COL. BUNGSTARTER AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, Aug. 3.—Col. Bungstarter is not here to take the waters, no; but a philanthropist who, in the cause of temperance and good government, sits up all night destroying bad whiskey and discussing great national issues, very naturally takes kindly to Congress water next morning. Thus it not untrequently happens that after nights passed in sleepless vigils and exhausting labors, Roanoke's favorite son may be seen among the crowd which at early morn presses around the Congress spring. The Colonel is here entirely for purposes of recreation. He consorts with the Wall Street and Fifth Avenue Club sporting crowd, takes the deepest interest in the races, swears by George L. Lorillard's stable, and has thus far succeeded admirably in combining business with pleasure, as the man said when he kissed his wife. Monday last was a gala day for the Colonel. The day previous, Sunday, he had delivered before an appreciative audience, composed chiefly of Wall street brokers, railroad men, politicians, capitalists, and retired barkeepers, a moving address on the use and abuse of whiskey. The Colonel instanced many terrible cases where whole families had been ruined because weak-headed men would drink more than they could carry; but, said he, this is no reason why we should condemn whiskey, shut up the bars and ruin the hotel business. You might as well pass a law against swimming, because people would never get drowned if they abstained from going into the water. These sentiments were heartily applauded. When the meeting broke up the Colonel, accompanied by four or five committeemen, adjourned to the barroom of the United States Hotel, where he took seventeen drinks while unfolding his plans for advancing the cause of temperance by sufficiently lowering the price of whiskey to enable every citizen of the United States to use this healthy and stimulating beverage at least three times a day.

At about 12½ o'clock that night Col. Bungstarter strolled down to the old John Morrissey Club House, where Charley Reed now presides, guided by the lamppost on the corner, inscribed with the legend, "Racing Rooms, J. Morrissey." The two colored flunkies on guard at the entrance flung the door wide open to receive the portly form of a well-known and constant visitor at the Saratoga Club House. He strode through the elaborately finished hall, and, turning to the right, entered the largest, finest, and best appointed gambling saloon in the United States. A goodly company (for, in the long men, bulky sex, stock speculators, men of fashion, and professional gamblers were lounging about the room, smoking, talking horse, giving and taking the odds on the next day's races, and occasionally taking a shy at the tiger. They all knew the Colonel, and welcomed him heartily as the three roulette tables, two only were just then in operation. The faro table was doing a lively stroke of business, the chief player being a Wall street banker worth millions. The Colonel took a vacant seat alongside this player, and capped his bets right straight through with the most astonishing success. The venerable gentleman with the long snowy white beard, who for the last week or more has almost nightly engaged in raking in the banker's money and paying it over to the Colonel, who finally exchanged his chips for bills, rising from the table some five thousand dollars ahead. Col. Bungstarter immediately asked every one present if his friend Lorillard's reputation as a sport was very generally accepted. Meanwhile the knowing ones were engaged in making up their books for next day's races, the first extra day of the season. Did the Colonel want to bet? Would he give or take the odds on any particular horse against the field? After some drinks, the Colonel had made a book backing Geo. L. Lorillard's horses against the field, in the two first races, the three-quarter dash, and the mile heats, and J. J. Bevins's Hattie F. in the selling race.

The Colonel proceeded to win $30,000. Next morning, at an early hour, eyes bright, complexion clear, and head up, he wended his way with elastic step toward the Congress spring, and imbibed two glasses of its precious water, when suddenly remembering its possible injurious effects, he hastened back to his room in the United States Hotel, and, as a precautionary measure, took in rapid succession four generous drinks of whiskey. At breakfast the Colonel dilated upon the cause of the prosperity of Saratoga, which, in his opinion, was in no manner owing to the eighteen or twenty mineral springs with which it is afflicted. The superabundance of springs had in a measure prejudiced the minds of Saratogians in favor of water. They used it in all possible ways, and for every imaginable purpose. They drank it, made tea with it, spoiled good whiskey with it, and occasionally washed with it. The springs have always been there, but Saratoga did not become famous as a watering place till after the introduction of whiskey, and it has grown in importance *pari passu* with the increased consumption of that beverage. But the prejudice in favor of the Saratoga springs was so strong that few of the Saratoga landlords would not sell their decoctions without first mixing them with a liberal proportion of the sparkling fluid. Even now the Colonel who always takes his whiskey straight is very doubtful if he gets what he wants. Whiskey, however, if not as abundant as water, has become at Saratoga an article of prime necessity, and is to be had almost everywhere on tap. It is taken in the morning to ward off the effect of the chilliness of the air, in the middle of the day to fortify against heat, before and after meals as an appetizer, and to promote digestion, as a settler, on retiring as a night cap, and before breakfast as an invigorator—in fact, he finds it pleasant at all times, and if not taken to excess says it is always beneficial.

The Colonel clearly demonstrated that whiskey and not Congress water has made Saratoga what it is to-day. As we said, Monday with the Colonel was a day to be marked by a white stone. He had backed all the favorites, and stood to win $30,000. The track was in excellent condition, the weather superb, and the ladies turned out in great numbers. When after a close contest Fonso came in a length ahead on the three-quarter dash, the Colonel took out his private flask, grasped Mr. George L. Lorillard's hand, shook it warmly, and begged that gentleman to refresh himself, which, after being politely declined, he himself emptied it of half its contents, restored it carefully to his left breast coat pocket, and cheerfully received the congratulations of his friends. The Colonel, now in fine spirits, declared he would not give five per cent. to have his $30,000 of possible winning guaranteed, and laid out the money won on Ferida in further backing Loulanier. Mr. George L. Lorillard's chestnut filly, for the next event.

In a word the Colonel left the racecourse that day a winner of some $37,000 being, with what he won at the club house the night before, $42,000 altogether. He determined to bet no more while at Saratoga, and immediately sought out Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt and laid before him a proposition for building a branch railroad connecting Roanoke Court House with New York city, thus draining the tobacco district of Virginia and giving the New York Central a continuous line from Roanoke county to Buffalo, the new road to be paid for by the emission of Roanoke county bonds. Mr. Vanderbilt, as we understand, has the proposition under serious consideration, and there it is likely to remain. On the evening of this memorable day the Colonel entertained a select circle of Wall street brokers, racing, and sporting men, at Moon's Lake House. He never was more in spirits before, and never during the whole course of a somewhat checkered existence, put himself outside of so many various kinds of spirits, liquors, wines, whiskeys, and mixed drinks. Returning to the hotel he started out alone on a tour of inspection with the avowed object of visiting all the principal barrooms in the village. At about twelve o'clock that night Col. Bungstarter turned up, rollicking, jollicking, fighting drunk. Three bartenders had put him out of their saloons; his face bore unmistakable evidences of the fray. The Colonel had challenged each of these three gentlemen to mortal combat.

Some inexplicable freak took him into one of the back streets of the town, separated from the Congress Spring grounds by a high fence. In an unfrequented part of this street he met an unoffending, mild mannered Methodist clergyman, returning quietly to the bosom of his family. Something in his mind connected this holy man with the last barkeeper who had thrown him out of his saloon. In a fit of rage he seized the clergyman by the collar and threw him down. His victim's struggles only enraged him the more, and with a strength increased by the strength of his position he raised the good man in the air and threw him over the fence, where he left him to pick himself up. All Virginia, the whole South had been insulted in his person; he would avenge these insults. The Methodist parson, being out of sight and soon out of mind, Col. Bungstarter kept on in search of more conflicts. An unlucky notion took him back to one of the saloons from which he was ejected, and he thought to get even with the barkeeper by throwing him out of the window. This amiable intention was frustrated, the landlord seizing the opportunity for another display of his muscle, and when the Colonel left the saloon the second time he was torn and pounded and bleeding. But he was not satisfied, his honor was in question, the Bungstarters' blood was roused. For over two hours he made night hideous in the quiet streets of Saratoga, picking a quarrel wherever he could, and turning it into a fight; the fact that he was badly whipped several times did not deter him from seeking fresh conquests. It was past 5 o'clock in the morning when, with much difficulty, he found his way back to the United States Hotel and to his room. When he awoke next morning he was greatly grieved to hear of his exploits of the night before. He learned that the Methodist clergyman was seriously injured, and intended to sue him for damages. This combination of misfortunes was too much for the Colonel; he packed his trunks and struck a bee line for Roanoke Court House, not omitting, however, to carefully collect his winnings before leaving. The Colonel is now home and happy, a richer man by $42,000 than when he left the peaceful Valley of the Roanoke some three weeks ago.

FIGHTING MONOPOLIES.

The Democracy of South Carolina Protecting a Valuable Industry.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 25.—THE SUN, about one year ago, came to the rescue of South Carolina by publishing the story of "The Phosphate Fraud." There was no journal in this State which at that time would attack this gigantic monopoly, and it bade fair to hold an unchallenged sway. It controlled the newspapers, and almost every business man in the community had connections or business relations with the proprietors, and many who were disconnected feared to encounter the active influences which were brought into service by it. Almost every faint-hearted man grew pale at the audacity of an attack upon "money and brains." It was useless, they said, to attack these pillars of the Democratic temple; they could not be overthrown. Well, THE SUN has done it. The monopoly has fallen. It now has no friends; everybody proclaims himself an anti-monopolist.

The monopolists, emboldened by the silence of the local papers, and the apathy of the people, undertook, at the last session of the Legislature, to satisfy and extend their rights exclusively to dig and carry away the phosphate deposits from the navigable waters of the State. The acts which were passed mapped out the whole public domain which contained these beds of rock, and even made provision for such as might hereafter be discovered, and gave them to the favored few. The argument which was used was based upon the report of the ex-Attorney-General, that the people would not pay the royalty of $1 per ton if they were granted a general right to dig in these rivers, and that for the collection of this revenue it was necessary to vest the privilege in a large and responsible corporation.

Before the passage of these acts a great many poor men were engaged in working these phosphate beds. They had a flatboat which cost them $10, and a pair of oyster tongs which cost $6, and with these implements alone they could dig each day from $4 to $10 worth of rock, according to the locality. These acts put a stop to their business by forbidding their digging phosphates under a penalty of $50 fine and thirty days' imprisonment. The number of these men thus thrown out of employment, together with their determined protests against the injustice of precluding them from the ancient right to dig and carry away anything unappropriated and found in the navigable waters, soon commanded the attention of the public. By degrees they found bold advocates, who came forward and plead their cause. At length a mass meeting was held. It was an experiment, and many predicted a failure. Such a thing as an attack upon the Bourbon principles of the State, holding them to an account for their selfishness, and condemning them for their official acts, was unheard of in Charleston. But the meeting was successful. A thousand voices joined in demanding a repeal of the obnoxious laws, and a committee was appointed to memorialize the Legislature to that effect.

The newspapers treated the meeting merely as a local affair, and paid no attention to it. But the anti-monopolists, not to be daunted, had 10,000 copies of their memorial to the Legislature struck off and distributed throughout the State. These were placed in the hands of every public man, and soon the apathy of the people gave way to enthusiasm. The newspapers would not openly attack these enthusiasts, but read them, from day to day, homilies upon communism and the terrible anarchy which resulted from popular rights. In private conversation the term Communists soon began to be applied to the anti-monopolists, and many of the latter were shunned in its full application.

Thus the public mind was divided at the beginning of the present campaign for Governor and State and county officers. At the call for the Democratic primaries the peopleturned out in goodly numbers. The issue was directly made between the two parties. In all the wards the anti-monopolists were successful, except in Wards 2 and 6. In these wards the monopolists elected a portion of their friends. The rule is in this city that at the primaries candidates are selected who are put upon what is known as the regular ward ticket, and the next day the regular ward ticket and any bolting or private ticket is balloted for at a set of polls opened for that purpose from 12 M. to 6 P. M., and the highest number of votes selects the delegates to the County Convention.

In these elections the ward ticket is generally successful. In this contest, however, the Democracy of Wards 2 and 6 rallied and cleared the ticket of all the monopolists, so that the Convention became unanimous. The Convention was held on the 22d inst., and completed its work harmoniously. It was emphatically a mass meeting of anti-monopolists, and placed them upon an anti-monopoly platform.

The other action of the Convention was an attempt to hinder the monopolists from running an independent or fusion ticket by combining with the Republicans. To this end a strong resolution was adopted condemning such course, and quoting Gov. Hampton's speech at Anderson, which advised against it. The Governor was in the up country when he made his Anderson speech, and it was intended to meet the case of the Republican Senator Corbran and others of that section, who might not be satisfied with the county nominations of the Democratic party. The Governor has heretofore been in open affiliation with the monopolists, obeying their dictation in every official favor. The rule he laid down in Anderson, therefore, is to be applied to his former political chums of Charleston.

Colleton county has done exactly what was done in Charleston. An anti-phosphate delegation was elected to the State Convention by a large majority. The leaders of the movement in this county are organization of the Democratic party in the interest of the repeal of the monopoly acts. So far it appears to be successful. The monopolists cannot retain their exclusive rights except by going over to the Republican party, and this they will hesitate to do. Many wish they would move. There is as much necessity for two parties in this State as there is for schoolhouses. The one educates the pickaninnies, the other educates the grown people. Besides, two parties would teach the exclusives of South Carolina a lesson of liberality they very much need.

There was one other matter attendant upon the County Convention. An effort was made to insert in the platform a recognition of the bonded debt of South Carolina according to the policy of Gov. Hampton. It was so engrossed ready for presentation, but upon a suggestion made by divers parties, that endorsement was taken out and the action of the last Legislature, in removing the debate question from the political arena, and leaving it to the courts to settle, was declared satisfactory. In the Convention, when Col. Andrews, an old citizen, presented the resolution to appoint a committee of five to draft a platform, the younger members could not agree to it, fearing that the endorsement plank was coming. They voted the resolution down. Then the old Colonel hauled out his platform, with its new plank, and the whole platform was adopted without amendment by a unanimous vote of the Convention. This may, therefore, be considered as the settlement of the State debt as far as Charleston is concerned.

The Sweet Face at the Window.

There's a face at the window, so lovely and fair,
With bright laughing eyes neath a wealth of brown hair,
And with cheeks all abloom with the blushes of morn;
It haunts me, it charms me, it leaves me forlorn.

How oft have I passed and repassed by that place,
To be thrilled by a glimpse of that beautiful face,
And be witched by a glance from those great loving eyes,
While crimsoned with blushes I fain would disguise.

In my dreams I have seen her sweet home all on fire,
And she at the window—the flames mounting higher;
To save her I've battled the blaze and the smoke,
But e'er I could reach her, alas! I awoke.

O! I live for that face, for those eyes that so shine
With a fathomless soul as they gaze into mine;
And I long for the hour when the gates shall be rolled
Away from the portals of love all untold.

She has answered my love-looks and smiled, O! how sweet:
I trembled nor knew if I stood on my feet,
But a something foretold as our burning souls met
That a sweet by-and-by was in store for us yet.

Cease blushing, my face, and be still, O! my heart;
Have courage, despair not, act nobly thy part;
For I stand on the threshold, have just rung the bell,
And I wait—ah, a footstep—all now will be well.

The footstep approaches, the door is ajar!
That face—but, great heavens! it holds a cigar;
Those eyes—how they laugh, as I sink to the floor,
And crawl down the steps while he grins from the door.

H. C. DOBOK.

The Finest House in London.

From the Week.

Several small parties were given on Monday evening, but all were eclipsed by the glories of Dorchester House, the *maison par excellence* of the metropolis for entertainment. The noble marble staircase, the elegant and perfectly proportioned corridors, and the exquisite finish of every detail, both in architecture and decoration, are unrivalled. They are the work of a master mind, carried out by masterly hands. Everywhere it is not only the love of the intellect which is charmed, and in every point even the most uninitiated can trace the work of genius.

The talented proprietor, Mr. Holford, has created this noble mansion. He has not only invented, but superintended, the carrying out of his ideas, and the result is simply perfection. It would be sacrilege to dance in such a temple of art, were it not that the ballrooms are so perfectly adapted to the purpose, the parquet floors, beautiful in themselves, are exquisite for dancing, and the ventilation is so well managed that it would be impossible to suffer from heat or cold. This beautiful house was filled on Monday with the *élite* of London society—charmed guests, lovely faces, and *raisonnée* toilettes.

Americans might look on with envy, and, notwithstanding their boasts, would find it hard to produce the like, either in faces or figures, from their side of the Atlantic.

THE INDIANS IN CANADA.

Where the White and Red Men Live in Peace—A Visit to a Model Reservation.

MONTREAL, July 23.—With a desire to gain some knowledge touching the relative condition of the Canadian Indians and the tribes that occupy United States territory, I recently made inquiries of officials along the border, most of whom were entirely innocent of statistics regarding the aborigines. I was chiefly moved to make these inquiries by having so often heard in this city and other parts of Canada that the Canadian Government has conducted its Indian affairs with greater efficiency and with far less difficulty than that of the United States. I have, upon many occasions, strained my wits to rebut the assertion, but finding myself bereft of material for that purpose, I planned the task of turning a few hours of vacation to account in collating some facts about the Canadian Indians.

I found that north of the St. Lawrence peace has reigned supreme since the beginning of the present century. In the south, that is, within the boundaries of the Union, there have been almost incessant troubles and wars during that period. This remarkable contrast is not so much attributable to any difference in the nature of the nomadic peoples as it is to the different manner in which they have been treated. It has been argued, also, that the cause is the smaller number of Indians in Canada; but this reasoning does not hold in view of the calculation that the Indians of Canada are in proportion to population three times as numerous as those in the United States. There are about 300,000 Indians in the Union, and according to the last census taken in Canada there are 99,650 in that country. Of the latter, one-third live upon the lands assigned to them, principally in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The other two-thirds pursue their ancient nomadic life in Manitoba, in British Columbia, and other parts of the Northwest.

As soon as a section of territory occupied by Indians is evidently needed for white colonization, the Government of Canada opens friendly negotiations with the Indians, offering them a liberal recompense, and providing them with a tract of land elsewhere, in some locality where they will be most likely, in the shortest space of time, to feel and benefit by the influences of civilization. Mainly for this reason large numbers of Indians are rarely found together in any of the old districts of Canada. They are frequently found in parties of twenty and a hundred living on their reserved lands, with white people living all round them, trafficking and mingling with them. The most important of the tracts assigned to the Indians in Canada is that occupied by the Six Nations on the Grand river, near Brantford, where 3,300 Indians are established upon 52,000 acres of prolific soil.

In company with Superintendent Gillison I visited that reservation. The condition of the Indians there is prosperous, even surpassing that of the tribes scattered through Ontario and Quebec, though the latter have far superior advantages. The Six Nations hold their land in common; but the lots which do not exceed 100 acres are left for the benefit of the head of each family, who alone reaps the reward of cultivation by adding new tracts of land to their reservation, and they reap abundant harvests. Each Indian has his own cabin, and in most instances a hay loft and a stable, a plough, a horse and cart, and a cow. An aged chief of the Six Nations told me that the Indians have always held their own against the white farmers, and would take far more premiums, he thought, but for the influence which the whites have with the judges. Still, the old man said, there was no feeling beyond a strong and honest spirit of competition and rivalry. Agricultural shows which are held after harvest time. Members of his tribe had won three diplomas and one medal for their specimens of barley and wheat exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. Thirty-eight of those Indians possessed costly threshing machines and various other agricultural implements of the most improved kind and highest price. Their little houses, clean, cosey, and trim, were a great improvement upon those of many of our own border settlers.

Chief George H. M. Johnson resides in a very neatly furnished house, where we were most courteously received by him and his well-educated daughters. He spoke quietly but proudly of the ameliorated condition of his people. There was an Onelda Indian present, also an intelligent man, who expressed great astonishment at the numerous questions which were made in towns, during which period he had been absent. He commented especially upon the increasing use of the English language among the Six Nations.

At one school I found 83 children, who are receiving an excellent education, including a thorough knowledge of industrial pursuits. The girls are carefully trained for domestic work, and parts of their school hours are devoted to cooking, washing, sewing, and knitting. The lady who conducted us to the school spoke with enthusiasm of the play in which the pupils had arranged; the doors had been made and carved by them. An Indian who was formerly master of the institute has recently been ordained a minister of the Church of England. Thirteen daily schools, with 34 teachers, are maintained in different parts of the reserved lands in this country, partly at the expense of the Indians and partly with the funds of the missions.

The reserved lands are absolutely the property of the Indian tribes which occupy them. No portion of them can be alienated without the consent of a majority of the male adults, who must formally give their vote, which must then be confirmed by the authority of the Government. The Government, in this instance, exercises a paternal guardianship over the Indians, and it is there only when the evident fact of the closing of certain bargains their interests would not be advanced. Intrusive whites who attempt to settle within the limits of the reservations are notified of their trespass, and if they do not then quietly move away, they are compelled to do so by due process of law. A short time ago, a portion of the Indians' lands was sold on the pretext that they had given their authorization for the sale. This was not true, and the Indians made a complaint. The matter was investigated by the proper department at Ottawa, and the purchaser was ordered to restore the property. When any of the reserved lands are lawfully sold, the net proceeds are held on deposit by the Government, and the interest is divided every six months among those from whom the land was purchased. More frequently than otherwise, sales of land inure to the benefit of the Indians, especially in their moral effect, inasmuch as they convince them that they are being well treated, and are receiving whatever is due them. The Government instructs them in the management of their affairs, and every six months sends them a statement of their money accounts.

A FEROCIOUS BULL.

Killing One of its Owners and Dangerously Wounding the Other.

ADDISON, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Some months ago Esquire Stowell and Simon Arnold, farmers, of Lindley, this county, purchased a vicious Alderney bull. On the 13th inst., as Mr. Stowell entered the enclosure where the bull was kept, the animal attacked him, breaking both his arms and his left shoulder, and tearing a gash six inches long in his left side. On Monday Mr. Arnold was attempting to lead the bull out of the enclosure by a long pole fastened to a ring in the animal's nose. The bull, after several attempts, broke the pole by a sudden plunge, and made directly for Mr. Arnold, who seized a pitchfork and called for aid. A farm laborer ran to help him. The bull turned on the laborer, and, catching him on its horns, tossed him over the fence. It then attacked Mr. Arnold again. Then thrusts from the tines of the pitchfork only added to the fury of the beast. It at last overpowered the farmer, caught him in its horns, and threw him several feet in the air. Mr. Arnold fell to the ground directly in front of the bull, which immediately attacked him with horns and forefeet. Before he could be rescued he was so badly injured that he lived half an hour only. Many of his bones were broken and his bowels were torn out. The latest reports from Squire Stowell, the first victim of the bull, are that he is not expected to live. The bull has been shot.

Rattlesnake Jack.

From the Grant County Times.

Rattlesnake Jack is the euphonious title of a long-haired scout who appeared on our streets this week clad in buckskin habiliments. Jack's forte is oratory and shooting. After getting outside of half a dozen "straights" he opened in this style: "I'm a man from the mountains, I'm a hyena from the tropics and a nephew of old Kit Carson; I've got a string of scalps that a mule can't pack. Gen. Crook and me used to sleep in the same blankets and 'smile' from the same bottle; I'm a poker player from Arizona, and my mother was the first steamboat that ever navigated the Columbia. I'm a buzzard from the 'Rockies' and a 'cuss' on general principles; hain't slept on a floor for fourteen years, except in a guard house; I like whiskey better than Moses loved the Injun gals. I can shoot a mole's eye out 900 yards and make a jackass rabbit ashamed of himself for a hundred. Here Jack's oration was cut short by one of an admiring crowd, who invited him to moisten. When last seen this celebrated personage was trying to get a bet that he could spit in a man's eye nine times out of ten at twenty paces. According to a letter from J. H. Rook, Indian Agent at Klamath, Mr. Rattlesnake Jack forgot to say that he stole a horse and a needle gun from an Indian at Linkville recently.

Farmers Attacked by Wolves.

From the Reading Times.

Four wolves attacked William Richardson of Montgomery county, Pa., while driving to the Norristown market on Saturday morning. He drove them off, and they subsequently appeared on one of the streets of Norristown, attacked another farmer, and tried to get into the wagon, but were driven away. A farmer near Springtown missed a heifer a few days ago, and her body was afterward found badly mangled and partially destroyed, it is supposed, by the wolves. A party of armed men started out to kill the animals.

AN INDIGNANT STEERAGE PASSENGER.

Required to Land at Castle Garden when he Wished to Go Ashore at Hoboken.

Mr. E. L. Hasselbach lives in Newark, and is a naturalized citizen of New Jersey. In May last he visited the fatherland. He made a short visit there, and in June prepared to return. "I engaged my passage," said Mr. Hasselbach yesterday, "while in Magdeburg, and when I did so was particular to say that I was a citizen of New Jersey. This fact was specified on the 'acceptance' which was made out there for me to present at the office in Bremen. I engaged my passage in the Mosel, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, and as my pocket-book was not in a plethoric condition I took a steerage passage. You know that steerage passage costs only $30 currency, while first cabin costs $120 gold, and second cabin $100. I told them at the Bremen office that I wanted to land with the cabin passengers at the Hoboken docks, and they said it would probably be all right, though some of the clerks said that it was a law of the United States that all steerage passengers must be landed at Castle Garden.

"So," continued Mr. Hasselbach, "I started homeward. The steerage passage is by no means unpleasant, especially for a young man. I wouldn't care to take a lady with me though; but we had plenty of good provisions, and one could buy what he wanted in the way of luxuries, and so the thirteen days passed quickly. There were among the steerage passengers thirty-nine American citizens. I know this because we were at sea upon the Fourth of July, and we celebrated. We formed a committee of which your humble servant was Chairman, and all the American citizens subscribed each one mark. There were thirty-nine marks. So we had a procession on the deck, and songs and speeches and beer.

"Well, on the morning of the 6th of July we reached the Hoboken pier. I went to the Captain and told him that I was a citizen of the State of New Jersey, that I lived in Newark, that my wife and children were at the hotel in Hoboken waiting to greet me, and, more than this, I showed him my naturalization papers, which I always carry with me when going to Europe, and I have made the trip often. After all this the Captain of the Mosel would not permit me to land with the cabin passengers at Hoboken, but insisted that I should go with the emigrants to Castle Garden. A couple of officers were placed at the gangway to prevent any but the cabin passengers from leaving the vessel. And yet I saw one Wilshire, a Jersey City cattle dealer, who ships cattle to England, and who was in the steerage, take his bag and walk ashore unchecked.

"Imagine my feelings. The day was fearfully hot; I was anxious to see my family; I was longing to again set foot on land; I saw my fellow voyagers leaving the vessel, and I was forced to remain on board with the emigrants. I appealed to a man—Weber by name—from Castle Garden, sent to take charge of the emigrants, and he insulted me; used me like a dog. Yet among the emigrants on board. There were among the steerage passengers Mrs. Von Mach, the wife of the business manager of the *Deutsche Zeitung* of New Orleans, and her two daughters; and also the Clerk of the Probate Court of Missouri. These, with others, wished to go ashore at Hoboken that they might get their trains that day, and so hasten homeward; but they were not permitted, and were forced to go aboard the barge that took the emigrants to Castle Garden.

"We landed at Hoboken about 8 o'clock in the morning. It was after noon when we reached Castle Garden. There I had to hand my checks over to the Weber aforesaid. Another emigrant, the questions they saw fit to ask me: 'Who are you? Where are you going? Got any money?' and the like. Then I had to pay $2.50 to get my baggage sent home. See the inconvenience I was subjected to. I am a newspaper man. I had the Hoboken Herald with me; was going to write an article about it. The newspapers always held their own against the white farmers, and would take far more premiums, he thought, but for the influence which the whites have with the judges. Still, the old man said, there was no feeling beyond a strong and honest spirit of competition and rivalry. Are the agricultural shows which are held after harvest time. Members of his tribe had won three diplomas and one medal for their specimens of barley and wheat exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial. Thirty-eight of those Indians possessed costly threshing machines and various other agricultural implements of the most improved kind and highest price. Their little houses, clean, cosey, and trim, were a great improvement upon those of many of our own border settlers.

"Well, I was detained at Castle Garden and asked Mr. H. J. Jackson, Secretary of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, if he could throw any light on the subject.

"The law," said Secretary Jackson, "designates Castle Garden as the dock where all alien emigrants and steerage passengers shall be landed. The port of New York includes Jersey City, and I think that when the mosel (as pronounced by the Health Officer he directs on the permit that all steerage passengers be landed at Castle Garden. The steamship companies are obliged to land passengers here, and if they do not are liable to a fine. It rests with them whether they take the responsibility of landing steerage passengers at any other than the Castle Garden wharves, and they are not likely to take the responsibility. It is one of the requirements of a steerage passenger that he be landed at Castle Garden. This is absolutely necessary for the protection of the emigrant. Nothing is charged for it. Until 1876 each emigrant arriving at Castle Garden paid $1. This went to the State to help defray expenses. Now that law is abolished, and the State takes care of the emigrant without charge. There is a law now pending that, if passed, will leave the Commissioners even more power than they now have. It is necessary. Of course, occasionally there will be some complaint, but when one returning steerage passenger is slightly discommoded, thousands of emigrants are protected.

ARABELLA ROOT'S ADVENTURE.

The Pianist Saved from a Black Snake by the Interference of a White Cat.

MONTAGUE, Mass., Aug. 2.—Miss Arabella Root had an adventure with a black snake here yesterday, which she describes as follows:

"What is the use of one's leaving the delights of New York, even in summer, if the privilege of reading a newspaper in peace, under a shady tree in the country, is to be attended with danger. This morning I took my newspaper, the first received since I started from New York, and seeking the shade of a grand old maple tree, I seated myself upon the grass for a feast on the news of the day. For a while I was undisturbed, except by a pet white cat, whose owner thinks her to be wonderfully knowing. Chancing to glance around, I saw a good-sized black-snake approaching me, not more than a foot and a half away, and going directly for my feet. I, of course, immediately jumped, but was careful to keep my eyes upon his snakeship, remembering the saying that you should not turn your back to a snake, as he will then give chase. Womanlike, however, I started to run backward, and the enemy kept advancing as fast as it was possible to do in the tall grass. Suddenly I discovered that my friend, the cat, was aware of the peril of my situation, and she, too, kept her eyes on his snakeship until the right moment. Then she quickly gave one spring, and the disagreeable intruder was nipped up by her in an instant. Then the fight began. Miss Puss dropped the snake, and put her paw on him, and gave him a few proofs of the sharpness of her teeth, and for a half hour she vigilantly amused herself by torturing him, and also somewhat amused her spectators. This fight was continued for at least a half hour, until another cat appeared and offered to lend a helping paw, which assistance so enraged the first victor, Puss No. 1, that she immediately raised her back and tail in a sharp curve, and with a fierce growl darted at Puss No. 2, leaving the snake alone. Then a young lady friend and I, thinking we had served as spectators long enough, armed ourselves with a broomstick, also an iron crowbar, and cautiously approached the deadly enemy, now so nearly dead—how brave we were! We found that, as if ashamed of being overpowered, the snake had buried his head quite an inch into the hard earth, and it required considerable severe poking with the broomstick to get his head out from its hiding place. His sufferings must have been great while under the strict surveillance of Miss Puss for him to attempt this means of escape—boring into the earth with his head. After I had so kindly assisted him to extirpate this portion of his body, and when he found himself unable to salute me after the usual fashion of first-class snakes, by raising his head, giving a hiss, and running out his tongue, he, instead, raised his other extremity and waved it in the most graceful, though not quite agreeable manner, to which proceeding I quickly put a stop by placing a large stone on his head and the iron crowbar on his tail; then we left him for the 'men folks' to finish when they should return from the field. This is a true story, even if it is a 'snake story.'"

Norjad.

After Omar.

I.

BY THE FOUNTAIN

Dark eyes that smite with strange splendor
From under the ivory brow,
Full flame lit lips ripe to render
The fruit of love's passionate vow.
Ah, perilous light! Ah, play of sweet smile!
What witchery hold ye to bless or beguile!

II.

UNDER THE PALM.

O, soft, sweet breath, as a summer's breath
Blown out of the valleys of balm;
O, dear loved death—that were not a death—
To sigh out the life in the calm.
Soft fold of thine arms, and to know
The end of life's tumult and throe
'Neath thy lips and the press of thy palm.

ROB ROY.

The Gopher Snake.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The gopher snake is a new discovery at Los Angeles, Cal. It is found that this snake is not venomous, and it lives on young gophers. It enters the subterranean burrows in quest of its prey, and if the old ones meet it they are killed, but they are too big to swallow. Hitherto farmers killed them. Hereafter they may protect them as a cheap and effective way to escape the destruction of gophers, which rival ground squirrels in levying contributions. The former eat the roots, the latter the tops.

COLORADO'S RAILROAD KING.

Striking Hands with the Gould Interest to Control the Centennial State.

DENVER, Col., July 22.—The purchase of the *Rocky Mountain Daily News* of this city by W. A. H. Loveland, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Colorado, has a secret history that has not yet been told. Mr. Loveland is a bright-eyed, rugged man of 52, square-jawed and resolute. His ancestors were among the Pilgrims, and he was born in Barnstable county, Mass. He worked in a cotton factory at the age of 8, and in 1837, when his family removed to Alton, Ill., young Loveland was employed on his father's farm until he was 18. He studied subsequently in McKendrie and Shurtleff Colleges at Alton. He showed signs of constitutional illness at 20, and a more southern climate was recommended. With $9 in his pocket he started with a companion to St. Louis, 25 miles distant. There he became a teamster, and joined the forces bound for Mexico during the war. His companion fell sick in New Orleans, and young Loveland shipped with his army horses for Tampico. The vessel was wrecked, and after many days Loveland was picked up and taken to New Orleans. There his companion joined him, and both enlisted again and went with Gen. Scott's command into the City of Mexico. Loveland was wounded at the battle of Chepultepec.

In 1848 he returned to Illinois, and in 1849 joined the Argonauts in the California excitement, becoming one of the pioneer settlers. He was the first discoverer of the Grass valley mines. In 1852 he joined a Nicaragua expedition and lived in that country a year. He remained in Alton on his return until 1859, when he joined the pioneers of Colorado and settled in Golden. There, through mining investments and real estate speculation, he became rich, and his dream was the building of a railroad through the Clear creek cañon, a scheme of railroad engineering that was deemed impossible. To accomplish it he was told that it would cost $30,000 a mile to grade and blast the first twelve miles through the Rocky mountains. This did not deter him, however, and, organizing the Colorado Central Railroad Company, he went to work, and in 1873 the road was built thirty miles beyond Golden, through the craggy rocks and along the bed of the romantic creek. Loveland was not satisfied with this, but pressed on, and two years later saw the arrival of the first train in Georgetown, the Silver Queen City of the Rockies, nearly 9,000 feet above sea level. Last May, Central City and Black Hawk, in the peaks of the mountain, heard the whistle of the locomotive and celebrated the triumph of Loveland. His perseverance did not stop here, but branches of the road were extended to Cheyenne, to take advantage of the passenger and freight traffic of the Union Pacific and become a rival to the powerful monopoly of Gould and Dillon.

Loveland's audacity surprised Gould, and a movement was begun to check the Colorado Railroad magnate. Litigation was started, injunctions were prepared, and deep plots were laid to break the power of the Colorado Central. One attempt of the Gould party was met by the other side with similar weapons, and the fight partook somewhat of the Erie litigation in New York under Gould, when Barnard and Cardozo were on the bench. The result, however, was a victory for Loveland, and the Denver merchants who had watched the progress of the battle rejoiced with Loveland in his triumph, for Gould was warring against the interests of Denver, and, in fact, all of Colorado, as the diverting point of freight traffic to the West and Pacific slope. This victory attracted attention to Mr. Loveland, and, when the Democratic Nominating Convention of 1876 met, he was the choice of the Democratic minority for United States Senator, and contributed largely to the election fund in the State in favor of Tilden and Hendricks.

Only three months ago Gould saw that it was the better policy to make Loveland his friend, and he offered to establish the Denver Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroads was suggested. Loveland accepted the ally willingly, and there was a meeting in Denver, when was formed the combination of the Kansas Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, Colorado Central, and Union Pacific.

This union has proved successful, but, to make the compact still more binding, Gould saw that Loveland must go to the Senate, and that he must have a popular and old established organ to praise him daily. Signs pointed to the success of the Democratic party in the coming campaign, and the name of Loveland was the only one spoken of for Governor. The understanding was, and is, that if the Legislature is Democratic Loveland shall go to the Senate.

"The Union Pacific must have a friend at court," Gould said, "and we can find no better man than Bill Loveland."

It was known that the pioneer journal of the Rocky mountains, established nearly twenty years, was weakening under the loss of patronage and was heavily in debt.

"Buy it out," Gould said, "and I will furnish the money."

The price paid was only $30,000. The transfer was not made until the eve of the Pueblo convention, when it was announced to the delegates, with a great outburst, that the pioneer pathfinder and Democratic journal, Denver, had captured the leading Republican newspaper in the State.

GABRIEL TRUEX'S BIGAMY.

Marrying a Second Wife After Vainly Trying to Get a Release from the First.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Aug. 3.—Gabriel Truex was married in Andover, N. J., twenty-six years ago. His wife and some of his children live there. He was formerly in the milk business. A year ago he entered the employ of Tates & Co. of Rochester. Last March he went to East Branch, Delaware county, and early in April he returned to Andover. He charged his wife with adultery, and demanded that she sign a paper releasing him from his marriage vows. She refused. He threatened to kill himself if she did not sign the paper. He became so violent that his wife had him arrested and placed in jail. He was released on bail and went away. To learn, if possible, what occasioned the singular conduct of Truex since his return from East Branch, inquiry was made in that place as to his actions there. It was learned that he had represented himself there as a single man, and was engaged to be married to a young woman named Lizzie Hood, the daughter of a respected citizen. Her father was informed of the antecedents of Truex, and, to Andover and satisfied himself of their truth. Then he ordered the relations between Truex and his daughter to cease. Truex had returned to East Branch. The daughter refused to believe the story about him. She and Truex were married on June 30 by Squire Francisco of East Branch. They have lived there ever since. On Wednesday last Geo. Truex of State Hill, this county, a son of the bigamist, went to Delaware county. He swore out a warrant before Justice Ma