

The Northwestern Standard.

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A Handsome Christmas Card!

Will be given to all Purchasers of TEA, COFFEE, or

BAKING POWDER,

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, AND FOLLOWING WEEK.

We have several Unique Designs. Any one of them are beautiful. Come early and avoid the rush for

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ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

THE SOIL OF IRELAND.

Robbed and Impoverished Through Exportation of All the Produce the Soil Produces.

Irishmen Deprived of Shelter by the Wholesale Destruction of Forest Growth.

In a late issue of the Dublin Freeman the following article appeared showing how the native soil of Ireland is impoverished by the taking from it of its natural elements of life and strength:

We have seen, at least approximately, how immense has been the robbery from the soil of Ireland of that important and necessary constituent, phosphate of lime. There is another constituent of soils equally important, viz., potash, of which the country has been deprived for even a longer period in large quantities. Nearly every kind of rock, and all soils, contain potash. It is often the most abundant mineral constituent in a large family of plants, the sciancace, which includes the potato and tobacco, and it is abundant in trees and other plants. In the wool of the sheep it is found in large quantity, while it forms a portion of the flesh of all animals. Both granite and trap rocks contain potash in the mineral felspar, common to both; but rocks take a long time to become soils, sometimes thousands of years, so that the supply of potash or any other mineral from granite and other rocks could not be depended on. So if the soil is robbed of certain necessary mineral constituents it may take centuries before its fertility can be practically restored. We say practically, because a capitalist can, by unimpaired expense, restore a piece of land to a fertile state. But this is not practical agriculture, which looks to profit from its operations. Potash forms from 20 to 40 per cent. of the ashes of our cultivated crops—that is, of the ashes of those parts of them used as food for man. The potato tuber contains 61.6 of potash; pea pods, 45.4; beans, 42.5; oat grain, 37.45; and so on. No one can therefore ignore the importance of this mineral. And yet there is scarcely any artificial manure, except kainit, that contains any potash; and until a few years ago there was a general neglect in returning any to the soil from which it was continually taken. Let us see the various ways in which the soil of Ireland has been robbed of this valuable constituent.

When Ireland was first colonized, and for thousands of years after, by far the greater part of it was covered with a thick growth of wood—in fact, it was, till about 200 years ago, among the best-wooded countries in the world. Keating, in the first chapter of his history says: An cheud ainm tugadh ar Eirinn, inis na bh-fiodhbadh, eadhán, oileán na g-coillteadh. The first name that was given to Erin was Inis na bh-fiodhbadh, that is, "Island of the Woods." Mention is made frequently in our early annals of clearances of woods for the purpose of cultivation. But notwithstanding these clearances, it was not till Queen Elizabeth's time that the wholesale destruction of forest growth began to be made. This was continued by the English in the time of James, Cromwell and William, in order to deprive their Irish opponents of shelter during the operations of the English armies against them. The Irish poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries contains frequent mournful references to the destruction of the forests. Now, what was the result of this destruction, which was mostly consummated by fire? In the first place, the accumulations of thousands of years of valuable organic matter was dissipated into the atmosphere. But not only did this happen to the volatile or organic matter of the trees destroyed, but also to the greater portion of the potash they contained. Potash differs in this respect from most other mineral substances, that many of its compounds volatilize at a high temperature, such as is obtained by setting fire to a number of trees cut down and lying on the ground. This is why in the production of pearl ash the heat must be moderated if the ashes left are to contain any large proportion of potash. Accordingly the destruction wholesale of her magnificent oak, elm, ash and pine forests by fire was the first method by which the soil of Ireland was deprived of its potash. The amount of this deprivation it is impossible now to estimate, but it must have been enormous. Land was cleared of timber in quite a different way in England and Scotland, so that the potash was not dissipated. When it is remembered that it is to the centuries growth of heavy timber that the black earth of Central Russia owes its present great fertility, that the same may be said of many parts of America and of other countries, the loss effected by the rapid destruction, principally during the last century, of Ireland's tree-growth can be better understood.

We next come to the loss of potash caused by the continuous exportation of live stock. A half-fat ox contains in his whole carcass the following percentages of various matters: Minerals matter, 4.66; dry nitrogenous compounds, 16.6; fat, 19.1; contents of viscera, 8.19; water, 51.5; waste, 9.95. We may reckon that a carcass weighing 300 pounds will yield 1 pound of potash. Taking, roughly, 300 pounds as the average weight of three-fourths of the live stock of Ireland, which may be said

to be the quantity exported every fourth year, including horses, mules, asses, cattle, sheep and pigs, we should lose yearly by this exportation 6,233 pounds of potash. This in 200 years would make 1,246,600 pounds loss from this source alone. But if the wool of sheep is reckoned, it will be found to be much greater. About a pound of potash per acre of fertile land does not at first sight seem much, and if the loss was confined to this source it would not be, indeed, of great consequence. But there are hundreds of other sources of loss on a much larger scale, as, for instance, the practice of pairing and burning, the exportation of potatoes, and formerly of grain, the dissolving out of potash compounds by floodings, and the subsequent drainage necessitated thereby, and various other minor causes. In the fine, heavy loam at Rothamstead, wheat removed during twenty years from the soil 300 pounds of potash. Now, wheat was grown in Kilkenny, Tipperary and Limerick before 1846 to a very large extent, sometimes two or three years continuously, to make up a high rent. But, taking the ordinary four-course rotation, each acre would annually lose 4.45 pounds of potash. This is not much, but when long continued it would ultimately quite exhaust the most fertile soil. On the other hand, the United Kingdom is reckoned to import annually in its provisions and artificial manures about half a million cwt. of potash; but it is needless to mention that nearly all of this goes to Great Britain. Johnston has calculated, notwithstanding this, that the total loss of the United Kingdom in potash yearly is 112,800,000 pounds, while the gain is only 13,370,112 pounds. If this is so for the United Kingdom generally, we may assume that, in proportion to her extent, Ireland suffers a much greater loss in potash than either England or Scotland. As Ireland is about five-nineteenths the area of Great Britain, her proportion of annual loss of potash would be, all other things being equal, over 28,000,000 pounds of potash. But considering that she is almost wholly an exporting nation, except in the matter of cereals, we may set it down at least at half as much again, or nearly 40,000,000 pounds, or ten pounds to every man, woman and child in the country.

We have now passed in review the great loss of two of the most necessary substances in every fertile soil, viz., phosphate of lime and potash. There has been a proportionate loss in the soils

not so important as the former two, it often takes a long time to supply the loss from the subsoil, especially where trees do not exist, and the soils suffers in consequence.

Christmas Gifts.

"They are the noblest benefits, and sink deepest in the man; of which, when he doth think.

The memory delights him more, from whom, Than what he hath received."—Johnson.

What shall I give him for a Christmas present?

She will expect something nice for a present, and what shall it be?

These questions are the source of end of worry to the lady and ladies just now. Those who are going to make presents just for the sake of giving them are worried more than those who give them as tokens of esteem or love. These known, or least think, the receivers will accept the gifts for the sake of the giver rather than for the value of the article. A book, a pencil, a handkerchief, a trinket, any thing, whether it has any intrinsic value or not, passes current among lovers and intimate friends.

Those who make presents for the purpose of being in the fashion or for appearance sake will find no end of trouble in satisfying themselves, much less in satisfying those who receive them. Instead of regarding them as tokens of esteem or affection they are looked upon with a critical eye, and sneered at if not far beyond their expectations.

To such as these a gift has no value beyond its worth as a mere ornament, and such it is always regarded. It rarely calls to mind the giver, and even when it does the recollection may not be pleasant. Such presents are worthless, and it were better they had never been given or accepted, because there was a motive in giving and accepting, which must have been either pure or hypocritical. Therefore it were better neither to give nor to receive unless it can be done heartily and honestly.

Trial of a Mormon for Polygamy.

Mormon—Judge, I may be able to give up one of my wives. Will that satisfy the law?

Judge—No, it won't.

"But I'll only have eleven left."

"That's ten too many."

"Well, it's hard on me, but I'll try to get along with ten if giving up two will satisfy you."

"No; you will have to give up all but one."

"Durn me if I will."

"Why, I should think you would be glad to get rid of some of them in these hard times."

"That's just the reason why I can't afford to lose one of them, Judge. It takes twelve to support me as it is; and I am sure I should starve to death with only one."—New York Tribune.

CASHEL'S PRELATE.

Archbishop Croke Makes a Patriotic Reply to an Address of Welcome.

A Clear And Concise Statement Why Irish Priests Take Part in Politics.

Archbishop Croke of Cashel arrived at the French College, Blackrock, county Dublin, on the 17th ult. and, in answer to an address presented him by the president, professors and students, made the following reply: I wish you to accept my best thanks for the very beautiful, but far too flattering, address, which has just been read. I am pretty well used to receive addresses, though not from such bodies as yours, and am fairly puzzled, therefore, as to how, or in what terms, I had better reply to the one now presented to me. It literally loads me with commendation. There is no good, I suppose, in saying that I do not deserve it, or, at all events, that I do not deserve it in the measure in which it was given; for, were I to say this, you are too shrewd not to perceive at once, that I was only doing what is usual on similar occasions, that is, affecting not to believe myself something above the common, whereas, in all probability, I would feel grossly offended with any one who would not take me to be so. But, seriously gentlemen, you have been unduly kind to me in your address. Amongst a variety of other excellencies for which I get credit, you are pleased to say that you recognize in me the strenuous advocate of Catholic claims in the matter of education, a laborious bishop and a good Irishman. In so far you do me but justice. I was engaged in teaching, during a great portion of my early life, and in many lands, and know, therefore, from personal experience that it is with states in this respect, as with individuals, in so far, at all events, that as a well brought up youth will probably be a good and useful citizen, so a state is likely to be flourishing, respected abroad and happy at home, in proportion as education in the strict sense of the word is prized there or neglected. Hence I am and always have been, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, for the spread of good schools and for the suitable recognition of them by the state according to their public form and well ascertained results. As a bishop, I have indeed, thank God, been fairly successful. I do not speak now of the work done by me off at the Antipodes, ~~where I have been a zealous priesthood, and an excellent Irish flock; but I refer solely to the time, now more than ten years, since he came to Cashel of the Kings as head spiritual ruler, and during that period, it is my proud boast to be able to say, that though I entered on my duties there an utter stranger, without much of a name and absolutely without a record, I have never since had one hour's trouble arising out of my ecclesiastical relations, with my priests or my varied relations with my pious and patriotic flock. I can add that, owing no doubt, to the thorough union that existed and which still exists unbroken between our priests and people, for the promotion of which I have always striven on no outrage of any moment, like that hideous one that occurred a few days ago in Kerry, or in an infinitely less aggravated shape, have taken place in the archdiocese of Cashel. What do politics mean? Politics now simply mean food and clothes and decent houses for Irishmen and women at home; they mean the three great corporal works of mercy; they mean the protection of the weak against the strong, and the soil of Ireland for the Irish race rather than a select gang of strangers and spoilers. The priest, therefore, who shrinks from what is called political strife, and would suffer things to remain in Ireland as for centuries they have been, by the not declares that he cares but little how his flock is fed, clothed or housed, and he prefers an attitude of inaction, bringing with it the high approval of the privileged classes, to one of legitimate contention and anxiety resulting in the uplifting and social improvement of his poor suffering flock. Hence, then, the presence of priests and bishops in politics, not, indeed, as a matter of choice, but from necessity. I am, of course, an Irishman, though I believe my name is Dutch, and you are pleased to think I am a good one. The words, a good Irishman, imply a good deal. What, for instance, do we mean when we say of a certain person that he is a good and faithful friend? We mean that he has a warm and sympathetic heart, and that, when there is a question of his friend, he is generous, reliable and prepared to make sacrifice for his sake. It is the same with the good Irishman. He loves the green fields and mountains, the sparkling streams, the holy wells, the games the pastimes, the ancient ruins, and all the historic and legendary lore of his native land; his heart bleeds and his hand is clenched on seeing, as he does, the best of God's people in bondage, down in the dust under the heels of their hereditary oppressors; he longs for the day when the spoiler's hand will be taken from off his people's throat and out of his people's pocket; and there is no price he would not pay, even the cost of his life, to bring back to his country somewhat of its pristine grandeur, and pour into her lap all the chief elements of plenty. In that sense I am a good Irishman. Coming over here, as I did,~~

more than a quarter of a century ago, from the free lands in which I made my studies, I felt by contrast how ill-treated my countrymen were, and then, as I now do, I pledged myself to wage perpetual war against oppression, and to know no rest till our people, according to their respective grades, would be as well clad, as well fed and as well lodged as their equals in other lands. The day is surely dawning for the realization of these hopes. Much has already been done in that direction; yet much also remains to be achieved. But with men at our head like Parnell and the parliamentary party; with priests and people now everywhere welded into one formidable phalanx; with seats of learning such as this—Rockwell, St. Colman's, of Fermoy, where I spent my very happy days, and similar institutions scattered everywhere over the face of the land, inspiring the rising generation with National sentiments and aspirations—our pilfered rights cannot much longer be withheld nor can Ireland continue to be what for centuries she has been, a byword and an outcast amongst nations. As for me, in conclusion, I shall be always at my post. For a while I was to some extent comparatively alone amongst the higher clergy in the National ranks. To-day, thank God and the Pope, I am but one of many, all animated with the same desire to see old Ireland emancipated, and her people prosperous and contented. Gentlemen, accept again my thanks for your address, and for your genuine Irish welcome to the French College of Blackrock.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

Description by One Who Saw Him at Borodino.

Major General Yakovitch, of the Russian army, is one of the few men now living who saw the great Napoleon on a battle-field. The old General saw the French Emperor at Borodino. At that battle Yakovitch, then a mere boy, served with a battery in the grand re-doubt, which was the center of the Russian line. He gives a vivid description of the battle. When morning broke a sea of gray mist shut out the field from view. The voices of the enemy were heard, the neighing of their horses and the rumble of artillery wheels. Then came the thunder of cannon, making the very earth tremble. Three times all the Russian gunners were killed, and three times new men took their places. Bullets flew thick as hail, and men dropped dead or mangled every moment.

At last a sound was heard in the distance like rain pattering on withered leaves. It grew louder and louder, until it filled the air like the roar of a stormy sea. All at once a great wave of bright swords and helmets and horses' heads came surging up over the breast-works. It was the Imperial Guard. Before the shock of that mighty wave the Russian center crumbled away, a shattered wreck. When Yakovitch came to his senses and opened his eyes, he saw around him the corpses of his father and his comrades. Suddenly the tramping of hoofs called his attention to a group of gayly-dressed officers, and Napoleon's staff came riding over the field. The young Russian peered anxiously into their faces. In his graphic language:

"There were the hard faces of Rapp and Darn and broad-chested Sebastian, and Nansouty, with the saber scar across his cheek, and the low, broad forehead and bull-dog jaw of grim old Ney, the bravest of them all. There, too, was Murat, with his white plumes and his braided jacket, his long, dark curls hanging down his neck, and his riding-whip in his hand, just like a circus rider. And then the group parted suddenly, and there was the man himself in the midst of them, with his face hard and immovable as marble amid all that blood and agony, and a far-away kind of look in those cold gray eyes of his, as if he saw Moscow somewhere up in the sky, and could see nothing between. 'A glorious victory!' cried Murat, waving his hand. 'What a stir there'll be among the good folks in Paris when the bulletin arrives!' 'We've lost half our army in doing it, though,' growled Ney. 'Hadn't we better fall back a little and wait for the reinforcements?'"

"Then Napoleon turned his head slowly, just as the statue might do, and looked him full in the face. 'Thou art visiting a retreat, Michael? That is something new, indeed! I must date my bulletin from Moscow. As for the army, you can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs.' Yakovitch says that when he heard that, he knew that God had forsaken Napoleon, for no man save one doomed to destruction could have spoken so lightly of the slaughter of thousands of brave men. In three months from that day the French Emperor was flying for his life across the border with the Cosacks at his heels like hungry wolves."

The long hanging Götischen braids are again worn in either one or two plaits by girls from ten years upward; these are left unplaited at the ends, and are tied with ribbons above the loose fluffy ends.

Thursday evening, at a crossing of the Texas Central railway about a mile from Byron, Tex., Rev. H. T. Wilson and two daughters, while returning home in a wagon, were struck by an engine and all three instantly killed. The engineer has been arrested.