# New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

## THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. 94 Camp street. Terms: $12 a year; $6 for six months; $3 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies five cents.

**Office—No. 94 Camp street.**

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## MY FATHER.

Who hailed me first with raptuous joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: Why! she's a boy!
My father.

Who gave that nusse a half crown,
To let him hold me—the awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down!
My father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair awry!
My father.

Who set me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brother's, good and square!
My father.

Who when I had a little fight
Because Tom tore my paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right!
My father.

Who when Tom licked me black and blue
Did not turn in and lick me, too—
Saying, "'Tis my duty so to do!"
My father.

Who told me pluck and luck must win,
And taught me to "put up a fin,"
Till I could trounce that Tom like sin!
My father.

Who pennies ne'er refused to plank,
Nor dropped them in that minde "bank"
Where I could only hear them clank!
My father.

Who when I wished to buy a toy
Ne'er thought 'twould give me much more joy
To send tracts to some heathen boy!
My father.

Who bought me ponies, guns, and sich,
And gave me leave to fork and pitch
While he raked up to make me rich!
My father.

And who at last, when all was done,
Passed in his checks, and, noble one,
Left all he had to me, his son!
My father.

## An Old-Fashioned Visit.

Squire Binks, a retired old gentleman, lives away down on Seventh street, Peoria, Illinois. The other morning three old ladies from Macon county came to his house on a visit. They used to know his wife before she was married. The squire welcomed them to his mansion, and then went out to the barn and swore for half an hour. While he was soothing himself thus his wife called him into the house. She handed him an umbrella to keep off the sun, and said the ladies had walked up from the depot, and left some things there for him to bring up. So he brought them up, making two round trips for the baskets, bandboxes and two black oilcloth traveling bags, all of which the squire discourteously called "infernal old traps."

As he sat in the back kitchen wiping his brow, his wife brought out the market basket and said there was not a bit of sugar or tea in the house, and she remarked that while he was going down town he might as well get the molasses jug filled. The squire asked her how long those old migratory pelicans were going to stay. And she asked him if he thought she would be so rude as to ask them. Then the squire went down and laid in the groceries. When he got back his wife said she had forgotten something and thought of it just when it was too late. She must have some corn starch. The squire asked her if any of the old scarecrows had dropped the least hint as to the duration of their visit. She said not. She squire looked sad and disconcerted.

When he laid the paper of corn starch on the kitchen table his wife said they must have a codfish for dinner. One of the ladies said, in the course of conversation, that she was fond of codfish. The squire asked if the old buzzards had yet committed themselves on the extent of their present roost. She said he ought to be ashamed of himself.

When he slapped the codfish down on the table with a whang, his wife got him to bring in some water and wood; said Mrs. Spoonanger never dined without ale, and the squire was asked if he would go down and bring up a bottle. He asked if he shouldn't go into the parlor and get those old cormorants to make out a list of what they liked, and furthermore asked if they were silent as to when they thought they would go away.

He got the ale, and for fear he would have to trot down town again, he hired an express wagon and loaded it with all sorts of garden truck, a bottle of whisky, a box of sardines, a pound of snuff, some cove oysters, dried apples, beans, smoked tongue, cut and dried tobacco, pickled walnuts, canned corn, mackerel, split peas, etc.

The next day the squire was sent down town only eight times.

Early next morning he started out into the country to see a man. When he got home he asked his wife if any time had been set for the departure. On the evening of the following Monday one of the ladies said she thought they ought to start on the next Friday, so as to reach home before Sunday. Mrs. Binks said they oughtn't to be in a hurry. The squire groaned, and said they ought to stay and make their visit out. On Friday morning the squire had an express wagon before the door. But his wife said the ladies had concluded to stay until after the fourth. The squire went out to saw wood and converse with himself.

## The Struggles of a Prime Minister.

The vicissitudes of fortune have been singularly illustrated in the life of Count Andrassy, the Austrian Premier. His path has been anything but one of roses. At one time he was sentenced to death for treason, then he was banished from the country, and during his exile in London he supported himself by giving lessons on the guitar. So poor was he more than once that he had to walk the parks at night because unable to pay for a night's lodging. After having known what it was to suffer hunger and to be without shelter at night, he has finally come to be the Prime Minister of a great empire.

## OKEECHOBEE.

A party of adventurous men have succeeded recently in making their way to the shore of Lake Okeechobee, and in carrying out a partial exploration of this great, dismal lake, which lies in the midst of the gloomy swamps and sombre forests of southern Florida. The exploration, not having been general, has not elicited that full and accurate knowledge of the lake which would have been more satisfactory; yet it has resulted, at least, in giving us much information that is decidedly curious and interesting, and in opening a new field for discovery limited, perhaps, but worthy of being followed up. Concerning Lake Okeechobee comparatively little has been hitherto definitely known, except in regard to its geographical position and the peculiar character of its shores.

It is from twenty to forty miles wide, and is supposed to be over sixty miles in length, and to cover an area of more than two thousand square miles. It is surrounded on every side, except the north, by dense forests of cypress and pine and vast and almost impenetrable swamps. The great savannahs stretch away from the northern shore of this lake, which upon this side is inaccessible, except at occasional points. The tall reeds, which grow in marvelous profusion upon this shore, conceal the lake from view, so that those who approach it on that side can judge of its proximity only from the marshiness of the land and hazy appearance of the sky. Those who advance onward toward the lake find that the rapidly-increasing marshiness of the soil renders it unsafe, or rather impossible, to proceed far in that direction, and that long before the margin of the lake could be reached the oozy mire would envelope any creature so unfortunate as to venture into it.

Thus hemmed in by great forests, swamps and mires, the shore of this lonely lake can be reached at comparatively few places, and even then only with considerable difficulty, for the dense growth of reeds at one point or masses of tangled juniper at another impede every step, and in addition to this the great possibility that each next step may precipitate one into the middle of a treacherous quicksand, the coil of a deadly coppersnake, or the lair of some ravenous wolf, is sufficient to deter any but the more resolute from proceeding far. Few white men ever visit the shore of that dismal and isolated lake, and even the Indians, in their various migrations, leave it far to one side. All who have visited it concur in their accounts of its forbidding aspect, and say that an air of deathly stillness and of oppressive solitude hangs like a cloud around and above the region of this great lake of the swamps.

Some have returned from their visits to the lake with exciting stories of mindight conflicts which they claimed to have had with ferocious beasts of peculiar species, to be found only in this wonderful region; others tell more modest but not less strange tales of curious forms of animalia which they have seen rise for a moment above and again disappear into the bosom of the mysterious water.

Several United States forts are situated in this portion of Florida, some in the very vicinity of this lake; but its uninviting character and entire absence of suitable means for exploring have combined to discourage those who were stationed there from making any extensive observations; so that succeeding garrisons, from time to time, went to and came away from there, and while each wondered what this curious water contained, all were compelled to leave without unveiling the secrets of this secluded lake.

The following particulars of the recent exploration are given by Mr. George K. Allen, a resident of San Marie, Florida. The exploring party numbered five, Mr. Allen being one of the number. The most serious obstacle which the explorers had to contend with was the great difficulty which they experienced in getting their boat, which was about thirty-five feet long, to the lake. They accomplished this by conveying their boat up the St. Lucie river to a point about fifteen miles from old Fort Von Swearingen. The boat was then landed and placed upon a truck and conveyed in that manner overland. This undertaking was attended with almost infinite difficulty, for their way lead across the Alpatiokee swamp, and, although they were less than twenty miles from Lake Okeechobee, where they left the river, they did not reach it until nearly four weeks afterward. Upon emerging from the swamp they found that a wide quicksand, over which it was impossible to pass, lay between them and the lake; but, fortunately, they discovered at no great distance from there a small bayou leading to the lake, affording them an easy passage to it. As they sailed out upon the lake they could see nothing to the west or northwest but a wide expanse of water, while to the southwest an island was in sight about five miles distant from them, and apparently not far from the shore. To this island they directed their course. Although they were now upon the lake, which they had toiled for so long a time and through so many difficulties to reach, they did not experience that keen sense of pleasure which they had expected the would, for myriads of mosquitoes, gallinippers, bugs, bees and flies were whirling, singing and buzzing about their heads. The party, however, were provided with veils and gloves, having anticipated such encounters; and although each particular insect was seemingly actuated by an irresistible desire to inflict discomfort upon the party to the fullest extent of those powers with which nature has so lavishly endowed him, the explorers escaped comparatively unscathed. When they were about two miles from the shore the depth of the lake was found to be but a little over five feet, and as they approached the island it became much shallower, so much so that they were unable to bring their boat nearer than about 300 yards to the island. This island, they were disappointed to find, was very small; in fact, they were not able to tell whether it was really an island or simply a growth of reeds from the bed of the lake. There were numerous other islands of this same character in sight, but only one of them had any trees upon it, and this was a small island and the trees small cypresses.

The lake in the vicinity of these islands literally swarmed with alligators, many of them being of monstrous size and uncomfortably tame. This fact, in connection with the insignificant appearance of the islands, induced the party to remain but a short time in this vicinity, and leaving them they sailed toward the centre of the lake. After they had sailed about eight miles in that direction they were no longer annoyed by their insectile enemies, nor were there any alligators to be seen. The water, which near the shore is of a brownish color, now began to be very clear, and, having dropped a line into it, they found that the lake was 150 feet deep. At a distance of about eighteen miles from the shore the party discovered a group of three islands. The largest of these islands was about six miles long from north to south, and fully four miles wide. The northern portion of this island was a barren, rocky waste, which extended back from the shore nearly a mile and a half to the base of a line of rocky cliffs about 150 feet high, which extended across the whole width of the island. To the south of these cliffs is a magnificent forest composed chiefly of mahogany, palmetto and laurel magnolia. Many of the latter trees reared their grand heads to nearly level with the summits of the cliffs, and being in full bloom, presented an enchanting scene, in which wild beauty graced a stately grandeur. This forest extends over the whole of the southern portion of the island, except to within a few hundred yards of the shore, which at every point is sandy and covered with rocks.

The island next in size is about one-fourth of a mile west of this large island. Its northern point reaches to nearly the centre of the large island, and extends southward to about a mile below the southernmost part of that island. This island is about four miles long and a mile and a half wide, and is covered by a forest like that on the large island. The third is quite small, being only about one mile long and from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide. It is nearly due north of the largest island, and, like the northern part of that island, is barren and rocky.

The water between these islands is very shallow, and it is not improbable that at some former period they were all joined together, in which case they formed an island of a very respectable area. Very few animals of any kind, and none of a savage nature, were found upon these islands. Among the few that the party did see were some of a species different from any they had ever before seen. These animals were of a light grayish color, and in form very closely resembled a mink. They lived in holes burrowed in the ground near the roots of trees. They are remarkably fleet in their movements, and whenever alarmed by the approach of the explorers betook themselves to their holes with such rapidity that several shots were fired at them before one was killed.

Upon the largest island, north of the cliffs, the explorers were surprised to find heaps of stones lying in such a position as to resemble ruins of some kind of structures. None of the ruins were extensive, and the structures must, therefore, have been of small dimensions. Similar ruins, if such they were, were found in great numbers upon the small island north of this one. Upon the summit of a cliff which stands upon the eastern shore of the large island the party found a large heap of stones lying in a semi-circular form and facing the east. The length of these ruins was nearly 200 feet. In front of this semicircle, and about fifty feet from it, was a large heap of stones, nearly twenty feet square. The ruins found on the plain below and upon the small island were much smaller than those found upon the cliff, being only from five to ten feet square.

There can be little doubt that these heaps of stones are the ruins of ancient structures, but of what kind of structures no one can tell. Their limited size precludes the possibility of their having been used for dwellinghouses; at least they could not have been used for this purpose by a people of ordinary size. The explorers could arrive at no further conclusions in regard to these ruins, and leave this apparently interesting field for research open to those better versed in the archæological science.

Having been delayed much longer in searching the lake than they had anticipated, the party were able to remain upon these islands only a few days, and were compelled to relinquish the intention which they had at first entertained of making an extensive exploration of this lake.

They decided, however, as they were returning to the shore, to sail south of these islands a few miles, in order to ascertain whether or not there were any other islands in this portion of the lake. A large island was discovered at about twelve miles distance south, which was something over fifteen miles from the shore. The island was considerably larger than any they had before found. It was covered partly by a forest, and was of very much the same character as the islands first mentioned. The party did not stop at this island, as they were anxious to get back to the shore. Upon the northern point of this island is a thick copse, and as the explorers passed by it they fired into it. There were, evidently, animals of some kind in the copse, for a loud crashing noise was heard, similar to that made by several heavy animals hurrying through dry brushwood.

The explorers left their boat upon the bank of the bayou before mentioned, and returned home, very much gratified at the success of their undertaking. They contemplate making another and a more extensive exploration of the lake at some time during this season, and hope to add much more to their knowledge of this lake. They are fully satisfied that the lake is more extensive than has been generally supposed, that it extends further south into the everglade swamp and is somewhat wider than hitherto believed. The islands found in this lake, although not extensive, are at least beautiful and interesting, and the ruins discovered upon them may yet prove to be a key to the early history of one of the loveliest portions of America.

[From the Danbury News.]

## Counting the Shingles.

There are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say there were so many shingles on the roof of his house, because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures, and when the carpenter went away he determined to test the matter by going on the roof and counting them. And he went up there. He squeezed through the scuttle—Coville weighs 230—and then sat down on the roof and worked his way carefully and deliberately toward the gutter.

When he got part way down he heard a sound between him and the shingles, and became aware that there was an interference some way in his further locomotion. He tried to turn over and crawl back, but the obstruction held him. Then he tried to move along a little in hopes that the trouble would prove temporary, but an increased sound convinced him that either a nail or a sliver had hold of his cloth, and that if he would save any of it he must use caution. His folks were in the house, but he could not make them hear, and besides he didn't want to attract the attention of the neighbors. So he sat there until after dark and thought.

It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it. His mind appeared to run into other channels. He sat there an hour after dark, seeing no one he could notify of his position. Then he saw two boys approach the gate from the house, and, reaching there, stop. It was light enough for him to see that one of the two was his son, and although he objected to having the other boy know of his misfortune, he had grown tired of holding on to the roof, and concluded he could bribe the strange boy into silence.

With this arrangement mapped out, he took out his knife and threw it so that it would strike near the boys and attract their attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated. In fact, it struck so close as to hit the strange boy on the head, and nearly brain him. As soon as he recovered his equilibrium he turned on Coville's boy, who, he was confident, had attempted to kill him, and introduced some astonishment and bruises in his face. Then he threw him down and kicked him in the side, and banged him on the head, and drew him over into the gutter and pounded his legs, and then hauled him back to the walk again and knocked his head against the gate.

And all the while the elder Coville sat on the roof and cried "police," but couldn't get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate, and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barreled gun, and, hearing the cries from the roof, looked up there, and espying a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into its legs.

With a howl of agony Coville made a plunge to dodge the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold to the roof, and went sailing down the shingles with awful velocity, both legs spread out, his hair on end, and his hands making desperate but fruitless efforts to save himself. He tried to swear, but was so frightened that he lost his power of speech, and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then drove into the house to load up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry tree, and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house.

A new doctor is making good day wages picking the shot out of his legs. The boarder has gone into the country to spend the summer, and the junior Coville, having sequestered a brick in his handkerchief, is laying low for that other boy. He says that before the calm of another Sabbath rests on New England there will be another boy in Danbury who can't wear a cap.

## Dead English Kings.

Moncure D. Conway writes from London to the Cincinnati *Commercial* as follows:

The Dean of Westminster has just given before the Society of Antiquarians an interesting account of several Kings' skulls. Shakespeare's words, "Come, let us sit on the ground and talk of the death of Kings," are hardly polite enough to quote at a moment when so many princes are lying around loose: but the antiquarians fell into this vein on Thursday evening, and listened with deep attention to Dean Stanley's narrative. He has just explored the tomb of Richard II.—the King whose splendid beginning and miserable end made old Froissart say: "I have seen two strange things in my time." Two sets of human bones were found in the tomb of Richard, male and female; it was certain that the female was Annie of Bohemia, and the Dean discussed whether the others were the remains of Richard. The measurement of the skull showed it to bebelow the average size of the English skull, however, Mr. Richmond thought the skull would agree with the character of the King's. Sprigs of poplar, considered in his time a preventative against witchcraft, were found in the tomb. Rushes were there, also, proving that the tomb, though ransacked, had never been actually entered. Some rubbish was found which must have been cast in by passers-by. The tomb of Henry III had also been explored by the Dean. About the identity of Henry's remains there is no doubt. The casting of the effigy upon it is nearly perfect, though it was among the first of such castings. The coffin was found covered with cloth of gold, and that covered with dust. The cloth had so lost its strength that a breath from the mouth would change any bit of it to dust. The dean is responsible for having disturbed the bones of many an old monarch in the interest of science. It is curious that while so many of such tombs have been opened, no one yet dares to suggest the exploration of that of Shakespeare. The tomb of William Rufus was opened to find whether the story of his death by the arrow of Tyrrell was true, as the legend said that the arrow had been buried with the King. Sure enough the arrow was found. Also the grave of John Hampden was explored to see if it were true that he had lost a hand in his engagement with Prince Rupert and the amputated hand was found. But although the fearful imprecation written on the supposed—only supposed—grave of Shakespeare leads many to suspect that some explanation of the confessed mystery surrounding him lies buried there; that imprecation seems to be the reason why no one proposes to dig into it. Indeed, so much superstition invests that grave in the Stratford church that it is likely that the villagers would rise up in arms at any such attempt as was once made by Miss Bacon, the American monomaniac, whom some of the Strattfordians say sooner raised a pick over the grave than she wasstruck with madness. But it is plain from the explorations of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey that such divinity doth not hedge about a King as hedges about the 'immortal Williams,' as the French calls him."

## INTERVIEW WITH BISMARCK.

Herman Raster, the editor of the *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, writes his paper the substance of anhour's chat with Bismarck, in Berlin:

From behind a large, comfortably arranged writing table, in the centre of a room about twenty feet square, moderately lighted, not by gas, but, like the saloon, by a screen lamp rises the mighty form of the Imperial Chancellor. His easy, double-breasted uniform coat has a small black cross attached to the left side; it is buttoned at the throat, but hangs loose over the broad hips, reaching down to the top of a pair of high cavalry boots. The strongly cut features, the firm, yet kindly look of the eye, show not the slightest trace of that nervous affection from which, the papers say, the Chancellor so often suffers. During the last four years the hair has become more sparse and gray; the crown is quite bare; even its three famous hairs, made famous by the *Kladderadatsch*, have disappeared. Below the gigantic, broad chest appears a marked tendency to embonpoint, which, however, renders the tall figure only the more imposing.

The Chancellor advances to meet the visitor. A friendly hand-shaking in the American manner follows.

"Glad to see you. Pray, take a seat. You speak German, of course?"

"Certainly; do we not make the cultivation of the German language our main task in America?"

"Yes, I know; but I thought you were more accustomed to speak English. In your paper you write German."

"And I have also corresponded for one of the papers here for sixteen years."

"Sixteen years! You do not look so old as to have written sixteen years."

"Thanks for the compliment; but it is so. I have been in America nearly a quarter of a century—almost half my life."

"From which part of Germany are you? By accent you are a Rhinelander."

"No; Anhalt is my narrower fatherland."

"Anhalt! Well, you will now find matters quite pleasant there. It is the only German State which finds itself in the enviable position not to be obliged to levy taxes. Since the settlement with the Duke about the domainial property the State can meet its expenses from the revenues of its own property. The trifling taxes which still exist seem to be levied only for appearance sake."

"I have consequently found the people very contented."

"I should think so. The only one who might have cause to complain is the Duke, for the settlement has not been advantageous to him. But he does not complain, and so all is well."

"But, as far as I know, the small State has a disproportionately and high unproductive debt—paper money. When the imperial law regulates the paper money question the State may be seriously embarrassed by it. How will the law operate then?"

"The plan is to limit the issue of paper money in accordance with the population. The present state of things is intolerable. A number of small States have acted recklessly. While in Prussia there is hardly two-thirds of a thaler paper money per head, many States have issued from four to six thalers per head. It is now proposed to fix the rate at one thaler per head. I am opposed to it because Prussia would then receive 7,000,000 in addition to its present 18,000,000. I should not consider this a blessing. The finances of Prussia are in a flourishing condition, and such unnecessary addition would be too much of a good thing. If I had my way the rate would be fixed at two-thirds of a thaler per head, as it is in Prussia."

"That would be the State paper money; but what is to become of the bank note money?"

"With that we have nothing to do for the present. In the meantime the banks will simply be made to cover a certain percentage of their notes and coin."

"And no other restriction?' I fear that similar troubles may arise from it as we have experienced in America."

The Chancellor, who while conversing had been playing with a piece of silver, handed it to his visitor. "There is a contribution to the coinage question. This piece has been sent me from Switzerland, where a large number of them are said to circulate."

The piece was a large Roman thaler, coinage of 1870; but the bust upon it, which the inscription represented as the likeness of "Pio Nono, Pontif. Romanus," displayed the well-known features of Bismarck.

"What does it mean?"

"Look at it carefully. A wag has amused himself by altering the Pope's face by scraping, erasing and etching. You may still trace the upper part of the Papal robe by closely examining the piece."

The trick has been highly successful, and collectors of curiosities would no doubt pay a high price for some specimens of the altered piece. The visitor accidentally happened to be in a position to exhibit a coin equally rare in Europe—a Mexican twenty dollar piece—with an admirable bust of Maximilian. The Chancellor looked at it attentively.

"A fine coinage. He was a thoroughly estimable character—all the more remarkable as personal courage, self-sacrifice and enthusiasm are so rare in his family. I should have liked to see similar pieces, at 100 mark, coined. Our coinage system, as now adopted, does not please me."

"I am glad to hear this, for abroad, also, the present system is regarded in many respects as a mistake. It is, therefore, not to be charged to you?"

"Certainly not. It is impossible that I should myself attend to all the matters for which I am nominally responsible, or even to decide upon them. Not understanding enough about these coin and money questions, I leave them all to Delbrück. He may, perhaps, be too much of a theorist. But I am certainly held responsible for everything. You know it is the same with a great newspaper. There the editor must also bear the responsibility for much that he has not even seen before it was printed.

HOW HE MANAGES THE PRESS.

This expression led to the relations between the Chancellor's office and the press. The question was put, in what sense should the papers designated "official" be taken as organs of the government? The answer was entirely frank:

"All I demand is that the papers place at my disposition so much blank space for communications which emanate hence; for the rest, they may write what they like. With such papers as offer a hateful, malicious, and passionate opposition, I enter, naturally, into no relations; but otherwise, (you see yourself), the papers which receive communications from us are entirely independent in their judgment on our measures. You probably knew Mr. Aegidi of old. He has the whole business in charge, though Bucher has the leading control. He is a man of very fine discretion."

"I know—we were, I may say, colleagues for years in the *National Zeitung*; also in our conception of your policy in 1866. You have made a valuable acquisition in him."

"Yes," replied the Chancellor, with a pleased laugh; "it gave me trouble enough. His antecedents in 1848 were not forgotten, and kings nearly always construe political opposition as a personal offense. Had I been the same, Bucher would have been the last I could have thought of. We came from the same province; he was a violent Republican, I was a fierce Junker; and after many a session there was, perhaps, no man whom I would have so gladly knifed as him. But all that is past. Also with the King. I still say king—a habit of thirty-seven years' standing is not easily discarded. In the case of his wife I find no difficulty in saying the Empress, but in his the King still remains more congenial."

"Well, in the address no difficulty can occur. You simply say, your majesty? Or, is it customary to add, imperial majesty?"

"Not with myself; I say and write simply 'your majesty,' but I am the only one; all the other ministers write your royal and imperial majesty."

"I have heard that the word 'king' is used with special ostentation, as a sort of protest, by those at court who can not be reconciled to the new era; that is a sign of the Frende."

"Oh, no; there's nothing of it. The only one of whom this is reported is Prince Charles. We have no Frende."

A servant here entered and presented a letter, with the remark: "From his excellency the Russian ambassador." The visitor wanted to take his leave, but the Chancellor prevented it with a friendly wave of the hand. "Don't disturb yourself. Permit me only to open this letter; it probably refers to the recognition of General MacMahon. I have a lively correspondence over the question with St. Petersburg."

After he had read the letter half aloud:

"No, it is something else—about the Persian."

"You have seen the Shah to-day quite near. I saw him from my hotel window. Is he still young? By his looks he can hardly be thirty."

"Yes; but he is nearer fifty than thirty. A fine, handsome face, this Cambyses (so we call him among ourselves), markedly Oriental—something like a right noble Jewish face. But remarkably small of stature, he as well as his attendants. By our side they look like dwarfs. Striking is his fixed, indifferent, aristocratic expression."

"Does he speak French?"

"Barely a few words. These he used at St. Petersburg when the review became too wearisome. He said to the Emperor: 'Moi fatigue—maison.'"

"That was certainly more plain than polite. It is a wonder to me that so old a gentleman as the Emperor can so well endure all his fatigues. The first newspaper we received at Southampton was full of detailed descriptions of the St. Petersburg festivities and parades. The pity over the aged Emperor was general among the passengers."

"That was quite unnecessary. He endures all with the greatest ease; far more easily than I. Though younger by eighteen years, I can not bear to stand up as long as he. As soon as possible I seek a corner and sit down."

"Then the etiquette is not so rigid as in Bavaria! You have probably heard the story of the adjutant who was disgraced there for yawning in the King's presence?"

"Yes, I have heard it. No; with us, I can assure you, we yawn, and prodigiously. But the King himself is never tired. It is the breed that enables this race to bear fatigues under which others, much younger, would break down. What working power the King has! From early to late he sits among his papers and works. He reads enormously, but nothing save official papers. I believe he has never read a novel or anything like it. I read good novels or poems for recreation; he, never. One might almost say that he works too much. As he takes personal note of all that happens, and as he can not be equally versed in all, it can not be avoided that he should at times form superficial views. He does not even suffer himself to rest while eating. His breakfast is placed on a small tray among the papers of his writing table; thus he reads on continually, while taking now a bit of bread and then a sip of coffee from the cup. It is the same when taking dinner in his own room.

"He does then as I used to do at the university when I had ordered the dishes to be brought to me. I dived into the basket, began with the pudding, and worked my way gradually back to the cold soup. His sleeping room is as unpretentious as can be conceived—something narrower and something longer than this; in one corner stands a bed, so small that a man of my girth would protrude on both sides of it; the coverlet, also, is so small that were he to turn over on his side it would not completely cover him. But he lies always on his back, the head a little higher than I could bear, the body stretched out at full length—for the bed is certainly long enough. In this position, which would be a torture for others, he remains unchanged all night. But as soon as business calls him he is always awake and lively. When important matter impended I have often been obliged to visit him at night. It was frequently difficult to get at him, for the valet had removed the key on the outside, taken it to his room, where the bell to the King's apartment is hung, and then locked his door on the inside. But the moment I stepped up to his bedside he was always alert, and never cross or unfriendly."

"This severe feeling of duty no doubt belongs to the qualities into which the royal family of Prussia is educated. It is at least traditional?"

"Yes, the conscientious punctuality of the monarch is proverbial. To-day, for instance, I was ordered to meet him at a certain hour, but the King came eight minutes later. He could not be pacified, exhausted himself in excuses for his negligence, and returned to it again and again."

The conversation then turned to the personal relations of the visitor, the fire and rebuilding of Chicago, etc. The Chancellor rose, and, erecting his mighty figure, said:

"There, I am still wearing my full Persian reception dress."

"It is plain enough."

"Yes, no doubt; there is nothing more comfortable. Formerly I consumed, on my reckoning, from thirty to forty hours a month—four working days—in dressing. There was the grand and the small minister uniform, the society uniform, etc. Ordered to attend the King, I had to put on a dress which I could not wear in the street without all the boys running after me, a blue dress with shining buttons, etc.; if I wanted to avoid this I had to go, even in the hottest summer, with my overcoat on. Then the salutations! Everybody who knows me saluted, so that I was obliged to keep my hat constantly in hand. Had I saluted only in the military fashion it would have been ascribed to impoliteness. I decided, therefore, always to wear uniform, and now I have got rid of all trouble. In uniform I am always presentable at court; for society I need only to put on a shorter coat for this long one. The high boots are so comfortable that I wear them even at Varzin, where I go otherwise in citizen's dress. They protect one perfectly against wet and mud, and saves the clothes."

"So this is the secret of the military dress! It is not to be construed as a demonstration in favor of militarism?"

A jovial smile was the only answer. A few more courteous words of farewell, and the conversation was at an end.

With the exception of Dr. Carl Braun, of Weisbaden, there is perhaps no man in Berlin with whom the visitor finds himself, immediately after his introduction, on such a footing of the most comfortable ease. Bismarck is the most adroit and untiring conseur, who combines with the secure smoothness of the French conversational tone the attractive bonhommie (gemuthlichkeit) of the German student's mode of speech. The impression produced by many descriptions that Bismarck's charming frankness appears affected and artificial, is wholly false. He reveals himself with the fullest naturalness, without caring in the least about the effect he produces. His conversations seem, in many respects, like loud thinking; he simply speaks out what happens to pass through his brain without carefully weighing his words, and the nearest clear impression is to him the best. When his character and conduct are compared with those of a diplomat of the old school, we comprehend his successes. He has always said precisely that which he meant and intended. As this was unprecedented, diplomacy naturally believed him to mean and intend something altogether different. While diplomacy puzzled its brains to discover what that might be, he quietly did what he had promised, and thus surprised the whole world. For where the lie is the rule, truth becomes the most wonderful hypocrisy.

## OWGOOST AND MAHREE.

A SEASIDE IDYL.

On Newport sands, at eventide,
Walked youth and maiden side by side:
She wore the latest,
The latest style of dress;
And he—in kids and tall white hat—
Himself did thus express:
"Let me fan you; I'll fan you, my Mahree,
For scarcely comes a breath of air from off the beastly sea."

The stars, alone, their stroll did note,
And saw them reach a stranded boat;
Soon she was seated,
Was seated thereupon;
But not before, unto herself,
She thought of damage done—
"O, my panier! my panier, starched and schirred!
To sit upon a hateful boat is perfectly absurd!"

He fanned her brow, and sighed, and said:
"I wonder if your Pa's abed!
Say, ain't it jolly,
So awful jolly, though,
To have him think you do not care
A straw for me, you know!
But how can you, how can you be so deuc'd
Unmoved at what's so deuc'd slow for me, your own Owgoost!"

Upon the beach a gaiter neat
In pretty petulance did beat;
Then she looked upward,
Looked upward with a smile,
A lovely blush, unseen by him,
Upon her face the while;
"Now, you man, you! you man, you!" cried Mahree;
"How utterly ridiculous to say such things to me!"

As thus they cooed upon the shore,
There came a sudden, angry roar.
It was her father,
Her father, the old man,
Who'd shuffled down from his hotel
The figures twain to scan.
Yes, to scan you, to scan you, loving pair;
And of his wrath do you, Mahree, and you, Owgoost, beware!

"That fellow make return your fan,
And come with me, Miss Mary Ann!
Now you, get out, sir!
Get out, Augustus Jones!
Nor let me hear a word from you,
If you would save your bones!
'Have her!' Why, dang ye! why, dang ye, for a fool;
You're on a salary, and she goes back to boarding-school!"

—Orpheus C. Kerr, in New York Graphic.

## A Hoosier Abroad.

[Lafayette Letter to the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

It was only last week that the honors and congratulations of this solidly sleepy city of the Wabash were extended with all possible expressions of enthusiasm and pride to the lucky boy of Lafayette and his newly-married wife. Before starting across the Pacific to his post of duty in Japan, General George B. Williams dropped in upon his brother, the Hon. John S. Williams, for a brief visit, and to look upon his old neighbors and friends, where five years ago he was nothing more than a dashingly brilliant young man, and one of the force of clerks and employes in a leading wholesale house. Five years of attention to business and watching the main chance have raised the young gentleman to a position and emoluments that are sufficient to gratify any reasonable ambition, whether he is satisfied with them or not.

Despite the fact that George, as everybody here calls him, was in exceeding close kinship with the leading lights of the Democratic party, yet his personal popularity, business capacity, lucky connections, some, or all of these things combined, obtained him the position at Washington, in 1869, of assistant commissioner of internal revenue. It may be inferred that his services in the department commanded the approbation of those to whom they were best known, from the fact that when the government of Japan inquired at Washington for some American to go to Japan and institute a revenue system similar to that of the United States, the parties consulted pointed to Mr. Williams. He was selected for the duty, and engaged at a snug little salary of $10,000 per annum, in gold with all expenses paid.

He went on to the court of the Emperor, and proceeded to the discharge of the duties assigned him as an officer of the government and the financial teacher of the nation. In the course of a year or so another evidence of his success in the new position was developed. The government had abolished the system of serfdom or absolute slavery, under the Daimios, who held nearly all the lands of the empire and the absolute power of life and death over their subjects or slaves, and had confiscated their bonds to the general government. Not wishing, however, to do great injustice to the Daimios, and, more likely, not prepared to risk their hostility and possibly rebellion, it was first agreed by the government to return them an annual rental as an indemnity for the somewhat summary disturbance of their status and ownership of estates.

But it was finally thought best for the empire to raise the money if it could be done by a large loan, and pay off the Daimios at one stroke whatever was their due, and to have the matter settled with them once for all. The amount of money required was about $12,000,000. To negotiate this loan, Mr. Williams was appointed special commissioner to England by the Japanese government. For a year past he has been in London most of the time, working up the negotiations, and has been successful. He placed $12,500,000 of the Japanese bonds with capitalists of England to run twenty years at seven per cent, and realized ninety-two per cent on the entire amount. This little errand completed, he shipped round to San Francisco, where he completed negotiations with the beautiful young widow who now returns with him to Japan.

So much for the lucky boy of Lafayette. What is there left to be desired. In the office of the Hon. John S. Williams, of Lafayette, are deposited some very rich presents bestowed by the Emperor and other high dignitaries upon the popular American officer. It is not possible, perhaps, to give such a description of the articles as will convey to those who have not seen them an idea of their richness and of their wonderful beauty of workmanship. First, there are two rolls of Japanese silk fabric of different patterns, such as royalty only could be supposed to wear. The fabric is closely woven, of the finest silk, in elaborate figures, and interlaced with threads of gold wrought into golden flowers, producing a gorgeous effect. A casket of jewelry is perhaps the choicest of the articles, a special gift of the Emperor. This is a small standing case some six or eight inches high, opening in the front by two folding doors, behind which six small drawers are placed. The design is not unlike a miniature bank safe. The material is ivory, with trimmings, figures and flowers of solid gold inlaid. There are several boxes for writing materials and other purposes whose workmanship is a singular commentary on the skill of a Pagan nation. The exquisite perfection of their finish is simply a wonder past explanation. The painting, enameling, inlaying and picturing with gold and silver lacquer is out of the range of such skill as Christian nations can display. A careful examination of the work shows the most beautiful landscapes, with all the happy combinations of mountain, valley, forest, meadow and stream. What is peculiar and beyond explanation, there is no scene nor design on anything without a moon in some corner or at some point of the picture. Probably the constant presence of this object is due to some superstition or whim of the race.

## Robert Collyer and the Newsboys.

Speaking in behalf of the Newsboy Home, at Chicago, Rev. Robert Collyer said:

I think that these boys whose clear little voices you can hear on a still morning, as far as you could hear Whitfield, have already begun to give pledges after their poor little fashion that they do not belong, as a class, to the bad, but to the good. I do not know what becomes of them as they grow to manhood. They seem to disappear as we used to believe, when I was a boy, dead donkeys do. And I nourish my own private resentment for one little scamp, who many years ago sold me a three days' old Philadelphia *Ledger*, with a full account of the fall of Sebastopol, many a month before the Russians knew anything about it. But I admire the little fellows with an endless admiration for their pluck, their perseverance, their hope and courage, their deft ways at getting you to buy a paper you do not want; their cheery temper, their sturdy endurance, their splendid impudence which never trenches on good manners, their great faculty for taking care of number one, and may God and all good men and women bless them for it, for taking care of half-a-dozen more, when the sad need is laid on them.

Rising long before the lark, eating the bread of carefulness, working like little heroes, the ten year old fathers of families, and minding all night long the promise, "He giveth His beloved sleep." I know this is in some measure an ideal picture, but I have in my mind a little cheery Irish boy on the north side who can sit for that picture, and fill it out to the last line. I wanted especially to say that these boys, as a class, challenge our admiration before they challenge our pity. They appeal to us for their noble qualities before they appeal to us to help them up another step toward a better life. They are already in some sense out of the woods, and that must be why they "holler." I do not look down, but up, when I want to see them. I can not rise as early, or go about my work as faithfully, or deny myself as constantly, or keep up as bright a carriage, or shoot out with as keen a wit, or hold my own with my weapons as they do. The little fellows can teach me many a lesson I need to learn.

Now a home which will be a safeguard to these qualities, which will insure their permanence as the boys grow up, must needs be a blessing we can not overrate. But a home that will take these things out of them, and put others in of a poorer type, is a great misfortune.

I have sometimes divided the poor into three kinds: the Lord's poor, our own poor, and the devil's poor; those who can not yet take care of themselves by their nature, or by circumstances over which they have no control; those who fail in the battle of life because of our injustice or neglect, but try all the time to get on their feet again and take their true place; and those who, from overmastering vice, laziness, drunkenness, or what we call general cussedness, drift out beyond all hope, and will never try to do any better.

I think these boys belong, some of them, to the first and second class; very few, I hope, belong to the third, and it is simply our business to supplement their endeavor, never to prevent it. If we lay a dollar out on them over and above this line, we transfer that dollar to the devil's books, and give him a chance he would not have had but for us. To give them cheerful rooms, bright fires, clean beds and wholesome food, at such a very moderate price as they can pay; to give them their freedom, and yet to win them away from evil places, through a close personal friendship with all that is best in their nature; to teach the worth as well as the use of money, and how to lay up for the rainy day, which comes to them so often, and which compelled one of them on a miserable morning, when Long John was an editor, to yell at him in despair: "Here, I say, buy some of your infernal old papers," only the word was not infernal; and to show in all sweet, natural, manly ways, what joy there is in goodness, and what sorrow and shame in sin; to teach them to sing ballads as well as psalms, and to read Scott and Dickens, Mayne Reid, and Tom Brown, of Rugby, healthy books by healthy men, and so draw them away from the *Day's Doings* and *Police Gazette* by creating a nobler taste, and to teach them to realize, if we can, in the very marrow of their bones, that God and devil, and heaven and hell, and the fallen and unfallen angels, and the tender, loving Christ are right here this side of death, as surely as they are on the other. Ah, fellow citizens and friends, if this is what we mean by a newsboys' home, as I hope and trust and believe it is, then we may well be glad of this noblest institution of our city, and give for it with a great gladness, and work for it, and watch for it as we work and watch for our own dear homes.

## "Bunko."

The first knowledge to be obtained by the "steerer" is, that the intended victim is a stranger, which is usually ascertained in the following manner: Seeing a person whom he supposes to be "good," he approaches him, and asks the name of the street. If he does not readily inform him, he knows there is no mistake, and produces a three number lottery ticket of the proper date, in the Missouri State Lottery, and after the proper conversation, asks the stranger to accompany him to the "office," which is only a short distance, to ascertain what has been his luck.

The "steerer's" accomplice is standing a few steps in advance, waiting the result. If the stranger is induced to accompany him, he hurries ahead to the room to have things "fixed," the "steerer" making sufficient delay by asking his friend to join him in a glass of beer, and, as is generally the case, when seated at the beer table, the stranger will respond and ask the "steerer" to have a glass. By this means he gets a peep into his pocketbook, and can judge about how much he is worth.

They go to the "office" of the lottery, where things have been arranged in a manner well adapted to attract attention, having all the appearance of a legitimate business. Gold pieces to the actual amount of about $3000 are neatly stacked up in front of a looking glass, which makes the amount appear double, which in most cases works well on sore eyes. In addition to the gold is a large drawer set in sight behind the counter, with a glass front and open top; the front represents packages of money; the wrapper can only be seen; like the inside of the drawer, they are stuffed; the top is covered with bills of all sizes, giving the idea that the amount in sight will reach more than $100,000, when in reality not more than $300 is necessary to make the appearance.

The clerks show up with pens behind their ears, sleeves held up with rubber bands, books all open, doing business, etc. The "steerer" approaches the desk, produces his ticket, asks what it drew; the clerk refers to the book, and finds that it drew $91 in gold. The money is paid him, with the exception of $1, which they can not pay in gold, as their dollar pieces are all out; but he asks if he will not take a ticket in their special drawing, which will be drawn in five minutes. After signifying a willingness, he asks the stranger to "go in" with him.

As the amount is so small, and his success has been so good, he "goes in." At this point a ten dice lottery cloth is produced, having fifty numbers painted on it, from ten to sixty. Several of these numbers are termed "representative" numbers—that is to say, they neither lose nor win, but you put double the sum up to represent what you have already up when such a number comes. There are three numbers that have the word "bunko" painted on them, which are considered blanks; the remaining numbers—more than thirty—are all prizes, in accordance with how much money the player invests. The "drawing" is ascertained by placing ten dice in a box, and throwing them out, and the count is sure to be a representative number.

Of course, the victim will represent, as he does not want to lose without a show for his money. He is doubled this way, till the matter becomes serious, when he thinks something might possibly be wrong, and desires to quit, at which point the "steerer" proposes to take it off his hands, and make good for him; but the clerk objects, on the ground that such cases are all the percentage the "Association" have, and insists that he must represent or forfeit. This again gives the victim confidence, and he makes it double the amount once more, when he is thrown into a blank.

At this point commences the "kick," and when the "greeney" leaves the room everything is packed in less than a minute, put into an express wagon, and moved, and possibly opened again before a policeman can be found. As each play amounts to as much as $300, it will readily be seen how well it pays to keep moving. Only the knowing ones—seven or eight—most all of Chicago, know where the game is at; the gamblers generally are "barred," their assistance not being necessary, and the move being so often the question among them each morning is, "Where are they at to-day?" A man to play at the game must necessarily be a complete fool to continue after he is made to "represent" so often.—*Chicago Tribune.*