

SHERMAN AND PARMEY



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A. H. MITCHELL,
Editor and Business Manager.

"The Smallest Hair Throws a Shadow."

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MORE ABOUT NIAGARA FALLS AND CANADA.

"LITTLE BOB" MITCHELL'S SECOND LETTER.

Nature has many water-falls and cataracts but only one Niagara.

The longer the visitor tarries the more he enjoys and appreciates this wonderful cataract. The Falls cannot be described, there is too much sublimity, majesty and overwhelming grandeur for mortal to comprehend or explain. The great features of Niagara are ever the same, but their individual expression is continually changing. With every season, with every sunbeam, with every shade, they assume a different appearance, inspire fresh interest and compel new admiration.

About two miles from the falls, is the wonderful Whirlpool Rapids. What a change! The whole force of the water concentrates itself here, it seems as though it would tear the steep, wooded hills that enclose it, so wild and startling is its terrific power—as far as the eye can reach the water thunders down in seething heaving masses of foam, throwing up streams of water covered with spray, and in places whirling it up into angry billows twenty or thirty feet above the head of the spectator standing on the shore. It is deafening in its roar, and here, more than at the brink of the Falls, we can have a realization of the terrific force of Niagara.

THE TOWN OF NIAGARA.

This town naturally takes its name from the great cataract, and situated on the Niagara River, about 12 miles from Buffalo, and is accessible by rail from all parts of the United States and Canada. The population is about 4,000. Besides being a fashionable place of resort, it must eventually become a large manufacturing town. The vast water-power (probably the best in the world) is just beginning to attract the attention of capitalists. Already a large corporation has undertaken to harness the water-power of Niagara to the wheels of industry. The horse power developed at the Falls is said to be equal to all the steam power at present used in the world, and a practical appropriation of but a marginal fraction of this power will distribute its motor power over immense areas and to remote distances. The project, as so far satisfactory carried out, includes the digging of a canal 1,500 feet long, at right angles to the river, at something more than a mile above the Falls. A vertical shaft 140 feet deep is being sunk, and from the lower level a tunnel, 28 feet high, 18 feet wide and 6700

feet long has been carried at a slope to the bluffs below the Falls.

This tunnel is being lined with four courses of bricks, the works progressing at the rate of 100,000 bricks per day. Hydraulic problems have been dealt with by leading engineers, both home and foreign, and the electric part of the work has been laid out by the best of experts and practical men. Part of the power is to be used in factories built directly over shafts and also on land owned by the company. All these phrases of a stupendous enterprise simply antedate the founding of a great manufacturing center. The completion of this enterprise will be one of the wonders of modern engineering skill, as the Niagara Falls are among the wonders of nature. We have now finished with Niagara and its neighborhood, but their is a fascination about this mighty cataract which seems to chain us to the spot, and when we seek to leave it, draws us irresistibly back again. Even in describing it, however inadequately the task may be accomplished, we are loth to lay down the pen and tear ourselves away. It is a scene which poets and authors have tried for years, but always failed to tell. Niagara is still, and must always be, unpainted and unsung.

"OUR TRIP TO CANADA."

Our ride over the New York Central Railroad from Niagara, along the banks of the Niagara River to Lewiston, was indeed delightful. Lewiston is a village of considerable importance, being situated at the head of navigation. Here the large patrol Steamer "Cuba" was waiting to convey us across the beautiful lake Ontario to Toronto. We would like to attempt a description of this beautiful ship, (licensed to carry seven hundred passengers) but, space will not permit. However, we will say, she is among the fastest and most comfortable boats afloat. Once on board, the steamer passes along Niagara River for about seven miles, the current still running very rapidly until it finds its way into Lake Ontario. Situated nearly opposite Lewiston is Queenston. This village is associated in history with the gallant defense made by the British on the adjacent height in the war of 1812. Brock's monuments stands on these heights, and is 185 feet high.

The next stopping place is Niagara one of the oldest towns in Ontario. It was formerly the Capital of the province. Almost immediately leaving Niagara, we pass between the two forts, Niagara and Massasauga. From this point we pass into the lake, and, once in the centre,

almost lose sight of the land behind—and the city of Toronto, immediately in front, on approaching, which the sight from the steamer is very fine. Its public buildings and wharves show it to be a city of importance and prosperity.

In our next we shall endeavor to give a description of Canada and some of the sights there.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

ONE THAT TROUBLED JOHN C. CALHOUN'S SLEEP WHEN HE WAS PREACHING NULLIFICATION.

The most remarkable dream I have ever heard of was that which was said to have been related by John C. Calhoun to Bob Toombs and others at just about the time when he was preaching nullification and secession in South Carolina. Calhoun told the story, it was said, at breakfast party. He was observed to be continually brushing his right hand in a nervous way when Mr. Toombs asked:

"What is the matter with your hand senator? Does it pain you?" Mr. Calhoun put his hand under the table. An annoyed frown came over his face and then he jerked it quickly out again, saying: "There's nothing the matter with my hand, only I had a peculiar dream last night which makes me see a black spot like an ink blot on the back of it. I know it is an optical illusion, but I can't help seeing it."

Senator Calhoun did not continue and Bob Toombs asked: "But what was your dream like, senator? I am not superstitious but I think there is sometimes a great deal of truth in dreams."

Calhoun turned a shade paler and then said: "I don't object to telling you. It was it seems to me absurd in the extreme. I dreamed that I was in my room writing and that I had given orders that no one should disturb me. While I was in the busiest part of my work the door opened and a visitor entered. He did not speak a word and to my surprise and indignation he calmly took a seat on the other side of the table opposite me. As I looked at him over the top of my lamp I saw that he was wrapped in a thin cloak which effectually concealed his features. I started to speak, when he broke in solemn tones with:

"What are you writing, senator from South Carolina?"

"Strange to say, the question did not seem impertinent to me and I replied: 'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American union.'

"As I said this the man went on: 'Senator from South Carolina will you let me look at your right hand?' I started to hold out my hand. The

figure arose, the clock fell and I beheld his face. Gentlemen that struck me like a thunder-clap. It was the face of a dead man and the features were those of Gen. Washington.

He was dressed in revolutionary costume and—" Here Mr. Calhoun paused and Bob Toombs, who was very much excited, asked:

"Well, what did he say?"

Mr. Calhoun replied: "I tried to keep back my hand but I could not do it. I rose to my feet and extended it to him. He grasped it and held it near the light and after looking at it for a moment he said: 'And, senator from South Carolina, will you with this right hand sign your name to a paper dissolving the union?'"

"Yes," I replied, "if needs be I will sign such a document."

"Well, gentlemen at that moment a black blot appeared on the back of my hand and it frightened me and I said to the ghost: 'What is that?' 'That,' replied, he dropping my hand 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.' And with that he drew from beneath his cloak a skeleton and laid it on the table. There," said he, "are the bones of Isaac Hayes, who was hanged at Charleston. He gave up his life in order to establish the union. When you put your name to a declaration of dissolution you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayes as your own."

"He was a South Carolinian and so are you. But there is no blotch on his right hand." With these words the ghost left the room and I awoke. I found myself sitting at my table, but the dream was so vivid that I can still see the blotch on my hand."—San Francisco Examiner.

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