STONEY CREEK.

Reminiscences of the Battle in 1813.

To the Editor of the TIMES:

SIR,—If you will favor me with the use of your valuable paper for a few reminiscences of one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and 1813, who took an active part in the battle of Stoney Creek, I will be grateful to you. I have read with interest the war stories in your paper of your correspondent Hans B. B. E. He has told you and your many readers how the British got possession of the American countersign on the eve of the battle of Stoney Creek, the 5th of June, 1813; how Isaac Corman got it from one of the American officers while he was a prisoner in charge of the Americans; how on his way home after his release from imprisonment he met the gallant young scout, William Green, to whom Mr. Corman communicated the American countersign. Let us now follow this gallant young hero, who had not yet reached his 18th year of age, as he dashes away with the fleetness of an Indian through the woods to his home at Stoney Creek, where he procures a horse, mounts it, and rides with all possible haste to General Vincent's head-quarters at Burlington Heights. General Vincent's position on Burlington Heights was a most critical one. York on one side and Fort George on the other had both fallen; his ammunition, which he was obliged to abandon or destroy before evacuating Fort George, was now reduced to ninety rounds of ball cartridge for each man, and were he forced to continue his retreat, unless the British fleet, under Sir James Yeo, could reach the anchorage near the Brant House, four miles from his position and carry off his small force, he would have to continue it by way of York (Toronto), thence to Kingston over 200 miles of hard country roads—not such roads as we have at the present day. The reader will remember that York was then at the mercy of the American fleet. Vincent's position, as we said before, was a most critical one, having a comparatively powerful army in full pursuit, seven miles distant (at Stoney Creek), following closely on his tracks, he had to choose between making a most desperate stand there or to abandon his post with all its stores, etc., and continue his retreat to Kingston. Such of our readers as have travelled over the line of Vincent's retreat from Fort George to Burlington Heights will remember and call to mind that narrow neck of land between the Barton Heights and the head waters of Burlington Bay, on which the British force stood that Saturday night, the 5th of June, 1813. There were many young Canadians serving in that little British force—plucky boys, whose names will ever live, cherished as "household words" in many a Canadian home. Some of them afterwards rose high at the Bar, on the Bench, in the legislative halls, or as colonels of the Upper Canada militia. We may here note that at a "Queenston Heights Annual Dinner," over thirty years ago, Sir Allan MacNab gave as a toast, "The Fighting Judges of Upper Canada." There were at that time five of those judges still living who had served through the whole war. The young Canadian reader may thus form his estimate of the men who stood in the ranks of our Niagara frontier army in 1812-13, doing battle for their king and country. We will now return to that ever-memorable day, Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813. The advance guard, or rather rear guard, of the British that afternoon was stationed two miles in rear of the entrenched camp, near the present Court House and square in the city of Hamilton. Hamilton was then nowhere—not even a village. On that spot, half an hour before midnight, the attacking party of 704 men was formed and took up its line of march on Stoney Creek, under Colonel Harvey. During the day—Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813—Colonel Harvey (afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick,) had acquainted himself with the American position. Some say that he had visited their camp at Stoney Creek during the day disguised as a farmer on his way to his work. Be this as it may, Harvey made himself thoroughly acquainted with the American position, and, having got possession of the American countersign from the heroic young William Green, he proposed a night attack, which General Vincent approved of. Let us now follow this brave little army, with their 704 unloaded muskets and flintless locks, on their mission into the jaws of death. Before starting, command was given for every flint to be taken out of their muskets and not to even whisper, so as to prevent the possibility of an accidental alarm. Every man, however, had his well filled cartouche box, containing sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and his trusty bayonet by his side. The fate of Upper Canada depended upon the success or failure of this night surprise. Silently they moved, not a whisper was heard; there was silence deep as death in the ranks during that midnight march of seven miles. On and on they tread through that dense forest in the solemn hours of the night. So silently did they move that not a sound was heard, not a sound to quell the dreadful silence that prevailed, save now and then the cracking of a stray dry branch under foot, an occasional splash of some unfortunate fellow who makes a misstep into some mud hole, the howl of the wolf or the hoot of the night owl, or a whispered word of command. Have you ever, reader, walked at night along a country road of Upper Canada in the old time, the road often times only a narrow trail and so dark that you could not see your hand before you, with great towering trees of oak, elm, walnut, pine, etc., overhanging, adding to the darkness? If you have you can picture the road over which this forlorn hope had to travel. Thence, emerging from the thick darkness of their midnight tramp, they had to face an enemy's camp having six to one to greet their early, unexpected Sunday morning visit. "Hush," said Harvey to a young man, the late Judge Jarvis, "Hush, we are on them!" In an instant the bayonets of two of the leading men pierced the first sentry—the second shared a like fate. One of them was standing leaning against a large oak tree, quietly sleeping with his arms folded around his musket. William Green, the scout, who was in the advance close by Harvey in the beginning of the battle, related to me that with his sword he silenced one sentry at Lewis' Lane, who was in the act of bayoneting him. The fourth escaped, discharging his gun and alarming the camp. "Bayonets to the front" were the words passed quietly and quickly through the ranks, and our leading files were soon in front of the camp fires, bayoneting many of the sleeping enemy. A detachment of the small army, under Harvey, who was guided to the chapel door, or as it is better known as "the old Methodist meeting house," by the young scout William Green. I have already stated that the fourth sentry, who was standing near the door of the church, raised the alarm by discharging his musket, but the poor fellow had to pay the penalty for that act by having a bayonet thrust through his body, who, as the scout related, had only time to say, "O, Lord God!" and threw up his hands and fell backwards dead. The coast being clear they surrounded the church, and captured thirty Americans, who were bivouacked in the church fast asleep. The main body at "the double" pressed on into the valley under a cloud of fire bursting from an unseen enemy. The men then prepared to adjust their flints. It was first, "handle cartridge, prime, load, draw ramrods, ram down cartridge, return ramrods (all this had to be done with the old musket), then ready—fire!" Volley after volley followed, but with little execution, as they fired into the darkness, not seeing the enemy. During this operation a heavy volley from the enemy cut down a number of our men, but fortunately they were on low ground and the level fire of the enemy passed over them. Harvey ordered two companies of the gallant 49th Regiment to the right to attack, or rather to throw into confusion, the left and centre of the enemy. Those flank movements of the 49th threw the enemy into terrible confusion. Three of their guns posted in the centre on the main road were captured; scarcely a gunner escaped. The late Col. Fraser, of Perth, Ont., then serving as a sergeant in the 49th, having twelve men with him, was one of the first among the guns, bayoneting seven of the gunners with his own hands. He was present at the capture of the two American Generals, Chandler and Winder, near the guns. The young Canadian militia being so familiar with the Indians that they could imitate their warwhoop to perfection, they knew that the Americans dreaded the Indians more than the whites. There was fearful confusion in the American camp. Being ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, they fell back in great disorder. Hundreds of them scrambled to the heights on their left. Colonel Burns, on whom the command of the Americans now devolved, was among the first to mount his horse and start eastward with his 250 brave cavalry, reaching the Forty-mile Creek in a few hours, on their way to Fort George. It is not our intention to particularize or chronicle the many daring feats and hand-to-hand encounters during the darkness of that ever-memorable Sunday morning, the 6th of June, 1813. Suffice it to say that Harvey's surprise was most successful and complete, causing the breaking up of the American camp and their subsequent retreat. Sunday morning before break of day the now scattered parties of this forlorn hope fell back, to return by the road over which they had advanced. They had suffered fearfully. They were not now the "seven hundred and four" of the previous night! Over one hundred and fifty of them, between killed, wounded and missing, did not answer the roll call that morning. Let us take a peep at the shattered remnant of this forlorn hope as they muster and reform for their return march to Burlington Heighis. They are gathering and coming in from all parts of the field, some in small squads, some in twos, some in threes, others singly, some bearing and carrying off wounded comrades. Over one hundred and fifty of them are missing; but they have swelling their ranks two American Generals, Chandler and Winder; seven officers and one hundred and sixteen men, prisoners, with their guns as trophies of war—gracing their blood-stained bayonets, thus rendering Stoney Creek the most gallant affair for the British arms during the war of 1812. There was only one mistake made that night—a fatal one—that of our men placing themselves in front of the camp fires as living targets for the bullets of the unerring American rifle.

This ends our sketch of the battle of Stoney Creek.

And now as nearly all of those gallant men who fought and bled to maintain our rights and liberties as well as theirs have passed away, the best thing we of the present can do to commemorate that victory, will be to erect a suitable monument on that old battle-field near Stoney Creek.

JOHN W. GREEN, Stoney Creek.

The Little Boy's Gift.

I have a true story which is well worth the telling. Last Sunday a young clergyman from a young congregation preached, by exchange, to a congregation which is one of the serene, old-fashioned, undisturbed sort, where the rising generation's undoubted human nature is allowed for in a quiet and sensible way. The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday School, and after the exercises were about half finished he rose to make a little speech. "I know that you are an enterprising Sunday School," he said, "because I see you have so many new books. I know that you are a happy Sunday School, because I see so many smiling faces around me. And I know that you are a generous Sunday School, because that little boy over there by the long pew door offered me a peanut as I came in." The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrolably to himself. "Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut are you?" "Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy, still snickering violently. "Why, yes; wasn't it?" "No-o-o! 'twas only a shell!"—*Boston Post.*

—Despite the pride of museum "freaks" in their own peculiarities, the living skeleton looks enviously upon the fat women when it comes to a matter of hanging up the Christmas stockings.

The Oregon, from Liverpool, with the weekly mails and nine cabin, three intermediate and thirty-five steerage passengers, arrived at Halifax at 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Charles Harrison was arrested in Ottawa on Saturday for passing Confederate bills. He is known to have disposed of a quantity, and several were found in his trunk. He is said to have been supplied by an American dealer in these goods, who has sent quite a stock to Canada.

CHRISTMAS BON-BONS.

Little Paragraphs About the Holiday Season--Poetry and Pastery.

The Christmas feast beyond all question
Would test an ostrich's digestion.

Buy wooden toys for your children. When they are broken next week they won't be entirely useless. They can at least be used as firewood.

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is very lucky for the man with a large family that he has fifty-two weeks to catch up before the next one arrives.

Young men who have pawned their overcoats to make a raise for Christmas will take notice that the new Eastern weather prophet declares that "it will be very cold in January."

Now Christmas comes with much good cheer:
With some 'twill be a day of beer;
Next day, with heads both dull and sore,
They'll swear that Christmas was a bore.

The laziest boy on record is one who wouldn't hang up his stocking on Christmas. His mother had to hang it up for him and make the present also. She will always have that boy to support.

Girls, if you want to discover your future husband, place the wish bone of the turkey above the door. If you have no turkey an old buckle will do just as well. Grab the first man who enters and jump heavily on his toes. If he swears, you haven't hold of the right man.

The sweetest day in all the year
Is Christmas day, so jolly,
When loved ones come from far and near
To dance beneath the holly.

Are you mad at your neighbor? Well, don't kill his chickens nor stone his cat, because that's silly and childish. Just make his boy a Christmas present of an accordeon and you have heaped coals of fire on his head which will soothe and singe his devoted scalp till the last inharmonious discord has been yanked out of the old machine.

A New Train Game.

A drummer fresh from a southern trip sat in a Boston liquor dispensary the other day and said: "Boys, I've struck a new game since I saw you last, and it is going to be popular sure enough. Cards are all right in a smoking car with the boys, and what a fellow wants is something that will keep his mind off from the fatigue of travelling, and at the same time give him some amusement. Well, when we left Atlanta I ran up against another drummer who knew all about this new game, and we hadn't been at it more than an hour before the whole train, men, women and children, were playing at it. Now, the *modus operandi* was something like this: The game is to count 1,000 points. My friend sat on one side of the car and I on the other. A boy, dog, cow, sheep or horse counted 10 each, a man 15, a woman 20, a girl 25 and a cat 30. A red headed girl counted 100. We watched the car window until we reached Alexandria, Va. His score was 875, and I saw that in ten minutes he was likely to make the 1,000. I had 730 and I felt pretty certain that I would have to pay for that box of cigars. Well, the train drew into Alexandria and there were three red-headed girls standing on the platform, and I ran the game out on him there."

Perhaps There are Chips and—Chips.

"I used to think that men had an awfully easy time," said Mrs. Franks, "but I've changed my mind, and hereafter I'm going to take all the care off Charles I possibly can. You see the other morning I told Charles we wanted some wood and to be sure and order some. Well, I waited all day, and that wood didn't come, and I was almost angry, for, said I, 'he has forgotten it, as usual.' Charles didn't come home until late, long after I had retired. He had to go to his club, and it seems he was detained until after midnight. He was awfully restless, and kept talking in his sleep, saying every once in a while, 'Give me another dollar's worth of chips.' So you see I knew that his mind was troubled about that wood. How much it must have worried him, to thus disturb his rest! Hereafter I'm going to attend to all house matters myself. Poor man! he has enough to bother him without doing home errand."—*Boston Transcript.*

Female Horse Thief.

Rosetta Phelps, a young woman from Gainsboro', aged 23, recently pleaded guilty before Judge Baxter to the charge of stealing a horse from David H. Sensabaugh, near Attercliffe, and was sentenced to six months in the Andrew Mercer Reformatory. She claims that a man named Bechan, with whom she had lived at one time, had forced her to go with him and steal the horse; that he went with her to Port Colborne, and that she drove alone from that place to Willoughby, where she sold the horse to Mr. Thomas Well, for $85, that she returned to Port Colborne and gave Buchan $60, keeping the balance. She says Buchan threatened to shoot her if she did not go with him to steal.

His Little Joke.

"I've become quite interested in that poor man," said a philanthropic old lady to the sheriff, as she pointed to one of the prisoners. "He tells me I would be surprised if I knew all he went through."

"I guess you would, mum," said the sheriff; "that fellow is the most expert pickpocket in the country."—*The Judge.*

John H. Craig, whose home is in Indiana, near Indianapolis, is six feet four and a half inches in height, and weighs 836 pounds. He measures eight feet two inches around the hips and eighteen inches around the ankle. He was born thirty years ago, and then weighed but eleven pounds. Two years later he took a prize at one of Barnum' baby shows because he weighed 206 pounds. Apparently he has been growing ever since.

From the official reports just published on the cost of vaccination in London, it appears that the whole expense is not less than $600,000 a year. In 1885 the fees and attendant expenses reached $450,000. The cost of a calf-lymph factory alone is over $15,000 per annum. The inspectors and other officers fill out the $600,000.

The towns of Liege and Namur, Belgium, have sent a petition to the Government asking that the ancient citadels at these places be demolished. The petitioners say that in the event of an invasion these citadels would furnish a pretext for a bombardment while they would be useless for defence.

A PLAGUE OF EELS.

Too Much Fish in London Water Pipes—Where Did They Come From?

The inhabitants of the east end of London are now suffering from a plague of eels, which come to them in their water supply, says the London *Post*. The fish which the East London Company are distributing to their customers are easily visible to the naked eye, for some have been found no less than eighteen inches long; and the main abounds with them to such an extent that the Local Board of Westham has complained to the Local Government Department with the view of having some remedy applied. Eels are, it is true, a toothsome dainty, whether spatchcocked, stewed, fried or in the form known to diners at Greenwich as *anguilles a la Toulouse*; but those in East London, instead of fulfilling their destiny by being legitimately caught, skinned and cooked, have a fashion of committing suicide in stop-cocks and taps. There they decompose, with the result, as illustrated lately, of causing the water to become horribly putrid, and of giving something very like typhoid fever to the unlucky consumers. A whole family has just been laid prostrate in this way, and one or two of its members are still seriously ill. The company have been appealed to with little result. They say that three years ago some of their filter beds burst and that the unfiltered water on that occasion made its way into the mains, carrying with it a number of minute eels and other fish, which have since spawned and multiplied in the pipes. The mains have been repeatedly flushed with the object of getting rid of the intruders, but without success, and the company's engineer is only able to tell the sanitary authority that he does not consider that the water is injured by the eels as long as they are alive, though he admits that a dangerous nuisance may arise from them when dead. There is one consideration which does not seem to have occurred either to the Local Board or to the company, and that is whether water that can, under the conditions of its distribution here, support the life of fish, is fit for human consumption. On what do the eels feed? Clearly not on weeds or other vegetable substances, for the water is confined in iron mains. If, however, they find enough animalculæ in the water to enable them to live and grow to a considerable size, is it certain that what is eel's food may be man's poison; and how is it that the official analysts and microscopists are periodically certifying that the water is ree from any impurity of the kind?

A Chance for Married Women.

In 1872 an Act was passed which greatly extended the rights of property of married women. It placed under the control of a woman after marriage any real estate owned by her at the time of marriage or acquired afterward, and made her liable on any contract respecting real estate. It placed under a married woman's own control not merely all her personal earnings prior to marriage, but "all proceeds and profits from any trade or occupation which she carries on separately from her husband, or derived from her literary, artistic or scientific skill," and freed her personal property, even when in her husband's possession, from liability for her husband's debts. It authorized her to insure her own or her husband's life for her benefit or that of her children, to become a shareholder in any financial company, to deposit money in bank and withdraw it by her own cheque, and to institute either civil or criminal proceedings in courts of law for the protection of her property. And, lastly, it freed her husband from all liability for debts contracted by his wife before marriage, as well as for debts contracted after marriage "in respect of any employment or business in which she is engaged on her own behalf or in respect of any of her own contracts."

The Occupations of Great Men.

The *Medical Age* has been investigating this subject, and says that the father of Demosthenes was a blacksmith; of Euripides, a dealer in vegetables; of Socrates, a mediocre sculptor; of Epicurus, a shepherd; of Virgil, an innkeeper, Columbus was the son of a wool carder; Shakspeare, of a butcher; Luther, of a miner; Cromwell, of a brewer; Sixtus V., of a swineherd; Linnæus, of a poor country minister; Franklin, of a soap boiler; Rousseau, of a watchmaker, and Murat, of an innkeeper. The writer concludes that the mothers of these men may have been the source from which their genius was derived, and, indeed, it is known that some of them were women of more than ordinary excellence.

Not the Happiest Way of Putting It.

Uncle Jack (from whom Bob has expectations)—Very enjoyable, Bob. Wish I didn't live so far away, so that I could have the pleasure of dropping in to have a snack with you and Mary oftener.

Bob—Quite so. But then, my dear uncle, the less frequent your visits are the more we enjoy them.

Civilizing Influences.

Little Dot—"Dick, why don't your mamma give you a doll?"

Little Dick—"I don't want a doll."

"No matter, she ought to give you one all same, an' I guess I'll tell her to."

"What for?"

"Cause I think if you had the 'sponsibility of childrens like I have, you'd be a better boy."—*Boston Transcript.*

The French Government costs 463,000 francs, or about $90,000, an hour.

It is said that sixty-five varieties of lettuce are known to horticulturists.

When the firemen had secured such control of the flames at the fire in Liverpool yesterday at Lewis & Co.'s stores and menagerie as to be able to confine them to the burning premises, it was noticed that the large polar bear in the menagerie was still alive and comparatively unhurt, although surrounded by flames. A determined effort was at once made to rescue the fine brute. A powerful stream of water was kept in full play on the cage, and a number of daring men made their way under the current to the cage. This they wrenched from its fastenings, and grappling it with chains and bars managed, the bear desperately flying at them all the while, to drag the cage from the fire just before the walls of the burning buildings fell in with a crash. The rescue of the bear was witnessed by thousands of people and greeted with great cheering.

DROWNING HIS CHILDREN.

Dreadful Story Told by Mr. James Heekin.

They tell a good story on James H. Heekin.

A friend met him one day at the Little Miami Railroad, just as he was returning from his suburban home in Linwood.

"Where've you been?" was the natural inquiry.

"Been out home drowning four of my children."

"What!—" in a half shriek.

"Been out home drowning four of my children."

"For heaven's sake explain what you mean."

"Well, it is just this. Yesterday I sent up to Levi Goodale at Bradstreet's to get the commercial standing of a New York merchant. This morning I got the report. It said that the man was honest, his business was flourishing, and that his credit was A1. However, it wound up with the suggestive remark, 'But he has a large family of children.' I thought that over, and saw that the inference was that the large family of children was draining his pocket-book, and that it might be held up against him. Now, I have about ten children myself, and as I didn't want my business standing questioned I at once went home and drowned four of them. Good-bye."

Mr. Heekin, it may be remarked, is still at large.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

The Ideal Boot for Women.

The Christmas shopping is fairly under way, and scores of shoppers are plodding through the deep slush and snow of the streets with what patience they can muster. Women can't legislate on the cleaning of the streets, indignation is of little use, and only one thing can be done in the way of self-defence, and that is to wear rubber boots. "But rubber boots are such ungainly things," urges the prejudiced person. Granted; rubber boots are ugly, and all of womankind are waiting eagerly for the promised beautiful boot which is to fit the foot, to lace up over a rubber, and be generally good to look at, as well as good to keep the feet dry and warm. The ideal boot has not yet appeared in the market, but when it does come, if it is to come, if it be not a chimera, it will be welcomed warmly.—*Boston Record.*

Will You Try Nerviline

For all kinds of pain? Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. Large bottles 25 cents.

Of the Ministry, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Alexander Campbell, and Messrs. Pope, White, McLelan Foster and Costigan will spend Christmas in Ottawa, Sir Adolphe Caron at Quebec, Mr. Chapleau at Sherbrooke, Mr. Carling at London, Mr. Thompson in Nova Scotia, and Mr. Bowell in Belleville

How to Save Money.

Wherever you live you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

The German newspapers publish a list of Greman merchants engaged in trade in Bordeaux whom the *Reveille*, of that city, demands shall be rigidly boycotted and driven out of France.

Lord Colin Campbell's solicitors have applied for a new trial of his counter-suit for divorce against his wife, on the ground that the verdict of the jury was against the weight of the evidence.

Later intelligence concerning the collision between the British ironclad Sultan and the steamer Ville de Victoria shows that most of the crew and passengers of the latter were drowned. It is also learned that both vessels were at anchor at the time of the collision. The Sultan dragged her anchors and drifted against the Ville de Victoria.

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