

PEN PICTURES

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Major Joseph R. Brown—One of Minnesota's Greatest Men—Early Life—Peccadilloes—Anecdotes—The Dead Horse—Bill to Suppress Immorality—Home Burned—Narrow Escape—An Appropriate Reply—The First Spout—Brown as a Man—The Good Bye—Dead.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

ARTICLE XXIII.

JOSEPH R. BROWN.

was born in Maryland in 1805, and had lived to this time, he would have been 79 years old. He died in New York in 1870, or 14 years ago, aged 65 years. His father was an Episcopal minister, and in early years Joseph was put to learn the printer's trade but becoming dissatisfied from the fact that his father was a drunkard, he ran away and enlisted in the army and came to Fort Snelling as a drummer boy, in 1819, or 65 years ago, at which time he was about 14 years of age. He left the army somewhere in the years 1825 or 1828, and engaged in the lumbering and Indian business. He came to Saint Paul in 1850, although he had been in the city off and on for a year or more. He married a Dakota woman, and at the time we first met him, had a family of six or eight children. In the early days, before the existence of Minnesota, he was appointed a justice of the peace, in Wisconsin, and also elected a member of the legislature of Wisconsin, for three years; was a prominent member of the convention which took steps to organize Minnesota into a territory; was secretary of the territorial council after Minnesota became a territory, during the years 1849 and 1851; was chief clerk of the house of representatives in 1853; member of the council (or senate) in 1854 and 1855; of the house in 1857, and territorial printer in 1853-4; was also an influential member of the constitutional convention and chairman of the committee appointed to canvass the votes on the adoption of the constitution. Before the outbreak, we think in 1858, he was appointed Indian agent, and no man ever dealt more fairly or honestly with the red man than Joseph R. Brown, and if he had been continued as agent no outbreak would have occurred.

At the time we met him he was largely engaged in the Indian trade; had laid out Henderson as a town site and was running a stage line to it; had purchased the Pioneer of the estate of James M. Goodhue in 1852, and was conducting the affairs of his political or rather Democratic party, while he had conceived the idea in his brain of a huge steam wagon which was to traverse the prairies loaded with goods for the frontier, for he was always reaching out beyond the confines of civilization into the remote portions of barbaric life. Having left his hold on the Pioneer, he started the Democrat at Henderson in the year 1857; and from thence he and his family drifted into what is now known as Brown's valley, a beautiful country, at present adorned with elegant farms. When Mr. Brown came to St. Paul, he purchased the property now known as Kittson's addition, for \$150—worth to-day several millions. It is alleged that he sold the lot where Raugh's saloon used to stand, on Third street, now occupied by Mr. Jones, for a box of cigars, the present value being about \$15,000. He had but little appreciation of money only so far as it was a means of effecting certain ends, and these ends usually were the advancement of the human race.

Clearly defined and clearly seen. The traveler who passes over the great plains of Dakota, sees here and there a sage bush, and sometimes a small sapling, and then, all of a sudden, his vision falls on a great butte, or rock, which, rising right out of the prairie, in huge proportions, looms up against the sky and throws its shadows for miles in the distance. What nature presents on our plains is illustrated in the career of the human race. The great mass of the people resemble sage brush, with here and there a tree of a larger growth, but capping all, and overlooking all, and overshadowing all, rises the great man, who, in his rugged characteristics, resembles nature's land mark, for he stands prominently out from his fellow men, clearly defined and clearly seen. Such was Major Joseph R. Brown, the subject of this sketch. Coming to Minnesota early, and having been intimately associated with Mr. Brown in editing the Pioneer for six months, we are, perhaps, as well able to speak of his peculiar traits of character, as any man living. We have stated in previous articles, that we landed at the levee at St. Paul in the year 1853, determined to make this city our future home, and what more natural than that we should seek a place in our own profession. So we entered the Minnesota office on Third street, and there we met Owens and Moore, and to our application—"do you want a 'devil,' or a printer, or an assistant editor, or an editor-in-chief?" came back the curt answer, "No!" We trudged up Third street to the corner of Washabaw, where the old Democrat was then printed; we entered the office, and there we met David Olmstead, with his great, shaggy eyebrows, and big head, and George W. Armstrong, with his pleasant face and red hair, and in response to our question were given a modified and pleasing answer greeted us, "No!" We trudged up Third street, passed by a store and a half wooden building, where Ingersoll block now stands, walked down Bench street a short distance, and entered the office of the Pioneer. We stood in the presence of Joseph R. Brown. At this time Mr. Brown was a good-sized man, then about fifty years of age, with a sharp Roman nose, clear cut features, hair somewhat long and gently curling, head tending to baldness, wore an open stand up collar, lying loosely about his neck, and presented an appearance which at once denoted something above the ordinary man. His chin was prominent and his lips thin, and when he spoke his eyes dilated and when he spoke, he made a noise between a sneeze and a cough, produced by a catarrhal affection with which he had long been troubled.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "I called to inquire if you wished any one to assist you?" He turned square around from his writing, and with a pleasant smile, answered, "Well, by George, I think I do." "I guess I can suit you; I have been in the printing business for myself; know all the ins and outs of the profession," I remarked, when he fixed his strong, bright eyes upon me and asked,—"that do you consider your services worth?" to which I replied—"six your own terms."

"I will do as you wish," he remarked, "to take entire charge of the paper when I am gone, and so you think you can perform the labor?" I told him I certainly thought I could, when he agreed to pay me \$80 per week, and we were then and there engaged in the old Pioneer office, in 1853, or thirty-one years ago.

ANECDOTES OF BROWN—THE DEAD HORSE. We remember many pleasant incidents in the life of Mr. Brown, all of which go to make up the real character of the man. He was a person of great energy and great industry, and great vitality, and with an evenness of temper which we never before and never since have met and know. His association with men always good natured, always considerate, and we remember the fact with feelings of the liveliest emotions, that during the six months we were with him, we can recall no word or look that militates in the least degree against the memory of the lamented dead! Mr. Brown had the habit of saying, "By George!" He never swore; he never cursed; he never played cards; he did smoke cigars occasionally. At times he was thoughtful, and a calm and serene expression would creep over his face, as he no doubt sometimes thought of the old folks at home and of his childhood hours. One morning the driver of his stage to Henderson came into the office with a very sad face, and addressing Mr. Brown, who was quietly writing at our elbow, said: "The horses have run away, Mr. Brown, and one—only one—of them—is dead!" Mr. Brown quietly turned round and looking up into the face of the distressed man, in a pleasant but by no means excited manner, inquired how it all happened, and when the driver had concluded his story, Brown simply remarked: "Well, by George! John, if those horses hadn't run away, it is probable that I would have been here now. Well, I must get another horse, by George!" The effect upon the poor driver was instantaneous; his eye lightened up, his countenance assumed a different shape, and a great sigh came from his heart, as he then and there no doubt resolved never to do anything in the future that would lose him the respect and the friendship of so good a man as Joseph R. Brown.

A BILL TO SUPPRESS IMMORALITY. We entered the office one morning about 6:30 o'clock, and found Mr. Brown at his table writing. "Well, Mr. Brown, you are pretty early this morning," we remarked, when he quietly said—"Yes, by George! pretty early in view of the fact that I have not yet been to bed." "Why, Brown, is that so? What's up?" "Oh, nothing, only I am getting up a bill for the suppression of immorality, and I know I shall not be able to conclude it unless I took the night to do it in, and I have just finished it." The reader should bear in mind that Mr. Brown was then territorial printer, and that bills were considered in the morning, as large slugs were placed between each line, and the printer was allowed \$1 per 1,000. The next day Mr. Brown arose in the senate, as he was then a member of that body, and in his peculiar grave and honest manner, desired to introduce a bill for the suppression of immorality, and moved that it be read by its title and printed, which motion prevailed. The next day the bill came up and was read. It first made provision for the suppression of liquor on the bars of steamboats—Brown was a temperance man—I then picked out all the other elements of immorality in the catalogue, and finally resolved that to advance the moral character of the community no woman shall be permitted to stand in the order garments of either sex on a public clothes line, as such an act is detrimental to the public morals of the people." Of course the senate saw the joke, and the bill was immediately indefinitely postponed; but Brown had carried his point, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

HOME BURNED—NARROW ESCAPE. It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

thoughtful, and a calm and serene expression would creep over his face, as he no doubt sometimes thought of the old folks at home and of his childhood hours. One morning the driver of his stage to Henderson came into the office with a very sad face, and addressing Mr. Brown, who was quietly writing at our elbow, said: "The horses have run away, Mr. Brown, and one—only one—of them—is dead!" Mr. Brown quietly turned round and looking up into the face of the distressed man, in a pleasant but by no means excited manner, inquired how it all happened, and when the driver had concluded his story, Brown simply remarked: "Well, by George! John, if those horses hadn't run away, it is probable that I would have been here now. Well, I must get another horse, by George!" The effect upon the poor driver was instantaneous; his eye lightened up, his countenance assumed a different shape, and a great sigh came from his heart, as he then and there no doubt resolved never to do anything in the future that would lose him the respect and the friendship of so good a man as Joseph R. Brown.

A BILL TO SUPPRESS IMMORALITY. We entered the office one morning about 6:30 o'clock, and found Mr. Brown at his table writing. "Well, Mr. Brown, you are pretty early this morning," we remarked, when he quietly said—"Yes, by George! pretty early in view of the fact that I have not yet been to bed." "Why, Brown, is that so? What's up?" "Oh, nothing, only I am getting up a bill for the suppression of immorality, and I know I shall not be able to conclude it unless I took the night to do it in, and I have just finished it." The reader should bear in mind that Mr. Brown was then territorial printer, and that bills were considered in the morning, as large slugs were placed between each line, and the printer was allowed \$1 per 1,000. The next day Mr. Brown arose in the senate, as he was then a member of that body, and in his peculiar grave and honest manner, desired to introduce a bill for the suppression of immorality, and moved that it be read by its title and printed, which motion prevailed. The next day the bill came up and was read. It first made provision for the suppression of liquor on the bars of steamboats—Brown was a temperance man—I then picked out all the other elements of immorality in the catalogue, and finally resolved that to advance the moral character of the community no woman shall be permitted to stand in the order garments of either sex on a public clothes line, as such an act is detrimental to the public morals of the people." Of course the senate saw the joke, and the bill was immediately indefinitely postponed; but Brown had carried his point, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

HOME BURNED—NARROW ESCAPE. It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

It was Sunday morning when we sauntered up to the office, and there we met Mr. Brown, who was exercising a peculiar habit which he had of scratching the palm of his left hand with the nails of the fingers of the right, and looking very serious. "Good morning, Mr. Brown," thought you were in Henderson, I inquired. "By George! I was across the river," he replied. "Why so Mr. Brown?" we inquired. "Well, my house has been burned down and I am getting a little anxious about my family." "How do you do?" we inquired. "Well, by George! I don't know how to see the smoke!" and looking in the direction in which he pointed, which was then on the bluff in West St. Paul, sure enough, there was the smoke of his ruined home. The river at this time, the bill had been ordered printed, and his one night's labor on it had netted him just \$100.

efface. "I am going east to perfect my steam wagon over his face, as he no doubt sometimes thought of the old folks at home and of his childhood hours. One morning the driver of his stage to Henderson came into the office with a very sad face, and addressing Mr. Brown, who was quietly writing at our elbow, said: "The horses have run away, Mr. Brown, and one—only one—of them—is dead!" Mr. Brown quietly turned round and looking up into the face of the distressed man, in a pleasant but by no means excited manner, inquired how it all happened, and when the driver had concluded his story, Brown simply remarked: "Well, by George! John, if those horses hadn't run away, it is probable that I would have been here now. Well, I must get another horse, by George!" The effect upon the poor driver was instantaneous; his eye lightened up, his countenance assumed a different shape, and a great sigh came from his heart, as he then and there no doubt resolved never to do anything in the future that would lose him the respect and the friendship of so good a man as Joseph R. Brown.

THE CRAZY-QUILT MANIA. Society Young Ladies Fascinated With a Novel Amusement. "Do you want to see the prettiest piece of work this side of the Atlantic?" asked a pretty little lady of a New York Journal reporter. "Well, I shouldn't mind," he replied. "She led the way into a spacious and well furnished hallway, then up a winding staircase to a pretty little sitting-room, but the burst of color that greeted the sight as the door was opened almost blinded the poor man. There was a table heaped with small pieces of silk, satin, velvet, plush, neckties, hat linings; pieces of old kid gloves, coat-linings, ends of silk handkerchiefs, hair ribbons, silk flags, passementerie in every shade, old embroidered slippers, bits of lace, and almost every material imaginable, except cotton and woolen goods.

"Isn't this just perfectly exquisite?" exclaimed the little lady, as she whisked a bundle of white linen from the pantry, took out the pins, and brought out a beautiful silk patchwork, quilt, embroidered in silk floss of every shade, and showing every shade of color in the rainbow and two dozen others. "Exquisite!" answered the reporter, "but it doesn't seem to be made after any particular design or star, you know. I see a fan in the center. Ah! and there is a butterfly; but the rest is vague."

"That's just where the beauty comes in, young man, although you may not have been educated in the art of the patchwork, a quilt as this costs me nothing, but the time and white silk it is lined with, and I could sell it for \$100 cash right off for it if I would sell it." "But no! Gold cannot buy it."

"May I ask what its name is, and what pattern or stitch you call it?" asked the reporter. "It is called the crazy patchwork quilt," replied the lady, lovingly smoothing down an old-gold tulle on a black-and-red end of a necktie that adorned one square. "You see, the way to make one is very interesting. First you go around and visit all your lady friends and ask them for scraps of silk, velvet, plush, etc.; then you make all the men you know bring you their neckties and hat linings and pretty coat-sleeve linings, too. Then you go around to every store and ask for samples of different silks and velvet and beads and floss silk, etc., and then begin work."

You take a square of about a foot of old silk or muslin or you stitch on two pieces in any color you desire, and you cut out, literally, a fan, beetle, something similar here and there. After the square is covered with pieces you embroider about the edges with scraps of silk floss and sew beads here and there. Then, when you get all the squares done, you run them together and line and you have this."

"Can you make anything but a bed-spread out of the patchwork?" queried the reporter. "Oh, yes indeed; sofa cushion covers, chair backs, table covers and doilies, to name what. The work is awfully fascinating. You don't care for anything else while you're doing it. You may know how fascinating it is when I tell you I refused to go and see Irving this night in succession so I could finish this."

THE ORIGINAL DECLARATION.

Celebration of the Anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

The 19th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence adopted by the people of this (Mecklenburg) county on May 20, 1775, was celebrated May 20, 1884.

For half a century doubts have been thrown upon the character of that declaration, but the local historians and documents have thoroughly established the fact that the declaration was adopted and the celebration was indulged without misgiving.

The best authenticated copy of the original declaration, table cover and doilies, to name what. The work is awfully fascinating. You don't care for anything else while you're doing it. You may know how fascinating it is when I tell you I refused to go and see Irving this night in succession so I could finish this."

Resolved, That whoever directly or indirectly, abetted or in any way, for or manner countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man.

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all alliance to the British Crown and abjure all political connection, contract and association with that nation, who have wrongfully trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are entitled to all the rights and privileges of a self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the General Government of congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other mutual cooperation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

Resolved, That as we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, or military, within this country, we do hereby ordain and adopt a new constitution of life, each and every of our former laws wherein, nevertheless the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities or authority thereon.

Resolved, That is also further decreed that all, each and every military officer in this country is hereby reinstated to his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations, and that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz: a Justice of the Peace, or a member of a militia company, to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws, and to preserve peace and unity and harmony in said county, and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and love of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.

The programme of the celebration was substantially as follows: A procession consisting of the police Department, the Knights Templar of the chief cities of North Carolina, carriages with members of Congress, Governors, etc.; fourteen military companies and thirteen fire companies and thirteen fire companies; the Firemen's Monument unveiled; the Elmwood Cemetery, Mr. W. Ransom reading an ode; an oration by George H. Pendleton and other distinguished gentlemen; prize drills, military review and banquets. The celebration was attended with beautiful weather and was a complete success. The procession, some miles in length, was witnessed by a crowd estimated at 30,000.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

(GAL. 6:14.)

We glory in the things we love the best! The warrior boasts of laurel-wreaths possess, The world's renown and honor are his quest. The Christian sees in Calvary's sacred story, The Star that leads to everlasting glory.

The poet waves aloft Tophet's reformed, Strives for a niche in temples raised to Fame, Seeks on the "sands of time" to trace his name. The Christian finds in Calvary's wondrous story A life surpassing all, in light and glory.

The painter lives, Art's reign to magnify; Beauty and grace, the world's desire, The beautiful is good, and shall not die. The charm and beauty of the "old, old story," Is the ideal of the Christian's glory.

Music by some; or Wisdom most renowned, In depths beyond the reach of man to sound; Hark! the Spirit yet by angels' voices sung, The Cross of Christ be our delight and glory. The Christian leads eternal life and glory.

Christian, lead! let thine aspirations rise From fading wreaths to crowns beyond the skies; Christ be thy life, thy hope, thy joy, thy prize. Oh, while on earth, may Love's divinest story, The Cross of Christ be our delight and glory.

—J. H. S., in London Christian.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Strook gambling in Wall street has grown to be the gigantic vice of this country. It is a serious menace to the moral and financial life of the business community. Gamblers congregate in Wall street to pursue their wild, reckless speculations, and schemes of chance, as much as do the habitues of the gambling "hells" palaces and temples of the cities of the old world and the new. An ex-President of the United States has disgraced and degraded himself by entering into these Wall street gambling ventures, and instead of being the object of costly donations, and being pensioned on the retired list of the army, he should be contemptuously left to struggle with the results his misdoings have brought upon him. The New York World justly and stingingly says: "If Grant made \$10,000,000 for himself in the course of losing \$10,000,000 for others in his gambling speculations he would have been just as culpable, just as reprehensible as he is now. His offense is in his disregard of the high dignity of his position as the first citizen and the first soldier of the Republic. He has degraded his title, and in so doing has degraded the nation. What claim has such a man on the sympathy of the people?"

The Grant, Ward & Co., stock-gamblers ought to be prosecuted for swindling, and are likely to be. Ward has been arrested, and held in \$300,000 bail, to answer, and finding no bondsmen has been sent to jail. It is reported that Ward has decided not to bear the brunt of the odium of the firm's transaction any longer and will make a clean breast of it, and will make revelations that will cause ears to tingle. His revelations will make the Grants, old and young very unhappy. It is reported that U. S. Grant, Jr., has fled to Canada, and it would be no surprise if the Senior Grant should follow him or do worse. High standing, hitherto illustrious fame should be no protection for villainy. The flight of young Grant is denied—but it may yet be true, or he and others of the family may join Ward in Ludlow street jail. Rather humbling, for an ex-President, but let Senator Edmunds pass around the hat all the same! The immorality of gambling attaches to Wall street no less than to the lower dens of the vice and old ethical writer denounces it, but instructively says of the vice of gambling: "If thy desire to raise thy fortune encourage thy delights to the cast of fortune, be wise betimes, lest thou repent too late; what thou gettest, thou gainest by abused providence; what thou loost, thou loost by abused patience; what thou winnest is prodigally spent; what thou loost is prodigally lost; it is an evil trade that prodigally drives; and a bad voyage where the pilot is blind." The vice of gambling, of whatever grade or character, whether in stocks or otherwise, leads to irretrievable ruin, and to almost every conceivable evil and crime, ending not infrequently in crazed desperation and self-destruction.

Colton in his "acon" vigorously and startlingly said: "The gambler, if he die a martyr to his profession, is soiled by ruin. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit Heaven." Gambling of every form and grade should be suppressed by legal prosecutions, Wall street stock gamblers, high or low included.

Had the easy and vicious laws of divorce prevalent as now, when Lacon wrote, he would not have assumed the inviolable and permanent relation of the marriage tie, when he wrote as follows: "Matrimony is an engagement which must last the life of the parties, and there is no retrograding, 'undeque nulla retrosum' (no steps backward), therefore, to avoid all the horror of a repudiation that comes too late, men should thoroughly know the real causes that induce them to take so important a step, before they venture upon it. Do they stand in need of a wife, an heiress, or a nurse? Is it their passions, their wants, or their infirmities, that solicit them to wed? Are the candidates for that happy state, 'proprietor, sold open?' (or work, or wealth, or aid) according to the program. There are questions much more proper to be proposed before men go to the altar, than after it, they are points which, well ascertained, would prevent many disappointments, often deplorable, and ridiculous ones, always remediless. We should not then see young spendthrifts allying themselves to females who are not so, only because they have nothing to expend; nor old debaucheries taking blooming beauties to their bosoms when an additional flannel waistcoat would have been a bedfellow much more salutary and appropriate.

"High license" did not prevail in Lacon's day, and were he alive now, he would oppose it. He says: "The policy of drawing a public revenue from the private vices of drinking and of gaming is as absurd as it is pernicious, for temperate men drink a glass, and because they drink the longest, and a gambler contributes much less to the revenue than the industrious, because he is much sooner ruined. When Manderville maintained that private vices were public benefits, he did not calculate the widely destructive influence of an example to affirm that a vicious man is only his own enemy, is about as wise as to affirm that a virtuous man is only his own friend."

REV. H. N. BARNUM, D. D., of Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, in a letter recently received, makes the following mention of the occultation of Venus, as observed at that place. It was not visible in the Western hemisphere: "One of the most beautiful astronomical phenomena which I ever witnessed was the occultation of Venus, by the moon, on the evening of Feb. 29. The sky was clear, and for a time Venus sat like a brilliant diamond upon the top of the dark part of the crescent moon, and then disappeared. After three quarters of an hour it emerged from the lower part of the moon, from which it seemed to hang like a beautiful pendant."

CANADA has barely escaped the infliction of a law sanctioning a public lottery. A bill had passed the Legislature, chartering such an institution for the term of twenty-five years, the tickets to be sold for one dollar and the prizes