

THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

A Survivor's Recollections of the Affair of 1838.

A representative of the St. Louis Republic one day last week fell in with Mr. W. S. Nichols, one of the survivors of the so-called brig 'n's, who burned the British steamer Sir Robert Peel in American waters on the night of the 22nd of May, 1838. Only two persons who participated in that affair are alive. Mr. Nichols is a saloon-keeper at Theresa, Jefferson county, N. Y., and his surviving compatriot in the raid is Marshall W. Forward, now at Rochester, N. Y., where he carries on a large planing-mill and an extensive lumber-yard.

The Sir Robert Peel, it will be remembered by many now living, was burned in retaliation for the destruction of the American steamer Caroline, Dec. 29, 1837, by a party of Canadians under Capt. Drew, who boarded the boat at Schlosser, and after killing and drowning several of the crew, set fire to the boat and sent her adrift over Niagara Falls. This outrage, combining, as it did, the crimes of murder and arson committed by a British armed force on American waters, produced a tremendous excitement along the entire frontier from Detroit to Maine, and President Van Buren made it the subject of

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

One Alexander McLeod, a British subject, some three years after the event, in a spirit of insolent defiance, returned to the county of Niagara, where the outrage had been committed, and foolishly boasted that he had been one of the destroyers of the Caroline. He was arrested, indicted, and tried. After a lengthy trial, and the assumption by the British Government of McLeod's offence, and a prolonged diplomatic controversy, between the two nations that threatened to end in war, it turned out that McLeod was not there as he had boasted, and he was thereupon acquitted by the jury.

It is curious to remark on the statement of Dr. F. B. Hough, of the bureau of forestry, at Washington, who was in St. Louis recently, that the Caroline was built on a small boasting sail vessel in South Carolina (hence her name), and her timber was the live-oak of that section. At Troy, N. Y., she was changed into a small steamer, and after running between Troy and Albany she was taken through the Erie canal to Lake Ontario and through the Welland canal to Buffalo, where she was employed in the patriot service until she was seized and burned by the British.

The whole frontier was in a blaze of excitement, public meetings were held throughout the country to express an honest indignation at the outrage and invoke the national government to avenge the insult. Advantage was taken of this inflamed state of the public mind by William Lyon McKenzie and other Canadian refugees to set on foot expeditions for the invasion of the Canadas. "Hunters' lodges" were formed in the large towns, to organize a hostile movement. The state arsenal at Watertown, N. Y., was robbed, and other means used to gather arms and munitions of war. It was during the height of this excitement that the Sir Robert Peel, on her passage from Prescott to the head of the lake, while taking on fuel at Wells, or Wellesley's Island in the St. Lawrence, was boarded by a company of armed men, all Canadian refugees, under the leadership of the celebrated Bill Johnson, who after driving the crew ashore, set fire to the steamer. There were many conflicting accounts of the affair at the time, but the following statement, as given by a participant to a Republican reporter, and made after the lapse of so many years, when the feelings engendered have utterly died out, may be accepted as truthful:

MR. NICHOL'S STORY.

Mr. Nichols said: "There were twenty-six of us in the party. We rendezvoused on Grindstone Island (one of the Thousand Islands), and were concealed by one Scanlon, an auctioneer from Kingston. We were all Canadians. I left Ogdensburg for French Creek, where I met friends who told me there was some enterprise on foot, and asked me to join them. I did not then know the object, or that Bill Johnson was the leader, and I did not see him at our place of rendezvous. Scanlon said he was the leader, and wanted a competent person to act as second in command. He placed a barrel upright on its head and leaped over it at a bound. He then said that the man who could do the feat without touching the barrel should be his first lieutenant. I jumped over the barrel with perfect ease, clearing it without touching it.

On the night of the 25th of May the Sir Robert Peel was observed coming up the river, and preparations were made to board her. We were disguised—some with handkerchiefs on our faces and others with whatever material was at hand. The boat tied up at MacDonald's wharf on Wells' island to take on wood. Just before we came up, as was subsequently learned, our enterprise came very near proving a failure. As the boat was being made fast to shore Capt. Armstrong, the commander of the Peel, went ashore and was observed in conversation with MacDonald, the owner of the wharf. MacDonald intimated to the captain that there were "patriots" under Bill Johnson around, who no doubt were intent on mischief, and he was cautioned to beware. The captain, with an affectation of contempt, spoke up in a loud voice so as to be heard by those standing around, that he had 100 soldiers in the hold of his boat, but the assertion did not have the effect intended. It

DID NOT INTIMIDATE ANYONE.

At a given signal we rushed on board with shouts of "Remember the Caroline," and in five minutes had complete control of the boat. We ordered the passengers to go on shore, allowing them to take their baggage and assuring them that they would not be molested. All the passengers and crew, as was supposed, were put on shore, except the chambermaid, who was allowed to remain on board to pack her things. The boat was then anchored out in the stream, a few rods from the wharf, so that while burning it would not destroy the property belonging to Americans. We put the chambermaid, who had remained on board until the anchor was cast, on the jolly-boat and sent her ashore. The clerk, who had been on a spree at Brockville the night before, was sound asleep, and not being discovered by the boarding-party,

was only awakened by the crackling of the flames and made a

NARROW ESCAPE.

Yes, I approved of the act of burning the Peel, and I approve of it now. Still it was a foolhardy attempt. That very thing led to the letting up of the tyranny that Great Britain was holding over Canada. Our object was not plunder. The valuables that were saved from the flames were delivered up to the owners. I give the following instance: Mr. Forward found in the clerk's office a package of money which was consigned to parties in Toronto, and he secured it. He said nothing about it, but on arrest and the preliminary trial at Depauville he did not want the money found on him, so he put the roll into Bill Smith's bed. Smith, on rolling round, found something hard under him, and finding the package called in the constable, and handing him the package saying that somebody had been making game of him. The package was delivered by the constable to the justice of the peace, who, on opening it found it, to contain four thousand and odd dollars, which was immediately forwarded to the parties in Toronto to whom it was consigned. After our arrest we were taken to Watertown, N. Y., and put in jail. One of our party, Anderson, was put on trial as a test case. Three indictments were found against him. He was tried on the first indictment, that of arson, for setting fire to a boat while the clerk was asleep on board, but the testimony of Capt. Armstrong, who swore that the boat was boarded by the attacking party, with loud shouts and yells, an admission that was adroitly used by the defence, went to show that the noise was sufficient to awaken the clerk, and Anderson was cleared on that charge. He was admitted to bail on the second and third indictments. The trial was before Judge Isaac H. Bronson, of the United States district court, the only Judge who had jurisdiction. He resigned to run for Congress, and was subsequently appointed by President Van Buren a judge in Florida, where he died. After he left, District Judge Gridley, of Utica, the "stem judge," came on to try the cases.

THE TRIALS.

They were reopened on the 12th of November, when the district attorney, George C. Sherman, said he was not ready, he claiming that Bill Johnson, still at large, was keeping the witnesses back, such as Dr. Scott, who was a passenger on the Peel, and others, from testifying.

Judge Gridley then said: "If you are not ready for trial I will discharge the first indictment and admit the prisoners to bail on the other indictments." At the regular term he came on to try us, and the district attorney again was not ready. The judge then let us out, subject to rearrest whenever the district attorney was ready with his witnesses. Our attorneys were Bernard B. Bagley, Charles E. Clark, Thomas C. Chittenden, and Judge Mason, the most eminent lawyers in the State. The popular feeling was strongly in our favor, and in some of the towns on the road to Auburn the stages were stopped with the object of rescuing those concerned in burning the Peel, had they been sentenced and en route to prison. A bigamist sentenced at Auburn was subjected to considerable annoying delay by the stopping of the stage all along the road by the sympathizers who wanted to know if he was one of the Peel prisoners.

The above is Mr. Nichols' statement in nearly his language. He would have made a first-class Fenian, though the part he took in resting oppression of the "tyranny of Great Britain" long preceded the raid of the Peel of patriots on Canadian soil. He said that the uprising of 1838 in Canada grew out of the feeling of oppression. It was, he said, to get a change of government, but the Reformers were betrayed by the Methodist church. In 1838 the Tories held the power through the

INTRIGUES OF THE BRITISH METHODISTS.

Their leader was Charles Egerson Ryerson, editor of the *Christian Guardian*, at Hamilton. He and his church had been with the Reform party up to that time. Sir John Colborne, the Governor General, was recalled and Sir Francis Bond Head sent out to take his place. He convened parliament at Toronto. The parliament passed a reform measure to test the sincerity of the Governor General, and he vetoed it. Again to try him, they passed a second and a third reform measure, and he vetoed them. The parliament then voted to stop supplies, when the Governor dissolved them and ordered a new election. Then it was that Ryerson came out with a leader recommending his church to rally to the support of the Governor. That church, obeying the dictum of their leader, voted the Tory ticket. William Lyon McKenzie, of the third riding of York, was three times elected by the Reformers, and was three times expelled from parliament. McKenzie then raised the standard of revolt in Toronto, but was expelled by McNab and sought refuge on Navy Island.

All subsequent attempts for the invasion of Canada proved abortive. As a sequel to Nichols' statement of the burning of the Peel, it may be added that the old hulk of the boat was a conspicuous object in the St. Lawrence near Mullet creek to passing steamers for twenty-five years after the boat was burned. Bill Johnson, the leader of the gang, with eight others, baffled all attempts to capture them, although a joint search among the islands was made by both Governments under Maj. Gen. Macomb, of the United States, and Col. Dundas, of the British army. Kate, the daughter of Bill Johnson, known as the heroine of the Thousand Islands, conveyed intelligence and provisions to the father. Johnson publicly acknowledged the act, with the motives that influenced him, in a proclamation, stating that he was a natural-born citizen of Canada, and I certify that he held a commission in the patriot service of Upper Canada as commander-in-chief of the naval forces and flotilla, and as such he commanded the expedition that attacked and destroyed the steamer Sir Robert Peel. He added: "The men under my command in that expedition were nearly all English subjects. My headquarters were on an island in the St. Lawrence, without the jurisdiction of the United States, at a place named by me Fort Wallace. It was British territory. I yet hold possession of that station. I act under orders. The object of my movement is the independence of the Canadas. I am not at war with the commerce or property of citizens of the United States."

The proclamation is dated June 10th, 1838. Johnston was eventually captured

and tried before Alfred Conkling, the father of Roscoe, on a charge of violating the neutrality laws, and acquitted. He was again arrested, escaped, and a reward offered for his apprehension. He was finally arrested, tried, and sentenced to a year in jail and a fine of \$250. His daughter Kate shared his imprisonment. On the expiration of half of his time of sentence he again escaped one night, and walked forty miles before morning. After tranquility was restored he went to Washington with a petition, numerously signed, asking for a pardon, which was refused by Van Buren, but which was soon after granted by Harrison.

Bill Johnston was born in Canada, his father being Irish and mother Dutch. He died in February, 1870, at the age of 88 years. He had been for some years light-house keeper in the vicinity where the Peel was burned.

Lieut. Lucius O'Brien, of the 8th United States infantry, the poet soldier, author of the famous army song, "Benny Havens, O!" wrote a poem dated French Creek, December 16, 1838, from which the following is quoted:

TO MISS KATE JOHNSTON.

"Her efforts to relieve her outlawed father, amid the perils of war and the dangers of the storm, are on record in the details of the Canadian rebellion of 1838. Unaccompanied she would venture in the most tempestuous weather, in her little skiff to find his hiding place and minister to his necessities. No night too dark, no lightning too vivid, for her labors of love."

ay with thy bark, lovely maid, o'er sea,
On thy heaven-born mission, away;
Undertended by the sentinels' watchfulness,
Where a father regrets thy delay,
Oh, who but a daughter, the purest, sincerest,
Would brave the vexed elements' strife;
The frowns of the stern, and the sighs of the dearest,
To watch o'er a doomed father's life

Kate Johnson, the beautiful heroine so often mentioned in connection with the events of that period, married Mr. Charles H. Hawes, and died at French Creek in March, 1878, aged nearly 60 years.

Primo Donne and their Clothes.

Emma Abbott, according to *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, is always ready for an interview. A reporter met her behind the scenes at the opera house the other night, as happy as a lark, and when questioned by the newspaper man about the cause of her happy frame of mind answered that she had won a diamond ring from her husband on Cleveland's majority. She wagered that the democratic candidate for governor of New York would get over 50,000 majority; he got over 150,000, and she got the ring, a five karat solitaire, which sparkled upon one of her fingers.

"If I had lost," said Miss Abbott, "I would now feel very much as Mme. Gerster used to feel just about this time when she sang *Amina*. How is that? Well, she got very mad. The costume who made dresses for her when she with Strakosch—Nina Cerbi—told me that Mme. Gerster always tore the bridal veil she wore in *Sonnambula* to pieces. So, too, when she sang Lucia who kept picking at the waist of her peasant dress until it was in ribbons, and when she came off the stage took a scissors and cut the front. She wouldn't wear the same dress twice. Strakosch paid for her wardrobe, so that it did not cost her anything to indulge her passion to destroy the garments. Cerbi said Gerster was very sweet off the stage, but always set her horns when she appeared in opera; she couldn't sing without first getting mad. As Cerbi said, 'the more she got mad, the more good she sang.'"

"Mme. Cerbi, I suppose, knew all the primo donne?" the reporter suggested.
"Oh! yes, and told many stories about them. Nilsson, she said, was greatly feared by the costumers, because she was so extremely hard to please. Patti was just the contrary very easy to suit; she took everything just as it came. Minnie Hauk was particular only about her boots; she liked pretty boots, and was fond of showing her nicely-shaped feet."

"I am glad to see," said the prima, "that Salvini has met with such a nice reception in New York. He is an old and dear friend of mine. I met him in Florence when I was studying in 1875, and he took me to his home on the Arno, where I saw his sweet little English wife, with her blue eyes and fair hair, worshipping her husband as if he were a god. Why, one day he fixed up a very ordinary pedestal, in one of the rooms and covered it with green baize and had brass tacks sticking out at every point. A cheap carpenter could have fixed it up ten times more artistically, yet the tragedian's wife went into ecstasies over it, and thought and said there was nothing like it. A very simple thing but it shows how much she thought of him and of what he did. But I ought not to talk of Salvini in this way. He was very good to me, and gave me letters that proved of great service. He also encouraged me to work hard, saying that all his own success had come only from the hardest kind of labor. He told me he had studied Otello four years before attempting to play it on the stage and I see by the papers that he gave his King Lear the same lengthy study and attention."

Miss Abbott wanted to say something about her own success the present season, and the excellence of her company, but the reporter cut her short, and was moving away when the prima called out:
"Be kind enough to say that Denver baby does not exist. It is a first-class myth. We have nothing of the infant caliber in our company, although Gus Hall and John Gilbert, whom we call Jumbo and Bolivar, have asked to be cast for the babies in 'Norma,' which we are soon to produce."

Although as regards the interior life of the Spanish Court King Alfonso has made, in accordance with the spirit of the times, very liberal modifications of the extremely rigid etiquette observed in past years, the pomp which has always been characteristic of Spain with regard to public ceremonies in which the King takes part continues to be exercised on the reception of the newly-accredited representatives of foreign countries. The etiquette of the ceremony is precisely the same now as was observed in Spain's palmiest days, when nothing that the wealth and the love of ostentation could do to enhance the solemnity of such occasions and give the new comer an imposing idea of the power of the Spanish monarchs was neglected.

THE JOYCE MASSACRE

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

A Wild Locality.—Scenes of Dark Deeds.—A Terrible Night.—Food for Dogs.

The terrible locality in which the crime was committed, on the night of the 27th of August last, lies in the wildest and loneliest district of the most remote regions of the Joyce country, Connemara, and is almost inaccessible, owing to the mountain fastnesses and miles of lake around which it is situated. From Cong it is over twelve miles distant, and from Maan it is nearly an equal distance, these being the two nearest villages to the scene of the murder. Within views are the water of Lough Mask, beneath whose glassy surface were last January found the bodies of Joseph and John Huddy, the two bailiffs who were captured by a band lying in ambush and tied together—whether first killed remains unknown—placed in a sack and flung in the lough. Here, also, Mr. George Robinson, the agent of Colonel Clements (Lord Leitrim's heir), was fired at, but

ESCAPED ASSASSINATION.

and yet, ten miles distant lies the ground where Lord Montmorres was shot dead and the place where the boy Gibson was assassinated. The cabin lies in a hollow at the mountain ranges, the situation being one of the loneliest and most inaccessible imaginable. The land here forms a portion of the estate of Colonel Clements, whose tenantry in the Joyce country, numbering some three or four hundred, have with one or two exceptions, not paid a single farthing of rent for the past three years. John Joyce was one of these tenants. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, and some considerable time ago held a farm from the murdered Earl of Leitrim at a district in the Joyce country called Derry Park, but had been evicted. In 1877, then being a widower with four children, he married the poor woman

She was a widow, and, at the time of the wedding, was in possession of a farm at Maamtrasna. Since then he had lived peaceably upon the farm, his mother, Margaret Joyce, eighty-five years of age; his daughter, Margaret Joyce, eighteen years of age, and his sons, Michael Joyce, sixteen years of age, and Patrick Joyce, eleven years of age, residing in the same house with him and his wife Bridget. His oldest son, Martin, a young man of about twenty years, lived at Clenbur, being a servant in the employment of George Hare, a farmer, and to this circumstance he owes his escape from being one of the victims of the bloody tragedy.

It appears that the Joyce family retired to bed at their usual hour, John Joyce and his wife sleeping on a miserable little bed composed of rags and straw and placed in a slight recess in the wall, a few feet from the door, on the left hand side as the cabin is entered.

THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

slept in one bed, a wretched couch in the inner apartment, the old woman and one of her grandsons lying with their heads towards the little window, and Margaret and her older brother lying in a contrary direction. All was quiet for the first few hours, till about one o'clock in the morning, when as Michael related with his dying breath, he heard shots. The door was taken off its hinges and a number of armed assassins poured into the cabin. The father was shot on the floor, having sprung out of bed; the wife was bludgeoned to death, and then the inner room was entered. The feeble old grandmother was attacked and her skull was crushed in by a rain of blows which left bone, blood and brain one mass of pulp. Michael was shot in the head and stomach; his sister was struck on the head by a blow which left her a corpse, and Patrick, the younger child was badly beaten over the head and face with a stick. Michael, wounded fatally and

HIS BOWELS PROTRUDING,

through a bullet rent in the stomach, crawled out of the bed in which lay the corpses of his grandmother and his sister. He found his father lying dead on the floor and his step-mother dying in her bed. Terrified and faint, afraid to return to that horrible bed, reeling with gore and ghastly with its dead, than he had left in the inner room, trembling with dread to remain by the naked corpse of his father, feeling the pangs of death himself, he crept in by the side of his father's wife. She lay listless, but though her head and face had been beaten into a bloody mass she did not die till some time subsequently.

Hours slowly passed before assistance came. At length the son of a farmer named Collins, accompanied by two women named O'Brien, who were coming to the cabin to borrow a pair of cattle for woollen spinning, arrived at the door, and Collins entered. Horrified at what he saw he did not advance further, but raised the alarm in the village, which lies in a scattered, straggling form along the valley and mountain sides. The villagers soon collected, and a body of them entered the cabin. There they beheld a spectacle which beggars description. At half-past nine o'clock eleven men went to the police hut at Finney, a distance of two miles across the mountains, and told what they had seen and heard. Two constabulary men returned with them and visited the cabin, when they beheld a sight of the most terrible character. Two dogs were in the bed where the bodies of the grandmother and granddaughter were lying, and

THEY HAD EATEN ALL THE FLESH

off the left arm of the old woman, which was hanging over the bedside. The police endeavored to drive away the animals, which were a sort of sheep dog, but they had the greatest difficulty in doing so. The dogs ran under the bed, evidently reluctant to leave this horrible feast of human flesh. When at length they were driven away they are said to have become mad, and were destroyed by the inhabitants of the place.

The following story is current in the West of Ireland; Mrs. Joyce, one of the murdered family, witnessed the sinking in the lake of the bodies of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, but was so terrified that for some time she did not venture to tell anyone what she had

seen. One night, however, she could no longer keep it to herself and described to her husband what she had seen certain men do. This was overheard by her son, who shortly after, being bullied at school by another boy, cried out, "I suppose you want to murder me and throw me into the lake as your father did the bailiffs." The boy having repeated this to his father, the latter and his confederates determined upon their dreadful crime of massacring the whole family of the Joyces in order to put out of the way such awkward witnesses of their former guilt. The story seems too circumstantial to be untrue, nor is it easy to see why it should be invented. At any rate, it offers a very sufficient explanation of the massacre, the motives for which has never been very clearly made out.

A CANNIBAL FEAST.

How Some Explorers on a Colombian River were Cooked and Eaten.

PANAMA.—Dr. Agnozzi, Papal delegate to Colombia, has addressed a circular to the Archbishop and the bishops begging them to obtain all possible information respecting the number and condition of the savages in the interior. This measure is consequent on a massacre and cannibal feast which have recently taken place, and which is thus described:—The River Putumayo is one of many which run from the eastern slope of the Colombian Andes, about which little is known. Rising in the mountainous districts of the upper altitudes of Pasto, in the State of Cauca, it runs nearly one thousand miles, receiving in its course the tributary waters of more than thirty streams. Within the past few years adventurous residents in Pasto have endeavored to turn the riches of the river to account. It is navigable even in the upper part by canoes. After frequent petitioning Congress passed a law permitting the entrance of merchandise by the river free of all duty, with the result that some portion of the imports came by way of the Atlantic, were carried 2,000 miles up the Amazon by steamer, and thence by launch and canoe until they reached their market, within 300 miles, as the crow flies, of the Pacific ocean. Messrs. Reyes were the first to engage in this enterprise, and, by treating the Indians well along the route, have been establishing a very fair trade, exporting ivory, nuts, india rubber, vanilla, cascarrilla, sarsaparilla, and other raw products in return for the goods brought in by them. Their success induced a young merchant of Barbacoas, named Portes, to engage in the same enterprise, and in company with some friends he established himself on the banks of the Putumayo, among the virgin forests which there cover every foot of ground. They had erected a house, made a small clearing, and already saw their way to a profitable business, when they were visited by a number of Jevanetos Indians, who came ostensibly to trade. They were received well, and were apparently satisfied, but suddenly they attacked and killed the Colombians, and afterward cooked and ate them. The Indians have never visited the Putumayo before, and no one has ever fallen in with them on the Amazon. Other tribes have also made their appearance in different places, and it is believed that some other powerful tribes are driving the weaker ones from the heart of the unknown forest regions, or that they are voluntary emigrants who will murder and plunder whenever opportunity offers. Residents on the frontier also suggest that they may have been driven from their homes, wherever these may be, by the savages, whose vessels ascended several of the tributaries of the Amazon a few months ago in search of slaves and produce. This supposition will appear exaggerated to all who are not aware that Indians are captured on all the interior rivers and carried off to different out-of-the-way regions, where they are compelled to work on the plantations which have been established far away from anything bearing even a semblance to civilization. It is probable the death of Senor Portes and his friends will attract the attention of the Colombian government to those long neglected regions of the Republic.

The Shah's Lesson.

A young French painter was showing the Shah of Persia his picture of Herodias bringing in the head of John the Baptist. The Shah asked him how many minutes were supposed to have passed since the head was cut off. "Two minutes," said the painter. The Shah then told him that the lips ought to be wide open and of an ashy white. As the artist was unwilling to be convinced, the Shah clapped his hands and, a slave appearing, drew his sword, and with one tremendous sweep severed his head from his body. He then pulled out his watch and two minutes after stooped down, picked up the bleeding head, and, walking to the picture, held the real head by the side of the painted one, and said to the Frenchman: "Monsieur, you can see for yourself that the lips ought to be ashy white and wide apart, and you will learn to believe the Shah in future." Then he tossed away the head and firmly walked out, leaving the painter more dead than alive to take himself and his unfortunate picture back to his own apartments. The shock was so severe to the painter's nerves that he became hysterical and remained so for months, unable to do any work. The Shah conferred decorations and titles upon him, which cost nothing, and, giving him just enough money to take him home, allowed him to leave Persia, and he now occupies a studio in the Palais Royal in Paris.

A Novelty Fur.

A novelty in fur garments is a cape especially designed to protect the chest. It fastens at the back instead of in front, and the opening is so arranged as to be imperceptible. For sleighing it is especially suitable, as there is no chance for a cold blast to strike the chest as the wind blows open the cape. Besides its recommendation of comfort, it has that of being very becoming to the average figure and being a style of garment now fashionable.

The reason why some of the street lamps burn all night is because the light is so small it is afraid to go out alone in the dark.

The Dakota town of Pierre has a new jail, and some people wonder because a local newspaper man praises it as "a substantial wooden structure." Even a pine jail ought to hold a man until the neighbors can get a rope.