

The Prince of Wales.

Some Incidents Connected With His Visit to Washington Years Ago.

The report from London that the Prince of Wales will visit this country next summer in the course of a tour through Canada is in harmony with a long established belief that he has a great personal desire to come a second time to the United States. The Prince has always had a cordial feeling for this country, and has repeatedly spoken to Americans of the delightful visit he made to the States in 1860. That visit was made at the instance of President Buchanan, who through Queen Victoria, invited the young Prince to extend his tour through Canada to the United States. Both President Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, had met the Prince, Mr. Buchanan, having been United States Minister at the Court of St. James during the administration of President Pierce, and Miss Lane having lived in London with him. Queen Victoria, always kindness to American girls at the American Legation, was particularly so to the beautiful Miss Lane from the time of her presentation at Court.

When the Prince's visit was decided upon Miss Lane made ready for it, and though it was summer time and Washington was not altogether as pleasant as could have been desired the Prince greatly enjoyed his visit, and he and his suite declared that their stay in the Executive mansion was the pleasantest part of their western trip. Lord Lyons was the British minister, and a more amiable party of people could not have been gathered together than the Prince and the young noblemen with him and the young hostess and her circle of friends. President Buchanan, who was a bachelor, delighted in the companionship of the young, and he heartily enjoyed playing host for the nation to the son of Queen Victoria. Apart from the high rank of the Prince, and aside from reasons of State, the president was glad to show friendship for the young man, of whose qualities and disposition he always spoke enthusiastically. This visit was the first an heir apparent of England had made to this country, and everything possible was done to make him feel the warmth and sincerity of the welcome accorded him. He rode and walked in and about Washington, visiting everything of interest, and making himself entirely at home everywhere. Full of life and fond of pleasure, he wanted to have a good time, and to help others to enjoy themselves. He was fond of outdoor sports, and every opportunity was given him to follow his wishes. In only one thing was he repressed, and this he laughingly protested against, while he gracefully submitted. He loved dancing, and the presence of the Marine Band and the dimensions of the East Room combined to make it possible to enjoy this pastime in the White House. The President, while he approved of dancing as a pastime, and liked to look upon it as a spectacle, would not consent to shock the sense of propriety of the larger class of the American people and have dancing in the White House. Not even for the Prince of Wales would he break the precedent, set by Washington, and rigidly adhered to by every one of his successors. The Prince good naturedly acquiesced, and the young people did their dancing at the home of the British Minister.

The Prince remained at the White House for a week, and during his stay he went with the President and Miss Lane and a large party of guests to Mount Vernon to visit the tomb of Washington.

He won the hearts of the American people on that visit by the homage he paid to the memory of Washington. As the Presidential party approached the tomb, a sarcophagus that contained the ashes of Washington came into view. Instantly the Prince uncovered, and as he reached the iron gateway he knelt down in silence and gazed into the interior. All stood about him in silence and with bowed, uncovered heads. The incident was a perfectly natural one, and the Prince impressed all who saw his conduct as a manly gentleman and one possessed of a generous and amiable character. When it became known in Washington that the Prince had journeyed to Mount Vernon to show reverence to the memory of Washington, the people followed him in the streets and cheered him whenever he appeared. Whether the fun-loving and happy youth had been tutored to the part he was to play as the President's guest, or whether he acted on the impulse of his heart, certain it is that he became popular with all sorts and conditions of people, and the whole nation was gratified to have him as its guest. And, incidentally, the people were pleased that their

President and his beautiful kinswoman did the honors so well.

On the Prince's return to England the Queen wrote a personal letter to the President, as did also the Prince. These two letters, which must prove interesting at this time, were printed in a sketch of Miss Lane, published in Laura C. Holloway-Langford's 'Ladies of the White House.' They are as follows.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 19, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND: Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanor and the feelings evinced by him have secured to him your esteem and the general good will of your countrymen. I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales's safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced. He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and while as a mother, I am grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time, how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally, toward myself which his presence has called forth. I fully reciprocate toward your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity. The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as the type of our present feeling and, I trust, of your future relations. (The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane. Believe me always your good friend,

VICTORIA R."

And the Prince of Wales wrote for himself as follows.

"DEAR MR. BUCHANAN: Permit me to request that you will accept the accompanying portrait as a slight mark of my grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House on the occasion of my tour in the United States. Believe me that the cordial welcome which was then vouchsafed to me by the American people and by you as their chief, can never be effaced from my memory. I venture to ask you at the same time to remember me kindly to Miss Lane, and believe me, dear Mr. Buchanan, Yours very truly,

ALBERT EDWARD."

The portrait referred to in this letter was a handsome one of himself, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon. This portrait, together with a set of engravings of the royal family, sent to Miss Lane, is now the property of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston. The Prince of Wales received every possible attention in every city through which he passed. Many New Yorkers remember the reception given him in New York, to which he came after his Washington visit.

Two Ways of Doing It.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman, "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me fifty dollars a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street-cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on London bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a news-

paper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him and came back.

"O Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," said Murray, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for tomorrow. Birthday article. Nothing labored—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance," thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterward that the birthday of Christopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That saved my life."

Of all giving, as of the giving of advice it may be said:

Its value depends upon
The way in which it's done.

Impressions That Last.

Daheim, a German magazine, tells the following anecdote of Von Moltke, the greatest of Prussian generals, who was as famous for his stern reticence as for his skill in the art of war.

On one occasion, when a party of military men had been discussing his victorious campaigns in his presence, one of them turned to him and said:

"General, what was the supreme moment of your life? The one that left the deepest impression on you? Can you tell us?"

Von Moltke laughed. "Easily, gentlemen. There was one moment so terrible that it was like no other. I was a young, beardless officer, and I was sent with a message to General von Marwitz. I went with trepidation. He received me with a kindly nod, and said, 'Lay aside your cloak, sir.'"

"Ha," I thought, "he meets me as an equal!" I unbuttoned my cloak and dropped it on a chair. He looked at it and then at me.

"In the anteroom, lieutenant, in the anteroom," he said gently.

"The horror and shame of that rebuke come upon me at night sometimes now, like death itself. No success I have ever had has repaid me for that mortification."

The Duke of Wellington was riding down Piccadilly one day after he had returned to England the nation's hero, to be rewarded by titles, palaces and every honor which a grateful country could devise. He beckoned to his companion.

"Do you see that little old man shoved against the fence by the crowd on the sidewalk? That is my old master in the grammar school, and at sight of him I positively felt a quake of terror. The backs of my legs are shivering with goose-flesh!"

The man carries the boy with him through life, as in the century-old oak there is still something of the acorn from which it grew.

The Proprieties in China.

There is everything in the point of view. In China, it is considered very unwomanly for a woman not to wear trousers, and highly indecorous for a man not to have skirts to his coat. It is no wonder that the Chinese look askance at the ordinary American or European who comes among them.

To the Chinese, says the author of 'Intimate China,' it seems very unfitting for a lady to go out unattended by a woman; and for a woman to stand firmly on her feet and walk on them like a man is shocking. Thus there are great difficulties for the traveller to get over.

The garment that seems most essential to the Chinese woman is a pair of trousers, and she thinks it highly improper for a woman to indicate by a belt that she possesses a waist.

"Do you really eat with your waist girt in like that?" she asks of a foreign woman. A man's dress, as we know it, is a still greater scandal in China; and to the Chinese the only explanation of it is that the poor fellow has not cloth enough to cover himself properly.

Nevertheless, nearly every foreigner, after spending much time among Orientals, admits that the dress he has grown accustomed to at home is lacking in grace and elegance.

All Necessaries.

Bridget—"If yez please, mum, O'd loike me wages to-day, as O've to pay me ffather's medical insurance."

Mistress—"What is medical insurance, Bridget?"

Bridget—"Tis the kind that if yez're sick does be sendin' yez med'ine an' a docther an' a hearse an' a grave an' every-thing yez do be needin'."

Carte Blanche.

She: "What did pa say?"

He: "I preferred to ask him by telephone. He said, 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right.'"

Anecdotes of Prominent People.

The Masterly Silence of Mayor Van Wick—Chicago Was Slow—Dr. Dwight's Message.

Since his inaugural as the first Mayor of the Greater New York on January 1, 1898 Robert H. Van Wyck has not given an interview to a single newspaper reporter, has not answered an enquiry for publication, and has not attended a public function of a social character. It is true that he acted as Admiral Dewey's host when that officer was entertained by the city, but as the ceremonies did not include a dinner he was not forced to break his self-imposed rule. The Mayor's life is as regular as clockwork. His bachelor's home up town is as systematically arranged as his office in City Hall, and he never allows anything to interfere with his method in either place. While a City Judge, the Mayor was prominent as a diner out and theatre goer, but neither amusement apparently has any attraction for him now.

When he took office, the Mayor received the reporters of the city newspapers in a body.

"During the next four years," he said, "I shall never speak to any of you for publication. You will all have an even chance, for I shall refuse interviews to everyone impartially. There is no use in coming to me with questions propounded by your editors, for I shall not answer them. But," he added, "anything that you may overhear in the Mayor's office is public property. If I talk on business to a man so that I can be overheard you are welcome to make use of it."

That was more than two years ago, and the mayor has held to his promise to the letter. Scores of reporters have been obliged to put certain questions to him or lose their places, but he has invariably listened to them courteously and turned away in silence. All of his public utterances take the form of comments or speeches in the proceedings of the various boards he is a member of, or in peppy and pointed remarks, made in his high pitched voice, to visitors who call upon him during office hours and provoke him to speech.

Of all New York's mayors none has been busier than Judge Van Wyck. He is regularly in his office at ten and often earlier, and leaves for his luncheon with Colonel Ladd, his legal adviser, usual at one. After an hour's absence he returns and remains until the last vestige of business is cleared away. Most men have some peculiarity as to their dress. Mayor Van Wyck's runs to neckties. He always wears a flowing black tie such as artists used to affect.

Slow Work in Chicago.

When the Chicago anarchists were hanged great preparations were made by Amos J. Cummings, then editor of the New York Evening Sun, to get the news ahead of the other evening newspapers. A direct wire ran from the jail in Chicago to The Evening Sun office, and an alert operator was at each end of the wire. The form of the first page was made up and ready to print, with the single exception of a line giving the time of the hanging. That line was to be inserted as soon as the news flashed from Chicago. Then the form would be locked, turned over to the stereotypers who would make a matrix, stereotype the plates, rush them down to the presses, and in a minute or two more the papers would be in the hands of the newsboys on the street.

About ten o'clock in the morning, however, a boy rushed into the office with a copy of the evening newspaper containing an alleged account of the hanging of the anarchists.

Cummings grabbed the paper from the boy and rushed with it over to the operator.

"Look at that," he cried.

"They have not been hanged," answered the operator calmly. "I have this minute been talking over the wire to our man in the jail at Chicago and he tells me they haven't yet left their cells for the scaffold."

Then Cummings scanned the newspaper more closely and realized that it had anticipated the news. He picked up a bit of copy paper and scribbled on it these words:

'Beware of Bogus Extras!'

"Here," he said to one of the office boys; "have a bulletin made of that and put it up in front of the office."

Then for two hours Cummings and everyone else in the office waited for the news of the hanging. The suspense became almost unbearable, for all the time the rival paper was selling in the streets and the newsboys' cries came in through the windows. As the time dragged on Cummings became more and more nervous.

He hung around the operator and asked him a hundred times if he was sure everything was all right. His excitement was intense. At last, when the editor was so wrought up that it was not safe to speak to him, the instrument clicked and the operator yelled out:

"Mr. Cummings, the drop is falling!" Cummings, who had been walking to and fro, suddenly stopped stock-still. His form was rigid. His face worked and his eyes blazed. Then he roared out at the frightened operator:

"How long does it take a drop to fall in Chicago?"

A roar of laughter from the reporters in the office relieved the tension, the operator shouted the exact time of hanging, the foreman of the composing-room inserted the line in the form, and in five minutes the paper was out.

Dr. Dwight's Message.

The thousands of Yale men who, not many months ago, read in their newspapers of the resignation of Dr. Timothy Dwight as President, have never even guessed that it was a kindly thought for them in the heart of the President that gave them the news with such celerity.

It was in the New Haven office of the Associated Press, one of those nights when news is so dull that even the 'flimsy' curls up superciliously, and the telegraphers doze over their keys. The man in charge, if he had any wish at all, was hoping that, as he had to stay up, something would happen to keep him awake. It was into this calm that the dear old President shuffled, with that walk of his which is known to generations of Yale men. He looked about for a moment at the unfamiliar surroundings, and then, while the young man was standing rigidly at attention, he drew out a big leather pocket-book and took a slip of paper from it.

"I have a little notice here," he said in his precise way, "that I wish you would send out for me, so the boys can know about it."

As he spoke he handed the slip over. The young man took it mechanically. When his eye rested on the first sentence his hair went up. It was the president's resignation, information which the Press Association was only too glad to get and to telegraph over the country.

"Yes, yes, Mr. President," he said, his fingers itching to send out the biggest piece of news of the night. "Is there anything else, anything else we can do?" His words were overlapping in his eagerness.

"Nothing," said the famous old scholar, "but give me the bill for it."

The task was a long one, but it was explained to Doctor Dwight that far from their being any expense to him, the office was his debtor for the news.

He felt uncertain even as he left, though and intimated that if it wasn't as important as they thought, he stood ready to pay all charges.

He has never been called on to pay the bill.

A Rhinoceros in Camp.

While trekking in South Africa, Parker Gilmore often outpanned on the open veld. It was a life of discomfort and adventure, which he vividly describes in his book, 'The Great Thirst Land.' Contrary to what would be commonly believed, wild beasts not infrequently came about the camp, and even into the heart of the camp fire.

One night we had outspanned rather late, and the 'boys' had built an enormous fire close by the wagon, and between eating and shouting kept me awake. Toward daylight this was still going on, when I heard several exclamations of terror. I looked out of the front of the wagon. The boys were flying helter-skelter everywhere, and a rhinoceros was trotting backward and forward across the fire, tossing carcasses, skins, cooking utensils and blankets about as if each of them contained somebody.

A red blanket seemed particularly to take the fancy of the irate beast. At it he went and got his horn well into it. But there it seemed to stick. The more he shook his head, the more tightly the blanket wrapped itself about it, entirely hiding the eyes.

He shook his head, pawed with his forefeet, lay down his clumsy length and rolled from side to side, struggling in vain to get free of the enveloping blanket. I laughed aloud at his grotesque antics.

Suddenly he gave a snort, a bound and a kick, and started for the sombre shadows of the forest; but he carried a two-ounce bullet behind his shoulder. How he escaped knocking that ornamental head piece of his against a tree was a wonder. In the morning he was found dead. The bullet had done its work.