

PROSPECTUS. THE SENTINEL IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. RED WING, MINNESOTA. BY LITTLEFIELD & MAGINNIS. An Independent Democratic Journal DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS AND RIGHTS OF THE MASSES.

THE RED WING SENTINEL.

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Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates and prices. Includes rates for business cards, notices, and other publications.

CONTENTS: The Sentinel will contain Congressional and Legislative—Foreign and Domestic—Literary and Commercial News—Literary Matter—Sketches, etc., etc., etc.

BOOK AND JOB WORK IN ALL ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. Executed in a superior manner, and on the shortest notice.

BUSINESS CARDS. W. C. WILLISTON, Attorney at Law. RED WING, MINNESOTA.

WARREN BRISTOL, Attorney at Law. RED WING, MINNESOTA.

HANS MATTON, Attorney at Law. AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Red Wing, Minnesota.

FRANK CLARK, Attorney and Counselor at Law. NORTH PEPPIN, WISCONSIN.

BANKING & REAL ESTATE. H. & E. T. WILDER, Bankers & Land Agents.

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TOWNE & PIERCE, REAL ESTATE. Will attend to locating land warrants.

REAL ESTATE OFFICE. CENTRAL POINT, MINNESOTA. THE subscriber will buy and sell lands.

W. B. HAWKINS, G. B. BAKER, A. HALL, ACTIONS—NOT WOUNDS. Hawkins & Co.

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HOTELS. METROPOLITAN HOTEL. Levee street, immediately opposite the Steamboat Landing, Red Wing, Minnesota.

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P. SANDFORD, Attorney at Law, Notary Public, and Land and Insurance Agent.

CHILLSON HOUSE. CORNER OF BROAD AND THIRD STREETS. A. B. MILLER, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS. NEW BARBER SHOP. THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FITTED UP IN a first rate manner the room formerly occupied as the Sentinel Office.

REFERENCES. Hon. Z. K. EDWARDS, M. C., Fairmont, Va. Hon. J. L. DAWSON, M. C., Brownsville, Pa.

RED WING STEAM PLANING M. L. L. SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY. (One Block above Fredhorn's Saw Mill.)

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DUBUQUE CITY MARBLE WORKS. N. HERRICK, Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.

WATCHMAKERS AND DEALERS IN REPAIRERS. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Red Wing, Minnesota.

FAIRBANKS' PATENT SCALES. OF ALL KINDS. FAIRBANKS & GREENLEAF, 25 Lake Street, Chicago.

From Once A Week. MAUDE CLARE. The fields were white with lily-buds, White gleamed the lilyed beak;

She followed his bride into the church, With a lofty step and mien; His bride was like a village maid,

The minstrels made loud marriage din; Each guest sat in his place. To eat and drink, and wish good luck,

To eat and drink, and wish good luck, To sing, and laugh, and jest; One only neither ate nor drank,

No eyes the bridegroom wore; All eyes were fixed on grand Maude Clare. While she looked straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord, Have brought my gift," she said— To bless the hearth, to bless the board,

"Here's my half of the faded leaves We plucked from budding bud, With bees amongst the lily-leaves—

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take And what you spin, I'll wear, For he's my lord for better and worse,

"Yes, though you're taller by the head, More wise, and much more fair; I'll love him till he loves me best—

WASHINGTON IRVING. The telegraph conveys the sad news that Washington Irving, the greatest prose writer, perhaps, that this country ever produced,

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783, in which place his father, William Irving, had been settled as a merchant some twenty years.

He then went to Holland, whence he embarked for England, where he spent part of the Autumn, and returned to New York in March 1806,

He again resumed the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in November of that year but never practiced.

Shortly after his admission to the bar, he took the chief part in "Salamagundi," the first number of which appeared in January 1807, and the last in

January, 1809. In December, the following year, he published his "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

In 1810, two of his brothers who were engaged in the commercial business, one being at the head of the establishment in this city, and the other in Liverpool, gave him an interest in the concern,

On the close of the war, May, 1815, he embarked for Liverpool with the intention of making a second tour of Europe,

He returned to New York in August, 1825, and in the Autumn of 1825, visited the South of France, spending part of the winter in Bordeaux.

In February 1828, he left that city for Madrid, where he remained two years, here he wrote the life of "Columbus,"

He returned to New York in August, 1832, and in the spring of 1832, he left Madrid on a tour to the South of Spain, visiting Granada, and main points mentioned in the "Chronicles of the conquest of Granada,"

While in England, in 1830, Mr. Irving received one of the fifty golden gold medals, provided by George IV., for eminence in historical composition,

His return was greeted on all hands with the warmest enthusiasm; a public dinner was given to him, at which Chancellor Kent, presided and similar testimonials were offered him in other cities, but which he declined.

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twenty-five miles from the city of New York, where he died. We make the following extracts from a letter of THEODORE TILTON's to the Independent for this week,

"The morning had been rainy, and the afternoon showed only a few momentary openings of clear sky; so that I saw SUNNYSIDE without the sun. But under the heavy clouds there was something awe-inspiring in the sombre views of those grand hills with their many colored forests, and of Hendrick Hudson's ancient river still flowing at the feet of the ancient palisades.

"The mansion of Sunnyside has been standing for twenty-three years; but when first its sharp angled roof wedged its way up among the branches of the old woods, the region was far more a solitude than now; for at that time our busy earth had secluded himself from almost everybody but one neighbor while he has since unwittingly gathered around him a little community of New York merchants,

Mr. Irving is not so old looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of his life; I found him only in his Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back parlor, with a firm and lively tread that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year!

He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours of literary work were from morning to noon. But, though he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subjected to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took up the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

"But," said he, "these capricious periods, of the heat and glow of composition, have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found in anything outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake."

His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like amusements than tasks. "Some writers," says he, "appear to have been independent of moods; Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Crabbe—but seldom wrote well. I remember," said he, "taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore and Crabbe; the conversation turned on Byron's poetic moods; Crabbe said that however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself, he could write as well at one time as at another."

He mentioned that while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write. "I sat down repeatedly," said he, "with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on paper. At length, I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would keep it, and would work it out as long as it would last, until I had written my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast; and continued until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

"I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy," he replied, "Bracebridge Hall."

"None of your works," I remarked,

"are more charming than" the Biography of Goldsmith. "Yet that was written," said he, "even more rapidly than the other."

"When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write a now two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read."

Some times, also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shaver. "When I was in Spain," he remarked, "searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the Life of Columbus, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwilling to work, the product was worthless; and he invariably threw it away and began again; "for," as he observed, "an essay or chapter that has been hammered out, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow; when his imagination is kindled—these are precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they have come, let him make the most of them."

I referred to his last and greatest work, the Life of Washington, and asked if he felt, on finishing it, any such sensation as Gibbon is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the Decline and Fall. He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared, in the midst of his labors, that it would break him down before he could end it; that when at last the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back on an indescribable feeling of relief! He added that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of material, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Fied's picture of "Scott and his contemporaries." I allude to it as presenting a group of his former friends. "Yes," said, "I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone!" "Are the portraits good?" I enquired. "Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force; Campbell's is tolerable; Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart," said he, "was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than that in the picture."

"You should write one more book," I hinted. "What is that?" "Your reminiscences of those literary friends."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it is too late now! I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing that even my best friends letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now."

He referred to the visit the week before, from Mr. Willis, whose letter he had just been reading in the Home Journal. "I am most glad," said he, "that Mr. Willis remembered my notices; they are my housekeepers and nurses; they take such good care of me that really I am the most fortunate old bachelor in the world! Yes he repeated with merry emphasis, 'the most fortunate old bachelor in all the world.'"

"It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and the heartiness of his gratitude, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants—gave him his medicine at the right time, without troubling him to look at the clock for himself—called him down to breakfast—cloaked and shawled him for his morning ride—brought him his hat for his fine weather-walks—and in every possible whim humored him in every possible whim!"

"I call them sometimes my nieces," he said, "but oftener my daughters!" HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN, AND THEIR OF HIM.

As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child, who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a note printed in large letters with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write. He spoke with great vivacity of his child's visitor. "Children," said the old man, "are great pets; I am very fond of the little creatures."

As I came away, the old gentleman bundled his shawl about him, and stood a few moments on the steps. A momentary burst of sunshine fell on

him through the breaking clouds. In that full light he looked still less like an old man than in the dark parlor by the shaded window. His form was slightly bent, but the humor of the early portraits was still lingering in his face. He was the same generous, merry-eyed man at seventy-seven that Jarvis had painted him nearly fifty years before.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the Clergyman's tunic, at camp meeting—so that when he went to call the congregation together he blew the "soft soap" over his brother clergyman, and how he exclaimed: "Brethren, I'm a little man! and I'm an old man! I've preached the gospel for forty years! I never fight; I never swear; but I'll be d-d if I can't lick the man that soaped that horn!"

Our readers we say have heard this but have never, perhaps, the sequel as given us yesterday by a gentleman present.

Some two days after a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, and with his face between his hands commenced groaning in the "very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation was too great a sin, he said. Oh, no, there was none for the vilest. "No; he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him."

"What have you done for your sin?" "I have committed the heinous crime of committing," said the benevolent preacher—"have you stolen?" "Oh, worse than that!" "What have you done by violence, robbed female innocence of its virtue?" "Worse—oh, worse than that!" "Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher. "Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garment. "Here, Brother Cole!" shouted he—"hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"—Duniquo Herald.

Schamyl, it appears, is a wit as well as a prophet. A high personage asked him what he thought of Russia. He answered it was a great country, with such marvellous riches and grand monuments, that he could not understand how so great an account should be made of the conquest of a few hamlets in their mountains. The Grand Duke Constantine received him in his marble palace, in St. Petersburg. Schamyl was much struck by the beauty of the Grand Duke, and asked the Grand Duke if all his children were by her. On leaving, Constantine gave him a richly-bound copy of the Koran. At the Governor's ball at Kharkov the first ball Schamyl had seen, he was much impressed with the beauty of the ladies. He was asked how he was pleased, and replied: "You will not go to Paradise; you have here on earth a more beautiful Paradise than Mohammed has promised us in heaven."

WHICH END OF TROUBLE.—Not long ago a groom returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him. "Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, but 's'ee thee in the end of thy troubles now." "Thank thee lad was Jack's answer, 'I hope I have." About a month afterwards the two friends meet again, when Jack, speaking rather warmly exclaimed, "Bill thou telled me a lie that morning I got wedd! Didn't thou say I'd seen the end of my trouble?" "I did said Bill but I didt tell thee which end."—Fraser's Magazine.

SUSPICIOUS.—"Wife, Wife, what has become of the grapes?" "I suppose my dear, the hens have eaten them." "Hens—hens—some two-legged hens I guess," said the husband, with some impetuosity.

To which she calmly replied, "My dear did you ever see any other kind?" "Love dies by satiety, and forgetfulness enters it."

GOOD MANNERS.—"Tis sixty years since a shoemaker, residing within visible distance of Kilmacool, sent his man to the neighbouring mansion of D—l, to measure the laird for a pair of shoes. The man, on his return, thus addressed his employer: 'Master, whether ist' gud maner, when a gentleman giv' ye a glass o' whisky, to take a drap or drink off the ball o' it?'

The master replied, in homely phrase, judiciously applying to this poser, that true courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "The gud be thankit, I was mannerly!"—Greenock Advertiser.