

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE

The Turkish Form of Government Going.

AND VIZIER, KYMIL PASHA.

Visit to His Villa on the Bosphorus—Institutions of Learning—Bulgaria's Fountain Head.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 20, 1888—Special Correspondence of THE HERALD.—It has been often stated, by the friends of the Nineteenth Century, that the government of the Ottoman Empire is hopelessly lost case; nor are these verdicts but recent. Years ago, it is most positively stated that the final hour was then nigh at hand, and still the Turk is a Turk this very day. Let us be not led into a like mistake saying the Turks must go, let us make the timely assertion that his present form of

GOVERNMENT IS GOING. Orientals are to be the continued rulers of the Levant, we can't think of more dignified and commanding rule than the position that the Turks, with all their little failings; and it is rather to assume that Orientals will be the rulers, at least until there is some radical alteration in the present political situation of Europe. The strong position here in the east is such, that it is better in the hands of a weak ruler than with a strong one; thereby equilibrium of the Old World is more fully attained on which has rested peace and prosperity which has now an going on for years. But the assertion that the present tottering government of the Ottoman must go, is a fact far and well founded. That the government is even now giving way to the laws and customs are facts not to be denied by any observer. Of course, reforms may be as yet but cold and tardy, but they are, nevertheless, real and certain. Staunch and energetic workers for reform are a number of Turks who have traveled in Europe, and been convinced that Constantinople is not the wealthiest city of the world, and that the people can themselves learn of their own (unbelievers.) Among this number are not a few of the Sultan's ministers, and probably the most noted these is the

GRAND VIZIER HIMSELF, who is spoken of as the actual Musselman Bismarck. We have had the assurance of an audience with His Highness at his private residence on the Bosphorus, and, as it may please the reader to know something about so distinguished a personage as the Grand Vizier, and will not be miss in our talk on governmental reform, we will quickly visit Kymil Pasha, he is most commonly known. He holds forth for the public two hours every Friday, during which time anyone may see him.

We had business worthy of His Highness' consideration, so resolved to take advantage of his reception hours. With this resolve, we took a ten minutes' ride by steamer up the Bosphorus, and landed near the noted villa. It is half-hidden among trees, and is not very magnificent in appearance, like the streets which lead to it are narrow and filthy, swarming with the

OMNIPRESENT TURKISH DOGS.

One enters the garden gate under the sharp gaze of a soldier, and a straight path between tall poplars leads to the massive door of the entrance hall. The door being open, we step lightly on the white marble floor of the reception hall, and are at once met by a servant who busily motions us to stand. I fear we will advance with our shoes, a serious violation of Turkish etiquette. This is, however, probably not prominent in the eyes of the servant as the fact that we might dirty his floor, which he must see is always in the neatest of trim. Luckily we know the custom, and having on our Turkish shoes—which are essentially two pairs—we divest ourselves of the over shoes, and are allowed to advance. A second servant leads us up the broad staircase, and a third ushers us into a waiting room and requests our cards—we being "franks," while a fourth servant waits upon us with coffee in such tiny little cups. In the room, sipping coffee and waiting for their turn, are several square-built old Turks who seemingly can't compose themselves sitting in a rank on the fine cushioned chairs, so they

TUCK THEIR LEGS UNDER THEM

in a fine home style. There is something very about Turks in this position that can't be described; one must see the actual performance to appreciate the comfort it affords them, whether in their own simple cafe, or in fine French parlors. All conversation is carried on in a whisper in this grand mansion; all Turkish domestic are sacred, so this must be greatly so, belonging, as it does, to the Sadrazam.

But here is the servant announcing in a whisper that His Highness will see us in this very minute. What a flutter it causes in one's breast as we follow tremblingly behind the servant! We are soon brought squarely in front of a blanket-like hangings, answering for a door, and this the servant pulls lightly to one side, exposing us to the scrutinizing gaze of the Grand Vizier. We bow as becomingly as we know how, and he rises with ease and motions us to a vacant seat opposite him. Here we are the private guests of the Sadrazam, and what a funny, little, dried-up specimen of Turk he really is! Why, he is nothing like the common dumpy Turkish Turk! He speaks English quite fluently, and half-a-dozen or more other languages; he is immensely popular with the representatives of the leading nations, because of his knowing their own national tongue. Being a fine French scholar, he knows the position of his government well, and assiduously labors for its reforms. During our talk with His Highness, he boasting said his government had

ALL KINDS OF RELIGIONS:

"All kinds of Christians, and all kinds of —" here he paused a little, but finally came out with "Musselmans." Our errand was hardly finished, when two pachas unfortunately arrived, and

were ushered in by the servant without ceremony. When the blanket door was pulled aside this time, there was a miniature race between the two pachas, who trotted right up to the side of the Sadrazam and saluted in royal Turkish style. The salaming ended, there was a desire on the part of the two pachas to kiss the gown of the Sadrazam after true Mohammedan honor. His Highness being dressed a la Frank, this, however, was made up by the pachas trying to catch his coat tail. The Sadrazam vigorously resented this action for some cause, but the pachas were the more persistent on their side, so for a few minutes these royal personages had a lively skirmish over the

COAT TAIL OF HIS HIGHNESS,

the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire. It is only justice to the pachas to mention that they triumphantly succeeded in their aim. But how about the less distinguished foreign visitors? When quiet was restored the pachas took a seat to condescendingly wait until His Highness was disengaged. There was a painful look on the countenance of the Sadrazam as he looked at us, and then unavoidably took a quick glance at the new comers. We at once saw the position, that it would hardly be equity to keep the royal faithfuls waiting while he conversed with guests, so we made our exit as gracefully as we could and found the first, the second, the third and the fourth servants all ready and waiting for the "back sheesh." This last is the evil of a visit to the Sadrazam.

But to return, as the novelist says, to our first subject. There is probably not anything that acts so forcibly in the reform of a government as the education obtained in schools. Knowing that in this lies the true essence of reform in Turkey, as it has been in other countries, the writer has busied himself in his spare time visiting the most

NOTED INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

Ottoman schools are virtually closed to a stranger, but Armenian, Greek and foreign schools have been visited. In the most of foreign, or mission schools, a bitter prejudice was engendered by knowing I was from Utah. Probably the highest and best school here is the Robert College; it is certainly the finest we have had the pleasure to visit. It was founded in 1863, by the munificence of Christopher R. Robert, of New York, and under the direction of Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D. It was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, and is governed by a board of trustees residing there. An *impeccable* was granted by the Sultan here, for its establishment. The object of the college, as it sets forth, is to give to its students without distinction of race or religion, a thorough education, equal in all respects to that obtained at a first-class American college, and based upon the same principles.

During our visit to the schools we found students of nearly all nations here in the east, and many Europeans; the largest per cent. come from Bulgaria, which country acknowledges the school as its

CROWNING EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION.

The school is doing an immense work of reform in the Orient, and in conversation with the vice-president of the college, Professor Long, he whispered that "Right in this building is the fountain head of all that has been accomplished in Bulgaria." "Look," he said, "our list of graduates contains the names of nearly all the most distinguished men of that government." Its dissemination of American ideas is undoubtedly a vast force for the proper dressing of these lands. Proud America, her principles will ultimately rule the world! But to finish our visit at the school. To one who has had a few months alone among the simple-minded natives, as is the case with the writer, a visit to the Robert College is like dropping in on a small America. The language of the school is English and most of the professors and instructors are right down Yankees. Some had acquaintances in Salt Lake, and questioned about Utah's interests in fine, home-like style. After the school hours, a walk was enjoyed over the historical grounds near the building, escorted by Professor Henderson. The location of the school is a lovely quarter on the Bosphorus, surrounded with points of high historical interest, all combine to give it a physical position equalled by few, if any, other colleges of the world.

From what one may see here in an educational sense, it may be inferred that these various local and foreign institutions will lend an influence that will shake the very foundations of tyranny in a few years. Give a few more American institutions free scope and it will be sure to be such. "It will be American, you know."

CLOVE

After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

What He Had to Say.

"I've something to tell you," he bashfully said. And his face turned a lobster like hue: "I'm sure you ne'er guessed" (here his color all red) "What I'm going to mention to you." "We've long known each other (his listener's look of encouragement gave to proceed). "And I trust that true friendship will aid you to brook E'en impertinence, should there be need." "Believe me," said she, with a love-waiting smile. "What e'er you may say, I'll not frown." He gasped—in confusion he stood for a moment. "Your back hair is all coming down!" —Mercha's Traveller.

Literary Societies West.

Philadelphia—So you have Brownings clubs and Shakespeare clubs in St. Louis? I am very glad to hear it, and as you are to be in this city for some time I hope you will join some of our literary societies. St. Louis Man—With pleasure. "The meetings are held —" "Meetings? Um—er— I don't care to belong to literary societies that hold meetings. Ours never meet; too tiresome, you know." —Philadelphia Record.

Oreeds on Trial.

Little Dot—Our minister prays ever so much louder than yours does. Little Bub—I don't care if he does. Our minister jumps the highest when he preaches, so there now. —Philadelphia Record.

BUENOS AYRES.

A Land Where Horses are Given Away.

Nobody has thought of this southern country (Buenos Ayres) as one from which there may spring a rival in wheat-growing effort that may affect the market of the United States. As a matter of fact the thing is accomplished, and from the district where I write wheat in grain and in flour is already starting its remunerative journey from the pampas, and has brought back its value from Brazil, Chile, and the Latin states of Europe. Encouraged by these results, the area of planting is increasing. The acreage of the increase, as a fact, is pitiful, and the amount of land under cultivation is to the Yankee mind contemptible; but the possibilities of wheat are greater than those Minnesota knew in 1890, or Dakota and her sister territories enjoy to-day. A climate that knows no frost, a soil virgin to the plow but enriched by centuries of grasses blown into the land and fertilized by innumerable cattle whose movement over its area has known generations of death, as well as the contribution of their life, has made a land fit for the gardener's spade. Its generic character is of course alluvial, but time beyond memory this land east of the Andes has known no course except that of man, whose misuse of its offerings has brought forth a race whose character, until within ten years, has been that of non-producers, hopeful from the efforts of every enterprise except their own speculative upon any foreign energy, and ready and anxious to enjoy the fruits of every industry so long as they could profit by either, or hold the harvest reaped where they had not planted, and garnered whence they had not sown.

Let me give some practical illustrations of values here. I went to visit an "estancia" (ranch) of twelve leagues of land (a league is nearly 300 acres). I was met at the railway station on a cold winter's morning in July by a four-wheeled vehicle under which the two forward wheels turned easily, and its body behind the seats was covered with the home-dressed hides of horses. Its seats were cushioned with padded horsehides, the harnesses were raw horsehide, the whip was braided horsehide, and the pace was a run; no trotting horse is known. Over the pampas, thirty-two miles in 100 minutes, the only skill of the coachmen called upon was to avoid the cattle wallows. It was a pace for experience. Arriving at the estancia the horses were brought up all standing the harness dragged off and the animals were sent adrift on the pampas. I asked the superintendent of the farm what became of those horses. "I don't know," he replied. "What are they worth?" "About three national each." (A national is a dollar; in the present depreciated condition of currency, about 57 cents.) That afternoon, with a new four, the superintendent and I were driving and came up with some peons skinning a dead but still steaming horse. An inquiry revealed that it was one of the four that galloped thirty-two miles in the morning. "I knew the driving was too hard," I said; "the horse was killed." "Why, bless your innocent heart," said the superintendent, "we shoot fifty or sixty horses or more a week. To-morrow I will show you a troud up." And he did; and they killed seventy-four horses, took their hides, boiled down their fat, stripped the hair from their manes and tails, and counted it profit and left the carcasses on the pampas for the waiting scavenger of South America, the condor. What is it that he says about the stored-up energy which constitutes a nation's wealth? There was a lot of energy released that day.

It must seem incredible to our Yankee and prairie farmers that horses could be so used, but it is a calm fact that more than 100,000 were slaughtered in the Argentine Republic last year, as shown by the raw hides sold in market. Horses grow wild, and worse horses it is impossible to conceive. A horse is scarce in the Argentine; a horse is broken to ride or drive. Beggars (and in this country there are many) ride from house to house to solicit alms, and refuse a horse from an almsman from whom they expect a richer gift, for a horse is the cheapest thing he can give.

Judged by our ideas of economy, this all seems mad extravagance. They excuse it in ways not satisfactory to me, for it is extravagance, say what they will. No distance of market can compensate for the waste of pure strength easily realized upon, in a land where a premium of \$30 per capita is paid for every immigrant, however poor, who comes to settle and work. Bad as the horses are, one of them is worth any four immigrants I saw of this class out of 10,000 landing in Buenos Ayres in July. —American Agriculturist for January.

"THEM DUDES IS CUTE."

How They Manage to Keep up Appearances on a Small Capital.

He was what might be safely and truthfully called a "howling swell." A microscopic Derby surmounted his smoothly parted head of hair; a long, pale-paleontological, gray-checked mustache swung gracefully from his sloping shoulders; his loosely-cut trousers fell without a wrinkle over his brilliantly varnished shoes, and he swung a B-objectionable cane with an airy ease that would lead the ordinary observer to suppose he had the key to the gate in the high picket fence that surrounds the Four Hundred. He stopped alongside the leader of the usual string of cabs on the Madison Square side of Fifth Avenue. "I say, cabbie, will you take me to the seventh house around the corner for a dime, you know?" "The cabman growled a surly assent, and the young man was whirled around the corner in grand style, and ran up the stoop of an imposing brownstone mansion after slamming the cab-door with noise enough to rouse the entire block. "Do you often do that sort of thing?" asked a quiet citizen as the cabman anchored himself on the avenue again. "Do we?" was the reply. "Well, I often pick up a dollar or an evenin' helpin' them counter-jumpin' dudes to keep up appearances. The idea ain't a new one. Them fellers walks fifteen or twenty blocks to save a fare, and then whisk up their best girl's house in a way that would put a Vanderbilt to the blush. O, you kin bet them dudes is cute." —New York Sun.

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