THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1889.

A LAND OF POVERTY.

How the Masses Live and Work Under the Burning Sun of India.

WAGES AT FIFTY CENTS A WEEK.

The Most Beautiful Tomb in the World and Its Royaf Builder.

RIDING WITH SACRED HINDOO OXEN



Two Cents a Day, that of the Chinese, The Koreans are fat and the Japanese wealthy in comparison with the people around me. The Malays, the Siamese and the Burmese have plenty to eat and leisure for loating. These people work from morn until night and go to bed hungry. They are not more than half clothed.

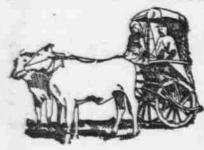
The masses wear two strips of thin cotton cloth, and of the 233,000,000 of people in India four out of five go barefooted. Just below here about the city of Patna is the great opium producing district of India, and I am told by one of the leading opium officers of the Government that the people of this region invariably feed their children small quantities of opium daily, in order that and reduce their appetites. There are in the province of Bengal alone more people than in the whole United States. The majority of these are sarmers and their hold-ings are one-half acre to the person. The most densely populated of our United States are Rhode Island and Massachusetts, whose small territories and large cities give them respectively 254 and 221 people per

A square mile is equal to four farms of 160 acres each, and the average of the whole United States is six people to each such farm. There are in Bengal 320 people to each cultivated 160 acres or two people per acre. Our States have largely a city popu-lation, and wherever we have a large average per square mile a great part of the population live in cities and make their living off manufacturing and trade. Here the people live almost altogether by tarming and if you will put 320 people on the richest quarter section you can find in America and expect them to make their living by raising ordinary crops you get the condition of this part of India. Even with our cities Ohio has only 20 people to the quarter section. Oregon has a little over two, Nebraska has two, Kentucky tes, Kansas three and Pennsylvania, teeming with mines and manufac-turers, has not quite 25.

king of the town population of India man in 20 lives in a town of over 20,000 inhabitants. The other 19 per- 17 years to build it. The average life of sons live in villages and these little collec- man in India is a fraction over 30 years. tions of mud buts are scattered all over the Estimating this life at 34, years instead of bountry. No one lives on the land he cul20 the work upon the Taj embraces just 10, ow added to a majesty of action and a
21 water, and the farms are without fences 000 lives. These 20,000 workmen got only
22 grandeur of size, which makes them nobly and are in large tracts divided up into little fields, the extent of which can be seen by the low irrigating walls and by the difference in the colors of crops. These villages are built entirely of mud. The huts are from 6 to 15 feet square. Their roofs are thatched with straw or with thin brick tiles and there are no chimneys.

The babies in many cases wear ne clothing, and the dress of the remainder of the family of five could be made out of three ordinary sheets. The smoke gets out of the but as best it can, and there is absolutely nothing cheering about the house. The floor is of mud, and the walls are unplastered. The family have no chairs, and they squat on the ground at their meals. The bed setter the floor or a network of popes stretched on a frame of wood with legs which raise it two feet from the floor. It is usually about four feet long and three feet wide, and the man who sleeps upon it must either hang his legs over the end or li-

During the daytime the beds are stood out of doors, because there is no room for



An Indian Cab.

them in the hut, and some of the family usually sleep under the overhanging roof in front of the door. Going through Benares in the early morning I saw perhaps 500 peo-ple thus sleeping in front of as many huts. They had no bedelothes under them and none over them. Women and men were lying with their knees up to their chins wrapped in the same cotton garments they had worn during the daytime. Others were crawling from their beds and stooping over the smoldering coals which their wives had just lighted. Squalor was everywhere

Wages at Fifty Cents Per Week. Wages are terribly low and millions of men in India live, marry and raise children on an income of 50 cents a week. This is a good income for a family, and women work in the fields for 3 cents a day, and many servants get little more than a dollar a month. The embroidery of India is

noted the world over, and there is as much skill in the making of patterns and doing this work on cloth with gold and silver thread as there is in the art work of the Western world. A good embroiderer gets from \$2 to \$3 a month, and men working on the relironds in minor positions get about An American or German would starve on such an allowance, but the Indians who

get this much grow fat. Among the workingmen of the world they have reduced themselves to the least number of wants. They pay no millinery bills and they never have a tailor. They need neither needles nor thread and it is against their religion to drink. The Hindoo eats no meat por any animal fat and he lives with vegetables and milk make up his diet. and as a rule he has not enough to fill his one street of Rangoon is lined with their stomach. Whenever the crops fail there is banks. An Indian bank is far different a famine, for he has not enough income to enable him to save, and about ten years ago the United States. Take a low, narrow,

from year to year. In 20 years in this district there was only an annual increase of aix persons in every 10,000, and at the present time the increase is not much greater. The people are so underfed that disease and death keep down the natural increase which goes on over the rest of the world, and you see them apparently starving before your

A Pure Piece of Architecture.

This condition of India has been the same for ages. The people seem to have always been poor and the fabulous wealth of India has always been in the hands of a few. The English have their powerful grip on it now and their palaces and luxurious residences dot the face of the country. They squeeze out of the land just about the same amounts that the mogui kings did in times gone by, and here at Agra are the ruins which show how India was ground down in the past. Here is the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful and the purest piece of architecture ever designed or built by man, which was erected shrunken legs and flat stomachs of the people.

The blusing sun paints

It lies on the banks of the great Jumna

The blasing sun paints the word on the huts of every village, and the squalid want, which fills every part of the cities I have seen, is so plain that he who runs may read. The condition of the East Indian people is far worse than

in a city block. The whole structure is a marvel of workmanship, and Bishop Heber has well described it in saying that its

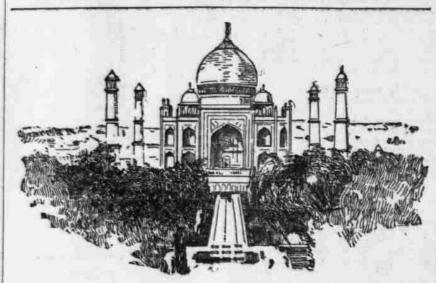
about the loins. Make them squat upon the dirt floor, and in front of each put a flat table a foot and a half high, upon which lies a ledger, the pages of which are filled with Indian characters. Behind each of these naked figures put a chest about the size of the average trunk with a heavy lock upon it and let all be working away as though their lives depended upon their calculations.

culations.

On the outside of the door, under a sort of portico, the chief of the bank sits counting out silver coins to a farmer who has come to borrow. He counts very rapidly and lets each coin strike another as it falls into his band. into his hand. By the sound he tells whether they are good or not. He exacts big rates of interest, and five per cent a month is nothing to him if he can get it. The whole rice crop of Burmah is owned by these chitties before it is harvested and they own millions of valuable property in by these chitties before it is harvested and they own millions of valuable property in the east. They live most abstemiously, and it is their business to accumulate money. They bring up their sons to follow their business, and they are a caste of money lenders. The wives of these chitties are gorgeous in jewelry and though they wear no clothing except the two strips of cotton, some of their ear rings are so, heavy that some of their ear rings are so heavy that that they pull down the ears, and not a tew wear nose rings four inches in diameter

The Sacred White Bullocks. As I came out of the Taj Mahal to-day I ook a ride on an Indian cab. It was drawn by two great white bullocks with humps over their shoulders, each of which was six inches high. The driver sat in front, his legs resting upon the tengue of the cart, and the great octagonal tower below.

The whole is a mass of fine stones and white marble so inlaid and carved that it is more like a jewel of mosaic than an architectural structure. Its doors are lace work of the purest white marble lace to fence there is enough of this marble lace to fence there is enough of this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or this marble lace to fence there is enough or the lace to fence the control of the lace to fence the lace to fence the control of the lace to fence the lace the lace to f



artists "designed like Titans and finished like jewelers. It would be as easy to tell how the birds sing and the lilacs smell as to describe the Taj."

An Immense Expenditure of Labor.

I have visited it again and again and I feel with the Russian artist who said, "The Taj is like a lovely woman. Abuse her as you please, but the moment you come into her presence you submit to her fascination." her presence you submit to her fascination." where there were at least 100 of them in stalls. The tomb is almost as perfect to-day as it around a court yard and men and women was when it was built. It took 20,000 men their food for their labors. An allowance of corn was given to them and their over-seers cheated them in the delivery of it. It. was the same with the other grand struc-

tures of the time.

Within a mile of the Taj, in very good preservation, there now stands an immense tort, the walls of which are 70 feet high and of red sandstone, carved so beautifully that they would honor any Fifth avenue residence, enclosed in a space equal to four farms of 640 acres each. This fort was built by the Emperor Akbar, and its interior is filled with grand palaces, in which the ladies of the harem reveled in cloth of gold add shone in priceless diamonds. The Taj cost about \$15,000,000, which in the purchasing power of the time of Queen Elizabeth in India must have been worth at least ten times as much as it is to-day. The fort cost countless millions more. Its palaces had interiors walled with diamonds and emer-alds, and the King who built the Taj had a peacock throne which blazed with rubies, sapphires and emeralds at the back, in the form of a peacock's tail, and with stones so set that they resembled the natural colors of

This throne alone represents a value of over \$32,000,000, and his land revenues amounted to \$100,000,000 a year. The kings of his time took one-third of the produce of the land, and the total revenues of the tather of this man were \$250,000,000 per annum. The extravagancies of these times are unrivaled in history, but it was only the kings who were rich. The people were as poor then as they are to-day, and the curse of poverty seems to have ever hung over the Indian peasant.

Hindee Banks and Bankers.

This condition of affairs exists in Southern as well as in Northern India, and I found at Singapore and in Burmah emigrants from Madras who looked quite as thin and who had come there to better their wages. Many of these were Klings. Lean, black men, half naked, with long hair hang-ing down upon their shoulders—they do the work of Ceylon and of many or the islands



A Kling Man.

hardy, and are among the most pictureson people of India. The most of them act as coolies, but there is one caste which devotes this easte, by banking, has grown rich. Its members are known as chitties, and they have their money lending establishments in every town of Southern India.

They control the capital of Burman, and the English government spent \$55,000,000 to relieving the wants of the people.

In some parts of India, such as Allahabad, which I visited last week, the population is so dense that it does not increase the content of the people.

Let each have his head shaved. Let none the photographer, but his camera was much more agile than the locomotive.

in America. My driver wore nothing but a waist cloth and turban and he took me a mile for 2 cents. He twisted the tails of the bullocks to make them go and I noted that the horns of his bulls were covered with gold

India and they form in connection with the water buffulo the beasts of burden of the country. They plow the land and haul the carts, and at Benares I visited a temple were feeding them with flowers and praying before them as they did so. They are the most beautiful thing I have yet seen in eattle. With smooth, dove-colored skins they have all the delicate outlines of the Jersey

beautiful.

They have ears twice as long as our cows and they walk as though they contained, as the Indians doubtless suppose, some of the noblest human spirits of the past. In contrast with them the water buffalo becomes uglier than ever. It is uglier than the hippopotamus and is a cow with wide, flat, curving horns, a neck which comes straight out from the shoulders, a belly which is bloated and ill-shapen and a thin, atraggling, black hair, which looks more like the bristles of a hog than the hair of a cow. They delight in wallowing in the dirt, and they seem to have more of the pig nature than the cow nature. Like the sacred cows they are milked and worked and the butter of both is a white, cheesey-like mixture, which has none of the flavor of the

> FRANK G. CARPENTER. THE MAIN FACTS.

How the Wheels of Justice Were Clogge in a Kansas Town.

A Kansas press correspondent, in carry ing out the instructions to briefly confine himself to important items, sent in the fol

lowing: "On the afternoon of the 10th inst., some

cowardly poltroon stole three ropes from our citizens' 'tree of justice.' "The tree stands on the river bank two miles from town, and was selected by our people, some years ago, on account of its three strong limbs at suitable height, and the handy river facilities for the disposal

14"The crime must have been committed sometime during the afternoon, for the three ropes were in use at 2 P. M., and when two of them were again needed at 8 P. M., they were missing.
"The wheels of justice were clogged for

nearly an hour or until more ropes could be precured from town. "A reward has been offered for the catching of the thief, and the catcher will be permitted to occupy the place of honor at the citizens' end of the halter.

"There are suspicions that the thieving was the work of White Caps, as the two

men in the citizens' hands at the time were from the ranks of that order.
"The scales of the blind-folded goddess are

never allowed to get rusty in this section, and our people are justly indignant when-ever any galoot interieres with their work-'The next day the following was de-

spatched:

"The mystery is solved, and the ropes have been returned in good shape. They were not stolen, as was supposed, but were were not stolen, as was supposed, but were borrowed by some highly respectable settlers, six miles up the river, whose pressing need of them tully excused the taking. Perfect harmony is restored, and the best of feeling prevails.

"P. S.—There is a grand opening for a

CHASING A CAMERA

Photographer Pursued by a Pennsylvania Railroad Locomotive.

The work of the Pennsylvania Railroad placing obstructions in the path of the proposed Belt Line Railroad at the Old Navy Yard has been observed by the Belt Line Company through the agency of a photographer and his camera for several days. Yesterday the Pennsylvania men awoke to his presence and whenever the photographer got his camera in position to take a shot at

Mrs. Alexander Tells of the English Royalty as it is To-day.

THE DAILY HABITS OF THE QUEEN Proper Dress and Etiquette for a Presenta-

GREAT BRITAIN'S SHADY NOBILITY.

tion at Court.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.] LONDON, May 15 .- The country cousin making a short stay in London city esteems himself lucky it his visit coincides with the spring function of a drawing room. He can stand in Pall Mall or St. James' Park and see the carriages, freighted with "fair women" and a tew "trave men," the fair faces and jeweled necks of the former rising above the clouds of tulle and lace or the billows of brocade which fill the space round them as they pass slowly, with many a halt, toward Buckingham Palace. For one of the most marked changes in these latter days of the Victorian era is the reception by Her Majesty of the nobility and gentry in Buckingham instead of St. James'

Palace, where the Prince of Wales, representing his mother, holds the levees. Granted good weather (a large grant, we acknowledge, in our early spring) it is a fine sight, though less elaborately grand acknowledge, in our early spring) it is a fine sight, though less elaborately grand than it used to be 40 years ago, when the display of large family coaches, with bewigged coachmen, powdered footmen, voluminous hammer cloths (as the ornative forms of the philosopher or republican the array of Court functionaries, holders of obsolete officer more containing than the containing of the philosopher or republican the array of Court functionaries, holders of obsolete officer more containing than the property of the philosopher or republican the array of the philosopher or republican the array of Court functionaries, holders of obsolete officer more a bitter northeaster is driving a shower of snow across, the hills at Balmoral, or to pace the grounds at Osborne under a drenching rainfall, is not the most agreeable mode of taking exercise.

To the philosopher or republican the array of Court functionaries, holders of obsolete officer more across, the hills at Balmoral, or to pace the grounds at Osborne under a drenching rainfall, is not the most agreeable mode of taking exercise. wigged coachmen, powdered footmen, voluminous hammer cloths (as the ornavoluminous hammer cloths (as the orna-mented cloth covers of the driving seats are not pitiable, and not far removed from the called), and richly caparisoned horses, out-numbered the unpretending broughams and hired conveyances. Now the number of presentees have doubled or probably quad-rupled, and the humbler vehicles prepon-

CONSERVATIVE LAMENTATIONS. Over these changes the old style of Conservative laments, chiefly because change of any kind is objectionable in his eyes, but also, no doubt, because of a dim consciousness that this continuous enlargement of the Court bounds may be akin to the ominous swelling of that immortal and ambitious swelling of that immortal and ambitious frog which was the precursor of its final "bust up." However this may be, a certain interest hangs round "the Court," which in England is a kind of inner core of the national existence, and which at the present time its slowly averaging and average. time is slowly expanding and varying sympathetically with the gradual mutations

of social life.
For London, it must be admitted, "the Court" has virtually ceased to exist. The hospitalities of Marlborough House, though

hospitalities of Marfborough House, though all the pleasanter for their spontaneity and semi-private character, are not state functions, nor do they bear the solemn seal of official admission to the sovereign's circle.

The separation of real "Court life" from the outer fringe of drawing rooms, levees, state balls, and concerts always existed, though in a much less degree 40 or 50 years ago. Then the right to be presented was more limited, and those admitted to the royal presence were possibly more acquainted with the sovereign; now, when great ed with the sovereign; now, when great scientists give new realms to the kingdom of scientists give new realms to the kingdom of knowledge, great inventors fresh power to human activity, when great discoverers bring the unknown within the reach of human ken, great financiers and organizers increase the sum of human wealth, a new nobility arises, which, if they care to de-mand it, not only have a right to appear he-fore the sovereign, but honor the circle which admits them.

INSIDE THE SACRED PRECINCTS. Below these growd the ranks of swiftly stamp their shoddy with the sacred seal of acceptance at Court. For all these there are few opportunities in London for such patent aggrandizement. The Queen lives retired in the semi-seclusion naturally most acceptable to her, since the terrible bereavement which left her perhaps the loneliest woman in the world.

The inner life of the court has in it little to tempt a Sybarite—simplicity, dutifulness, conscientious performance of work are its characteristics. Vain and giddy girls, frisky young matrons, and dangerous gallants would find its atmosphere oppressive and uncougenial. Sobriety and thoughtfulness are in the air; perhaps a slight degree of monotony or times of victorians. monotony or tinge of tristesse may make bolder and lighter spirits sigh for fresh fields and a wider range, but none can quarrel with its mental tone or the routine

At 9 Her Majesty breakfasts alone, unless some of her children, grandchildren or personal friends are staying in the Palace, and she is rarely without them. In summer, at Osborne, Windsor or Balmoral, this meal is generally served out of doors in some alcove, tent or summer-house. After the Queen either drives in a small pony carriage, accompanied by one of the princesses, or she walks, attended by a lady-in-waiting or maid-of-honor, with whom she converses with friendly case, and followed by two Highland servants and some favorite dogs.

BOYALTY EATING. Luncheon is served at 2, the convives being Her Majesty's family or royal guests. Until this hour, from her short after-breakfast exercise, the Queen is diligently occu-pied with official correspondence and busi-ness of various kinds. Long training has made her a politician of no mean ability and breadth of view, her natural common-sense forming an admirable basis for such a superstructure. It assists, too, in enabling her to choose her friends well and wisely. though the Court surroundings are not cal-culated to help royal personages in forming a just judgment of character. Human nature puts on a somewhat too angelic

guise, where everything may be won by amiability and nothing by the reverse. In the mornings the maids-of-honor (there are pine in all) in waiting for the (there are bine in all) in waiting for the time are with the princesses, reading or practising on the piano, singing or playing lawn-tennis with them, as any young ladies, companions together, might. The lady-in-waiting accompanies the Queen in her afternoon drives and visits, which are most frequently to the poor and to the humble workers, often to simple gentry or any one in trouble. Afterward the lady reads aloud to Her Majesty in her private sitting-room. to Her Majesty in her private sitting-room.

The royal dinner hour is 8:30, and that meal is shared by those of the royal family then residing with the Queen, by distinction of the household. guished visitors, and some of the household n rotation-yiz., lords and ladies-in-waiting, maids-of-honor, equerries and grooms-in-waiting—this latter official holding a considerably lower position than the equerry, though to the uninstructed it sounds like a distinction without a differ-

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

The Queen is a woman of strict business habits and sceady application; the amount of correspondence she gets through is enormous. In the private portion of this correspondence Her Majesty is assisted by her private secretary, a lady-in-waiting, and a maid-of-honor, especially by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, one of the ladies who is a valued friend. When the Court is at Windsor the members of the household in attendance are: One lady-in-waiting (these ladies are always peersase), two maids-ofladies are always pecresses), two maids-of-honor, a lord-in-waiting, two equerries, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments and the master of the household. The attendance is the same at Osborne and Balmoral, with the exception

senior dresser, who has been many years

with Her Majesty, is specially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespeople—jewelers, drapers, dressmak-ers, etc.; one dresser and one wardrobe wo-man are in constant attendance on the man are in constant attendance on the Queen, taking alternate days.

Dress is a matter in which, even in her young days, Her Majesty does not appear to have taken much interest. At present her perpetual mourning allows of no crude color combinations. Some of us elders have a pleasant, if vague, recollection of Victoria Regina a good many years ago, say 40 or 45, in a very simple and becoming bennet tied beneath the chin, a wreath of wild roses under the brim traming a sweet, kindly young face. Ah mel sorrow and experience have writ their cruel marks on hers and ours since then.

How He Repeatedly Cheated the Bank of

England and Gained a Name

May 12, - A MARKET 10 Bank of England day or two ago as I was turn-By or the Decree the sum of on pounds ing over the books, old and new, in sdark many many little shop in

PRESENTATION ETIQUETTE.

If admitted to the Queen informally, the page-in-waiting simply announces the visitor's name thus: "Mr. —, your Majesty," on which she bows slightly and continues to stand or sit, generally the former; then she begins the conversation. The initiative in this is always left to Her Majesty. It is not etiquette to open a subject with her, only to reply to her remarks. The Queen terminates the interview by another slight inclination, and usually by a gracious smile. The visitor retires, backing and bowing until he reaches the door, for Lane, I came across a small book, or a large pamphlet, whichever you may please to call it, the leaves of which were yellow with age and the corners no longer in existence. Upon the title page was printed in old-fash-ioned type the following:

ROGUE, SWINDLER AND FORGER.

dignitaries who wait on the potentates of pantomime or burlesque, and even we, shaekled as we are by the frons of time-stiffened routine, can scarce help a smile as we glance at the list of the royal household, and read the titles of some of the appointments. "The horsewesters" and the "Tenta" lend his name to such a chronicle of crime. ments. "The bargemaster" and the "keeper of the swans" possibly may have their uses, but to the uneducated ear the item "pages of the back stair" has an ugly sound; one reproduced here. At one time all this great city rang with the tame of Old Patch. He was a master thief. The burglar or confi-dence man of to-day has not half the skill of this great Charles Price. It would take can hardly imagine these youths with clean

HIGH-SOUNDING TITLES.

PRESENTATION ETIQUETTE.

and bowing until he reaches the door, for no one must turn his or her back on our

Sovereign lady.
One of the trials to which the Court

ladies are subject is caused by the passion Her Majesty has for walking and driving in the coldest weather. Few of them are as hardy and as indifferent to ease as their

royal mistress, and to be dragged out for an airing when a bitter northeaster is driving

The master of the ceremonies may be a necessity, but when he is apparently topped by a marshal of the ceremonies, the mind fails to take in the magnitude of the office, nor are one's ideas rendered clearer when we find that the "master" is a general, a baronet and a K. C. B., while the "marshal" (which counds to make higger) is only as onet and a K. C. B., while the "marshal" (which sounds so much bigger), is only an Hon. Mr. —. Then comes the "hereditary grand almoner," who is a high-class peer; the "master of the buckhounds;" the "hereditary grand falconer" (a duke), and, most mysterious of them all, the "groom of the robes!" What are his duties? Is he to "rub down" Her Majesty's gowns? If so, let us pray he may not follow suit with the currycomb!

Currycomb!
The influence of the Court on English social life is at present almost nil. But be-fore the Prince Consort's death, the Queen looked sharply into the character and standing of those presented to her, and was suc-cessful in keeping the circle around her as irreproachable as mere mortal society can well be. Indeed, few Loudoners doubt that had our sovereign lady kept her place at the head of social affairs, we should proba-bly have been spared some of the scandals in high life, reports of which have from time to time rendered the daily papers more

time to time rendered the daily papers more curious than edifying.

The fair, gentle Princess of Wales was too young and inexperienced when the retirement of her royal mother-iu-law obliged her to take up the social scepter, to exercise much authority; she could only teach by example, and this she has done well. In teath the Court is much more influenced by truth, the Court is much more influenced by the country than the country by the Court.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY. The tendency of the royal personages is decidedly in favor of dropping the more mediæval items of their following, and re-stricting themselves to the less cumber-some style of the great nobles. There is even a whisper that the time-honored office of master of the buckhounds, with his satellite huntsmen and whippers-in, is to be abolished before many months are over. From the Court to the nobility is scarce a step, though in no other European country is the life of the nobles so independent of is the life or the nobles so independent of royalty. They like to show respect to the sovereign, as does every class of Her Majesty's subjects, but they do not care for the ceremonials of a Court, which can add little or nothing to their inherited or acquired rank and splendor.

The question, is England's nobility what it should be, considering its great advantages? naturally suggests itself in connection with this topic. A counter-question

nection with this topic. A counter-question might well be put, is any man or class of men what they should be?

PRETTY GOOD CITIZENS.

Without boasting, I think it may be asserted that in no other country is the nobility as a class so verile, useful and abreast of their times, chiefly because its ranks are so constantly recruited by new blood from be-low. All that is best among our legal, military, naval and commercial men pass into the upper house and invigorate the peers with their fresh intellectual force.

Still no one can look upon or around the present condition of things and doubt that the beginning of the end has come; old in-stitutions, old ideas are passing away; they have done their work, and, however well that work may have been done, they, like most other things, will reach at last a stage where, ceasing to be useful, they become

mischievous. Let us waive all special pleading, how-ever, and speak frankly. Of the reckless, extravagant, dissolute members of the peer-age we have heard more than enough; but how about the quiet, home-staying, con-scientious peers, who honestly do their duty by their tenantry, their families, and that portion of beloved mother-earth which it has been their happy lot to possess? "Oh, no; we never mention them, their names are never heard!" Yet the majority of the peers are men of this stamp, not disturbed perhaps by the possession of extraordinary mental abilities, but gentlemen of decent lives and honorable natures. Their wives and daughters, although they enjoy "the season" in town, can yet feel with and for their poorer neighbors; their schools and charities are a boon to young and old, and the "great house" is more often than not a small center of civilization.

Let us not, therefore, be ungrateful; let us bury our old benefactors as decently as we can. Tradition has had its uses, and simost as many "ages" as man. It has its helpless babyhood, when inarticulate bards sing an imper ect rhyme, giving a scanty account of some local event, warlike or otherwise; this is appropriated and developed (if it suits them) by the priests, and so nursed into boy-hood; then statesmen find it useful to create. some national cry; sentimentalists take it up, perhaps to point a moral; the leading warrior, half or whole believing, uses it to incite his followers against the oe; then it becomes the sacred tradition of the race; finally it passes into the lean and slippered pantaioon stage of nominal belief, and dies of old age when new discoveries, new ideas, new needs have breathed its sentence of MRS. ALEXANDER.

A New York Girl's Precocity.

New York Sun. ? In this city there is a little girl of 8 whose mind is already agitated over the question of female suffrage, and who holds that of the lord-in-waiting.

To attend to Her Majesty's tollet and wardrobe there are five maids—viz., three dressers and two wardrobe women. The A FAMOUS SWINDLER.

Story of the Life of Charles Price, Who Was Successively

BREWER, PREACHER AND FORGER.

AS THE GREATEST ROGUE IN THE LAND

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 LONDON.

Among the many victims, however, were two who resented this treatment—a Mr. Wigmore, a man of fortune who had advertised for a wife, and a wealthy young student from Oxford—both of whom applied to the Magistrates of Middlesex for a warrant against our hero as a "rogue and a swindler." Mr. Price was gazetted, in these very terms, as being much "wanted" at a certain court of justice. But, the whole thing fell through, and Mr. P., who at that very time was renting three different sets of lodgings in widely remote parts of London, once more sank into the darkness of private life. In the Wigmore drams, from which our hero had reaped unusually heavy fees, he had actually figured in three distinct characters: Gentleman usher, A. Z., the advertiser, and an "elderly elergyman in full canonicals," the reverend uncle of the lady!

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

CHARLES PRICE, ALIAS OLD PATCH,

Out of this darkness he did not dare to creep until 1759-60, when he once more went back to his old trade as a brewer, clerk to Mr. Staples, of Lincoln's Inn. So enchanted was Staples with the skill, honesty and high morals of Price, that he recommended him to Mr. W—as a young man of singular piety and many virtues, which, indeed, he proved by going to church regularly in the morning with Staples and to the Tabernacle in the afternoon with the rich and worthy W. After six months of this farce, having obtained from his godly patron a loan of £2,000 to carry out an improvement in bitter ale, our excellent clerk once more chose his opportunity and levanted with all the cash be could lay hands on. Of the peaceful joys and virtuous amusements of his private life, no record remains, beyond the one trifling incident that they were shared by Mrs. Poulteney, whom he exhibited as "The Famous Irish Giantess" at a fashionable room in St. James. I bought the book for the small sum of twopence and took it home. It proved to be very entertaining, though the picture it gave of immorality in London a century ago was appalling. The author signed merely his initials, as if he had been loth to The illustrations are copper plate engravings of a rough order, and a few of them are



Disguised as Price's Uncle. too much space to detail all his rogueries, Samuel Foote, the famous actor, wit and dramatist, out of many thousands of pounds by inveigling him into partnership in a brewery. All his life previous had been spent in swindling schemes.

A SMOOTH-TONGUED HYPOCRITE.

A smooth-tongued hypochitz.

After his first noble attempt at brewing, for a considerable time Mr. Price was compelled to pass his days in strict privacy. He lodged entirely at coffee houses and shifted his quarters so frequently and with such skill that his most intimate friends knew nothing of his address—not even the landlord whose bill for boarding and lodging was too often unpaid, Patch being too great an artist to allow his talents to grow reset. an artist to allow his talents to grow for want of use even in private life. His resources, in fact, were inexhaustible, and he never acquitted himself with greater skill than as a Methodist preacher at Chelsea. There, under the name of Parker, by dint of an oily tongue, insinuating address and frequent use of scriptural phraseology, he wormed himself into the confidence of an elderly maiden lady of highly evangelical

A few months sufficed to rob this un appy and credulous old female of half her fortune, to trifle with her affections under a promise of marriage, and to make her the laughing stock of a pieus congregation. Meanwhile, Price went on his way triumphant to schieve new victories. It was in the year 1756-7 that somewhere and some-

principles-and a goodly fortune in the



Charles Price in His Usual Dress.

with a certain Mrs. Daulton, a lady of unknown antecedents, some personal charms and no small amount of that special apti-tude for high art, in which Mr. Price so greatly excelled. Whether bound to him by any other tie or not, she was certainly his confederate and factorum at first, and at last his slave and dupe. They began busi-ness in a wary fashion, with the following

PLUCKING PIGEONS. To Gentlemen of Character, Fortune and

Honor:
Who wish to engage for life with a lady possessing the above qualities in an eminent degree. Her person, in point of elegance, gives precedence to none. Mind and manners highly cultivated; temper serene, mild and affable; age not exceeding 22. Any gentleman who, etc., etc., may address to A. Z., Bedford-head, Southampton street, Strand; and if their merals and situation in life are approved [mark that; they will then be waited on by a person who will arrange an interview.

For awhile this ingeniously simple little scheme seemed a failure; but A. Z. knew what he was about, went on advertising, and, as usual, reaped a goodly harvest. Pigeons by the dosen came to be plucked, and plucked they were in the simplest lashion, which left them no remedy but to retire to Newgate. To the very parable rogue was self-and loud in proclaiming on the night before his in pearance in court he han window cord over the description.

from the field in silence. To every applicant there was but one answer and one mode of treatment. Before any interview could be arranged, or any business discussed, Mr. Price appeared as gentleman usher. His fee was 5 or 10 guineas, according to circumstances. That paid, a preliminary conversation eusued, and in less than ten minutes the hapless pigeon was given to understand that he was "too old," or "too young," too badly endowed, or—above all—too deficient in morals to be admitted into the presence of the charming but unseen lady.

The usher expressed his unutterable regret at such an unlooked-for catastrophe, and with a gracious bow consigned his victim to a strapping footman, who conducted him to the outer door. He had paid his guineas voluntarily to take part in THE BEAUTY PRIZE Captured by Miss Grace Wilson, a-Blonde Debutante, Who is to be

paid his guineas voluntarily to take part in a certain game, but before he could make a single move found himself checkmated and politely dismissed in the street. Clearly,

PLAYING NUMEROUS BOLES.

ful country, and for the next eight years devoted himself and his unwearled abilities

to the service of Holland, and especially to the manufacture of the famous "Schiedam" gin to be smuggled into England without

paying duty.

But Holland, like ungrateful England, at last grew weary of this great genius, and in 1770 he was driven to take refuge once more

Disguise in Which He Negotiated His Forgeries

n his native city, where, for a time, he

figured as a lottery office keeper, a writer of pamphlets and attorney-at-law, under the fresh alias of William Parke. But evil days were falling on him. His matchless

genins was unrecognized, and in May, 1774, Lord Mansfield condemned him to be fined £1,600, and to remain in jail until the fine was paid, for cheating the excise. How he escaped from Newgate history tells not, but escape he did, and in 1780 was as hard at work as ever in that final and fatal branch of art which was to end in his ruis. Sud-

of art which was to end in his ruin. Sud-denly, at the Bank of England, was pre-

sented a £10 note, so perfect in engraving, signature and water mark as to defy all

found to be in circulation, but no trace of the forger, who, for a time, defied detection. Mr. Price

WORKED WITH HIS USUAL SKILL

hero carry on this perilous and difficult game, with a host of minor rogneries among

tradesmen and merchants, on which we cannot even touch, his chief disguise, all
through, being a black camlet cloak, a clerical hat, a wig, and his face painted to give
him the look of suffering from yellow
is and ical

end; he was in the clutches of the law, and, after being examined before Sir Sampson

to Newgate. To the very last this incom-

Wright, Justice of the Peace, was remanded

here was no remedy.

THE REIGNING BELLE OF GOTHAM.

Three Luncheons on-a Wager.

How Her Cleverness Enabled Her to Win

STORY ON A SINGER WHO WAS HUGGED

NEW YORK, May 25 .- The time of the year has come for choosing a summer belle from among the debutantes in that small but pretentions section of society whom we watch so closely, ridicule so much, and envy more or less. I believe I was first to name last winter's winner of the beauty prize, and my judgment proved correct. I selected Miss Sallie Hargous from the half dozen possibles, because I saw that she was fully as lovely as any of the otners, besides having personal vivacity and family advantages. She distanced all competitors, and throughout the season of balls and opera was the belle supreme. But she has sailed away for Europe, and on Tuesday next, unless her plan fails, she will be presented to Queen Victoria at a formal drawing-room reception. That will be pretty sure to start her in for the London early summer sesson as a new and entrancing representative of American femininity, and she is well prepared to enjoy the distinction to the utmost. After a high old sociable time in London she will go to Paris for a

conspicuous figure on the other side of the But I set out to identify the forthcoming queen of wealth and beauty. She is Miss Grace Wilson, sister of the Orme Wilson who married Carrie Astor, and connected also by a sister's marriage with the Goelets. Thus it will be seen that she is greatly advantaged by being placed between two of our socially powerful families. Besides that her own parents have considerable money and plenty of good breeding.

spell, and thence to several of the Euro-

pean watering places. With a circumspect

chaperonage, a glorious wardrobe, and

a determination to become a celebrity, we

are bound to hear from Sallie Hargous as a

BEAUTY THAT IS PERFECT.

and would no doubt have proved a greater success, had he not suddenly been arrested for deot. Mr. Price's mode of conducting business, public or private, was marked by a fatal habit of never paying ready money to tradesmen, friend or foe. A score of hungry creditors from all parts of the city now rushed upon him with clamorous fury, forced him in the Court of Bankruptey and tried to prove him a fraudulent trader. But Price was more the same and them, and Grace is a blonde, and if she were only a shop girl or factory operative her prettiness would attract attention. Of course, under the very different circumstances, her good looks become the very zeme of loviness. Good clothes and nice manners enhance her Good clothes and nice manners enhance her charms. I am not saying that she is not beautiful, for she is, but aimply that when her beauty is backed by Astors and Goelets it becomes flawless. Miss Wilson will be-gin her reign at Newport next month. The specialty of Miss Wilson is an engag-ing candor. She is notably free from affec-tion of calling. She reconnects the se-Price was more the 'a match for them, and the five commissioners before whom he appeared, though Foote, the actor, gave evidence against him with bitter wit, and an awful indictment of facts and figures. The prisoner was released, and before he could be again arrested had fied from his ungrateful country, and for the next eight wears.

ing candor. She is notably free from affectation of culture. She pooh-poehs the artistic fads of the day. Here is an illustration: There was lately an exhibition at the Union League Club of Chinese porcelains. The foremost China maniacs lent their most precious treasures to the show. The celebrated hawthorne pots owned by Charles A. Dana, James A. Garland and Robert Hoewere among the exhibits. To the ignorant observer these pieces of earthenware looked like old-fashioned oriental ginger jars, worth less than the ginger root they had contained; but to connoisseurs they represented the finest period of the potter art; in China, and were quite unsusceptible of duplication, even in the land of their original manufacture. These three pots were considered to be worth on the average about \$2,500 apiece.

IT WOULDN'T SELL FOR A DOLLAR. Miss Wilson was a visitor the show, and with Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, stood looking at the hawthornes. Mrs. Vanderbilt expatiated on their rarity and beauty. Miss Wilson considered them neither handsome nor valuable. Then a daughter of Robert Hoe came along and joined in the discussion. Of course he was a partiant of discussion. Of course she was a partisan of

pottery. "I'll tell you what I'll do," Miss Wilson said. "We will take your father's haw-thorne pot down to the Japanese store in Broadway, place it on their bargain counter labeled \$1 and watch it for an hour during the busiest part of the alternoon, when the place is thronged with women of presumably good inste. I will lay a wager of luncheons for us three that nobody offers to buy the thing at \$1, and you will find that hardly anybody will devote a second glance to it."

The bet was made, the terms were carried out within a week and Miss Wilson won. The hawthorne, considered by collectors to be worth \$2,500, did not seem like a bargain at \$1 to the many who passed it slightingly

One of the fantastic incidents of the close of the last performance of opera at the Metropolitan is recalled by fashionable gos-sip. The opera was "The Bheingold," and its hero was Max Alvary, a very handsome tenor, upon whom our maids and matrons of the boxes had lavished admiration throughout the season. It happened that there had been a squabble in the company, caused by professional jealousy and personal bickering, and Alvary was not re-engaged for next season. His partisans among the stockholders were wroth at this, but they were outnumbered by those who sustained the management. Well, this final entertainment was a matinee, and at its close

there was AN UNUSUAL GATHERING

common scrutiny. But one secret mark, known only to one special department at the bank, was wanting, and the note was stamped with the fatal word "forgery," the punishment of which then was death. Within a mouth many similar notes were of people at the stage door to await the de-parture of the singers. When Alvary exerged there was a demonstration of ap-plause. The gathering was composed in part of relatives and friends of the vocalists, including the chorus, who commonly went there to join them; but this time as many as

worked with his usual skill in the dark; made his own paper, engraved every plate and copied every signature. All that could be discovered was that the notes, whenever passed, were presented sometimes by a boy, sometimes by an elderly woman in black, sometimes by an aged gentleman attended by a footman. But, in every case, no sooner was the cash obtained than the recipient disappeared, and left no trace of his whereabouts. And all this time, when the whole city was raging with the news of some fresh forgery, Price himself would sit in a coffee house and calmly discuss the dark in the boxes were there to show their liking for Alvary, and temphasize their desire for his re-employment. They elapped their hands and waved their handserchies in a decorous daved their hands and waved their handserchies in a decorous daved their handserchies in a house of enthusiasm when the tenor came out. counts made mention of this occurrence, and unthinking readers took it for granted that whole affair.

In a single week he, under the alias of Mr. Willmott—driving his own private carriage—with the help of a clever boy, contrived to pass 60 £10 notes at various fashionable shops, and even had the audacity to call at a well-known bank and get 14 £50 notes changed for seven of £100 without a grain of suspicion until they reached the Bank of England, and were stamped as forgeries. Incredible as it seems, for more than four years did our hero carry on this perilous and difficult. Alvary. It was to clear them of ridicule that a friend searched out the actual kissors.

> A Rensonable Supposition. Canners' and Grocers' Gasette. 1

An old bachelor, who was quite a wit, lived alone in a very uncomfortable looking place, and his apartments were always in great disorder.

"Why don't you get married?" said a friend one day. "Then you would have some one to fix up things here, and make it look homelike."

"The fact is, I've never thought of it," said he, "but it doesn't look reasonable that a better half would make better quarters." parable rogue was self-possessed, insolent and loud in proclaiming his innocence. But on the night before his intended second ap-pearance in court he hanged himself with a window cord over the door of his cell, and