A REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE.

Thrilling Adventure of the Brave Wife of a Loyalist.

FROM HAMILTON TO TORONTO ON HORSEBACK.

A few days ago Miss Jennie Hazen, of Angola township, was passing a second-hand picture dealer's store in Buffalo when she noticed among some old paintings a picture that was a striking likeness of herself. Looking at the reflection of herself in the window and then upon the old painting, the resemblance was wonderful. The young lady, who is only 16 years old, returned home to Angola full of her discovery, insisting that some one had been painting her picture and arranging her as a fright (the girl of the painting was dressed in the style of the last century). Excited by curiosity some of the family went to Buffalo, and, upon seeing the picture, were as amazed as Miss Jennie. Their bewilderment was increased by deciphering the name Jennie on the back of the painting. It also bore the name of the artist, "Richardson, Philadelphia."

THE PAINTING BOUGHT.

The painting was bought for $3.50, and was sent to the young lady's grandmother in Erie, Mrs. Dr. M. J. Clark, who recognized it as the portrait of her grandmother, Jennie Elizabeth McMichael, an intrepid Philadelphia girl, whose adventures during the revolutionary period were told at hundreds of firesides by the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation. The *Courier* correspondent called upon Dr. Clark and obtained from her the interesting history of the beautiful original of the old portrait.

Jennie Elizabeth McMichael was born in Philadelphia, and was the daughter of Dr. McAllister, a surgeon in the Continental Army. When about seventeen years of age she met Edward McMichael, a young British officer of a Scotch regiment, who had taken shelter from a storm at the seminary where she was being educated.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

It was a case of love at first sight, and although her father was an uncompromising foe of British rule and British arms, she decided to give up all and follow him. They eloped, and were married on the same night of their flight. Her husband's regiment was sent to Canada, and thither she went. During the war Captain McMichael undertook a mission very similar to that of Major Andre, and being captured he was sentenced to death, shooting being permitted instead of hanging. He was treated with the greatest courtesy and his wife, the original of the picture, was permitted to visit him as often as she pleased. She resolved to

EFFECT HIS DELIVERANCE.

The day before the execution was to take place she concealed files about her person, and while apparently hanging over the prisoner's prostrate form in great grief she was filing away at the iron shackles that held his wrists and ankles. Her piteous cries drowned the noise of the file, and in a few hours she succeeded in freeing him of his chains. At midnight the provost marshal entered and informed Captain McMichael that the efforts made to save him had failed and that orders had been received to execute the sentence of death at daybreak. The young wife's shrieks deeply affected the official, and he suggested an early farewell of the prisoner. Captain McMichael nodded approvingly, and advised his wife to bid him good-bye then and there and leave the prison under the provost's escort. She finally consented, and requested the officer to call for her in five minutes, the last five minutes that she was to spend alone with her young husband. The provost withdrew, and in ten minutes he returned. He found a woman convulsed with grief, powerless to speak. With the tenderness of a humane man he gently took her arm and led her weeping from the room. He escorted her to the dwelling she had occupied during her husband's incarceration and returned to his quarters to prepare for

THE WORK OF DEATH.

Ten minutes later a sentry came in and said that the woman just led from the building in an apparently fainting condition had taken to her heels as fast as she could after the provost had left her. In haste a visit to the prisoner's room was made, and the officer was considerably relieved to find the prisoner all safe. He was lying on the bed in his uniform, the red sleeves of which could be distinctly seen upon the arms thrown over his head. He had fallen into a dose, the last sleep on earth, they thought, and so they would not arouse him, but they kept a sharp eye on him. Just before daybreak the clanking of arms was heard outside, and the prisoner was seen to shiver as he lay. It was the firing party. "Captain McMichael," said the provost marshal, "it is time." There was no answer, "Come, McMichael, meet this like a brave soldier." Then the form arose, and to the astonishment of the party they beheld Jennie McMichael in her husband's uniform. She had changed clothes with him in that ten minutes, and he had escaped. A hot pursuit was made, but McMichael was far away, and within the British lines. Her father would not intercede to save her from punishment, but consented to take and rear her infant son, John, who grew up to be a loyal American, and the founder of a large and esteemed family of McMichaels, which exists to-day in Philadelphia.

MRS. M'MICHAEL RELEASED.

"The authorities decided to release Mrs. McMichael upon her promise to retire from the continental lines and never return. A second time her husband was captured, but his identity was skilfully concealed by her, thus preventing the certain death that awaited him in Philadelphia, where he would be recognized immediately. By a clever manœuvre she got him exchanged for four private soldiers who were captured by the British. After the war they lived at Buffalo, where McMichael died. The widow went to live near Hamilton, Ont., and was presented with considerable land. Later a miserly Canadian sought to wrest it from her and set out for Toronto to obtain a deed from Governor Simcoe. Hearing of this the brave woman mounted her swiftest horse, and overtaking the plotter made him dismount and give up his horse. She then sped on before him, fording and swimming rivers in the dead of night, and not drawing rein until she reached the Governor's house. All water soaked and frozen as she was, she presented herself before the Governor and told her story. When the coveter of her possessions arrived he found he had been frustrated and that Mrs. McMichael's deeds had been confirmed. The man became a Magistrate afterwards, and revenged himself by drafting her sons for the war of 1812. He took them one by one as they were slain in battle. She lived in a great age, and upon a tombstone in a little lot on the farm she owned is the following inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Jennie E. McMichael, daughter of Dr. McAlister, of Philadelphia, a noble girl, a brave wife, and unhappy mother.' Such was the original of the old picture of the one time belle of Philadelphia and the great great-grandmother of the young girl who thought some modern artist had been painting her picture and arraying her as a fright."

ANOTHER ABDUCTION CASE.

Attempt Foiled to Abduct a Clergyman's Daughter.

A Kingston despatch says: Great excitement was caused in the village of Odessa by the attempted abduction of a respectable young lady, the daughter of Rev. T. H. Macdonald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by a young man of the village named Samuel Hill. The young lady was at church, but was sent out by a chorister to obtain a book from the parsonage, which is immediately adjoining which was required in the service. As she was turning the corner she was stopped by Hill, and under threats of violence accompanied him a short distance up the road, where she was told to remain until he got a horse to drive her off. As soon as she was left alone she ran home and gave the alarm. Service in the church was abruptly broken off, and the young man was arrested by the indignant father, assisted by a few of his parishioners, while in the act of getting out of his rig. A prevous intimacy had existed between the parties, but was broken off as soon as it came to the ears of the young lady's parents, and it was thought he had abandoned his intentions. Even at that time, however, he had made threats of vengeance. It has transpired that Hill went on to Yarker on Friday last and obtained a marriage license from Mr. J. A. Shibley, and that his act was in accordance with carefully laid plans. Hill has had rather an unenviable reputation in the past, having spent a month in jail two years ago for theft, but having joined the Saved Army, it was thought he had reformed. The intimacy first began between the parties while Mr. Macdonald was away from home on a visit about two months ago; the young lady, who is a teacher of music, had Hill as one of her pupils. It is a most unfortunate affair, as the girl is only 16 years of age, and much sympathy is expressed for the parents. Hill has been committed to stand his trial on a charge of perjury for making a false declaration to get a license, and also on the charge of abduction. He was taken to Napanee on Tuesday night.

RAILWAY COLLISION.

Smash-up on the Canada Southern.

A Stevensville despatch says: About 1 o'clock yesterday morning a freight train going east collided with a gravel train going west, and the result is a general stoppage of traffic on the main line of the Canada Southern Division of the Michigan Central Railway. When the drivers on the opposing trains saw the danger in store for the engines and the utter impossibility of avoiding a collision they jumped, and thus saved their lives. The engine of the eastbound train of freight was going at a greater speed than the other owing to the pressure of the heavily laden cars behind. This engine mounted the other and crushed it to pieces. Men were at once set to work to clear the track It occupied all available men about five hours to clear up the scattered fragments of the trains. While this was being done permission was obtained to use the Welland Railway and the Grand Trunk Air Line to prevent a complete block of the line, as every siding for miles up the line was filled with freight by 6 o'clock. The despatch clerk at Victoria piloted No. 5 train as far as Welland over the Air Line, and also piloted No. 6 back from Welland to Fort Erie. Another clerk named Ussery piloted No. 10 from Fort Erie to Welland, going by way of the Welland Railway and Grand Trunk. Had it not been for this friendly use of other lines the track would not have been clear for 24 hours. The cause given for the accident is generally credited to bad management, and no one in particular is blamed.

INCENDIARISM IN MILWAUKEE

Threats to Burn the Town if Idle Men are Not Employed.

A Milwaukee telegram says: There have been nine incendiary fires in the Fourth ward within a month. There are no traces of the firebugs. The Chief of Police to-day read a letter threatening him with assassination and adding that the town would be burned if work was not soon furnished the large number of workmen now idle. Mayor Stowell has been besieged by innumerable applicants for work. The local underwriters have had several meetings and to-night offered a reward of $500 for the capture of the incendiaries. The Mayor offers $250. The residents of the Fourth ward are in a state of terror.

How Cross He Was.

In a contest over a will a certain witness was giving his evidence as to the disposition of the testator. "Was he a good natured man?" asked the attorney. "Not altogether." "Was he cross, then?" "Well, yes, rather, in places." "Was he very cross?" "Considerably." "How cross was he? Give us an example of his disposition." "Well, sir, he was that cross that when he called up the cows at milking time it made the milk sour." "That's enough. Stand down."

Heiress to a Million.

A Charleston, S. C., telegram says: Mrs. Osborne Bailey, wife of an old man who had been earning a living as a street car driver here, has fallen heir to $1,000,000 through the death of her uncle, a Baltimore commission merchant named Whiteredge.

Saturday was the 39th birthday of the Princess of Wales.

CRUELTY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Pitiful Story of Wrongs and Indignities to a Seaman—Chained and on Short Rations.

A New York report says: Henry Arthur Slater, recently an officer on the ship Northern Light, was taken from a pen in the stern of that vessel on her arrival in this port on Thursday by Deputy Marshal Bible. The pen is a strong prison 6 feet 6 inches long, 4 feet broad in its widest part, and nearly 4 feet in height. In this place he had lain, handcuffed and shackled by the leg to a post, for fifty-three days. Being released, he was found to be a loathsome object, clad in an undershirt only. He was weak and faint. His face was discolored; his eyes bulged out. It seemed doubtful if he could be removed. Brandy was offered him, but he refused it. His leg was almost disabled by the wearing into the flesh of his heavy shackle, and it was with difficulty that he could walk or even stand. He was held for trial on the charge of mutiny by United States Commissioner Shields. He was, however, too weak to go to court yesterday, so the doctor in charge said, and made an affidavit on which a warrant was issued for Captain Slocum's arrest. In the affidavit were the main facts of the story he told to the reporter in the cell in Ludlow street, which, he said, seemed like paradise to him.

"I am," he said "an American, though my father was English, and I got my English manner of speech from being brought up among English villagers in Rhode Island. My home is in Boston. I have been a sailor nearly all my life," (he is about 33 years old) "and am a passed chief mate in the English merchant service, though I have sailed on the Black Hawk, the Young American, and other American ships.

"I was in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, last summer, and wanted to get home. Captain Slocum was there, and wanted a second mate. I knew of him from a man who had been his first mate. He said Captain Slocum was a hard man, but I need not be afraid of him. So I applied and showed him my papers. He told me he had a hard crew and I was a young man, but that I had been in some hardships, and seemed to be the right kind of a man to knock and kick his crew around.

"Well, I wanted to get home. I told him I could kick 'em round, and I shipped with him. The crew were as nice a set of men as I ever saw. I had no trouble with them, and they obeyed my orders well. Everything was smooth and pleasant, too, between me and the Captain until we had been out a week.

"September 26th I had some men at work in the mizzen rigging and was giving an order to a man on deck. The boatswain was bawling at me from aloft, and the captain, who stood by, was telling me something. I was confused among the three, and suddenly the captain struck me across the eye with something he had in his hand and cursed me. As he did so he sprang back and went on the poop deck. There he menaced me with something he had in his hand. I could not tell what it was, for the blood from my face partly blinded me.

DEGRADED FROM HIS RANK.

"I went on with my work, thinking I would make no trouble. That evening he came to me and told me not to bring my —— carcass into the cabin again, but to go forward. I said: 'Captain, I am second mate of this ship and my place is in the cabin. You can't disrate me.' But I thought it over and went forward, and he sent my clothing after me.

"Then I worked with the men, but I was not well and couldn't get around as lively as the rest. One morning I was slow turning out, and the chief mate came and told me the Captain wanted me. I went aft, and he wanted to know why I didn't turn out with the other men. I told him I was sick, and he said, 'Well, I'm going to put you in irons.' I stepped back and said, 'No, Captain; if I have done anything wrong it's your place to shut me in my room. You mustn't put me in irons.' Then he drew a revolver and fired two shots at me while I ran. I got away unhurt, but he sent the mate and third mate and boatswain and carpenter and donkey driver after me with cutlasses and pistols, and they took me out and put me in irons. They put two pairs of handcuffs on and fastened my hands behind, and put me between decks.

"That night I got loose. The handcuffs were not properly fastened. I went into the chief mate's room and through a part of the cabin looking for arms. I was afraid of treachery, and wanted to destroy the weapons. The chief mate met me and spoke, but I made no answer. He got out of the way, and I went forward.

"Then they came after me again, and handcuffed me and put a shackle on my leg, and fastened it to a chain with 94 links, each weighing, I should think, half a pound.

A RAW RAT TO EKE OUT RATIONS.

"They put me in a place in the lazarette." [The space between the deck and the sloping bottom at the stern of the ship.] "My chain was passed through a small hole about a foot from the floor and fastened outside. I was very sick. They gave me, the first week, one biscuit a day and about as much water as that," pointing to a goblet half full.

"The second week they gave me two biscuits a day, and after that three. It was wormy and horrible, but I ate the worms and all. Once I caught a rat and killed it and kept it three days till I could eat it. I guess I got perhaps eight ounces of bread a day for the fifty-three days. The most horrible thing to me was that I was fastened in so securely. It took them fifteen minutes to take the boards off to get me out, and if there had been a collision or any sudden disaster they could never have got me out.

"I was very sick, and after eighteen days I got the chief mate to give me some medicine. He brought me some oil, and it gave me awful pains. I fell unconscious from the pain and lay so for five days. The way I measured time was by asking the boy who brought my bread and water what the date was. The first time I knew of his coming he told me, and I knew it was twenty-three days since they had locked me up. I had scratched eighteen marks with a pin before that one for each day, and so I knew it was five days. When he came to me that time I couldn't lift the water, and I begged him for the love of heaven to reach in and hold it to my lips. He did so, and it revived me a little.

"One Sunday, about three weeks ago, I thought I was going to die, and I thought I'd fix myself for death if I could, so I sang a hymn. The captain heard me, and sent the chief mate and another man to trice me up. They pulled the chain out so that it held my foot tight against the hole in the boards, and left me so over night. After that they triced me up three times over night.

"Three times in the fifty-three days I was kept there I was taken on deck for an hour or an hour and a half. That was the only change I had. I wouldn't want my worst enemy to suffer as I did in that prison."

Slater told this horrible story, earnestly indeed, but without excitement and without a single expletive. His language was very well chosen, and betokened a man of fair education and rather more than average intelligence. He stopped several times from weakness, and writhed with pain while he talked.

THE DUNKARDS' LOVE FEAST.

A Curious Semi-Annual Ceremony of a Religious Sect.

A Ephrata, Pa., letter says: The semi-annual love feast of the German Baptist Brethren, or Dunkards, celebrated here last week was a very interesting ceremony. In the plain meeting-house there are two rows of benches running the whole length of the room and forming middle and side aisles, while rows of benches, facing these, ascend theatre-like on either side to near the low, flat ceiling. The middle rows are for those celebrating the feast, and the others for the spectators. Every third bench, of those upon the floor, is so arranged that the broad, moveable back can be brought up and fastened on the top of the end boards, thus making a long, narrow table. After the Dunkards had marched in, two brothers appeared with long white table-cloths, with which they covered the ten tables, five on the women's side of the central aisle, and five on the men's side. Other brothers came armed with black-handled knives, three-tined forks and tin tablespoons. Other brothers brought little white bowls, which they set sparsely around. Other brothers carried, two and two, great baskets of bread—huge loaves cut into quarters—which they placed in long middle lines. Other brothers (it was never sisters) bore trays containing plates of butter. Other brothers brought deep tin dishes where pieces of mutton swam in a gravey-like soup. Supper being ready, and the swinging lamps drawn down and lighted, the brethren and sisters seated themselves around the tables—90 of the former and 140 of the latter. How reposeful the women looked, with their plain, neatly fitting black dresses and little white caps of nightcap shape and of a semi-transparent material, underneath which the modestly parted hair lay smooth, exposing the broad white forehead. The long hair of the men brushed straight back from the forehead and falling to the shoulders, and their long beards, both hair and beards being largely gray, and sometimes silvery white, gave them a very venerable aspect. Next, two small tubs half filled with water were brought in, and two elderly brothers divested themselves of their coats, one seizing a tub and the other girding himself with a very long towel. Two sisters did likewise with the other tub and a towel Immediately the brethren seated on the front bench facing the broad space in front of the minister's table and seats began to take off their shoes and stockings, and the sisters on the corresponding row on their side of the house did the same. Then the brother with the tub placed it at the feet of the first barefooted brother, who put his feet into it, where they are rinsed off by the washer, who then grasped the hand of the washee and imprinted a sounding kiss upon his lips. The towel-girdled brother followed, wiped, shook hands, and kissed and passed on to the next; and the washing and wiping sisters did likewise on their side of the room. After the two rows were washed and wiped all fell to putting on their shoes and stockings the younger women showing much modesty in their efforts to get on their long stockings deftly and quickly. After an address and prayer and a lined-out hymn in German, the eating began, slices of bread serving as plates, and one dish of soup and meat for four eaters. There was no noise but the clatter of spoons against dishes and knives against forks and a general sound of munching. Everything eatable having disappeared, there was more exhortation, prayer and singing, and then three brothers appeared with several enormous bottles of wine and a number of large, flat, indented cakes of unleavened bread. The cakes were broken into long strips, which were passed around among the men, who broke for each other, but the women were not allowed to do so, the presiding Bishop breaking it for them and handing it to them as they sat in their seats. After the bread came the wine in tall tin cups, and again the women were not allowed to pass the cup, but it was passed to them by the Bishop. The drinking of the wine ended the ceremony.

Amusing Adventure with a Whiskey Cask

An amusing adventure with a hogshead of whiskey took place on Thursday week at Lauder, Scotland. The principal actor was the sheriff-officer from Galashiels. Lately the license was taken from the Royal Hotel, Galashiels, and the agent for the proprietors discovered that certain effects subject to the landlord's hypothec, amongst others a hogshead of whiskey, had been removed to Lauder. The officer followed it thither, and in due course came upon it safe and sound, sealed and stamped with the consignor's seal. It was at once proposed to take possession of the cask, and to have it removed to Galashiels. A carter was hired, and all the necessary arrangements were complete, when an exciseman came upon the scene. It was discovered that no possession had been granted to authorize possession of such a large quantity of spirits. A further duty remained to be discharged—to test the contents in order to find out whether they were under or over proof. The cask was soon broached, when it was found to be full to the bung with pure water. The carter was discharged, and the hogshead was left at Lauder.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe denies the report that she is writing a new story.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Curious Antics of a Mysterious Agent.

Our Shrewsbury correspondent writes: "In the neighborhood of Wem, a town on Shrewsbury and Crewe branch of the London & Northwestern Railway, some unaccountable proceedings are reported. At Wood's farm, four miles from Wem, occupied by Mr. Hampton, his wife, two children, and two female servants, on Thursday last, while the family were just about to sit down to tea, at 4 p.m., when it was still daylight, a saucepan suddenly jumped off the fire, and this was followed by the tea-things being swept off the table and smashed. Several pieces of burning coal were then hurled off the fire, and set the clothing of an infant 4 months old in flames, and before the clothes could be removed the child was severely burnt on the head and arm, and its hair was singed off its head. A small American clock on the mantlepiece was next dashed violently on the ground, and several other articles on the mantlepiece were also thrown down and broken. Something was thrown against the face of a large cased clock, and shivered the glass and face, and a lamp globe and chimney were smashed. The mat of the lamp took fire from a piece of burning coal falling on it, and a basket on the parlor table was also discovered in flames. The neighbors were fetched in, amongst them being a Mr. Lee, a neighboring farmer, Police Constable Bowen, and others, and although the smashing of crockery and the hurling of articles from one side of the room to the other continued, they could not discover the cause. Mr. Lee and Police Constable Bowen were both struck by things thrown by an unseen agency. It was feared that the house would be set on fire by the burning coal, and consequently the fire was removed from the grate and the furniture from the house. All went outside, but several things were flung from the inside through the windows. In the kitchen six panes of glass were broken and several in the parlor. Strict inquiries have been made by the police and others, but there appears to be no elucidation of the mystery. Mr. Hampton says he cannot account for it unless it is something in the coal; but the coal could not throw the articles about the room. The affair has caused considerable talk in the neighborhood, and a great amount of incredulity is expressed." Our correspondent, who personally visited the house, adds that the accounts of the occurrence were received from several eye-witnesses.—*London Telegraph.*

A WATERLOGGED BARGE.

Sufferings of the Crew—Their Rescue.

A last (Thursday) night's Alpena despatch says: The barge Hamilton J. Mills, lumber laden, was towed to this port last night, waterlogged. She left Penetanguishene Friday. On Sunday afternoon she was abandoned by the tug Gladiator, which had a loose wheel, when near Cove Island. The barges Walter A. Sherman, S. Hungerford, and Sweepstakes were also abandoned, being in the same tow. The Mills soon after sprung a leak, and while sailing down the lake waterlogged. She drifted near Black River and let go her anchor. The crew were exposed for about two days. On Monday afternoon the crew were taken ashore by the Sturgeon Point life-saving crew. The tug Westcott tried to tow the Mills to this port, but was unable. The tug Castle was seen going down the lake, and was signalled. She came to the rescue and towed the Mills to this port. The crew are all right. Their names are Capt. Lynch, Mate John McManus, James Orr and Wm. Dick, of Buffalo; Alex. Crosby, of Port Colborne, and Kate Bennett, of Cleveland. The tug Ralph and one city steam fire engine are now pumping the Mills. The water is about two feet below the deck. The pumps are gaining. The Sherman is here with her deck load of lumber shifted, and leaking some. There are five feet of water in her hold. The Sweepstakes and Moore are missing. The Moore reports no sign of the barges Hungerford and Sweepstakes. She has searched the shore up. She prevented the Bissell from pounding to pieces at Tawas dock by holding her all night.

THE DEADLY RED FIRE.

A Lady Killed by Inhaling its Fumes.

About 9 30 o'clock Friday evening, as Mrs. Franklin A. Guinn, of 1,125 Lombard street, Philadelphia, was preparing materials for the getting up of an amateur theatrical entertainment, a box of red fire was accidentally ignited. The tin box, containing about a pound of the preparation, stood upon a table, and as Mrs. Guinn set fire to a small quantity in a plate, to exhibit it to two female friends who were present, a spark from the burning fire dropped into the box and a huge flame shot up. In her efforts to put out the blaze Mrs. Guinn must have breathed into her lungs some of the flame. After laying her infant child, which she had held in her arms during the blaze, in its bed, she complained of feeling unwell, and doctors George G. Wise and Roger Keys, of 1,201 Pine street, were called in. Every effort was made to save her, but in a few minutes after their arrival the woman was dead. Doctor Keys said that upon analyzing the red fire it was found to contain the nitrate of strontia, chlorate of potash and ground shellac. Mrs. Guinn was about 40 years of age and the mother of two children, a daughter of 16 and an infant of 6 weeks old. Her husband has been the janitor of the building of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, on Chestnut street.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Economy is Wealth.

"How much do you charge for the pants, anyway?" asked the rural customer.

"Dot makes some difference off you vants dem vor Suntay or efery tay," replied the vendor, studying his subject carefully. "If you vants a sheap bair vor efery tay, dot bair vill pe two tollar, but if you vants dem bants vor Suntay, dey vill pe fife tollar und a helluf. Subbose you dakes um vor Suntay und ven dey vas a little vorn, you vears dem vor efery tay. By dot you safe two tollar on a fife tollar bair of bants!"

Against which argument the countryman had nothing to offer, and the transaction was closed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Howland prize for an essay on civil service reform at the commencement of the University of Kansas was won by Miss Agnes Emery.