

A VETERAN WARSHIP.

FIRE THE FIRST SHOT IN THE REAL CONFLICT OF 1812.

Good and Bad Fortunes of the Frigate President—Heroic John Rodgers Won Glory on Her Deck—Decatur Lost the Ship, but Saved His Honor.

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UNCLE SAM is awaking to the desirability of preserving relics of his foreign wars. Mexican and British trophies are the most sought after of all the sights of the capital. At the close of the World's fair there was added a new treasure, the famous "Long Tom" gun from the privateer General Armstrong, used with such execution against the Britons in 1814.

Efforts are making to secure an appropriation to put Old Ironsides in trim to begin another century, and her sister ship, the President, captured by a British squadron after peace was declared in 1815, may yet find anchorage beside her at the dock where she was built.

The President was a 44 gun frigate like the Constitution, but didn't have the run of luck which helped make Old Ironsides famous. Throughout the war of 1812 Napoleon's attitude kept Great Britain at war with every nation that did not second her in working for his downfall.

A favorable arrangement had caused British cruisers on the American coast to become more and more annoying to American commerce. A richly laden vessel bound to France was captured within 30 miles of New York, and early in May, 1811, a British frigate supposed to be the Guerriere stopped an American brig only 18 miles from New York. The government resolved to send out one or two of the new frigates to protect American commerce from British cruisers. The President, lying at Annapolis, was ordered to put to sea at once, under the command of Commodore Rodgers, and search for the Guerriere. She weighed anchor and proceeded down Chesapeake bay, and on the 14th passed the capes of Virginia out into the Atlantic. Rodgers saw a vessel on the eastern horizon. Having exchanged signals, the stranger bore off southward. Thinking she might be the Guerriere, Rodgers gave chase. Early in the evening of May 16 Rodgers was so near that he inquired, "What ship is that?" The question repeated, came from the stranger Rodgers immediately reiterated his question, which, before he could take his trumpet from his mouth, was answered by a shot that lodged in the mainmast of the President.

Rodgers ordered a return shot. It was followed by three shots from his antagonist and then by a broadside with musketry. Then Rodgers, equally determined, he said, "What ship is that?" The question repeated, came from the stranger Rodgers immediately reiterated his question, which, before he could take his trumpet from his mouth, was answered by a shot that lodged in the mainmast of the President.

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ferred to the captive ship Guerriere. Decatur took command of the President and sailed from the blockaded port of New York on Jan. 12, 1815, before the news of the treaty of Ghent, signed in December previous, reached America. Sailing continuously, he escaped the blockaders, but on the evening of the 14th ran into a British squadron 63 miles off Sandy Hook. Decatur turned about, hoping to make the eastern end of Long Island, but next morning the President was chased by four British ships of war.

These were the Endymion, Pomone, Tenedos and Majestic. The President, deeply laden with stores for a long cruise, soon found the Endymion rapidly overtaking her. Decatur lightened his ship to increase her speed, but to little purpose. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the Endymion came down with a fresh breeze, which the President did not feel, and opened her bow guns upon the latter. The fire was quickly returned. At 5 o'clock the Endymion gained an advantageous position and terribly bruised the President, while the latter could not bring a gun to bear on her antagonist. It was evident that the Endymion was endeavoring to gradually bring the President to an unmanageable wreck. Perceiving this, Decatur resolved to run down upon the Endymion, take her by boarding and transfer his crew to the swifter vessel.

But the commanders of the Briton managed his vessel so that the two were brought abeam of each other. Both delivered tremendous broadsides. Every attempt of Decatur to lay the President alongside the Endymion was foiled. The gallant captain was twice wounded, but refused to leave the deck. He now determined to dismantle his antagonist. The two frigates ran side by side for 2 1/2 hours, discharging broadsides at each other, until the Endymion, having had most of her sails cut from the yards, fell astern and would have struck her colors in a few minutes. At that moment the Pomone and Tenedos were seen approaching. The President kept on her course and vainly tried to escape. The pursuers closed upon her and at 11 o'clock made a simultaneous attack.

Decatur thought of surrender. One-fifth of his crew was disabled, his ship crippled and a fourfold force opposed to him. Just then the Pomone fired a second broadside, which killed a number of men on the President. "She means to sink us!" exclaimed Decatur, his face streaming blood from two ugly wounds. "To your quarters, my lads, and renew your fire. Before the command could be obeyed the Tenedos raged up on the President's starboard bow and heeling was answered: "This is the American frigate President. We have surrendered!"

The reports to the British admiral stated that the President was captured by the Majestic, Tenedos, Endymion and Pomone. Bluff old Admiral Cockburn remarked, "Why, the President was completely mobbed!" The veteran ship has been in the regular British navy since her capture and now lies at the West India docks at London. Her name has never been changed. It has been suggested in England that she be returned in a general exchange of war trophies held by the two nations.

When Doctors Disagree. Doctors rarely or never criticize each other in the presence of laymen, the idea being apparently that to do so would tend to weaken an existing and most commendable belief on the part of the general public in the infallibility of every regular practitioner. It is just possible that there is no such belief, and that even the doctors themselves know that nobody is deceived when, as often happens, one of them reverses entirely a discredited brother's treatment of a case and at the same time praises both the treatment and the brother with fervid cordiality.

Be that as it may, when the doctors get together, as in their state convention, the infallibility theory gets some dreadfully hard knocks. The author of one paper read declared that 75 per cent of physicians habitually neglected a remedy that produces an enormous amount of deafness; a second said that a large proportion of the operations for appendicitis were wholly unnecessary, while half a dozen of them expressed the opinion that most abuses of medical charity, about which the profession complains so bitterly, were the direct result of unwise or dishonest conduct on the part of the profession's own members.—New York Times.

The Trials of the Great. Dreams of influence and command filled his mind. Men bowing before him, crowds striving to obey his every thought and wish flitted deliriously across his imagination.

Then the door opened suddenly. "If you please, sir," said the excited butler, "the cook's given notice to leave."

That was all—but it was enough.—Brooklyn Life.

Can't Raise the Wind. Dixon—Young Southleigh doesn't seem to be traveling at such a rapid gait as formerly.

Hixson—No; he punctured the tire on his wheel of fortune.—Chicago News.

The annual taxes of the world aggregate the enormous sum of \$4,350,000,000.

How to Make Skin Food. Melt together 2 ounces of lardina, 5 ounces of almonds, an ounce sponzola, salt, three-fourths of an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of glycerin. While scolding stir constantly, adding 50 drops of benzoin.

WINDS AND LEAVES. Wet winds that flap the sodden leaves, Wet leaves that drip and fall, Unhappy leaflets, how the wind becometh, Poor trees and small!

All of a color, solemn in your green; All of a color, somber in your brown; All of a color, dripping gray between, When leaves are down!

Oh, for the bronze green eucalyptus spires, Far flanking up against the changeable blue, Shifting and dancing in the steady fires Of sun and moonlight too.

Deep orange groves, pomegranate boughs bright And varnished fringes of the pepper trees, And that wide wind machine, wind of light, Wind of the seas!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in Land of Sunshine.

GREATNESS UNDERVALUED. Shakespeare, Scott and Mrs. Siddons Were Not Modern Days.

In these modern days, when the most extravagant laudations are paid by little children to little poets and mediocre actors, and the language of eulogy is exhausted on what seems very small provocation, it is difficult to picture a time when not only the minor bard and the second class actors were severely dealt with, but even the best and greatest were exposed to irreverent criticism.

Robert Greene, who, however, was in the same line of business ("wrote himself"), declared in a contemporary Shakespeare to be "an upstart crow who, in his own conceit, was the only shakesscene in the country." Dryden wrote of the bard of Avon: "He writes in many places below the dullest writers of our or any preceding age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thoughts to such low expressions. He is the Janus of poets, and you have scarcely time to admire one face ere you despise the other."

Coming nearer to our own times, it is generally, but quite erroneously, supposed that the Waverley novels were received with a universal accord of acclaim on their first appearance, but this is by no means the case. In many of the contemporary organs of criticism they were "damned with faint praise," and in some even without it.

Mrs. Siddons, again—a statue to whom was uncovered in Paddington by Sir Henry Irving—is supposed to have taken the town by storm and to have been at once acknowledged the queen of her profession. Yet Horace Walpole, admitting her great talents, by no means expressed himself with such enthusiasm. "She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the ton, two or three whom were in the same box with me. *** Mr. Crawford asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw. I said: 'By no means. We old folks are apt to be prejudiced in favor of our first impressions.' She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red or she has no objection to its being thought so and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good, but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough, nor even approach enough to the familiar, but this may come weak more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety. When without motion, her arms are not genteel.

"Thus, you see, all my objections are very trifling, but what I really wanted but did not find was originality, which announces genius, and without both I can never intrinsically please. All Mrs. Siddons did good sense or good instructions might give. I dare to say that were I one and twenty I should have thought her marvelous, but, alas, I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil and remember every account of the former in the very same part."—Illustrated London News.

Otherwise With Her. "A man convinced against his will Is of the same opinion still." By no such fault doth woman fall. She never is convinced at all. —Detroit News.

Not Himself. "Charlie doesn't seem quite himself to-night." "He isn't. He's sober!"—Sketch.

A Fall Fancy. In lovely autumn countless lovers walked hand in hand, and talked and talked. And, lo! the virgin leaves heard what they said And blushed in all the glorious hues of red! —Trove Topics.

How He Progressed. "He used to kiss me on the lips." She sighed, "and then somehow He moved on up by little trips 'Till he got Unto a favored spot Close to the border of my brow."

"He used to kiss me on the lips, Then on the cheek, then on the brow. Today he kisses his finger tips And blows or throws The kiss back as he goes. Ah, we've been married five years now!" —Cleveland Leader.

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NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS. The Defendants, Joshua Hall and Elizabeth Cole, will take notice that on July 20, 1897, Henry Cole, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage recorded by Joshua Hall and Elizabeth Hall to the Nebraska Mortgage Company of Harvard, Nebraska, and to obtain the maturity of said note and the Nebraska Mortgage Company duly assigned, endorsed and delivered and transferred the same to this plaintiff, who is now the legal owner and holder of the same, upon the southern quarter of section 16, township 18 N., range 55, situated in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of a promissory note dated August 1, 1894, for the sum of \$200.00 with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from August 1, 1894. That there is now due and payable upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$200.00 with interest at two per cent per annum from August 1, 1894, for which sum the plaintiff prays for a decree of foreclosure, and sale of said premises. You and each of you are required to answer said petition or before October 15, the 15 day of November, 1897.

HENRY COLE, Plaintiff.
By Hurd & Spangola, his attorneys.

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