Norf. I neber saw so much land to de acre in all my life. White folks seem to hev plenty of money, an' ebery cull'd fam'ly owns from one to six dogs. I am also highly surprised an' greatly delighted at de progress which you'uns hev made in intelligence an' edducashun. Yesterday I asked a cull'd boy not ober 10 y'ars old who diskivered America, an' he answered Abram Linkum quicker'n wink. (Applause.) Cull'd men know when de train goes out jist as well as white folks. Dey keep track o' eclipses, comets, tresses, an' almanacs, an' know, sir, dey am a long ways ahead of de Sonf on dictionary words. (Cheers.)

"Ize glad to see all dis. No thought of jealousy rankles in my breast. On de contrary. May de emblem continer her indivisibility until de unrewarded requisition contests de apparent reliability of de gondoller. In fact, let me say with Jefferson: 'Ignis fatuus hors de combat faux pas ex abrupto cat modus in rebus,' an' don't you forget it!"

For a minute the hall was as silent as a graveyard. Then Samuel Shin rose up and whooped, and cheer upon cheer rolled up and down and could not be suppressed until some one outside threw a turnip through the window and missed the Rev. Penstock's head by the millionth part of an inch.

SCORNED.

"Gen'len" said the President as business was resumed, "it am my painful dooty to denounce de fac't dat letter of inquiry from de Secretary of dis club to de Secretary of de Concord School of Philosophy am lef' unanswered. What am de pleasure of de meetin?"

Giveadam Jones dashed off and presented the following:

Resolved, dat dis club will hereafter treat de Concord School of Philosophy wid frigid haughtiness an' icy reserve; and

Resolved, Dat any pusson who wants to know anything 'bout philosophy kin secure de wery lowest cash figgers by addressin' dis club.

The resolutions were adopted without debate, and the Secretary read the following letter:

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Nov. 16, 1881.

Bro. Gardner:

Dear Sir: There are times in the affairs of the nation which try men's souls, and such a time has arrived and is the cause of much concern to the members of the K. U. S. S club. We are about to purchase our winter's supply of fuel, but do not know which is the most economical—wood or coal. Some say a ton of wood is equal to two cords of four-foot wood, others to only one and a-half cords, and still others who say it is only equal to two cords of stove length. Our means are very limited, so we have concluded to refer it to the rare good judgment of the L. K. O. for an economical solution.

Fraternally yours,
OBADIAH CHOKOFF,
President K. U. S. S. Club.

Brother Gardner replied that he was not prepared to give exact figures on the above. In a jocular mood he added that when a club had quarters in an alley it was more economical to burn wood, especially if the janitor had any place to store boxes and barrels. A club quartered within reasonable distance of a coal yard would probably find coal the cheapest. He had known families to buy two tons of coal in the fall and have plenty left in April, and he had also seen one cord of wood last a family all winter. With the dishonest it was a subject calling for a great deal of thought, and a good many dark nights and a cart or a wheelbarrow. Presuming the writer to be an honest man, the science of the query would be made the special order of a future meeting.

NOT AT PRESENT.

The secretary announced a letter from Annapolis, Ill., signed Thomas Jones, asking for the general opinion of the club on the subject of woman's rights.

Brother Gardner said that an opportunity would be given all members to express opinions, and the Rev. Penstock arose and declared his objections in a speech seven minutes long.

Sir Isaac Walpole said that if politics corrupted men, it would most certainly degrade women.

Trustee Pullback said that if women could vote, every office in the country would be filled by men who part their hair on the center line.

Judge Kaniff had attended a sewing society to witness the election of a President, and he had seen every woman in that society vote for herself seventeen successive times.

Pickles Smith thought that when mothers of families would have their heads cropped and their eyebrows colored in order to wear blonde wigs, the ballot wasn't exactly what the female sex wanted.

Various other members declared their objections, and when discussion finally ceased, the President said:

"Dis club does not favor the woman suffrage movement—not at present. De hour fur strikin' de triangle, puttin' out de fish, an' departin' to our various homes has arrove, an' as we leave dis hall to mingle wid de public, let each member ba'r in mind de fack dat sobriety flanks de brick piles, dodges de mudholes, keeps cl'ar of de purlece, an' stan's a good chance of findin' lost pocket books on de way home. Now let us sing."

MURDERED MILLER.

Charles E. Miller, confidence operator, who was murdered last Monday by "Billy" Tracey, pickpocket and proprietor of a saloon in New York that was the resort of thieves, had often visited this city long enough to successfully operate his principal resource, the bunko game. In bunko, as in theaters, this city is known by the professions as a one-week town. The bunko-men light down upon it, hire their room, prospect for a profitable victim, and leave as soon as they have made a haul. Miller was, next to the operator who still trades on the name of Drexel, the most accomplished man in the business. He had a rarely attractive manner, could converse fluently on the topics of the day, and possessed social tact to a very extraordinary degree. This was joined with patient and tireless work in ascertaining the acquaintances, social standing, and habits of men whom he designed to pinch. The ordinary method of accosting a man by some unknown name and gathering name and address from the victim was only a very indifferent factor in his tactics. His forte lay in meeting them seemingly casually, gradually insinuating himself into their confidence, and trusting to their regard for his sincerity and innocence to help him out of the loss to which the game, into which he to all appearances was seduced, subjected him. Aside from this he was one of the most reckless and daring of gamblers and desperadoes. When he landed in New York, about five years ago, fresh from similar triumphs in the west, "Tom" Brown, the bunko monopolist of the metropolis, secured his services at once. Brown, however, had a very tight grip on his money, but his monopoly cost him heavy contributions to the police, and it was his custom to make his assistants foot the bills. This resulted in a dissolution of their partnership, and in Miller attaching himself to a guerilla band of bunko sharps of which an ex-thief and "skin" faro dealer, called "Jew" Hickey, was the banker. Miller at that time had not arrived at the maturity of of his infamous powers, and was glad to "take tricks," as they called swindling a mate by any means.

On one occasion the reporter of a New York journal forced them to disgorge the plunder they extracted from a dupe. Only Miller had the courage to dispute this adjustment. An invitation to the reporter to meet them at Coney Island, where he was to be badly beaten, was accepted, but the counsels of "Jew" Hickey prevented the promised castigation. Miller, however, cherished purposes of revenge, and found his opportunity in the winter of '77. The newspaper man was taking a night-cap in a saloon on West Third street much frequented by the confidence men, a fact at that time unknown to him. There was a billiard room beyond the the bar, and an office stairway prevented him from seeing those who sat beyond. A shuffling of feet was the first evidence of company. The second was a blow under the ear which sent him against the bar. Turning to face his assailants he received another blow between the eyes which felled him to the floor. Then the party of four or five began the congenial task of kicking and stamping upon the prostrate man. Finding the company altogether too earnest, the scribe effected a retreat as hastily as possible. Blood and pain, however, inspired the desire for acquaintance, and in the heat of anger nothing less than inflicting some person of