

PEN PICTURES

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

1849—Crowning Events—The Oldest Printer—Nathaniel McLean—John P. Owens—Mr. Owens Personally—Champagne vs. Water—M. N. Kellogg—The Man Himself—First Real Estate Dealer—First Daguerrean Artist—First Market Woman—First Burial Ground—The Very Oldest House in the City—St. Paul and Minneapolis One City—Lincoln.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

Article XV.

CROWDING EVENTS. The events of 1849 crowd upon us rapidly, for some of the men most prominent in our past history, came to Saint Paul during this year, and some of the most stirring events transpired. Among other things, was the consolidation of the Chronicle, published by Mr. Hughes, and the Register, by McLean & Owens. These papers, jointly, ceased to exist in 1851, and then came into life the Minnesota, as a Whig organ.

THE OLDEST PRINTER. Capt. E. Y. Shelly, probably the oldest printer now working at his trade in the state of Minnesota, was the foreman in the office of the Chronicle and Register. Mr. Shelly has stuck to the "case" for thirty-five years. He was the oldest printer in the profession, and has nearly run an "edition" of a purely printer's life. He is the "type" of an unrelenting "compositor." Has turned the "period" when he could not very conveniently engage in any other business, and as the oldest printer in the state, and as a "paragon," "revised his proof," and is nearly ready "to go to press." Mr. Shelly is a quiet, industrious gentleman, quite retiring in his disposition, yet social in his nature. He picks up in the even now the mile stone of fifty-five years.

MAJOR NATHANIEL McLEAN. Major McLean was born in New Jersey, in 1787; was a brother of Judge McLean, of the United States supreme court; learned the printer's trade at Cincinnati; in 1807 published a paper at Lebanon; was a member of the Ohio legislature in 1810, for three sessions; an officer in the war of 1812; came to St. Paul in 1849, where he set up a printing office in the newspaper business; in November, 1849, was appointed Sioux agent at Fort Snelling; held the office four years; elected commissioner of Ramsey county in the year 1855, and died of a cancer in 1871, aged 84 years. McLean township was named after him. He was a tall, slender gentleman, a little lame; a talker; a truthful, honest, good man.

JOHN P. OWENS was born in Ohio, 1818, of Welsh descent; worked on a farm in early life; attended college at Cincinnati for several years, and then learned the printing business; became a partner with Maj. McLean in the publication of the Chronicle and Register, and in 1849, was editor of the Minnesota for seven years; was appointed quartermaster of the Ninth Minnesota regiment in 1862; mustered out in 1865; brevetted colonel; appointed register of the land office at Taylor Falls in 1869, which office he still holds, and has held ever since his appointment.

MR. OWENS PERSONALLY. All the early settlers could easily recognize J. P. Owens in a crowd of men, for he was a man deeply interested in politics, and made this a specialty. He was an aggressive writer; a strong partizan; and whenever a primary meeting was held, he was always there. He gravitated as naturally into politics as a duck does into water. He was among the first, indeed we may say, he was the very first, Whig editor in the state, and even after the Whig party had been dead and buried, Owens held on to the corpse; but early drifted into the Republican ranks, and after Fremont was nominated for President, did good service for the party. The writer has never drunk the champagne with Mr. Owens a great many times, but politically we agreed. He was a political tactician, and used his power to good advantage when he could.

CHAMPAGNE VS. WATER. As an illustration of his peculiar methods to circumvent a political opponent, (as in an article at this time we were at a party given in honor of the legislature, at Mr. Raugh's ice cream saloon on Third street, our empty glass standing at our plate, was filled with champagne three times, and was found empty three times. As we represented the temperance element in the legislature at this time, it was charged upon us to have drunk the champagne, and as we were never touched it, but some of our political enemies did, and thus by this little trick, it was intended to injure our influence with that portion of the legislature which did not approve of spirituous liquors, but it failed.

Owens gloated over the act, and if we remember correctly, charged us of disposing of the sparkling wine, in his paper the next morning. We don't say that he drank the champagne, which rightfully belonged to us, but we do say, it was a party to the joke.

There were two days of equal epithets, in a round of argument, and as the Times, which was edited by the writer, and the Minnesota, edited by Owens, were rivals, of course some very hot words were used, and the public had cause to believe that there were personal and deadly enemies. Meeting in an ice cream saloon one evening, we took a seat at the same table with Mr. Owens, and were quietly disposing of our cooling "beverage," when a mutual friend popped in upon us, and exclaimed:

"My God! what are you doing here?" "Only cooling off," we replied. "The d— you are; why, I supposed you never spoke to each other, and would smash each other's faces the moment you met, and yet here you are munching ice cream together."

Mr. Owens is a man about 66 years old. He is tall and slender; stoops a little, and walks a little lame. He looks like a battle-scarred veteran, who, having fought many a good fight, as he has, now rests upon his laurels. Some years ago he wrote a "Political History of Minnesota," but for some reason the manuscript was never published. He is now quietly enjoying the repose of rural life on the St. Croix.

M. N. KELLOGG. Mr. Kellogg was born in New York state, in 1822; enlisted in the army in 1845; went to Mexico in 1847; was in the war one year, or until 1848; removed to Jefferson barracks that winter, and in the spring of 1849 came to Fort Snelling, and from thence, the same year, moved to St. Paul, where he has resided ever since, or 35 years. He was in the Sixth regiment band as a clarionet player; was in the army five years, and discharged in 1850. Engaged in the drug business with Mr. Hitchcock in 1850, and the firm built a brick store corner of Cedar and Third streets. The twenty-eight foot lot upon which this store stood, cost \$500; now worth about \$40,000.

THE MAN HIMSELF. In 1853 he entered into a partnership with J. W. Bond; ran the business up to 1857, when he sold to Bond and notions owned by M. N. Kellogg. He continued to business until 1858, when he was obliged to relinquish it in consequence of the failure of his eye-sight. He purchased a lot in Rice & Irving's addition, on Sixth street, in 1854, for \$150; and the same in 1855, for \$1,000. His property was sold again in less than a year after, for \$12,000, \$16,500, and \$20,000. Mr. Kellogg was married in 1855.

THE MAN HIMSELF. Mr. Kellogg is a rather small gentleman, of an active, nervous temperament, and has been a very industrious citizen. Although burnt out twice, losing nearly all he had, yet plunged in again, and soon obtained his footing. He has toiled, almost uninterruptedly, for thirty odd years, and very few men have been more assiduous to business than M. N. Kellogg. He has an active brain, moves with celerity, arrives at conclusions quickly, and nobody can say that he ever cheated him out of a cent. He is a very temperate man, never drinks, chews or smokes, and is also a very frugal, economical and strictly

honest; has always minded his own business, and in many respects has been, and is now, a model man. For many years he took pride in producing a select book of important events which had transpired in this city, but when he sold out, this scrap book, with other important papers, were accidentally destroyed. Very much to his regret and his sorrow. About two years ago his eye-sight began to fail, and now he is almost entirely blind, yet with this terrible affliction upon him, he is philosophical, cheerful, hopeful, manly. All the old settlers we know have, and we trust many new ones will have, a kindly feeling for M. N. Kellogg.

FIRST REAL ESTATE DEALER. Charles R. Conway hung out his shingle as a real estate dealer, in a little small white office, which stood on a hill, where Mr. Schurmeier's building now stands, on Third street, between Cedar and Minnesota, in the year 1850. He claims to be the first real estate dealer in the city.

FIRST DAGUERREAN ARTIST. George C. Nichols took daguerrean pictures in the old American house, in 1849, and was the first artist of this character in the city. He sold out to C. T. Whitney, who carried on a gallery for many years, corner of Third and Cedar streets.

FIRST MARKET WOMAN. The hundreds of market women who now vend vegetables at our market and elsewhere, will regret, as well as we do, that we can't just now recall the name of the first market woman, who came from Little Canada, twelve miles out of St. Paul, with a single egg hitched to a cart, and who sold her potatoes, cabbages, pumpkins and other vegetables, in as approved style as do our market women of to-day. This branch of business has grown to an enormous extent, and Mrs. Brown, who has been in the market since she was a child, still remembers the first market woman, on Minnesota street. A small log stable stood where the Pioneer Press office now stands, and directly in the rear of this, on the bank, the first stage erected by Father Gallier. The burying ground belonged to the chapel, and is the same piece of property upon which St. Paul's building, after being erected twice, fell both times.

THE VERY OLDEST HOUSE IN THE CITY. It is now called by some of the most ancient and venerable gentlemen of the past, that the house on Fourth street, between Cedar and Sixth streets, was originally the property of the Ramsey County Old Settlers' association, as the oldest house in Saint Paul, is not correct, but the oldest house is that on Sixth street, now owned by Uri Lamprey. It stands just back of the boarding house of Mrs. Brown, on Sixth street, and was originally the property of Louis Roberts. His first house was burned; this was his second. It would be well to have this question definitely settled, so it could pass into history, for "when doctors disagree, what are we going to do?"

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS ONE CITY. Thirty-five years! Reader, stop thinking of business for a minute and ponder over the march of events! What will be the future of the country west of St. Paul in the next 35 years? What will be the status of this city? We will anticipate you freely by prophesying, that in 1884, the city of St. Paul, will be united as one city, with a population of 500,000 people, and these cities, thus united, will supply an empire beyond of 5,000,000 inhabitants. "Oh, but," you say, "this can never be done." Not so fast, my friend! Let us look at St. Anthony, which has been swallowed up on the one side and West St. Paul on the other, and street cars and motor cars, and railroad cars and other appliances are now at work drawing together slowly but surely these two cities, and when they come together, just as they will, it will be like the snapping jaws of the mud turtle.

ALL AT ONCE. Then the new capital building, costing several millions of dollars, will be located on 100 acres of land midway of the one great city, and grand hotels will invite the world at large to partake of food unparalleled in the world. St. Anthony has been swallowed up on the one side and West St. Paul on the other, and street cars and motor cars, and railroad cars and other appliances are now at work drawing together slowly but surely these two cities, and when they come together, just as they will, it will be like the snapping jaws of the mud turtle.

THE ONLY OBJECTION TO THE UNION. In the name of the Minnesota Paul, of Paul (Owens), or some name not yet mentioned. A friend in Chicago, who formerly lived at Red Wing, (P. Nichols, Esq.) writes us as follows: "Allow me to respectfully recommend the name of Lincoln for the consolidation of the city of St. Paul and Minneapolis, will deny that the name of Lincoln would honor the twin cities as one, far more than the city would honor the name. The name would be commensurate with the development, progress, prosperity, wealth, population, greatness and grandeur of a city destined to be one of the first and foremost on the western continent. If at some future time after the two cities have been consolidated under the name of Lincoln, our national capital should be transferred to Washington, to the city of Lincoln, in Minnesota, the people of the United States would then have the high and proud satisfaction of knowing that their capital had been removed to a city honored with a name as great and as grand as the name of Washington and like his immortal."

Lincoln, with a population of 500,000! Think of it!

A Fair Offer. Detroit Free Press. A few days ago a farmer drove up to the door of a Springfield saloon and called out to several men standing around that a neighbor of his living about four miles away had fallen into the family well and probably killed himself.

"Well, what of it?" asked one of the men. "Why, I want two or three of you to ride out with me and help get the body out."

"You don't pretend to want pay for such an action as that?" gasped the farmer, but they said they did, and he entered the saloon to see if the owner was not more tender hearted.

"I tell you how it was," began the saloonist, but he was interrupted with "Don't tell me that you won't lend a hand in such a case as this?"

"I can't go my friend, but I tell you how it was. I let you drink beer until you got care two cents for all der farmers und all der stock of tor and notions owned by M. N. Kellogg for two billings to drive you home. Dot vha der pest I can do to-day."

Bismarck's Religion. In contrast with Goethe, the Chancellor has seldom uttered any confessions of religious faith at variance with other utterances of his on the same subject, and his thoughts on divine things directly opposed to former pronouncements. Nevertheless, he passed through a rationalistic period—then an unbelieving time, a time, at least, in which religion was no felt want—then a period in which, as he decidedly affirmed, he took up a Christian and confessional standpoint. Lastly he has arrived at a time in which he may simply be defined as a deeply religious man, and in a personal confession of his divine emanation and in a personal confidence after death, who derives his sense of duty from his faith, but lays little stress on dogma, and has nothing of intolerance, and has no strong desire for priestly edification. His mother was a sensible, enlightened woman, his father a genial man, with out any propensities toward the supernatural; no religious influences were brought to bear upon him, either at school or at the University. For all this, a time came when he was filled with disgust for the riotous days of his student life.—Dr. Moritz Busch.

Carry the News. In your days of billowsiness, when your liver is torpid and your skin yellow, remember you have a never-failing friend in Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which is recommended in purity and effectiveness. In cases of dyspepsia, costiveness, general and malarial diseases, and diseases of the blood and kidneys, its action is prompt and sure. Price 50 cents. P. J. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, 30 cents.

The last rail of the main line of the Mexican Central Railroad was laid on Saturday, March 8. The completion of this road, thus making a continuous line from the United States border at El Paso, Texas, to the City of Mexico, is an event of great importance to both Republics. That it may be the means of infusing light and good influences into Mexico is to be ardently desired.

In Austria the Archduke John has published a pamphlet on spiritualism, in which he recounts his recent unmasking of the spiritualist Bastian. The Archduke says that spiritualism is cherished in huts and palaces, and that its adherents number two millions. He has learned that it is charitable, impulsive and credulous, and we hope that it will cease in opening the eyes of the people. He might be useful as a lecturer in this country if he would make a tour and tell us how he caught a ghost and found him a stout, healthy scoundrel.

SCANDALS have been very frequent this season at Monte Carlo, the great gambling den of Europe. The latest case is that of a German who had lost heavily at play. This makes the nineteenth victim since the 1st of January. Influential journals on the continent are calling upon the French Government to suppress the scandal. It is high time that something was done to wipe out this stain upon the civilization of Europe.

"LOVE AND FAME."

BY LILLIAN SPENCER. Once I longed for life prizes: Vain ambition chafed my soul; Life for me was filled with fancies, Of which honor was the goal. And I sickened with the longing And despairing of my soul!

Years I toiled! the golden ladder Slowly began to climb; Far above in the ascent I saw: Soon a star was seen to shine; Feeble, flickering, struggling ever, Still it shone with light divine.

Guided by its light the pathway Widely grew with every hour; Once when fustians and disheartened I stooped and plucked a little flower, That by artless, sweet beguiling Lured me to its fairy bow.

I would fain have stayed forever In the shelter of its cover; And I promised I would prove First unto the world my genius, Then return to find my love.

At last, O triumph! fame was mine. Stars in millions o'er my head Shone with mystic light divine. As the pathway smooth I tread To find this little flower of mine, And I found it cold and dead!

Oh, then what was my fame to me! What the planets of the brave, Shimmering above my head? Had strength to me of any use? I laid my crown of laurel down And buried it in the grave!

TIMELY TOPICS.

REMONS are again set afoot of the removal of Pope Leo and the papal throne from Rome. He has held himself, as did his predecessor, Pio Nino, a prisoner in the Vatican, refuses to receive the stipend proffered by the Italian government and has still further humiliated by the late decision of the Court of Cassation, declaring that the Propaganda property must be converted into Italian government bonds. The Pope regards this decision as threatening his independence, and disturbed by the firm rejection of his claims to temporal power it is intimated that he seriously contemplates a removal to Malta, an island in the Mediterranean, so near Rome as to make its occupation not impracticable and seriously inconvenient. The island of Malta is an English possession, and the Pope's residence there would remove him from the humiliation of being within the jurisdiction of the Italian government. All this is mere speculation, and as specious as it may appear, there is indeed no likelihood that the Pope will leave the Vatican. It has, indeed, been rumored since the loss of papal temporal power was so galling a result, that the papal throne and its occupant would be removed to America, a consummation quite as likely to occur, in the estimation of intelligent observers, as the Pope's removal to Malta. It is not likely that the powerful ecclesiastical occupant of the Vatican will throw away the prestige which has been enjoyed since the middle of the fourth century, when Constantine raised the church of Rome to world-wide supremacy. The removal of the papal See from Rome, would mark the decadence of the church, and would be followed by a loss of ecclesiastical prestige, power and influence that could never be regained.

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The clergy, as well as the people of the country, seem to be waking up to a sense of the need of special efforts to meet the rising tide of crime and immorality, especially in our cities. The following despatch was received last week from Rochester, N. Y., but the state of things there is probably no worse than in other cities of the land: "A sermon preached by the Rev. C. W. Cushing last Sunday, on the present alarming condition of crime in this city, is attracting much attention. He referred to the fact that Rochester had become a paradise for gamblers and that gambling dens abounded on every principal street. Liquor shops and faro banks are kept open all day, and a number of pool and billiard rooms are allowed open in direct violation of the city ordinances and state laws. The Rev. Mr. Cushing had evidently been well informed, and no one has attempted to refute any of his charges."

NEARLY all the recent Premiers of England have enjoyed the advantage of having had wives of great devotion and considerable ability, to whose tender care and sympathy in their ambition they have been largely indebted. The devotion of the Countess of Beaconsfield, had something of romance. Mrs. Gladstone, who is nearly the same age as the Premier, accompanies her husband, as did Lady Beaconsfield, everywhere, and frequently remains in the ladies' gallery to the queen's night's sitting. Lord Palmerston, more than, perhaps, any other first minister, however, was indebted for his position and its maintenance to his wife, who was physically and mentally remarkable woman. Up to her death in 2,869 at 85, four years after her husband, she could read without glasses, and talked with all the fire and energy of a young woman of 20.

At the stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society on Thursday, March 6, Frederick S. Winston, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair, on the announcement of the death of the Hon. S. Wells Williams, L. L. D., late president of the society, remarks were made by Mr. Winston and Mr. Tracy, who had known him in his early youth, and also by Mr. Randolph and Secretary Gilman. A set of Dr. Williams' published works was also exhibited, including his great dictionaries of the Chinese language, the "Middle Kingdom," in its earlier and later editions, his "Commercial Guide," and "Easy Lessons in Chinese," of twenty volumes of the "Chinese Repository," of which for many years he was publisher and co-editor. An appropriate commemorative minute was adopted by the Board.

REV. JUDSON SMITH, D. D., Professor of Eccelesiastical History in Oberlin Theological Seminary, has accepted the appointment of Corresponding Secretary of the American Board. Professor Smith was graduated with highest honors at Amherst, in the class of 1859, and he will bring to the discharge of his new and responsible trust powers of mind and heart which give promise of great usefulness everywhere, and for "Christian and Christian Missions," read at the annual meeting of the Board at St. Louis in 1881, will be well remembered.

Everybody Knows It. When you have Rich, Rheum, Galls, or Skin eruptions of any kind, and the Pills, the you know without being told of it, A. P. Wilkes, B. & E. Zimmerman and E. Stele, the druggists, will sell you Dr. Bosanck's Pile remedy for fifty cents, which affords immediate relief and a sure cure.

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I DREAMED OF YOU. Last night, dear one, I dreamed that you were dead; I saw your white hands folded on your breast Your dear eyes closed, their light forever fled Your heart at rest.

I gazed upon your face, so white and cold, Perceiving beyond my power to understand; I kissed your lips as in the days of old; I gazed upon your hand.

And oh! the world with all it held for me, Grew dark as night, and every hope seemed dead; No joy in all the earth my soul could see, For you were dead.

I thought the morning sunlight filled the sky; With early dew the opening flowers were wet; But all seemed darkness to my weary eyes; My sun had set.

I tried to wake you from that awful sleep; I could not realize that you were dead; I tried in vain; but your slumbers were too deep; I was alone.

I awoke—the morning sky was bright with day, The birds were singing sweetly overhead; The sweet June roses blossomed fresh and gay; You were not dead.

And when we met you did not understand That you were dearer to me, ten times o'er; That truth, warmer seemed your little hand Than e'er before.

Now can you ever know how much I prize The precious jewel trusted to my care, Nor that my heaven is in your tender eyes And sunny hair.

That dream was but an angel in disguise, That filled my soul with bitter distress; For 'tis by loss we really learn to prize What we possess.

'Tis ever thus; life's lessons are not learned; We do not know the blessings which we own, Until, bereft, the bleeding heart has learned O'er anguish found.

SUNDAY GLOBETTES. HOMER: Too much rest itself becomes pain. JOHN BATE: Laws are silent in the midst of wars. WILLMOT: Literature is the immortality of speech.

SOUTH: No man's religion ever survives his morals. BULWER LYTON: Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue. COPPER: Remorse is the fatal egg by pleasure laid.

HUME: While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone. SENECA: He that is sorry for having sinned is almost innocent.

LOCKE: The great art to learn much, is to undertake a little at a time. COKE: Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason.

YOUNG: Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels; how heavily we drag the load of life. GOLDSMITH: Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

COLTON: Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it: anything but live for it. SOLON: To make an empire durable, the magistrates must obey the laws, and the people the magistrates.

WHATELY: Some men's reputation seems like seed wheat, which thrives best when brought from a distance. RIVAROL: Man spends his life in reasoning on the past, complaining of the present and trembling for the future.

LAMARTINE: To love in order to be loved in return, is man; but to love for the pure sake of loving, is almost the characteristic of an angel. SHENSTONE: Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature.

BISHOP HALL: Garments that have once had one rent in them, are subject to be torn on every nail; and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken; such is man's good name, tainted with past reproach.

Four churches in Montreal now use the electric light. Bob Ingersoll said to have lost \$100,000 in New Mexican Mines. A man who refuses to give his name has given \$50,000 to Yale college for a dormitory.

The Prince of Wales regularly attends the sittings of the Royal Committee on housing the poor of London. Dr. Moran, Catholic Bishop of Ossory, Ireland, has received notice of his appointment to the Metropolitan see of Sydney.

The Rev. Dr. A. D. Earle, the Baptist evangelist, has preached 21,000 times during his services of more than 50 years in the pulpit. The Chattanooga Times says that city is now really but nineteen years old. The war left it a wreck. In 1867 it had not a whole sale house. Iron mills and furnaces began in 1871. In 1872 the population was 6,000, now 24,000; manufacturing capital in 1880, \$2,789,000, in 1884, \$4,000,000.

Several capitalists of Philadelphia are said to have lately established a "Goose Farm" at Wallop's Neck, Accomac county, Va. about two acres of land, enclosed by a firmly-built plank fence and containing 1,900 white geese. The nest are laid off into sections, with avenues running through parallel with each other.

A cablegram received from London states that Catholic circles are excited by the report that Dr. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, has been appointed coadjutor to Cardinal Manning, with right of succession. The appointment meets with general approval among the Catholic clergy of England and Ireland.

The venerable theological faculty of Vienna is celebrating its five hundred anniversary. On February 24th, 1884, Pope Urban VI., at the request of Albert III., Duke of Austria, erected this faculty, and united it to three faculties already existing. All kinds of festive are taking place to commemorate the interesting event.

Kansas City looms up second in winter hog packing. Chicago packers slaughtered and packed 2,025,000 head; Kansas City packed 425,000 head; Cincinnati, 370,000 head; St. Louis, 355,000 head, and Indianapolis, 247,000 head; Milwaukee, 255,000 head and Louisville, 141,000 head. The total shortness at the points aggregate about 750,000.

The venerable and apostolic Bishop O'Connell of Maryland, Cal., has been permitted by the Holy Father to resign the administration of his diocese to his coadjutor, Bishop Manogue. Bishop O'Connell, of Vancouver's Island, recently administering the Vicariate of Montana, has been appointed first bishop of the new see of Helena, M. T. He will continue to administer his old diocese.

Three years ago Amherst College made a set of rules founded on the principle that each student was received as a gentleman and would be expelled whenever his conduct proved that he was not. President Seeley says it is the unquestioned judgment of the faculty that there has been a great gain in regularity of attendance and standard of scholarship. No punishments are prescribed. The misbehaving student is not sent away nor even shut out of the recitation rooms, but no attention whatever is paid to him.

DELAWAREANS who live near the Maryland border line protest against the reduction of marriage license fees in the State, on the ground of protection to home industry. The Wilmington Evening Beeing says: "If the pending Maryland bill goes through, and the price of a marriage license be reduced there-

by to the nominal sum of sixty cents in that State, no Delaware clergyman, living within ten miles of the Maryland line, will be able to depend on wedding fees to keep him in shoe blacking." The fee in Delaware is \$2.50.

The London Echo says: Enthusiastic church men are always ready to subscribe liberally toward the foundation of new bishoprics of ecclesiastical luxuries of a like nature; but when a densely populated parish in Northampton, with its one little church filled to overflowing, modestly wants another place of worship, it is reduced in desperation to take the Non-conformist public into its confidence, and subscriptions from wherever it can. What makes it worse is, that there is neither endowment nor rector's house attached to what, by stretch of fancy, is termed the present "living."

The most exciting leap year incident so far reported is that which comes from St. Elmo, Ill. It appears that on Sunday last, while Rev. Mr. Pierce, a young divine, was occupying his pulpit in that city, Mrs. Mary Smith, a dashing young widow, left her seat in the body of the church and went up and stood beside him. To the astonishment of the congregation she announced that she was about to become Mrs. Pierce. She had, it is rumored, become infatuated with the young divine, and to this and the excitement of a religious revival, at which she was converted, her temporary insanity is attributed.

Gustave Dore's last large picture, the Vale of Tears, was intended to be a rendering of the verse "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The background represents a shadowy valley, flanked by an enormous arch, at the entrance to which Christ stands clothed in white, bearing a cross. His hand raised as if in invitation to the great number of sorrowful figures who fill the foreground, representing almost every class of human sufferers—the aged, sick, maimed, halt and blind—all looking toward Christ with the spirit that animates the faces in the foreground of Raphael's Transfiguration.

CHIT-CHAT FOR LADIES. The wife of Prince Krapotkin, the socialist is studying medicine in Paris. Miss Lillian Bayard Taylor shares her father's fondness for German, and has much of his fine feeling for poetry.

Some Japanese women on seeing the corset for the first time asked "Whether it was worn as a protection from rude men or a penitential garment to expiate sins." Of women who never marry there are more blondes than brunettes. In a majority of cases where divorcees are granted one of the parties has blue and the other brown eyes.

The wife of President Gonzales of Mexico, left her husband recently and opened a millinery shop in the capital city. It did not pay, though, because of gossip and scandal, and she was obliged to move into Texas, where she now resides.

The re-engagement of Mme. Theo to Maurice Grau to come to the United States next season will refresh the lovers of operabouffe, now somewhat jaded by people who can sing but cannot act. Theo can sing better without a voice than any woman alive, and she acts better than she sings.

We are not prepared to believe the story that John Logan intends to write a book after the manner of Blaine. Mrs. Logan is very busy just now looking after the Presidency for her husband and she has no time to devote to literature. When she doesn't write the Senator doesn't write.

Adelina Patti has created a phenomenal sensation in San Francisco. Amongst the floral tributes presented to her on the occasion of