

## Burning of the Steamer Niagara on Lake Michigan—66 Lives Lost.

The steamer Niagara was burned on the night of the 23d September, on Lake Michigan, near Port Washington, and it is ascertained that sixty-six persons perished by the calamity. The Chicago Journal of the 25th gives the following particulars:—

The Niagara left Collingwood for Chicago on the 23d, with 175 passengers on board. She proceeded as far as Sheboygan, and left there about 25 passengers, principally steerage.

The boat left Sheboygan at about 2 o'clock, and about two hours afterwards, while four or five miles off Port Washington, fire was discovered by passengers in the cabin proceeding from the engine-room.

The alarm was instantly given by the passengers, but such consternation seized every one that no efforts seemed to be made to stay the conflagration. In a very few moments the whole cabin was in flames.

Attempts were made to use the hose, but it was found to be useless. Several of the passengers, after recovering their presence of mind somewhat, began to break down the doors and other wooden work, and throw it overboard.

The two boats upon the hurricane-deck were immediately ordered to be lowered, but in the excitement and confusion they were thrown overboard and immediately capsized, and were rendered useless.

The stern and quarter-boats were lowered, and all capsized but one, into which about twenty passengers got and were saved.

A large number of the passengers, paralyzed with fear at the first announcement of the fire, jumped overboard, and were drowned instantly. Mothers threw their children overboard, and then wildly jumped themselves. Every one seemed perfectly insane with fear, and threw themselves over without the slightest attempt to save themselves.

Our informant states that he jumped overboard and swam under the wheel, where he found the captain and five others clinging to it. The Traveler was about ten miles distant, and upon discovery of the fire, immediately put off to their rescue. She succeeded, after much effort, in rescuing thirty of the passengers. The Traveler towed the Niagara some distance, but was unable to bring her into shoal water, and so left her.

The propeller Illinois soon after arrived, and picked up about thirty passengers and landed them at Port Washington. Several sail vessels came promptly to the assistance of the Niagara, and did good service in saving life. The life-boat from Port Washington was promptly on hand and rendered timely aid.

It is impossible to tell how the fire originated. When first discovered by the officers of the Traveler, she was completely enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The fire appeared to burst out forward of the wheel on the starboard side. It is supposed that the fire first broke out near the engine-room. It is thought to be the work of an incendiary.

Among the saved was an old lady, who was found clinging to a plank life-preserver nearly exhausted, with her shawl wrapped around her, binding her to it, and actually holding on by her teeth.

**HEROISM AND PRESENCE OF MIND OF A MOTHER.**—The greatest heroism displayed on the occasion, of which we have any account, was shown by a mother in her efforts to save the lives of her eight children, the eldest of whom was only fourteen and the youngest one year old.

The lady's name is Mrs. Hamilton Chalmers, who was traveling with her husband from Gloucester, New Brunswick. They had, by great industry and economy, laid up a few hundred dollars, and were moving to Minnesota to buy a small farm; they lost everything they had in the world on the boat, but a few shillings in their pockets.

Mrs. Chalmers says that when the fire broke out she was outside the steerage cabin on the main deck, with her husband and children. She saw the stern boat lowered, and observing in it a woman whom she knew, she thought if the boat reached the shore, and she herself did not, that woman would be like a mother to her children; so she commenced throwing her smaller children into it, intending to keep the baby by her, because she could the easier support it in the water than the others. She had thrown two into the boat when it shoved off.

She had one in her hands to throw, but it was too late to throw so large a one to the boat, accordingly she seized the baby, supposing she had strength to throw it to the retreating boat.

She had not, however, and the baby fell into the water a foot from the boat; she screamed to the woman in the boat to save it, and had the satisfaction of seeing her reach out, grasp it, and draw it into the boat.

She then directed her efforts to the five children about her. She pushed the oldest boy of twelve years into the water, with directions to swim after the small boat and cling to it if they would not take him in. She thinks he did actually reach it, but cannot be certain.

She then put her oldest child, a girl of fourteen, into the water, in hopes she could cling to something. She has heard since arriving at Chicago that a girl of that age was rescued, and thinks may be it was this one.

She then had three small children remaining. Her husband got into the water, and she passed them down to him, and he placed them on one of the capsized boats floating near. She then got down by a rope. On reaching the water she found the waves had washed two of the children off the small boat.

She managed to catch them both with one

arm and hold them up, still clinging to the rope with the other hand, and maintaining her hold in the midst of all the desperate struggles around her.

At last the rope burned off above, and she sank down, down, down, with others who had been clinging to the same rope. When she came up again she had lost one child. She managed to throw her disengaged arm over a stick and hang on to it with the child in the other.

She then looked for the child she had lost, but although many heads were around her, and some of them children's heads, they were all so begrimed with the oil, and ashes, and soot on the surface of the water, that she could not distinguish their features, and they sunk one after another, without her being able to recognize her own.

She then directed all her efforts to save the one in her arms, and she feels confident that she could have done so, but some man—she thinks it was an old man—pulled her arm off from the stick which supported her.

She regained her hold, and her hand was again pulled off and herself pushed away by the man. Then she sunk down, down, down again.

She struggled to rise, and finally did rise, but the last child was gone, though she thought, until she reached the surface and saw to the contrary, that she had it still in her arms.

She was then alone on the water without support. She had floated some distance away from the steamer, but she saw her husband upon the capsized boat, holding one of the children. That sight inspired her with fresh courage. Alas! she knew not at that moment that the little one he held in his arms was already lifeless; but it was so.

At that instant a plank struck her breast, she threw her arms around it and tried to reach her husband, but could not propel herself in the water.

She felt her strength now rapidly failing. She was entirely alone—she saw the schooner and the Traveler, but saw also that they were far, far away; she knew she could not hold on to her buoy until they came up, but she remembered having heard that persons in drowning always shut their teeth firm.

She therefore seized her dress at the bottom in front, brought it up around the plank and put it between her teeth, so that it held the plank fast across her breast. She found it would support her thus, and settled calmly back to await the result. She remembered nothing more.

She was picked up by the Traveler, and when she was restored to consciousness, had the happiness of finding her husband at her side. But when she related her adventures she knew not whether any of her children were saved.

[From the Washington Union.]

## Rifled Cannon at Last.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware that for more than a century all the great military powers of the world have made sedulous efforts to render the rifle principle available for ordnance. Hitherto the attempt has been rewarded with no valuable results, though neither time, skill nor money has been spared to secure an object of so much importance in the great game of war, in which nations are occasionally compelled to engage.

The great Lancaster gun, of Sebastopol notoriety, which has consumed so much of English skill and English treasure, was itself but an abortive scheme for securing the effects of rifle grooves, by substituting therefor a new form in the bore of cannon. Our own country first illustrated the great efficiency of the common rifle as a war weapon. It appears to have been also reserved for us to furnish the first practical solution of the applicability of the rifle principle to cannon.

There is every reason to believe that the problem has at length been solved by a citizen of Alabama, who a few months ago presented, for the consideration of the war department, a form of projectiles for rifled cannon of his invention, which have since been twice submitted, with good results, to the test of actual experiment. These experiments were made with a rifled twenty-four pounder, conducted by experienced and competent officers of the United States army.

The results were such as to secure the confidence of the war department, and induce an arrangement for a third and more extended trial of the new projectile, with a view to its adoption by the government if finally as satisfactory as anticipated.

These facts are sufficient to justify all that we have predicated of them; but we may state, as an additional endorsement, that the practical and skilful proprietors of the West Point foundry (among whom is Capt. R. P. Parrott, late of the United States army) have purchased one-fourth interest in the invention for this country alone, at the rate of fifty thousand dollars.

Arrangements have also been instituted for bringing this invention to the notice of the European powers, and securing for the inventor the profits of his discovery.

The projectile in question is of the elongated form now so much in vogue, and by a simple yet ingenious combination of cast and wrought iron secures all the advantages of the Minnie ball.

An increase of range and accuracy in the fire of artillery are two of the important results that will inure from this invention; and as artillery is the great art by which the fate of modern battles, whether on sea or land, is mainly decided, the importance of such results may be readily estimated.

We may mention, as a third and still more important gain, the increased efficiency that

will be secured for the terrible system of direct shell firing, especially against ships—a system that will long render Sinope a dark day in the Turkish calendar, and which has immortalized the name of Paixhan, while it should, in justice, have brought fame to an American officer of artillery; for, coupled with increase of range and precision in direct shell firing, as distinguished from the vertical fire of bombs from mortars, this invention will, in such cases, enable our artillery officers to dispense with the ordinary time fuze, the burning of which is of necessity more or less uncertain, and liable to be extinguished by striking the water—an incident of constant occurrence in all naval combats.

From the fact of this new projectile uniformly striking upon its apex, the time fuze may be substituted by a percussion fuze, that cannot be extinguished by water, while it will explode by impact with any solid body, as inevitably as a cap upon the best percussion lock. It will in this way, therefore, be as easy to lodge and explode a shell in the side of a ship as to strike it with a solid shot, while the effects of one shell, thus exploded, may be as disastrous as a whole broadside of the latter.

Splinters usually plug the apertures made by solid shot, however large; but the consequence of a shell exploding in the hull of a ship would be the tearing and bursting effects of a mine, and one or two such, taking effect near the water-line, might compel the tallest three-decker to succumb to a comparatively insignificant adversary properly armed.

We think we recognize in this improvement of rifled cannon an expedient for promptly and economically bringing up our navy to something like an equal footing with any European marine. For this, and other obvious reasons, we hail this invention as another and valuable addition to the list of 'peace makers,' that will eventually render war too terrible and too expensive a game to be played at, except in self-defence, by the most bellicose and wealthy of nations.

## Improvement in Art.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' We were never more forcibly reminded of the truth of this quotation than when examining the pictures produced by Mr. Newell's newly discovered process which he has named the 'Newell Pictures'—a term very plain in itself, but one which, we have no doubt, will become known to the whole civilized world.

Mr. Newell has not heretofore been known to the world as an artist. He has pursued his studies and investigations with a quiet perseverance which commends itself to our admiration. He has never announced to any the insight which he had, from time to time, gained into that arcanum of mystery which nature has in store and which she yields up to him only, who toils and studies, and struggles for the prize.

Long days, weeks and months have been spent in an endeavor to improve upon all the present modes of producing the human likeness. He had noticed the former productions, admired their beauty and regretted their defects—for striking defects they certainly had.

It has always been most difficult to obtain the proper expression of the face and avoid a certain stiffness which was ever shown by all the old processes of the daguerreotype, ambrotype, or photograph. These defects Mr. Newell has most successfully remedied. The specimens which we have examined are true to life beyond anything we ever witnessed of the effects of either the camera or pencil. Indeed, it needs but the power of speech to be convinced that the person represented is really there before your eyes differing only in dimensions.

We formerly heard much of the Hillotype, and various 'otypes' have since been announced and have had, as they deserve, successful runs. They have, many of them, been exceedingly fine, but even the claim of the hillotype, which were never realized, sunk into insignificance by the side of the Newell Pictures.

Mr. Hill claimed to produce the colors from nature by the operation of the camera and chemicals he used, but when that was done, the perspective of this new invention was not obtained. In this you can hardly persuade yourself, but that you look through some glass to produce an optical illusion, or that more than one surface is presented, so completely does the picture stand out in exact representation of the person. The arm and hand seem to round up so that they could be grasped, the features of the face stand out like nature itself, the drapery hangs in its fold so true to the original, that you instinctively listen to hear the rustle of silks and the fluttering of ribbons; the hair hangs in ringlets, or is 'combed up' so as to lead many to suppose that the actual hair has been obtained and fastened on the picture.

Add to all this, the fact that the colors of the flesh, hair and drapery are true to nature, and that the stiffness and want of expression of many of the daguerreotypes and photographs is entirely remedied by the subdued expression of the coloring, taking away the gaudy appearance of the most finely painted photograph, and that the picture will endure for centuries, and we can hardly imagine anything to exceed this in future discoveries.

The nearest approach we have ever seen to this new discovery in the photographic art, is the finest kind of miniatures on ivory, but it far exceeds that in beauty and finish. All the effect of the stereoscopic pictures is produced with the advantage of the natural coloring which they do not possess.

What is still wonderful, is the fact that this process requires no greater length of time than the common photograph. It is an invention of such decided merit, and the improvement is so

far beyond all the varieties of the art at the present time, that we are glad to be among the first to bring it before the public.

We have another and stronger motive for presenting it. Mr. Newell proposes to teach the art to others, and it is one in which women might engage with profit and honor to themselves. We would rejoice to see them take hold of this beautiful art. We are assured that any female of good taste and ordinary capacity could learn it with facility. Why will they not take hold of such things and lift themselves from the drudgery of sewing and other less lucrative employments?

Mr. Newell's pictures can be seen at his rooms, 264, Arch street, above Ninth, Philadelphia.—[Woman's Advocate, Sep. 13.]

## Society Expressing its Views on a Question of Marriage.

Mrs. Merdle was at home, and was in her nest of crimson and gold, with the parrot on a neighboring stem watching her, with his head on one side, as if he took her for another splendid parrot of a larger species. To whom entered Mrs. Gowan, with her favorite green fan, which softened the light on the spots of bloom.

'My dear soul,' said Mrs. Gowan, tapping the back of her friend's hand with this fan, after a little indifferent conversation, 'you are my only comfort. That affair of Henry's, that I told you of, is to take place. Now, how does it strike you? I am dying to know, because you represent and express society so well.'

Mrs. Merdle reviewed the bosom which society was accustomed to review; and, having ascertained that show window of Mr. Merdle's and the London jewelers to be in good order, replied:—As to marriage, on the part of a man, my dear, society requires that he should retrieve his fortunes by marriage; society requires that he should gain by marriage; society requires that he should found a handsome establishment by marriage. Society does not see, otherwise, what he has to do with marriage. Bird, be quiet.'

For, the parrot on his cage above them, presiding over the conference as if he were a judge, and indeed he looked rather like one, had wound up the exposition with a shriek.

'Cases there are,' said Mrs. Merdle, delicately crooking the little finger of her favorite hand, and making her remarks neater by that neat action, 'cases there are' where a man is not young or elegant, and is rich, and has a handsome establishment already. Those are of a different kind. In such cases—' Mrs. Merdle shrugged her snowy shoulders and put her hand upon the jewel stand, checking a little cough, as though to add, 'why a man looks out for this sort of thing, my dear.' Then the parrot shrieked again, and she put up her glass to look at him, and said, 'Bird, do be quiet.'

'But, young men,' resumed Mrs. Merdle, 'and by young men you know what I mean, my love—I mean people's sons who have the world before them—they must place themselves in a better position towards society by marriage, or society really will not have any patience with their making fools of themselves. Dreadfully worldly all this sounds,' said Mrs. Merdle, leaning back in her nest and putting up her glass again, 'does it not?'

'But it is true,' said Mrs. Gowan, with a highly moral air.

'My dear, it is not to be disputed for a moment,' returned Mrs. Merdle; 'because society has made up its mind on the subject, and there is nothing more to be said. If we were in a more primitive state, if we lived under roofs of leaves, and kept cows and sheep and creatures, instead of banker's accounts, (which would be delicious; my dear, I am pastoral to a degree, by nature) well and good. But we don't live under leaves, and keep cows and sheep and creatures. I perfectly exhaust myself sometimes in pointing out the distinction to Edmund Sparker.'

Mrs. Gowan, looking over her green fan when this young gentleman's name was mentioned, replied as follows:—'My love, you know the wretched state of the country—those unfortunate concessions of John Barnacle's—and you therefore know the reasons for my being as poor as Thingummy.'

'A church mouse?' Mrs. Merdle suggested with a smile.

'I was thinking of the other proverbial church person—Job,' said Mrs. Gowan. 'Either will do. It would be idle to disguise, consequently, that there is a wide difference between the position of your son and mine. I may add, too, that Henry has talent—'

'Which Edmund certainly has not,' said Mrs. Merdle, with the greatest sauvoy.

'And that his talent, combined with disappointment,' Mrs. Gowan went on, 'has led him into a pursuit which—ah, dear me! You know, my dear. Such being Henry's different position, the question is, what is the most inferior class of marriage to which I can reconcile myself?'

Mrs. Merdle was so much engaged with the contemplation of her arms (beautiful formed arms, and the very thing for bracelets) that she omitted to reply for a while. Roused at length by the silence, she folded the arms, and with admirable presence of mind looked her friend full in the face, and said interrogatively, 'Ye-es? And then?'

'And then, my dear,' said Mrs. Gowan, not quite so sweetly as before, 'I should be glad to hear what you have to say to it.'

Here the parrot, who had been standing on one leg since he screamed last, burst into a fit of laughter, bobbed himself derisively up and down on both legs, and finished by standing on one leg again, and pausing for a reply, with his head as much awry as he could possibly twist it.