PEN PICTURES

—OF—

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

The Author of the Name of St. Paul—Rev. Lucian Galtier, the First Catholic Priest in St. Paul—Very Rev. Augustin Ravoux—Old Settlers—Henry Jackson—Giving a Bond to Marry—Mrs. Jackson, the Widow—R. W. Mortimer—Some Reap While Others Toil—An Indian Battle Near Saint Paul—Different Scenes Now.

ARTICLE III.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

THE AUTHOR OF THE NAME OF SAINT PAUL.

The man who proposed the name of St. Paul in lieu of "Pig's Eye," for our city, ought to be cannonized in history and his name handed down, as it will be, to many generations yet unborn. Just think of the "Pigs Eye Daily *Globe*," or the "Grand Pig's Eye Opera House!" or the sweet charming ladies of "Pig's Eye!" or the "State Capital at Pig's Eye!" or the "$100,000 mansion on one of the broad avenues of Pig's Eye!" or the "head of navigation at Pig's Eye!" But then it might have been, had not the good Catholic Priest Galtier gallantly come to the rescue, and proposed and insisted that the name should be—SAINT PAUL! He did not think that the future of the then embryo city would end—"in a Pig's Eye!" and so he gave it the name of the great apostle, after whose teachings, he, himself followed. We accord to Galtier great praise for suggesting the name, and greater praise still for the utter obliteration of that horrid expression, "Pig's Eye!" as in any way applied to our present city.

REV. LUCIAN GALTIER—THE FIRST CATHOLIC PRIEST IN ST. PAUL.

Our history would be incomplete without a biographical sketch of the first priest who commenced his religious teachings in the city of Saint Paul. Speaking of him, Rev. John Ireland says, "Galtier was born in France in 1811; was a student of theology in his native diocese, when Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, Iowa, came to Europe in quest of missionaries; that those who were persuaded to follow him to Amirica and do missionary work, were Rev. Joseph Cretin, afterwards Bishop of St. Paul; Rev. Joseph Pelamourgues; Rev. A. Ravoux, now vicar general of St. Paul; and Rev. L. Galtier. The latter left Dubuque for Fort Snelling, on the 26th of April, 1840, and as he himself writes: "There was then no St. Paul; there was on the site of the present city but a single log house, occupied by a man named Phelan, and steamboats never stopped there." Not finding many settlers on the St. Peter's side of the fort, he continued in an unsettled condition at that place until several families had made locations below the cave, as described in a previous article. He says, "Already a few parties had opened farms in this vicinity, (that is near the cave,) and added to these the new accessions formed quite a little settlement. Among the occupants of this ground, were Rondo Vetal Guerin, Perrie Bottineau, the Gervais brothers, etc. I deemed it my duty to visit occasionally these families, and set to work to choose a suitable spot for a church." The place of the church was soon selected as hitherto described, and the building erected. Writing to Bishop Grace, of this city, he says: "On the 1st of November, in the year 1841, I blessed the new *basilica* and dedicated it to "St. Paul, the apostle of nations." I expressed a wish at the same time, that the settlement would be known thereafter by the same name, and my desire was obtained. The name "St. Paul" as applied to a town or city, seemed appropriate. The monosyllable is short, sounds well, and is understood by all denominations of Christians. When Mr. Guerin was married, I published the bans as being those of a resident of St. Paul. It was named afterwards "Saint Paul Landing," and later on St. Paul. When some time ago an effort was made to change the name, I did all I could to oppose the project."

In 1848 Mr. Galtier went back to France and returning soon after, was stationed at Prairie du Chien. He visited St. Paul in 1853 and again in 1855, and soon after died.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF GALTIER.

Those who knew him, speak of him as a man of great decision of character, with a rather strong cast of countenance, large mouth, and overshadowing eyebrows. His head sat upon his shoulders like a military chieftain, and he was well chosen to mould and control a heterogeneous mass of men whose lives had been spent almost exclusively upon the frontier. He was a well proportioned man, with a fixed determination to accomplish what he undertook, and he succeeded. Years have fled, changes have been made, the first little, crude log church, and the first honest, self-sacrificing priest, have passed away, but both will ever live in history, made doubly dear by the noble achievements of Rev. Lucian Galtier.

VERY REV. AUGUSTIN RAVOUX.

Very few of our citizens who notice a tall, spare man, with a flowing coat, and taking long strides upon our streets, ever wielding a cane in a peculiar manner, now throwing it out from the arm, and then bringing it down upon the pavement as he moves along, would suppose that this was Rev. Father Ravoux, who came to St. Paul in 1841, or forty-three years ago; and yet his face is familiar to all the old settlers, and his kind voice has been heard in many a lowly hovel. In active missionary work in our city and state, he ranks next to Rev. Galtier. He was born in France, in 1815, and is consequently sixty-nine years old. In 1838 he offered his service to Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, then in Europe, as a missionary in the west, and soon after entered upon his duties, preaching in various parts of the then territory; learning the Sioux language; printing books in the Sioux tongue; unfolding the gospel to the savages by interpreters, and in 1842 returned to Mendota, and for some time thereafter took the place of Mr. Galtier, who was absent at Lake Pepin. Among the books he printed in the Indian language, was one with a very peculiar title, viz: "Wa-Kan-tan-Ka ti Cancu," meaning, "Path to the House of God". He was well adapted to mingle with the Indians as he readily learned their language, and by his mild and gentle disposition, won their regard. On the removal of Rev. Galtier from his mission at Mendota, Father Ravoux took his office and preached alternately at the former place and in this city, and had under his charge Mendota, St. Paul, Lake Pepin and St. Croix, until the arrival of Bishop Cretin, in 1851.

Father Ravoux is a marked character upon the streets, or anywhere else. His dress indicates his calling. With a kind, benevolent face, broad forehead and slender body, he moves along with the aid of his walking stick, with all the agility of a man of forty. He is a strong, orthodox upholder of the Catholic church and believes in the positive punishment of all violators of the law of God; or at least what he honestly thinks to be the law of God. Several years ago he was engaged in arranging some drapery in the church, and had his mouth full of pins, when he fell and some of these pins passed down into his wine pipe and some stuck in his throat, and he has suffered more or less from this accident ever since. It has affected his preaching somewhat, but still he has performed great labors in the field and in the church, and is yet a grand, venerable specimen of an old-time Catholic priest. Our religion is broad enough to accept good from any church no matter what its denomination may be, and as the Catholic church early moulded the morals of the young Saint Paul, so it is a source of great pleasure to record the meritorious claims it has upon the public sympathy. At least the earliest religious teachers, and the earliest religious pioneers were of the Catholic church, and history demands nothing less than this recognition.

OLD SETTLERS—HENRY JACKSON.

In 1842, or 42 years ago, the population we have described was made greatly more respectable by the arrival of Henry Jackson, who, according to Yankee ideas, established a store of general merchandise, including liquid goods, and for a time, in 1846, 38 years ago—was postmaster and allowed letters to be deposited in a candle box two feet square, out of which each customer helped himself. People must have been more honest then than now, or there were a less number of drafts going through the mails, for we do not hear of any one losing money at this early day, except at the gaming table. Each one took his own letters and left the others. If this system were adopted now, most people would, no doubt, make an improvement upon the past, by taking somebody else's letters and leaving their own!

As we remember Jackson, he was a short, thick-set man, slow in speech, quiet in his movements, with florid complexion, and a mouth full of tobacco. He was generalissimo of all he owned—a sort of walking encyclopœdia, condensed, political and otherwise, and a man to whom others looked for general information. He filled the measure of his usefulness in this city, and if our memory serves us aright, removed to Mankato. We well remember, in making a political speech at that place in 1854, or thirty years ago, we charged the removal of the Indians to that section (then an unpopular measure) to the influence of Hon. H. M. Rice, and these charges were based upon information received from the then Gov. Willis A. Gorman, now dead. At the end of our speech a man in the audience arose and said, "that the speaker talked fluently and well, but that he could tell more lies in a given time than any man he ever heard." It was Jackson—and he was right. We had been honestly lying and did not know it, but subsequently learned that our information was incorrect, and hence we had done Mr. Rice a great injustice, which we took an early occasion afterwards to correct.

GIVING A BOND TO MARRY.

Jackson was born in Virginia, 1811, and was a self made man, possessing considerable fun, well versed in human nature and very hospitable.

As an illustration of this element in his character, it is said of him, that before his commission arrived as justice of the peace, a couple applied to him to get married, but he told them he could not perform the ceremony unless they gave him a bond to return after his commission had been received and be legally married over again. They consented to do this and he pronounced them man and wife—*by proxy*. The bond was given, and the much married couple departed, but whether they returned to Jackson again, is a mooted question. We guess they didn't.

In his early days Jackson went to Texas and engaged in the war there, and then drifted to New York, Wisconsin, Illinois, and finally Minnesota. His log store stood upon the bluff, just back of the Fire and Marine Insurance building, and here he did considerable trading with the Indians and the whites, and became a man of considerable importance. In 1843 he was made justice of the peace; in 1846 postmaster; in 1847 elected member of the Wisconsin assembly, which office he held two years; later he was a member of our town council and of the territorial legislature. He married Miss Angelina Bivins in 1838, who still survives him, and died in 1857 at Mankato, Minn. Jackson was a natural pioneer; easy, good natured and very social. We remember him as a man sensitive as to points of honor and strongly devoted to his friends. Jackson street in this city, was named after him.

MRS. JACKSON—THE WIDOW.

A few days since we met the widow of Mr. Jackson on the streets of St. Paul, now the guest of Mr. John R. Irvine. She is a sprightly, well preserved lady, full of kindness and affability, and remembers distinctly many interesting reminiscences of St. Paul, some of which we hope to be able to give to our readers in succeeding chapters of our Pen Pictures, as they appear in the GLOBE.

R. W. MORTIMER.

Among the early settlers who came to St. Paul in 1842, was Sergeant Richard W. Mortimer, an Englishman by birth, and a man of good education. On migrating to this country he secured a position in the United States army, and finally followed the soldiers to Fort Snelling, where he remained for some time, and then moved to St. Paul, opening up with the money he had saved while in the army, a stock farm on a small scale, and also a store. The first shingled roof building was his, then standing on the corner of Third and Market streets, where Simmon's drug store can now be seen. Mortimore lost money in his enterprise, because he was progressive in his nature, and beside which, he was simply ahead of the country, ahead of the city and ahead of the times. He lost sight of the fact, that the poverty of the people would prevent them from sustaining him in his new departure, so he finally spent his money, without any adequate recompense, became dissatisfied with his lot, regretted he had ever left the army, and pined away and died, at the early age of forty-three years. He was loyal to the country of his adoption and paid $35 for the first stars and stripes that ever floated over St. Paul, and when this flag was struck down, he was ready to shoot the villian on the spot, and would have done so if he had not been prevented. Mortimer's $5,000 dwindled to nothing in 1842, but if he were alive to-day with his money and his experience, and could make the same investment he made then, (eighty acres between St. Peter and Washington streets), a good round fortune would crown his efforts. Some reap while others toil; some toil and reap nothing; others gather plentifully out of sheer good luck; while thousands pine and suffer for the necessaries of life. What a long train of trouble, and trial, and toil, and disaster, and financial ruin has led to the present prosperity of St. Paul, and how little we think of it; and still it is a law, and the law goes on and we go on with it, until at last we are all lost in the great whirlpool of oblivion.

AN INDIAN BATTLE NEAR ST. PAUL.

The new comers to this city of rapid growth and prospective greatness, can scarcely realize that only a few years ago Indians trod our streets, or rather traveled over the ground where our streets now are at times gloating over their bloody battles, or dangling the reeking scalp of a new fallen foe! And yet such is the fact. It should be remembered by the reader, that the Sioux and the Chippewas have always been enemies—that the former owned the land on the west side of the river and the latter that on the east. That whenever one tribe killed a member of another tribe, revenge followed, and growing out of this many bloody battles were fought. Now, in the first place three Sioux were killed at Fort Snelling by the Chippewas, who lay in ambush to take their scalps. In retaliation for this the Sioux penetrated the Chippewas country, to punish their enemy, but were beaten. To revenge this raid the Chippewas determined to attack the Sioux village of Little Crow, at Kaposia, a few miles on the east side of the river below St. Paul. The Chippewas numbered about 150 warriors. Near where they made their first halt to reconnoiter, they killed two Sioux women, who were in the field hoeing corn, and cut off the head of a little boy, son of one of the women. The firing of guns at this point aroused the Sioux at the village, and they prepared for the combat. Rushing across the river they met the Chippewas, and the battle became furious and lasted nearly three hours, when the Chippewas fled, leaving ten or twelve of their dead upon the field. The Sioux lost about twenty of their men, but they continued their pursuit of the flying Chippewas for a number of miles, and then returned to their village. We gleaned these facts from the late Thomas O'Dell, of West St. Paul, who died from the effects of a cancer, about one year ago. Mr. O'Dell was fully cognizant of all the incidents of this engagement, and no doubt they can be relied upon, at least in all their main features, as correct.

DIFFERENT SCENES NOW.

Different scenes now meet the eye of the citizen and the stranger. No Indians prowl about our city, except perhaps a few half-civilized squaws from Mendota, and no rumors of an Indian outbreak causes excitement in our midst. On the same ground, where the tepee stood, is now the building of the majestic wholesale establishment, and where the wild men of the forest once held their war-dances, now glows in beauty and in grandeur, our new and splendid opera house. Church bells in sixty-two towers, drown the yell of savage revenge and the startling war whoop, while the white winged dove of peace cooes in solemn grandeur over the graves of a departed race.

[NOTE.—Some claim that Abraham Perret's name was Perry, and that he came from Switzerland. Vetal Guerin's house stood in the center of the block, corner of Seventh and Wabashaw streets, where Dr. Steele's building now stands, and not the Sherman block, as was printed in our last article.

EDWARD LOSKER.

Sudden Death of the Renowned German Scientist, Author and Statesman, at New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—Dr. Edward Losker, the eminent German, died suddenly of heart disease, at 1 this morning, in this city. Losker, who has been on a visit to this country since May last, had been at the house of Jesse Seligman, banker, at 2 East Forty-sixth street, and was returning home in a carriage when he was stricken with the sudden and

FATAL ATTACK.

The carriage stopped in front of a private stable, 3 West Twenty-eighth street, and Seligman helped to carry the helpless and senseless man from the carriage. Losker died in the arms of Seligman. The body was taken to the house occupied by Dr. Losker during his stay in the city, 102 Lexington avenue and the coroner was called to take charge of the case. As soon as the fact of his death became known many friends called, and among the earliest callers was his

CLOSE FRIEND,

Carl Schurz. Dr. Losker has been in America since May last. He spent a month or more in this city after his arrival, and then went west to attend the opening of the Northern Pacific railroad. After his return he visited his brother in Galveston, and on his way back he stayed a while in Washington, and reached this city three weeks ago.

To-day the opening of the reichstag required Dr. Losker's presence at Berlin, and his passage to Germany has been engaged for him in steamer Main, to sail on Jan. 26. It will now carry his embalmed body.

Shortly after his return from Washington Dr. Losker was taken ill, and his friend, Dr. S. Jacoby, was summoned and Dr. Losker entirely regained his usual health and vigor. His thoughts, nevertheless, were busy with the anticipation of his approaching end, and he spoke often to his friends about his probable

SUDDEN DEATH.

Dr. Losker was unmarried and had no near relatives beyond a brother in Galveston and a cousin in this city, Chas. H. Richter, a dry goods merchant. He was fifty-four years old.

The police report that Herr Losker died in a carriage in the arms of Jesse Seligman, but that gentleman explains that Herr Losker dined at his (Seligman's) house last evening and remained there until about a quarter to eleven. Losker seemed quite happy all the time he was at the house. When he bade them good night he seemed to be in first rate health and spirits. He left the house in company with A. Wesserman, who had also been spending

THE EVENING THERE,

and the two men went in the direction of Fifth avenue, and then turned down town, engaged in conversation. When they reached Thirty-fourth street Lasker was suddenly taken with a violent fit of coughing, which he tried to control without avail. The gentlemen kept on their way, Losker making a strong effort to control his cough. Wasserman suggested that he

PROCURE THE ASSISTANCE

of a physician, but Losker, though he could not articulate, plainly made known his wish to be allowed to go on. When Twenty-eighth street was reached Losker pressed his hand against his heart and staggered. Wasserman threw his arms about him and prevented him from falling and called upon a passing citizen for help. The citizen responded and Losker was carried to a private stable near by and laid on a lot of buffalo robes and blankets. A physician was called but too late to be of any service. His

PULSE WAS STILL BEATING.

lightly, but even this slight movement only lasted a few moments, Losker's last words being spoken in Thirty-fouth street in conversation with Wasserman. Losker's brother in Texas was promptly telegraphed of the death, and a reply received to embalm the body and he would leave for New York to-day.

Everybody Knows It.

When you have Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin Eruptions of any kind, and the Piles, that you know without being told of it, A. P. Wilkes, R. & E. Zimmerman and E. Stierle, the druggists, will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile remedy for fifty cents, which affords immediate relief. A sure cure.

THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH.

We talked of wide domains and spreading lands,
And towering castles builded by the sea;
When, rising up, I cried, with lifted hands;
"Behold, I am the richest of the three."

"O ho, thou speak'st in jest, my friend," laughed one,
These lands are mine as far as thou canst see,
And further yet beyond the setting sun" —
"Even so I am the richest of the three."

"My wealth is hoarded up," the other spake,"
"In ships that hoary skim the farthest sea,
And bounteous fortune follow in my wake"
"This may be, yet I'm richest of the three."

"Thou hast no lands, good friend, to equal mine
No heaps of glittering ore belong to thee;
No lofty halls of marvelous design—
And art thou then, the richest of the three?"

"No lands are mine, no stately halls I have,
No heaps of gold, nor castle by the sea,
Nor merchant ships that bird-like skim the waves:
And yet I am the richest of the three."

"Where lies," quoth one, "this treasure of such worth,
That thou art rich in spite of poverty?"
"Mine is the dearest spot of all the earth:
Wherefore I am the richest of the three."

"Indeed! this fabled place we fain would see,
Whereof thou dost with fond endearments rave."
"Then know—the dearest spot on earth to me
Is this—a little, lonely, three foot grave.

ST. GEORGE BEST.

TIMELY TOPICS.

IT is said that Shakespeare with all his versatility and wide range of illustration has no where recorded a kindly expression for the canine race, which among all created animals, affords the truest and most faithful friends of man. It is said that an English nobleman once bet a guinea that he could find a dog kindly spoken of by Shakespeare, but that he lost his bet. Nevertheless the virtues and fidelity of the dog have formed the theme of many a glowing eulogy both in prose and verse. Mrs. Stowe aptly, but quaintly says, "a dog is a bundle of love on four legs."

NEW YORK city does not seem to afford a congenial atmosphere for Congregationalism. Some evenings since a number of Congregational ministers and laymen met in that city to discuss the past, the present and the future of Congregationalism. The statement was made that since 1846, seventeen congregational churches have been formed in the city of New York. Eight of them still have the breath of life. Of the other nine, seven have died, and two were absorbed by Presbyterianism. The causes of the short life of Congregational churches are various. One died of debt, another of debt and an impracticable minister. Three "petered out" because of too much "free churcism," and one died because the Presbyterians would not take it. One dissolved in an orderly manner. One minister present at meeting referred to asked, "why are there no more congregational churches in New York city?" and in answering his own question said: "This is a problem that has puzzled whiter heads than mine, and I give it up."

THE general public is not aware of the strong hold that the Catholic religion has in the city of St Louis, which from the prevalence of Catholicism there, has been called the Rome of America. While Protestant churches languish, and its pulpits in large numbers are vacant, the Catholic religion seems to find a congenial atmosphere. A late St. Louis paper gives the following Catholic church statistics: There are 54 Catholic churches in St. Louis six orders of men; the Men; the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Lazarists, Franciscan Monks, Christian Brothers and Alexian Brothers, and fifteen orders and congregations together of women: Sacred Heart, Precious Blood, Good Shepherd, Carmelites, Ursulines, Franciscans, Visitation, Notre Dame, Loretto, Sisters of St. Mary, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, St. Joseph's Little Sisters of the Poor, and Sisters of Christian Charity. The Jesuits have three churches and two Sodality Chapels in the city. The Franciscans have two churches and most of the other orders have various houses and charitable institutions.

MME MARIE AIMEE a French opera actress, was a great celebrity and won wide fame as a singer in French opera. She appeared on the American operatic theatrical board, and was a general favorite, and passed through very profitable season. She retired long ago from the stage with a fortune, but lost it all in unfortunate speculation. To retreive her fortune she has again come to America, leading a company of French comic opera singers, of every ordinary accomplishments, without seeming to realize that she has grown old, and that with increase of years her voice has failed and lost the charm it once possessed. Her new appearence is a failure, the performance of her company are pronounced wretched, and her own failing powers are freely if not rudely criticized, and her season will be unproductive. She comes to the opera house to meet a small and beggarly audience, and retires from the board to weep. How truly and lamentably this illustrates the fact that people do not realize the decay of their own powers, and illustrates, too, the further fact, that the ruling passion of the life work of an individual generally, if not always, outlives the power of performance.

THE Salt works at Syracuse, N. Y., are counted among the great industries of the country. In 1653, Father Le Mayne a Catholic priest of Montreal visited Onondaga, as the region was then called, and in his diary wrote: "We tasted the waters of a spring which the Indians are afraid to drink saying it is inhabited by a demon who makes it foul." In 1779, the state of New York purchased the land of the Indians containing the salt springs. The state paid the Oneida Indians for the tract of salt land, 900 acres in extent, $600 and 200 bushels of salt were promised them every year. This promise has been lived up to, to the present day, and the few Indians of the tribe left come regularly for their yearly allowance. This treaty of sale and purchase was signed by twenty-three Indian chiefs, and by Governor De Witt Clinton, and others. In 1797 the land was divided into salt lots, and the salt reservation was placed by the state in charge of a superintendent. The superintendent's report of last year showed that 8,340,180 bushels of 56 pounds each had been inspected, and that of this quantity 5,307,733 bushels were produced in fine salt works by artificial heat and 3,032,447 bushels in the coarse salt works by solar heat. In 1797 the first year that the springs come worked, the aggregate amount of salt made was 25,474 bushels. In 1828, the production was 1,060,888 bushels, and in 1862 the highest limit was reached, the amount being 9,053,874 bushels. Since that time the annual production has been between seven and eight million bushels. The entire amount of salt manufactured during the 85 years was 296,069,773 bushels.

The earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad for the eleven months ending Nov. 30 were $27,353, 779, decrease $451,242. Expenses $14, 939, 282, increase $242,554.

PEACH BRANDY VALOR.

An Ex-Confederate Tells the Story of His Promotion for Gallantry on the Battle Field.

[Gath in New York Tribune.]

During a recent conversation, V. K. Stevenson, Jr., one of our most enterprising real estate men, said: "When the war broke out I was a small boy and was sent to the Confederate West Point at Marietta, Ga., where we had about six hundred cadets. My father subscribed to $100,000 of the Confederate loan at par. He lost all his negroes, and I am glad of it. Although I was on the opposite side I am perfectly satisfied with the result, and so is everybody else of good sense that I have talked to. Our ladies in the south were so gallant for the war that they really made me believe I could go out with a wheat straw and whip every invader across the lines. My grandfather after the Federals got into Chattanooga became so patriotic that he wrote my father a letter that I ought to be taken out of the military school and sent to the battle field. My father merely inclosed the letter to me without any remark, and thereupon I went to the commandant of the academy and asked my discharge, as I was going to enlist in the ranks to be sent to the front. I enlisted in an Irish regiment entirely composed of railroad laborers, and we started for the battle field of Chickamauga in box-cars, every soldier being possessed of a canteen filled with New Orleans rum. You can imagine what a diabolical scene was in that car, fighting all the way along, but I was regarded as quite a young hero. We had a terrible battle, and in the excitement had no time to think. It got out, however, who my father was, and I was put on the staff of a man named Benton Smith, who was only 23 years old and a general."

"Benton Smith," resumed Mr. Stevenson, "being called the boy general, concluded that he must have a staff entirely of boys. He was a prodigy of audacity and courage, but his high, nervous nature at last wore him out, and not long ago he was a lunatic in a padded cell in Tennessee. He always kept his aides right up to the front, and I saw that unless something happened I should be shot. Just before the big battle at Atlanta, where McPherson was killed, Smith's brigade was reinforced by a Georgia regiment nearly a thousand strong. I went to a hospital the morning of that battle, where I saw a pile of legs and arms amputated, and it made me sick at the stomach, being quite another lesson of the war, and finding one of our aides with several canteens of peach brandy, I asked him to let me have some to settle my stomach and drank the whole of it. Smith then ordered me to lead the Georgia regiment into the battle. I was blind drunk and charged my horse right over the Federal ramparts; he had both eyes shot out and both knees broken, and as I went up the rampart I could hear the Yankees cry all down the line: 'Don't shoot that boy!' My life was really saved by my youth. It was that charge, as I have understood," said Mr. Stevenson, "which led to McPherson's death. I was twice promoted for gallantry on the battle field, and upon my soul it was nothing but that peach brandy."

SEALSKIN GOODS.

Shrewdness of Dealers who Retain Them in Fashion by High Prices.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

L. Gerstle, president of the Alaska Commercial company, dropped a hint or two to a Chronicle reporter yesterday on the subject. In speaking of the total catch for the season, which Mr. Gerstle says has been incorrectly reported, it was remarked that the market at the opening of the season of 1883 showed such an overstocked condition that it was thought necessary, in order to work off the remaining furs, as well as future catches, to take steps to keep the demand and supply steady and make the transactions profitable to the company.

"But," asked the reporter, "if the supply is so great as it is reported, why could not the trade be conducted on a cheaper and more extensive basis?"

The round, hearty countenance of the seal merchant was lighted up by a broad smile, and with a significant look in his eye, he said:

"The idea is to have the popularity of the sealskin still retained by the fashionable world."

"And you intend to do this by keeping up values?"

"Exactly; that's the only way, and it is in accordance with strict commercial principles. That is not all, however. If the sealskin should become cheap and common, other furs which are harder to procure would then be in demand."

"How is the market regulated?"

"Well," said the president, "you know that we have a very extensive trade abroad, and, in fact, London and Paris are the chief centres of the fur trade. In March of each year a meeting of furriers or their delegates is held in London, and to these we make our report, that they may know the outlook for trade from this source for the subsequent season. We gave them notice of our intention to reduce the supply of skins for the season of 1883, and have followed out that plan to the letter. Here is a copy of the report."

On examination, it was found that the catch for the season was 40,000 skins less than last year. The total number captured, or agreed to be captured was 100,000. Of these 25,000 were Copper island and 75,000 Alaska furs.

"Will the reduction of the annual catch be permanent?" was asked.

"I cannot say as to that," replied Mr. Gerstle. "Prior to this season the tone of the market had not been very healthy, prices settling from sale to sale, and no other remedy being afforded us, the present step was resolved on."

How Some Restaurants Are Provisioned.

[New York Letter.]

"Where do these beggars dispose of the surplus food they collect?" asked the reporter.

"They sell it to saloons of the lower class for free lunches. Am I sure of it? Well, I am as sure as any man can be of a thing which he never actually saw. I have had the admission from beggars themselves, and in speaking in our society the other night about this practice, I was interrupted by a lady who said she knew positively of one case in which it was done. In short, there can be no doubt at all that after collecting their baskets full of eatables, the beggars sell enough to enable them to buy whisky and tobacco, and then eat the remainder. One day I had an old woman up in court with an enormous basket full of food which she had just collected from charitable doors, and I asked her what she was going to do with it all, and she stammered some reply about a large family, but there was no possible doubt about her habit of selling her collection. She was committed, and took the basket to prison with her. There was enough in it to make her independent of prison fare for many a day."

Cars in the World.

There are about 66,000 locomotive engines in the world, and 120,000 passenger and 500,000 freight cars. There are 200,000 miles of track, and the capital invested is $20,000,000,000.

Forty years ago Parisians spent $1,200,000 annually upon theatre going. Now they spend $4,000,000.

CORN GATHERING SONG.

[Opie P. Read in New York Mercury.]

[In general the negroes have greatly changed since the war, for many of them have gone to the cities and towns, or have become small farmers, but on some of the large plantations of the south, where no social innovations have been introduced, they are very much the same, in dress and peculiar characteristics, as they were years ago when the tap of the overseer's bell was an order imperative. These people preserve their quaint traditions, moral dialogues between animals, in which the rabbit is always the Socrates. They have a song for each kind of work, whose author is unknown, but with whose words and tune all are familiar. The following is the corn gathering song. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect with which it is rendered, and the semi-weird tune, I am convinced, could not be written by the most accomplished composer:]

Come er hitch up de wagin an' dribe in de fiel',
Time fer ter geder de co'n;
We'se boun' fur ter hab sum ash-cake meal
Time fur ter geder de co'n.
De yaller man grabs wid mighty light han',
Time fur ter geder de co'n;
But de ole Guinea nigger am de bes' in de ban',
Time fur ter geder de co'n.

An' ar take off de rough shucks, pile up d co'n,
Jurangy ho, jis' er talkin' like er doan' kere;
We'se er gwinter hab sum fun heah as sho' yer am bo'n,
Jurangy ho, so early in de day.

De mules bites de co'n as we dribe er long de rows,
Time fur ter geder de co'n;
How much da ken eat nobody nebber knows,
Time fur ter geder de co'n.
De young houn' pup snuffs de ar as we pass,
Time fer ter geder de co'n;
An' he barks at de rabbit what hides in de grass,
Time fer ter geder de co'n.

An' er dribe ter de co'n crib an' open up de do',
Jurangy ho, jis' er talkin' like er doan' kere;
We'se got ter git dun 'fore de col' win's blow,
Jurangy ho, so early in de day.

Cable, the Novelist.

[New York Cor. Chicago Herald.]

A self-exhibitor now in New York is Cable, the highly successful writer of novels on the theme of Creole life in New Orleans. He has hit a new and rich vein in fiction, and is working it with much ability. But I think he is making a mistake in coming north in quest of personal adulation. He went at first to Boston, where there is a circle of mutual admirers, to whom he revealed himself as a reader of his own sketches. They gave him the right hand of fellowship. That was as far as he ought to have gone. But he is trying New York. We, too, have a clique of self-chosen literary people, probably as numerous and unproductive as Boston's, but they don't count for much in this big city. They have rapturously taken Cable in; but he is already finding out that their sponsorship is rather a damage than otherwise with the many thousands of cultured people who have appreciatively read his works.

The tendency here is strong to make sport of pretentiousness, and that is why, by posing without a good excuse for it, he is in danger of being popularly underestimated. He is a pleasant enough fellow to look at, reads with a fair mastery of the peculiar Creole dialect, sings some Creole songs in a nasal falsetto that would insure ridicule before a promiscuous assemblage, and affects the Byronic style of dress. He is the present Bunthorne of our æsthetic women and almost as feminine men. But he is a genius, after all is said, and he has an observing eye. "Do you know the oddest thing that has struck me in New York?" he said to me. "It was an undertaker's wagon, all sombre and black, but drawn by a spotted, calf-skin horse, like a circus steed." What he thus described has for several years been a metropolitan incongruity.

Where Gotham's Italians Congregate.

[New York Letter in Chicago News.]

The Mulbery street colony numbers about six thousand souls, and they live in quarters not large enough for six hundred decent people. It is a province to itself. The careless stranger never wanders into it a second time. Twenty-three stores and restaurants do the principal business, but there are also three hotels (?), and two banks, two printing offices, four butcher shops and four bakeries, to say nothing of the steamship agencies. Four Italian physicians and two Italian lawyers fling their shingles to the breeze, while an Italian newspaper retails the gossip of the colony and reprints Italian news from the daily papers.

During the day all is garlic and business, and the odors of both hang heavy about the streets. At night the place is as secure from intrusion as if fenced in by a giant wall. Men have gone into that quarter after dark and have been heard from never more. A policeman will not venture there alone, and when an arrest is to be made a patrol wagon with a squad of husky officers, is sent down. It is as much as a man's life is worth to go within a block of the quarter's boundary. What do these people do for a living? Well, they are the bootblacks, match-peddlers, fruit-venders, chestnut-roasters and ragpickers of New York, and many of them keep cigar stands.

Like Her Great-Great-Grandmother.

[Buffalo Courier.]

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). Incited 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 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.

Two Bright Ones.

[Inter Ocean "Curbstone Crayons."]

"My little 2-year-old girl went down to the lake for the first time last summer. As the waves came rippling in over the white sand she clapped her hands and said, 'See the lake laughing!' I had never thought of the hing in that connection, but it does laugh, you know. The same night my 5-year-old boy, watching the lamp-lighter light the lamps in front of the house, turned to me with 'Papa, who lights the stars?'"

New York Palladium: Honor and profit do not stay long in the same sack.

No More Fabulous Rates.

[Chicago Herald.]

The days of fabulous rates of interest in California seem to be past. The savings banks in San Francisco are lending money on mortgages at 6 per cent., and paying the mortgage tax, and yet they cannot find a market for more than a third of their money.

Fred Grant.

[New York Tribune.]

Col. Fred Dent Grant, the general's eldest son, is president of the Texas Western railway, fifty-three miles long.

JUDGE JO HOLT.

A Prominent Actor in One of the Dramatic Events of the War.

His Criticism of Andrew Johnson—The Booth Conspiracy and the Hanging of Mrs. Surratt.

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I asked the judge if he and Andrew Johnson had been friendly.

"Yes," said he, "Johnson and I both took our stand unconditionally for the union. He was vice president while I was judge advocate, and when President Lincoln was our mutual friend. Johnson was president of the United States at the time I tried the case of the conspirators against his life and Mr. Lincoln's and the members of the cabinet. We never had the least difference. But toward the end of his term, when he had quarreled with congress and been impeached, and was deluded with the idea that the Democrats might nominate him, he assailed me as the victim of his ambition to make his peace with the old secession element."

"Judge, I have no very clear idea now of what Johnson's charge against you was, although I remember talking with you about it many years ago."

Said Judge Holt: "Johnson claimed that after a majority of the court martial had recommended the sentence of Mrs. Surratt to be changed from death to imprisonment in a penitentiary for life, that I had not brought to his attention this appeal for mercy. The name of Mrs. Surratt was a very convenient thing to arouse prejudice upon and Johnson thought if he could put all that off on me he would get the support of the southern states."

"Was there a recommendation of that kind?"

"Yes. The court-martial which tried the conspirators was composed of nine officers. They were Generals Hunter, Lewis, Wallace, Kautz, Howe, Foster, Ekin and Harris, Col. Tomkins and Lieut. Col. Clendenin. Gen. Ekin was substituted for Gen. Comstock, of Grant's staff, and Col. Tomkins was substituted for Horace Porter, of Grant's staff. I was the judge advocate, as I had long been, or the government prosecuting counsel; and Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, and Col. Henry L. Burnett, of Ohio, were made assistant or special judge advocates. Out of these twelve persons I am the only one who seems to have suffered any abuse for doing my duty, though the act of all was concurrent. There were eight persons brought before us, four of whom were found guilty and sentenced to death."

"Who wrote the recommendation for the commutation of Mrs. Surratt's sentence?"

"It was prepared by Mr. Bingham, my associate, and Justice Davis, and was copied by Gen. Ekin, of the court martial, and signed by him and four others, making a bare majority. A majority is necessary to carry such a recommendation. I appended it to the record and took it to the president of the United States, as was my duty."

"What do you mean by the record?"

"The report, the official report of the evidence and the findings."

"Did you particularly call Mr. Johnson's attention to that recommendation to mercy?"

"I did, and it was the subject of talk between us. The recommendation was that Mrs. Surratt, instead of being executed, should be imprisoned for the term of her natural life on account of her sex. Mr. Johnson remarked that he thought the time had about come when women who conspire to assassinate the presidents and rulers of their country should take the responsibility like men for their acts. He said that an example was needed to impress women with their sex."

Said I: "Judge, what is your estimate of Mrs. Surratt, from your intimate relation with the trial of the conspirators?"

"I think," said Judge Holt, "that she was the master spirit among them all. She was a woman of unusual nerve, and also of unusual intelligence. During that trial her behavior was firm, her nerve unshaken, and she saw her danger and the methods of meeting the graver evidence. I believe that she kept those men up to their work—that Booth himself was inferior to her in purpose. The materials of the conspiracy were in general common. Mrs. Surratt was the social centre of the whole affair. She kept the rendezvous, she gave shelter to the others, she went out and found board for them, she drove the carriage out to her tavern where the arms and accessories had been hidden within a few hours of the crime. I consider her the centre of the conspiracy."

The judge remarked at another time: "There was a young man by the name of Weichmann in that trial, who was an inhabitant of Mrs. Surratt's house, of the same faith that she was, and who had known her long. In addition to the evidence which he gave at the trial, he told some very singular things. Booth came to Mrs. Surratt's house the day of the assassination, and when he left she was very much agitated, and she turned to this young Weitchman—who had been the classmate of her son at school, and who drove her down to her tavern that day—and she said to him: 'Lewis, pray for my intentions.' I have never doubted," said Judge Holt, "that Booth imparted to Mrs. Surratt at that time the information that he meant to kill Mr. Lincoln at the theatre that night."

Trying to Kill Patti.

Patti has been communicating a few personal reminiscences to Paris Figaro. Among them are the following: "Once during a performance of Linda," she says, "I received a number of bouquets, the last of which was composed very oddly. One of the flowers fell out on the stage, making a regular thud. It consisted of an enormous ball of lead, which, if it had been more firmly tied to the bouquet, must have struck my head. As it was, the bouquet hit my shoulder." On another occasion the curtain fell on Mme. Patti's head, and she was saved only by the fashion then prevailing of rolling up her hair high upon her head; but it was not a mere accident. She has had matches put into the water she drinks, and has even received poisoned gloves with a request to let the maker call them by her name.

Madagascar's Queen.

[Inter Ocean.]

The new queen of Madagascar, with the pleasant and appropriate name of Razafindrahety, is said to exert quite as active an influence toward the advancement of Christianity as her predecessor, the late Queen Eauavalomanyakah. She was educated in a Christian school sustained by the London missionary society, and was baptized when she was 16 years of age. Her beauty is described as something marvelous, her form being that of a Venus, and her complexion that of a light mulatto. The work of evangelization in Madagascar has not been interfered with by the French troubles.

In the Dining-Room.

[Exchange.]

It was at the Cataract house in Sioux Falls. A son of the Emerald Isle was ushered into the dining-room at the dinner hour and the polite steward took hold of the back of the chair to push it into place. The guest looked around suspiciously for a minute, and then said loud enough to be heard all over the room: "By the howly Moses, if yez jerk that chair from under me I'll knock the whole top of yer head off o' yez."

Disturb No Fond Memories.

[Chicago News.]

A Paris street has just been named Gustave Dore. The French have a very pretty way of naming a street after a distinguished man, and then keep it clean in honor of him. In Chicago they sometimes name streets after distinguished men, but they do not believe in disturbing old and fond memories by going over them with brooms.