

GRANT'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD;

WITH INCIDENTS OF HIS JOURNEY THROUGH

380

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN,
GERMANY, AUSTRIA, ITALY, BELGIUM,
SWITZERLAND, RUSSIA, EGYPT,
INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, ETC.,

TOGETHER WITH A

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACES VISITED, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS
OF THE COUNTRIES, BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, INTERESTING INCIDENTS,
ENTHUSIASTIC OVATIONS OF EMPERORS, KINGS, AND PEOPLE
OF ALL CLIMES, CAREFULLY EDITED AND ARRANGED
FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK
HERALD; CONTAINING ALSO A GREAT
AMOUNT OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAIN-
ING INFORMATION COLLECTED
FROM OTHER SOURCES.

By J. F. PACKARD,

AUTHOR OF "STANLEY IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA," ETC., ETC.

RICHLY EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ARTISTIC ENGRAVINGS.

THE ONLY COMPLETE AUTHENTIC ONE VOLUME EDITION PREPARED FROM LETTERS
OF THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT WHO WAS BY INVITATION THE COM-
PANION OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT IN HIS TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Editor of this work offers no apology for its appearance at this time. A work of this kind needs none. General Grant has made a tour around the world, and we have recorded the events which occurred and the sights which he saw. In its preparation, there has been within our reach, not only the letters of John Russell Young, who accompanied General Grant as correspondent of the New York *Herald*, but also much additional material; hence the reader has not only all that is of any interest in John Russell Young's letters as originally furnished by him, but also a vast amount of valuable and entertaining information which we have drawn from other sources. We have made these additions because we believed that it would give the book a more finished appearance. In his letters, Mr. Young treated many points visited too briefly, while others were only mentioned by name; in such cases we have been obliged to look elsewhere for information, and we are confident that we have succeeded in producing a book which is far superior in every way, than it would have been had we confined ourselves wholly to letters of a special correspondent. To place this material in proper shape, so as to form a readable volume, has been no easy task. How well we have succeeded, we leave the reader to judge.

The work as it now appears is not only a faithful record of General Grant's journey, but is a faithful portraiture of sights and scenes in the old world — a library of travel and adventure, a complete guide-book to Europe and the East, an encyclopædia and gazetteer, all in one.

Here are described in a very graphic manner the various cities visited, the countries passed through, the manners and customs of

the people, while the appearance of the ruins of the old world is detailed in such a manner as to cause the reader to feel that he is reading about places which now exist, and that he is right there among them. We are told what kind of houses the people live in, the appearance of these houses both outside and inside, what the people eat, what they talk about, their ancient history, and all their general characteristics.

Many very choice illustrations are inserted to assist in a better understanding of the text. Take, for example, the chapter describing the visit to Jerusalem, which contains twelve superb illustrations in the text and one full-page engraving. These greatly increase the value of the work. They have been obtained by our publisher at great outlay, and we trust that the reader will appreciate them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. F. P.

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GRANT'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE—ENTERS WEST POINT—GALLANT CONDUCT IN THE MEXICAN WAR—MARRIES—LEAVES THE ARMY—THE NATION'S CALL—GRANT ENTERS THE UNION ARMY—STATIONED AT CAIRO—VICKSBURG—CHATTANOOGA—MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—LEE'S SURRENDER—GENERAL GRANT BECOMES PRESIDENT—HIS SECOND TERM—THE HISTORIAN'S ESTIMATE OF HIM—TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

In the early part of the Rebellion, the venerable General Scott remarked: "I don't understand this war. I never knew a war of this magnitude that did not throw to the surface some great general. We have had splendid fighting, but no damage has been done. Both armies have drawn off in good order at the close of a conflict, ready to begin the next day. Such fighting must be interminable. Somebody must be destroyed. The enemy must be spoiled; his means of warfare taken from him. I must make an exception in favor of that young man out West. He seems to know the art of damaging the enemy and crippling him."

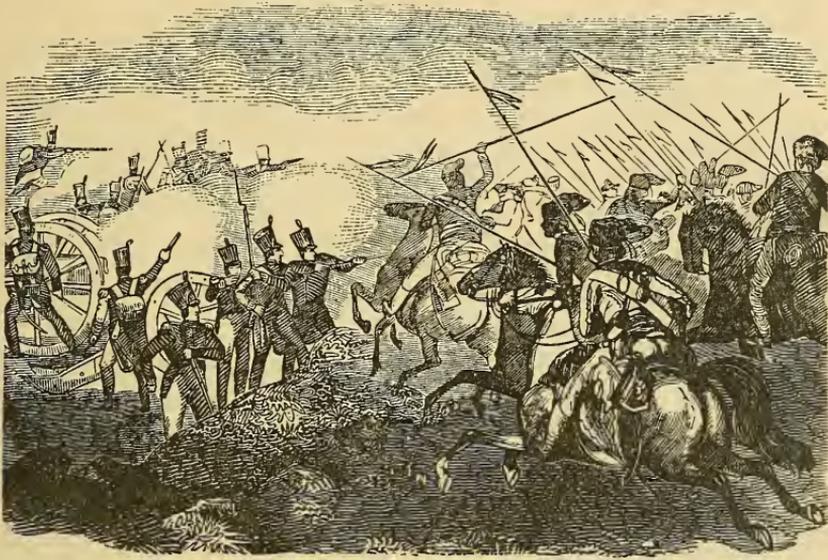
The young man referred to was General Grant, who afterwards proved himself to be the "great general" which General Scott had expected the war would develop.

Let us see who General Grant was :

He was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, in the State of Ohio, April 27th, 1822. His grandfather desired that he might be called Hiram, while his grandmother was equally desirous that he should be called Ulysses, after the Grecian hero; so the matter was compromised by calling him Hiram Ulysses. His father was by trade a tanner, and Ulysses was early initiated into the mysteries of the trade. At that period, the facilities for obtaining an education were not as good as they are now, and thus that of young Grant was very limited, and so "he grew up a sturdy youth, differing little from scores of hard-working young men around him."

When eighteen years of age, he succeeded in obtaining an appointment in the Military Academy at West Point, through the influence of Mr. Hamer, member of Congress from the district in which Grant's family lived. When Mr. Hamer presented his name for cadetship, by mistake he wrote the name, Ulysses S. Grant, and his name was so entered on the books at West Point. As Ulysses Simpson Grant he pursued his studies, graduated, and has since been known throughout our land. "He labored under great disadvantages, in comparison with many young men in his class, in his want of knowledge of the preparatory studies which they possessed. He made up, however, for all deficiencies in this respect, by his close application and perseverance." He graduated at West Point, in 1843, the twenty-first in his class. He was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Regular Infantry, at that time stationed at Jefferson Barracks. He immediately joined his regiment, and in the following spring he moved with it up the Red River, to do frontier duty.

In 1845, at the commencement of our difficulties with Mexico, Grant and his regiment accompanied General Taylor to Corpus Christi, as a part of the "Army of Occupation." Soon after, he was promoted to a full second lieutenant. Grant's active military life began in 1846, when war was declared by Mexico against the United States. He accompanied General Taylor in his



BATTLE OF PALO ALTO.

march from Point Isabel, and took an active part in the battles of Resaca and Palo Alto. When the army passed into the interior, his regiment accompanied it, and took part in the battle of Monterey.

Soon after this, his regiment was transferred to the command of General Scott, and he was appointed quartermaster of his regiment. Soon after, they took part in the battles between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. He distinguished himself at Molino del Rey, and was appointed brevet first lieutenant. His bravery at Cha-

pultepec caused him to be appointed brevet captain, and to be honorably mentioned in the dispatches.

When the war was over, his regiment returned to the United States, and was soon after stationed at Detroit. Shortly after his return, he was married to a Miss Dent, of St. Louis, Missouri. From Detroit he was transferred to Sackett's Harbor. At a later period, a force being sent to Oregon, he accompanied it, and while at this post, received, in 1852, a full commission as captain. In the following year he resigned his commission, and settled on a small farm, near that of his father-in-law, a short distance from St. Louis. Here he remained for a time, but when, a few years later, his father invited him to go into the leather trade with him, he at once availed himself of the opportunity, and moved to Galena, Illinois, in 1859; and "Grant & Son, Leather Dealers," became well-known in their line of business.

He was quietly pursuing his business when the news of the fall of Fort Sumpter startled the land, and fired him with his old military enthusiasm. In the attack which had been made, he saw the old flag, for which he had often risked his life, imperiled. With the spirit of a true patriot, he exclaimed: "Uncle Sam educated me for the army; and although I have served faithfully through one war, I feel that I am still a little in debt for my education, and I am ready to discharge it and help put down this rebellion." He was invited by the Governor of his State to assist in organizing the quota demanded of that State, he taking the rank of Adjutant-General. He assisted in raising the necessary men, but did not accept the position offered him; and when Governor Yates proposed to send his name to Washington for the appointment of Brigadier-General, Grant nobly replied: "I do not ask for promotion; I want to *earn it*."

but failing in this, he saw no other method than to settle down before the place in regular siege. This resulted in the unconditional surrender of the city and all its military investments.

Soon after this, he engaged at Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, and Chattanooga. An Indian chief who was among Grant's troops during the battle at the latter point, thus describes his impressions of him: "It has been a matter of universal wonder that General Grant was not killed, for he was always in front, and perfectly heedless of the storm of hissing bullets and screaming shells flying around him. His apparent want of sensibility does not arise from heedlessness, heartlessness, or vain military affectation, but from a sense of the responsibility resting on him when in battle. When at Ringgold, we rode for half a mile in the face of the enemy, under an incessant fire of cannon and musketry; nor did we ride fast, but on an ordinary trot; and not once, do I believe, did it enter the General's mind that he was in danger. I was by his side, and watched him closely. In riding that distance, we were going to the front, and I could see that he was studying the positions of the two armies, and, of course, planning how to defeat the enemy, who was here making a desperate stand, and slaughtering our men fearfully. Roads are almost useless to him, for he takes short cuts through fields and woods, and will swim his horse through almost any stream that obstructs his way. Nor does it make any difference to him whether he has daylight for his movements, for he will ride from breakfast until two o'clock next morning, and that, too, without eating. The next day he will repeat the same, until he has finished the work."

In acknowledgement of the victory gained, the President addressed Grant as follows:

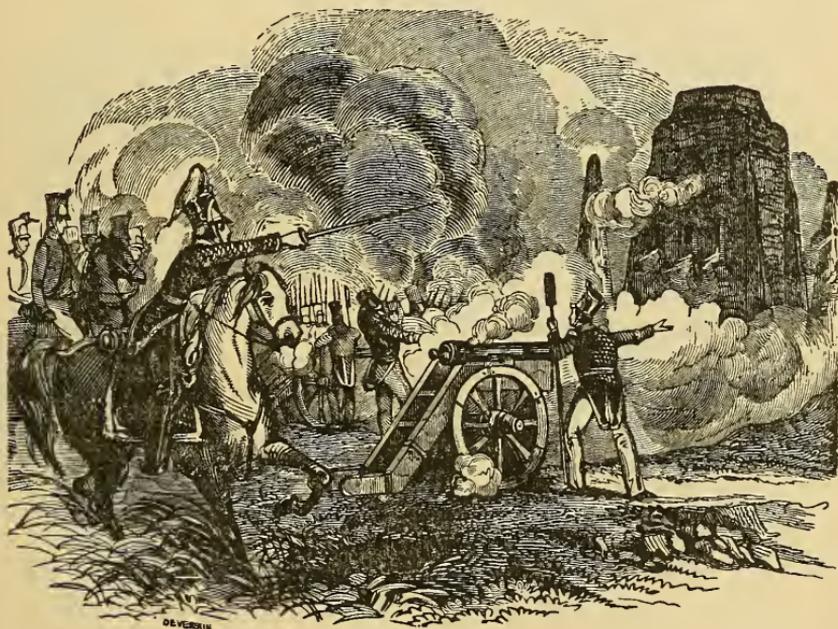
“WASHINGTON, December 8th.

“MAJOR GENERAL GRANT :

“Understanding that your lodgment at Chattanooga and Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you and all under your command my more than thanks—my profoundest gratitude for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you all.

“A. LINCOLN.”

Congress also voted him a medal, and the different Legislatures passed a vote of thanks, and the people



GRANT AT MOLINO DEL REY.

began to demand that he should be made commander-in-chief of all the armies. In answer to this demand, a bill was passed creating the rank of Lieutenant-General; and soon after the President sent in Grant's name for the office, and it was agreed to bestow it upon him.

Grant at once proceeded to Washington, and on the

9th of March, 1864, met the President at the White House, in the presence of his Cabinet and General Halleck. In presenting him his commission of Lieutenant-General, President Lincoln expressed his confidence in him, and said: "As the country here trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you." Grant, after paying a compliment "to the noble Union armies," ended by saying: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities devolving upon me, and I know if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

A prominent historian says: "All felt that a new era was now to commence. Congress, in creating the rank, confessed that it had interfered quite long enough in the conduct of military affairs, and thought the Cabinet had, too. The Secretary of War saw in it that the country was tired of his management, and that hereafter he must confine himself to the appropriate duties of his department, which he knew so well how to perform. The new strategy he had introduced, to move immediately on the enemy's works, had had its full and bloody trial, costing the country probably a hundred thousand men. The ruling politicians had become alarmed. Setting out with the determination to control the war, they began to see that under their management the country would soon get sick of it altogether; and hence, if they did not want to break down utterly, they must place its conduct exclusively in military hands. There was a general sentiment that they dare not lay their hands on Grant, for with his removal there seemed nothing but chaos beyond."

Assuming command of the Armies of the Union, General Grant at once commenced a series of operations which resulted in the downfall of Richmond and the

surrender of General Lee. This last event occurred on the 9th of April, 1865, just one year and one month after he had assumed command of the entire army.

When General Grant received the sword of General Lee, he contemplated it a moment, and then handed it back, saying: "It could not be worn by a nobler man." He spoke the truth—a nobler man than General Lee



BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

never lived. He may have been mistaken in his choice of what he believed to be right, but he always did that which Christian duty seemed to dictate. Grant considered him every whit a hero, and treated him as such. A Southern historian, referring to the surrender of Lee wrote: "The victors were magnanimous; they abstained from every appearance of insult toward the vanquished. Abundant victuals were distributed to prisoners, who were dying of hunger."

Thus the victor proved himself to be also a gentleman. The people felt proud of him, and when, in the fall of 1868, they met at the ballot-box to elect a new President, they selected him as the one above all others that they desired to rule over them. He resigned his position as commander of the United States Army, and on the 4th of March, 1869, took his oath of office, and entered upon his duties as President of our Republic. And again, in the fall of 1872, they gave new evidence of their confidence in him by electing him to a second term. Thus for eight years he was President of the United States.

A popular writer thus refers to General Grant and his abilities :

“By common consent, General Grant to-day is one of the ablest rulers in the world. He is one of the few men that occasionally come to the surface, in spite of all adverse surroundings. The opinion of politicians and demagogues is one thing ; that of the world is another. By common consent, Grant stands among the great military captains of the earth. He won his way by his own sword. He built on no man's foundation. He entered into no man's labor. The hour that connected his name with our armies was the blackest. Public confidence had well-nigh died out. No plan succeeded. Defeat and disaster attended our arms everywhere. Grant had no patron ; no great friend ; no one politically to lend him a helping hand ; no eminent relations to speak a good word for him. His manner did not win confidence, nor promise success. There was no one near him when he started to recognize in the silent youth the coming man. Snubbed by officials, grinned at by porters, sent to a common clerkship to get him out of the way,—he began his career. He took whatever was offered him. He began on the lowest

round of the ladder, and won his ascent by dogged obstinacy. Thousands would have left the army and cursed the ingratitude of Republics. But Grant knew that he had ability; knew that the time would come when that ability would be needed and acknowledged. He fought more battles, commanded more men, took more spoils, gained more victories, captured more prisoners, in six years, than Napoleon did in twenty. •

“Grant will live beside Washington. And when the animosity of political life shall be forgotten, and the great services he has rendered to his country in the field and in the cabinet shall be fully recognized, he will be an example to young men in all coming time. A young man without money, without a patron, with no opening, wholly unknown to fame, he has carved his name in imperishable letters on the façade of the Republic. His old commander at West Point, when Grant was a cadet, waited for his orders. The greatest generals of modern times were proud to have fought under him. He wrote dispatches on his saddle-cloth that all Europe waited in breathless silence to read,—dispatches that rank with the ablest that Monk or Wellington ever penned; granting to a fallen foe terms of surrender so honorable and so humane that the world wondered; making for himself a name as well known to European courts as that of Frederick the Great, or Moltké.

“He is one of the few men born to command. Cool, sagacious, clear-headed; his few words, and those right to the point, brought him to the front everywhere. From the moment he first appeared in the war, his views differed from those of all other generals. Halleck reproved him, and telegram after telegram followed him from the War Department, censuring him for his mode of doing things. Committees, generals and secretaries opposed his plans.

But self-reliant and defiant, he pursued his own course. During the whole campaign, he called but one council of war. In that council every officer but one opposed his plan. He carried out his own views, and won. His famous expression, 'I shall fight it out on *this* line,' was drawn out in consequence of an attempt in high quarters to make him change his plans. He was interfered with on every side. More than once he came up from his camp to protest against the perpetual annoyance. Once he said to Mr. Lincoln, 'If the opinion of these civil and military gentlemen is of so much importance, why did you not follow their advice before you called me?'

"That Grant has marked executive ability is proved by the fact that he is an able general. The elements that make a great general, make a great ruler. An army is a state, and a man who can rule that well, can rule a nation well. The history of military men in all ages proves this. The great captains of the Old World have been the mightiest rulers. The most popular Presidents, from Washington to Grant, have been military Presidents. A thousand men can lead a column, make a brilliant dash, fight a battle, and win a victory. Not ten men out of that thousand can plan a campaign, move half a million of men, cover an area of a thousand miles, and make no mistake in a single movement. We had brilliant men, patriotic men, earnest men, but all were failures till Grant appeared, for none of them could plan a campaign. As Grant conducted his army, so he did his administration. Whether people liked it or not, in the Cabinet as in the field, Grant carried out his own plans. He was the head of the nation, as Washington was. Everywhere he took the initiatory steps, and assumed the responsibility. When he presented a matter to the Cabinet, he did so

with his own views, saying, 'Gentlemen, I propose to do so and so.'

"On the Black Friday, when unscrupulous men came near ruining the whole country, General Grant walked quietly into the Treasury Building, and gave a simple order, and moved on the conspirators, as his custom is. His courage and patriotism were tried during the short period he held the portfolio of the War Department. While lieutenant-general, a United States Senator rode with General Grant to New York. The Senator found the General of the army as familiar with finance as if he had made it the study of his life. He sketched a plan by which the great debt of our country could be managed, gradually reduced, and the business of the country not be harmed. That plan, hastily developed on the iron pathway, has been persistently adhered to, as the General would adhere to the plan of his campaign.

"The self-reliance and individuality of Grant are among his marked characteristics. He has a plan in all that he does, and adheres to it with sullen obstinacy. When his plans for the campaign were completed, he presented them to the President. They included Sherman's famous march to the sea. Grant was to remain in the Wilderness, keeping Lee busy. 'Do you understand the plan, Mr. President?' said the commanding general. 'Perfectly. You are to stay here and hold the legs of the Rebellion, while Sherman comes through to skin 'em.' When his vigorous campaign began to open in the West, Sherman offered his sword, and told Grant that he would not raise the question of rank. Grant's orders to St. Louis were not obeyed, and he went down to see what was the matter. Halleck reproved him. 'Remove me at once, if I don't obey orders,' was the response.

"His perfect knowledge of men is another trait of

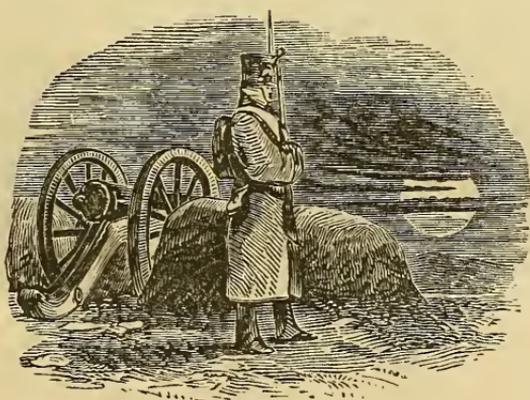
Grant's character. He seldom makes a mistake. Meade was appointed at his personal solicitation, and the praise that he bestowed upon that general and other associates in armies, was unstinted and manly. While he was in the Wilderness, an official of the War Department came down and spent some time in the camp. Grant took his measure at once, for he seemed to understand war better than the General. When this man applied for an important commission under the government, Grant refused the appointment, and has been heartily hated by that gentleman ever since.

“He is a thoroughly domestic man. His quiet, unostentatious style of life is in harmony with the genius of the great country over which he rules. At Washington, all the time not required by public service is spent in the bosom of his family. After office hours, the President can be found in his elegant parlors, surrounded by his household. Mrs. Grant knows—what a great many wives do not know, but would be glad to know—where her husband spends his evenings. At Long Branch the Presidential cottage, unpretentious but attractive, is two miles away from the hotels. He is away from the noise, turmoil, and confusion of the public. Any one who wishes to make the President a social call, will find him at home any time after the drive is over. No letters of introduction are needed, for the President is accessible to every one. All who call will find him a quiet, genial, intelligent, unostentatious gentleman; a man of very decided opinions on matters and things in general, and quite able to express them when he desires so to do. His personal recreations and pleasures are of his own type, and he knows how to enjoy them. He worships in the Methodist Church, and though not a communicant, he is an official member of the Church. He usually drives a

pair of spanking bays in a high English carriage, known as a dog-cart. He takes his seat in church without parade, listens with sharp attention, keeping his keen eyes on the preacher, seldom changing his position through the service."

Although these words were written before the close of his second term, yet they are true to-day. Such is "the man whom the people delight to honor."

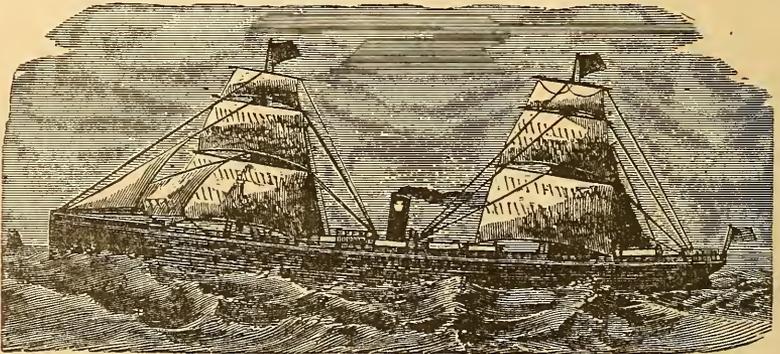
Soon after the close of his second term, General Grant set sail upon a "tour around the world." Of the sights he saw, the ovations he received from the hands of the rulers of the Old World, and the honors which were bestowed upon him when he returned again to the land of his birth, future chapters will narrate.



CHAPTER II.

GENERAL GRANT LEAVES PHILADELPHIA—ENTHUSIASTIC OVATIONS—ACROSS THE OCEAN—INTERESTING INCIDENTS—WELCOME TO ENGLAND—AT LIVERPOOL—SIGHTS AND SCENES IN THE GREAT CITY—A TRIBUTE FROM THE PRESS—AN INCIDENT.

On the 17th of May, 1877, ex-President Grant, with his wife and son Jesse, sailed for Europe, from Philadelphia, in the American line steamship *Indiana*. His departure was made the occasion of a great parting demonstration, in which all classes of the community seemed to have taken a hearty and enthusiastic share.



AMERICAN LINE STEAMER INDIANA.

The steamer *Twilight* carried the ex-President, the late members of his Cabinet, with other distinguished persons, and the invited guests from this city, to the number altogether of about five hundred persons. The United States revenue cutter *Hamilton* bore Mrs. Grant, under the care of Mr. Childs, and a few other leading citizens of

Philadelphia. Both steamers accompanied the Indiana down the bay as far as Newcastle, Del., some thirty miles from the city, where, with many "God speeds," and much cheering and blowing of steam-whistles, the honored guest and his family were, at half-past three, bid farewell and transferred to the steamer which was to carry them across the ocean. Before this occurred, however, a very interesting ceremony took place on board the Twilight.

In the ladies' cabin a private table was spread for the distinguished guests, and among those who sat down to the festive board were the following: General U. S. Grant, at the head of the table; General W. T. Sherman on his right, and Mayor William S. Stokely, of Philadelphia, on his left; ex-Secretary of State Hon. Hamilton Fish, Lieutenant-Colonel Fred. Grant, ex-Secretary of the Interior Hon. Zach. Chandler, Governor John F. Hartmanft, of Pennsylvania; ex-Senator Simon Cameron, Senator J. Don. Cameron, Adjutant-General James W. Latta, ex-Secretaries of the Navy George H. Robeson and A. E. Borie, Senator William A. Wallace, of Pennsylvania; Colonel Charles Thompson Jones, Chairman of the Committee of Councils; General Louis Wagner, General George H. Sharpe, of New York; General Horace Porter, J. W. Sengman, of New York; Charles O'Neill, M. C., and several others. After the luncheon was concluded, Mayor Stokley arose and toasted, "The honored guest of to-day," saying, that in a very short time he would leave them for a long journey, and calling upon General Grant for a reply.

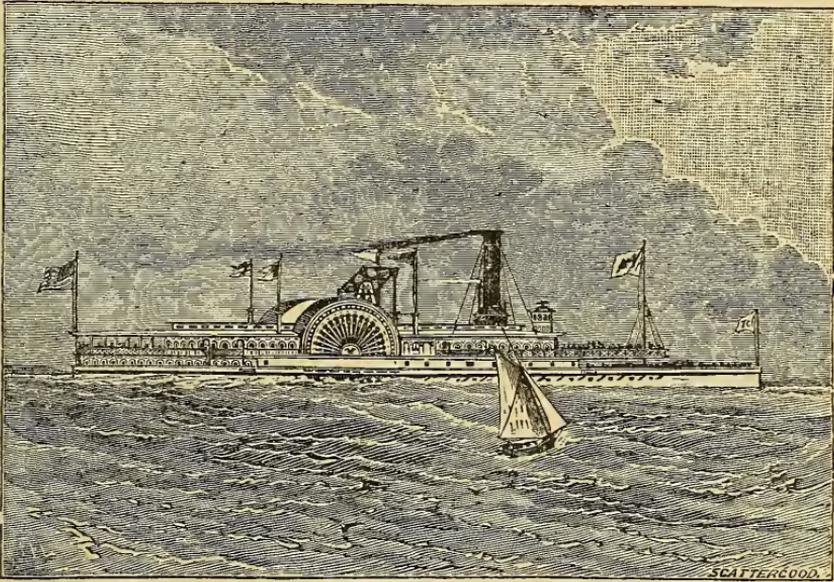
General Grant was received with tremendous applause as he rose to respond. He said: "Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, I had not expected to make a speech to-day, and, therefore, can do nothing more than thank you, as I have had occasion to do so often within the past

week. I have been only eight days in Philadelphia, and have been received with such unexpected kindness that it finds me with no words to thank you. What with driving in the Park, and dinners afterward, and keeping it up until after midnight, and now to find myself still receiving your kind hospitality, I am afraid you have not left me stomach enough to cross the Atlantic." He sat down amid a perfect storm of laughter and applause.

Speeches were made by General Sherman, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. Zach. Chandler, Hon. George M. Robeson, Hon. Simon Cameron, General I. H. Bailey, and Governor Hartranft. The concluding words of farewell were offered by Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia.

General Grant then, in a quiet, earnest manner, plainly showing that he was not unmoved by the homage he had received, spoke as follows: "My dear friends, I was not aware that we would have so much speech-making here, or that it would be necessary for me to say any more to you; but I feel that the compliments you have showered upon me were not altogether deserved. They should not be paid to me, either as a soldier or as a civil officer. As a general, your praises do not all belong to me; as the executive of the nation, they were not due to me. There is no man that can fill both or either of these positions without the help of good men. I selected my lieutenants when I was in both positions, and they were men, I believe, who could have filled my place often better than I did. I never flattered myself that I was entitled to the place you gave me. My lieutenants could have acted, perhaps, better than I, had the opportunity presented itself. Sherman could have taken my place as a soldier, or in a civil office; and so could Sheridan, and others that I might name. I am sure that if the country ever comes to this need again, there will be men for the work; there

will be men born for every emergency. Again I thank you, and again I bid you good-by; and once again I say, that if I had fallen, Sherman or Sheridan, or some of my other lieutenants, would have succeeded."



STEAMER TWILIGHT.

These words were received with continued rounds of applause. Shortly after this the General was transferred to the *Indiana*; last good-byes were said, and the steamer proceeded on her way to England.

The following dispatches were exchanged between President Hayes and General Grant:

NEW YORK, May 17, 1877.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, Philadelphia :

Mrs. Hayes joins me in heartiest wishes that you and Mrs. Grant may have a prosperous voyage, and, after a happy visit abroad, a safe return to your friends and country.

R. B. HAYES.

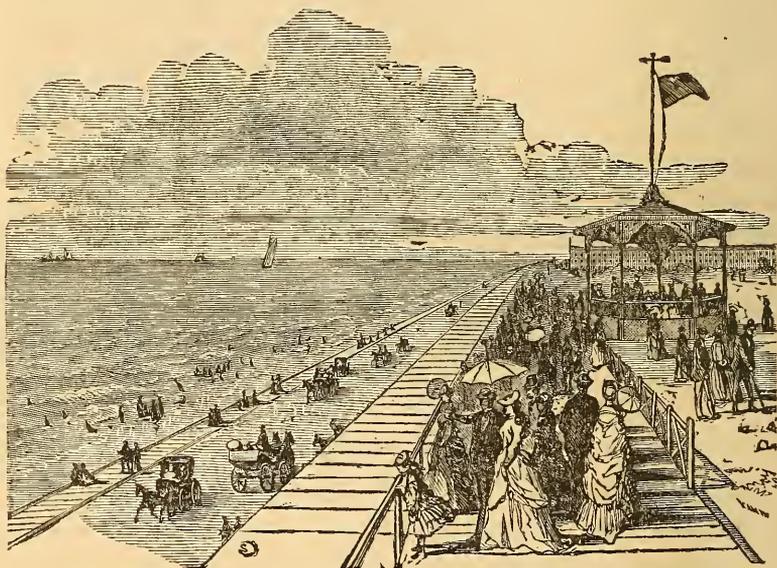
STEAMER TWILIGHT, DELAWARE RIVER, }
 May 17, 11 A. M. }

PRESIDENT HAYES, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.:

Mrs. Grant joins me in thanks to you and Mrs. Hayes for your kind wishes in your message received on board this boat after pushing out from the wharf. We unite in returning our cordial greetings, and in expressing our best wishes for your health, happiness and success in your most responsible position. Hoping to return to my country to find it prosperous in business and with cordial feelings renewed between all sections,

I am very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.



THE INDIANA GOING TO SEA, AS VIEWED FROM CAPE MAY.

Throughout the voyage General Grant was in unusually good spirits, and remarked that it was the first time in fifteen years that ten days had passed and he had not had a telegraph wire at his back, and he declared that the sensation was as agreeable as it had been unusual. Mrs. Grant greatly enjoyed the voyage. She remarked that the enthusiasm which had been manifested by the citizens

of Philadelphia was one of the most gratifying incidents of her life.

Grant's fellow passengers unite in saying that throughout the journey the General's manners were cordial and familiar. He was indeed a universal favorite. He arose at an early hour, and in company with his wife, enjoyed the morning breeze. After breakfast he joined the smoking-room club, and engaged in agreeable and entertaining conversation, in which he displayed a geniality and frankness the reverse of his reputed reserve. He entered heartily into all the amusements and incidents of ship-life, studying carefully the manners, details, and management of the steamship.

During the voyage an amusing incident occurred. One of the passengers had formerly served as a soldier under Buckner, at Fort Donaldson. There were repeated scenes of infinite banter between the veteran and General Grant, the latter nicknaming him "Johnny." When they reached Liverpool, the old soldier proclaimed himself a Grant man for the rest of his life.

There were very few incidents of interest connected with the voyage. When about half way over, a child belonging to one of the steerage passengers died, and was buried at sea. General Grant attended the ceremony, and was deeply impressed with the solemn scene.

Although very free in his conversation, there were certain subjects which he persistently avoided. One of these was American politics. Whenever this was introduced in the smoking-room, he would leave abruptly, giving as an excuse for so doing, that any opinion he might give would very likely be misconstrued. President Hayes, he said, deserved the esteem and confidence of all true lovers of the country while trying his experiment with the South.

His conversation ran largely upon his recollections of army life—not in a boasting, ostentatious way, but in a chatty, agreeable manner, which won the hearts of all his auditors, and convinced them that he was “every whit a gentleman.” When one of the passengers referred to the failure of Carl Schurz and General Banks in the army, he said, smiling:

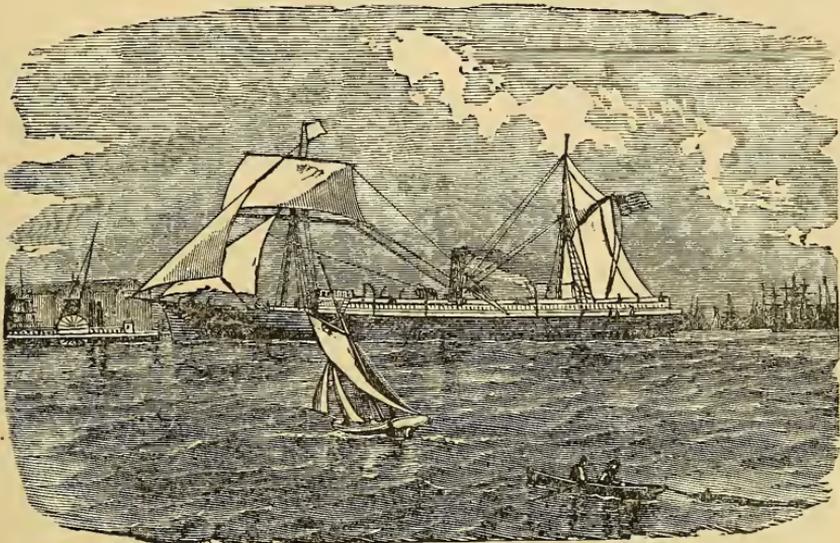
“Don’t forget that they commenced as Major-Generals.”

He spoke in high terms of the Confederate General Joe Johnston, whom he pronounced a very able commander. He knew Stonewall Jackson when a student at West Point. That subsequently famous officer was at that time a fanatic in religion, with decidedly hypochondriac tendencies. When a passenger asked what would have become of Jackson’s fame had he encountered Sheridan, General Grant remarked that Sheridan had not only defeated Jackson, but destroyed him.

He spoke of Generals MacPherson, Sherman, and Sheridan. The first general was notable for a rare manliness of character, and his death was a national misfortune. He alluded to Sherman’s wonderful genius, and said that the speech which Sherman delivered at Philadelphia when the Indiana left, was one of the finest he had ever heard. Sheridan he always mentioned with enthusiasm, and said that “little Phil.” owed his elevation solely to his own abilities. Sheridan’s appointment to the column of the cavalry after Pleasanton, was agreed upon by Halleck and himself; Halleck having discovered Sheridan’s merit when serving as a quartermaster. Sheridan’s battle of Five Forks was one of the finest events of the war, and resulted in a brilliant victory, when a less capable and energetic commander would have fancied himself defeated. The credit for this signal

victory was in a peculiar sense due entirely to General Sheridan.

As they drew near Queenstown, a heavy north-north-west gale, which had been predicted, met the steamer,



ARRIVAL OF THE INDIANA AT QUEENSTOWN.

which caused the sea to run very high. A deputation from Cork came alongside the *Indiana* in a steam-tug. Grant at that moment was leaning over the taffrail, quietly smoking his cigar; upon his head he wore a plain black silk hat. When the deputation saw him, they gave him three rousing Irish cheers. They offered him the hospitalities of Queenstown, remarking that every village and hamlet in Ireland had resounded with the praises of his name, and would welcome him with all the warmth and candor characteristic of the Irish people.

A little *ex tempore* reception was held in the captain's cabin, when the ex-President replied to the citizens of Queenstown, regretting that he could not then avail himself of their hospitality, but promising to return to

Ireland within a short time. His letters and cable dispatches were then delivered to him, the deputation withdrew, and the *Indiana* proceeded to Liverpool; hearty cheers being exchanged between the two vessels as long as they were within hearing distance.

There was a fair yachting breeze all the way up the Channel, the sun emerging occasionally and permitting a clear view of the Welsh coast. The *Indiana* reached Liverpool at half-past two, P. M., gaily dressed all over with flags. In honor of the arrival of the distinguished American, all the shipping in the Liverpool docks also exhibited a profuse display of bunting, the flags of all nations waving along the seven miles of water-front, presenting a magnificent *coup d'œil*.

General Badeau, the United States Consul-General at London; the Vice-Consul at Liverpool, representing Mr. Fairchild, and a number of prominent London and Liverpool merchants, doing business with the United States, went out in three tenders and met the steamer a short distance down the Mersey. As the *Indiana* neared the docks, General Grant was seen standing on the bridge with the captain, acknowledging the cheers of the immense crowds which lined the water-front and every pier and vessel along the river.

General Grant and friends left the steamer in the tug, on which were the consuls and a few intimate friends. The Mayor of Liverpool, members of Common Council, a deputation of merchants, surrounded by an immense throng of people of both sexes, anxious to see the "great Yankee general," awaited the arrival of the tenders at the landing stage. As General Badeau's boat ran alongside the Custom House wharf, a tremendous, deafening cheer went up. The weather was truly delightful. A bright sunshine brightened the appearance of the thous-

ands of many-colored flags, and the smooth water in the river reflected the beaming rays.

General Grant landed with Madame Badeau leaning on his arm, Mrs. Grant following with General Badeau and her son, forming a most interesting group. As the party stepped on to the wharf, a cordon of police formed around them and the Mayor and Councilmen, as the thousands of people had begun to crush and crowd in



SCENE ON THE MERSEY NEAR LIVERPOOL.

their eagerness to get a sight of the visitors. Now the cheering from the crowd on shore was taken up by the passengers of the *Indiana*, who thus bade adieu to their famous fellow passenger.

A thousand hats were raised as the Mayor slowly advanced to meet the ex-President, reading as he moved forward, according to the old English custom when greet-

ing noted guests, an address of formal welcome, repeating the deep interest the citizens of Liverpool felt in having him among them, as an illustrious statesman and soldier, and asking him to accept the hospitalities which were extended in the name of the great commercial city he represented.

General Grant waited a few seconds until the cheering had ceased, then quietly replied to the civic address, saying he experienced extreme pleasure in accepting the kind invitation extended, laying particular stress on this, that he felt they had expressed the cordial feeling of England toward him as a citizen of the United States. Grant wore civilian's attire, somewhat to the disappointment of the crowd, who expected to see him decked in all the glory of the uniform of the army. After being introduced to the members of the Council and others, the Mayor, ex-President and Mrs. Grant entered the Mayor's state coach, driven and attended by the corporation flunkeys in frills, knee-breeches, powdered wigs and three-cornered hats, and started for the Adelphi Hotel.

They were followed by a long line of private carriages and a vast concourse of people through Water and Lime streets. Near St. George's Hall they were met by new crowds which had gathered, and which cheered them most lustily as the Mayor's coach turned up to the main entrance of the Adelphi. Large bodies of police were required to keep back the crowd, which pressed eagerly forward, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the new arrivals. The guests entered the hotel, and were allowed to pass at once to their rooms.

Having completed their toilet, General and Mrs. Grant again entered the carriage for a drive through the city. Hurried visits were made to the Prince's Park, Toxteth, the Post Office, and the shipping at Wapping.

When they returned to the Adelphi, they were met by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, with whom they passed a pleasant half hour. After they had partaken of the bountiful breakfast prepared for them, they visited the Mayor at his residence, where they were entertained in a most agreeable manner. Having taken leave of the Mayor, they drove down to the Water street wharf, and were received by the members of the Dock Board.

Embarking on the steamboat in the service of the Board, they made a cruise along the docks, the principal features being pointed out to the General by the constructing engineer. He evinced great interest in the magnificent dock system of Liverpool, and expressed his surprise at the fifteen miles of masts, visible at every point as far as the eye could reach. It was contrasted with the system of piers in New York, and admitted that our shaky and unsatisfactory landing places on the North and East rivers had cost more than the superb and substantial structures which the visitors were inspecting on the Mersey. He was astonished at the smallness of the amount annually required to keep the docks in order, and referred to the enormous sums which had been spent in wooden shams in New York, and which required renewing every few years at great outlay. The Huskisson, Canada, Queen's, Random, Prince's, Brunswick and other docks, covering the proverbial 2,000 acres, were duly passed in review, and then they went out to greet the City of Brussels.

At about half past one o'clock they returned again to the city, and were at once driven to the Town Hall, where they partook of a lunch with the Mayor and other civic dignitaries. This building is one of the most interesting in the city, and from the summit of the great dome the figure of Britannia looking abroad reminds one of the

now celebrated Hermann monument in Germany. General Grant was escorted to the reception saloon, where he examined the portraits of the former Mayors and wealthy merchants who have long since passed away; the famous Chantry statues of Canning and Roscoe, and the elegant tapestry with which the various saloons were fitted up.

Lunch was prepared in what might be termed the Crimson Saloon. Covers were laid for fifty, the table being beautifully decorated with choice flowers and ornaments in confection, suggestive of very elaborate preparation. Among those present were the Mayor, the Mayoress, members of the City Council, one member of Parliament, the City Solicitor, and several prominent merchants. Mrs. Grant sat on the left of the Mayor, and our ex-President on his right. The repast was served immediately the guests assembled, and was a most enjoyable affair. At the conclusion of lunch the Mayor arose and proposed the health of the Queen, in accordance with the tradition which places English majesty first on all state and festive occasions. This was drunk standing. The host next proposed the health of "General and ex-President Grant, the distinguished soldier and statesman present," remarking that it would be unnecessary for him to repeat the earnestness of their welcome, their desire to draw closer the bonds of friendship between the two greatest commercial nations in the world, and especially to honor the hero of a hundred battles whose courage and skill challenged their admiration.

Grant responded with unusual gaiety of manner, acknowledging the pleasure with which he received their constant manifestations of good will, believing that ultimately the bonds of union must be strengthened between the two countries. He excused himself from making an extended reply, but proposed in return the "health of the

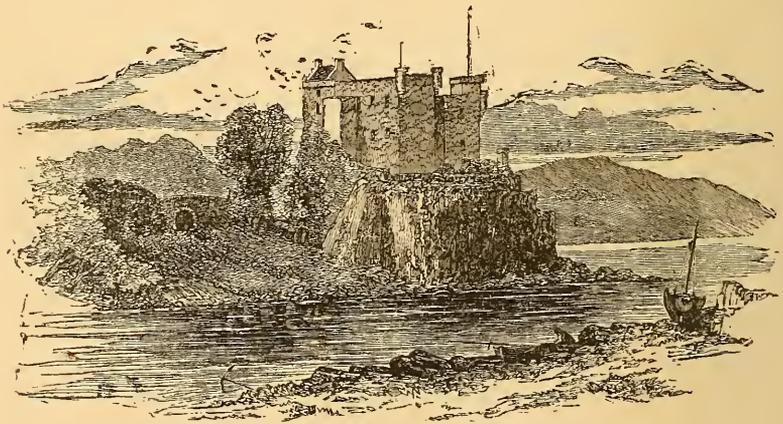
Mayoress and the ladies of Liverpool." To this an ex-Mayor responded, thanking Grant for his gallantry, and proposing, also, the health of Mrs. Grant. During the luncheon the streets leading to the Town Hall were packed with spectators, and the flags and decorations gave the streets quite a holiday appearance.

At four o'clock the party, including the Mayoress and the other guests, visited the Exchange. As they entered the News Room there was a general rush of cotton merchants, brokers and others, and the reception to Grant was truly enthusiastic. Ascending the gallery facing the Nelson Monument, he addressed a few words to the company, saying that he was much gratified at the reception accorded him in Liverpool, and that he would soon revisit their city, hoping better to understand its institutions and business interests. The cheering continued for a minute after he had concluded, and was taken up by the people collected in the alleys running into Water and Old Hall streets.

The reception of General Grant in England was not unlike the ovations which monarchs receive from other nations. Everything and everybody seemed to be in the best possible spirits. There was nothing to mar the grandeur of the scene. General Grant was the hero of the hour, and every one seemed determined to make the visit one of international importance. The press were unanimous in sounding his praise. His career as a soldier and statesman was reviewed, and the record pronounced perfect. One of them declared that he was "worthy of every possible attention. His name is so closely interwoven with recent events in the history of the United States, that not only in America, but throughout Europe, he is entitled to respectful treatment in a degree which it is the lot of but very few to command.

It urges, therefore, free and generous receptions everywhere."

When the Aldermen at Queenstown wished to present him with an address, some opposed the idea for the reason that Grant had declined to receive the address of the Irish nation. This act upon the part of General Grant provoked the ire of some of the members of the Catholic Church at that point; and on the Sunday following his arrival, a parish priest preached a sermon against him because he had shown himself the persistent enemy of the Catholic Church. This solitary instance of bigotry which has been unduly magnified, would not in the least have interfered with the popular demonstration had he landed, and a corporation address would have been presented.



CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FOR MANCHESTER — GRAND RECEPTION —
ARRIVE IN LONDON — EPSOM RACES — THE BANQUET
— THE SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY — PIERRE-
PONT GIVES A RECEPTION — KATE FIELD TELLS WHO
WAS THERE — OLIVE LOGAN'S DESCRIPTION — A MAG-
NIFICENT AFFAIR — A LETTER FROM THE GENERAL
— HIS IMPRESSION OF ENGLAND.

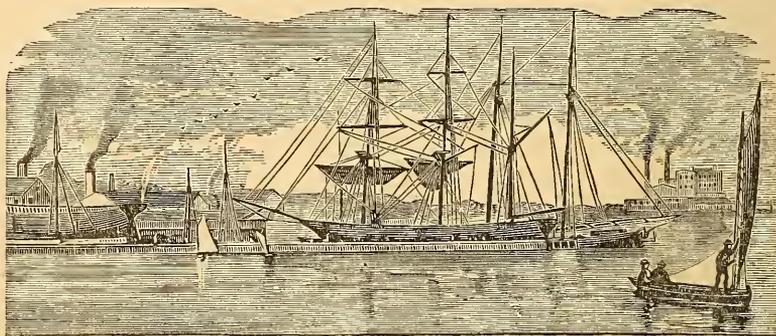
On the 30th of May, General Grant, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Fairchild, General Badeau, Mr. Galloway, the American Consular Commissioner, and Mr. Crane, United States Consul at Manchester, left Liverpool *en route* for Manchester. As they passed along, immense crowds gathered at every station and loudly cheered them. All the stations were beautifully decorated, the American flag being everywhere prominent.

At eleven o'clock they reached Manchester. They were received by the Mayor and Aldermen, and a very large assemblage of citizens, who manifested their enthusiasm by continued cheering. Accompanied by these dignitaries, General Grant visited the factories which have made Manchester famous, the new Town Assizes Court, and the Royal Exchange.

At the new Town Hall the distinguished visitor was received by the Dean of Manchester, Mr. Birley, M. P. ; Jacob Bright, and the Mayors of Telford and Wigan. The address of the Mayor and Corporation was presented in the drawing-room.

In his speech the Mayor said that he had not forgotten a similar occasion when, in 1863, the ship *Griswold*

brought a cargo of provisions to the suffering operatives of that city, who, on account of the failure of the cotton crop at the South, had been thrown out of employment. He also made a very pleasant allusion to the visit of that distinguished American statesman and diplomat, Reverdy Johnson. The present object of the corporation he declared to be to evince the good will of the citizens of Manchester to General Grant personally, and as a representative of the great American people, whose kindly feeling they desired to cultivate.



MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A congratulatory address was delivered by Sir Joseph Heron, in the course of which he referred to the kind expressions which the recent birthday of the Queen had evoked in America. He expressed the wish that the present existing good feeling would constantly increase, and hoped that the visit of the ex-President would ultimately lead to an interchange of ideas on the subject of abolishing the restrictions of trade and the establishment, by the common consent of both nations, of free commercial intercourse between England and the United States.

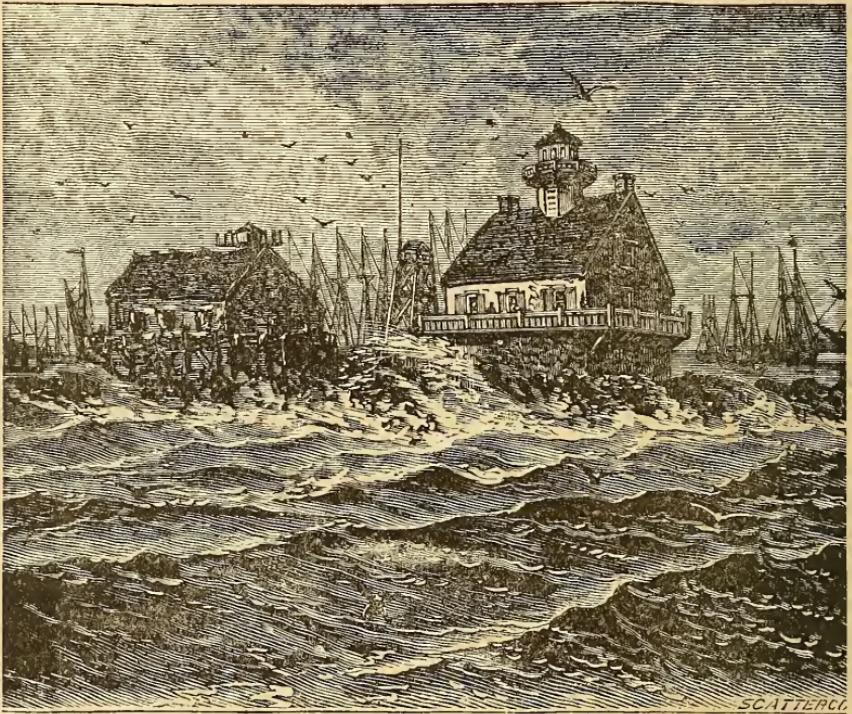
During the delivery of the addresses, General Grant listened with attention, marked by that quiet composure of manner peculiar to him, unmoved, although thousands

of eyes were directed towards him. In a calm, quiet manner he arose and acknowledged the welcome he had received.

“It is scarcely possible for me,” he said, “to give utterance to the feelings evoked by my reception upon your soil from the moment of my arrival in Liverpool, where I have passed a couple of days, until the present moment. After the scene which I have witnessed in your streets, the elements of greatness, as manifested in your public and industrial buildings, I may be allowed to say that no person could be the recipient of the honor and attention you have bestowed upon me, without the profoundest feelings. Such have been incited in me, and I find myself inadequate to their proper expression. It was my original purpose, on my arrival in Liverpool, to hasten to London, and from thence proceed to visit the various points of interest in the country. Among these I have regarded Manchester as most important, as I have been aware for years of the great amount of your manufactures, many of which find their ultimate destination in my own country. So I am aware that the sentiments of the great mass of the people of Manchester went out in sympathy to that country during the mighty struggle in which it fell to my lot to take some humble part. The expressions of the people of Manchester at the time of our great trial incited within the breasts of my countrymen a feeling of friendship toward them distinct from that felt toward all England, and in that spirit I accept, on the part of my country, the compliments paid me as its representative, and thank you.”

At the conclusion of the address of General Grant, lunch was served in the large banquet hall. Toasts to the Queen and the Prince of Wales were proposed and drunk with all the honors. The Mayor of Manchester

responded to each in loyal speeches. The health of President Hayes was then proposed, and was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Newton Crane, United States Consul at Manchester, responded amid considerable applause. After these formalities, the Mayor of Manchester proposed the health of General Grant amid the plaudits of the assemblage.



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

General Grant replied, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, that Englishmen had got more speeches, and of greater length, out of him, than his own countrymen, but they were poorer because they were longer than he was accustomed to make. He warmly returned thanks for the reception he had received at the hands of the

people of Manchester, and concluded his remarks by proposing the health of the Mayoress and the ladies. The Mayor replied in suitable terms.

Mr. Jacob Bright, M. P., being introduced, said: "No guest so distinguished has ever before visited Manchester. General Grant is a brave soldier, and he has pursued a generous, pacific policy toward the enemies he had conquered. He should be honored and be loved, and deserved the hearty reception he would certainly receive throughout the realm."

Mr. Bright also touched upon free trade, and said he hoped and believed that the time would come when a free interchange of products would take place between the two great nations of common kindred.

The banquet over, General Grant was introduced to the assemblage, and a general hand-shaking followed.

In the evening he attended the Theatre Royal, and visited for a short time the Prince's Theatre, where J. L. Toole was performing.

On the following morning he arose at an early hour, and, accompanied by several members of the Manchester Common Council, visited the various canal depots in the city. He subsequently took a drive to the Crescent, and through Salford to the chief cotton manufacturing district. Wherever he was recognized by the townspeople, and especially by the operatives, some of whom had been in the United States, he was enthusiastically cheered. At ten he made various calls, returning the visit of the Mayor, and taking his formal leave of that functionary.

At the London Road Station an immense crowd had gathered to see the hero depart for London. He was accompanied to the platform by Mr. Crane, our Consul at Manchester; Mr. Galloway, Consular Commissioner; Mrs. Fairchild, the Mayor and Mayoress, and General

and Mrs. Badeau, with the agent of the Pullman Company and the Superintendent of the Midland Railway. The factory girls were out almost *en masse* in their working attire, and joined in the huzzas as he entered the station. The ex-President bowed two or three times in acknowledgment of the cheers and exclamations, then walked directly to the drawing-room car which had been set apart for him. Mrs. Grant looked somewhat fatigued, but her husband never looked better. Several Americans had arrived from London to make the journey to the metropolis with him, and he at once entered into an animated conversation with them. As the train moved out, the cheers were renewed, but as it was a special fast train, there was but little time to acknowledge them, and the distinguished party were soon whirling through the sombre-looking districts of Lancaster, whose elegant buildings formed a striking contrast to the black hills and valleys of the coal district. Passing Stockport there were a few flags, and some citizens stood gaping and yelling apparently as we went by, but it was impossible to distinguish a word. Crossing the line between Lancashire and Derby, the scenery suddenly changed, and the General remarked that almost every foot of land was utilized or under cultivation. Huge factory shafts stood up in relief against the clear sky in the direction of Nottingham, reminding one of the great iron works of Bethlehem and other places in Pennsylvania.

The first stopping-place was at Leicester, the chief town of Leicestershire. As the train glided quickly into the station, there was a rush to see Grant, but as the Mayor and his advisers were present, the police formed a circle, so that only the favored few could approach the visitors. The station was beautifully decorated with bunting, the English and American flags hanging in

festoons over the principal doorway of the station, opposite to which the drawing-room car was stopped. Rich bouquets of fragrant flowers were sent in by a number of ladies to "Mr. and Mrs. Grant." There were more ladies on the platform, indeed, than gentlemen. The Town Councilmen greeted the travelers by removing their hats, and the Mayor proceeded to read an address to Grant, offering him the hospitalities of the town, and referring generally to his career and achievements, as had been done at Liverpool and Manchester. Grant replied in a few well chosen sentences, referring to the kindness and generosity evinced in the address, remarking on the antiquity of their town, its foundation by King Lear, and the honor it had of retaining the dust of Richard III., the hero of Bosworth Field. The Mayor expressed the hope that he would return at some future day to visit the ancient landmarks he had referred to, and accept the hospitality of the Mayoralty. After partaking of a *déjeuner* and a general introduction to the company, the party re-entered the car and left for Bedford.

At Bedford the fact of his arrival and reception at Leicester had been already posted up by the telegraph-operators outside the office at the depot, and when the Mayor of Bedford greeted the ex-President, he told him how glad he was to hear of his stopping at Leicester, and then he, too, made an address, terming Grant the Hannibal of the American armies, and praying that he might be spared to enjoy the honors and rewards which would continue to be heaped upon him. In reply Grant thanked him and the good people of Bedford, begging to be excused from making a speech, as he had discovered how impotent he was in that respect amid the eloquence of English officials. He raised some merriment by referring to the principle of supplying a substitute. Flowers

and flags were in rich abundance here also, some of the mottoes referring to different episodes of our late war.

At the terminus of the Midland Railway the travelers were given another enthusiastic welcome. They were met at this point by Minister Pierrepont, in behalf of the United States, and Lord Vernon. The entrance of the station was thronged with huge crowds which cheered loudly. There was no time for speech-making. General and Mrs. Grant and General Badeau entered the carriage of Mr. Pierrepont, and were driven rapidly down Tottenham Court road into Oxford street, thence westward to the residence of the American Minister.

Thus they were in the great English capital, prepared to see and be seen. They appeared in public but very little during the remainder of the day; and the public, believing that it was only proper that they should be given ample time to recover from the fatigues of their journey, refrained from calling upon them. On the 2d of June General Grant paid a visit to the Prince of Wales, and was invited to go to Epsom by the heir-apparent. At a few minutes before one o'clock the royal equipage containing the Prince of Wales drove up to the Victoria station at Pimlico, followed by the carriages of the American Minister and others, containing General Grant, Lord Dudley, Lord Echo, the Duke of Hamilton, the German Ambassador, Count Munster, the Duke of Cambridge and a number of peers. The distinguished company passed into the station amid the most enthusiastic cheering. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge entered the same compartment with General Grant, and all three were in earnest conversation when the train moved off at one o'clock. Arrived at Epsom Downs, General Grant was greeted with a series of ovations which declared his popularity.

In the evening he was entertained by a grand banquet at Apsley House, given in his honor by the Duke of Wellington. It was a splendid and hearty reception. The guests were Mrs. and General Grant, Count and Countess Gleichen, Lord and Lady Abercrombie, Lord and Lady Churchill, Marquises Tweeddale, Sligo, and Aylesbury, Earl Roden, Viscount Torrington, Lords George Paget, Calthorpe, Houghton, Strathnairn, the Marchioness of Hertford, Countess of Hardwicke, Countess of Bradford, Lady Wellesley, Lady Emily Peel and Lady Skelmersdale, Miss Wellesley, and a number of others well known to the London world of high social life. The banquet was served up in the famous Waterloo Chamber, where the old Iron Duke loved to meet the war generals of 1815 on the 18th of June every year, and celebrate the anniversary of the great battle which forever closed the fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here, overlooking Hyde Park, and within view of his own statue at the entrance to the park at Hyde Park corner, the old Duke presided over the annual banquet, reviewing the events of the momentous times when the supremacy of Great Britain was hanging in the balance, with strong probabilities of the scale turning against her. The Waterloo Chamber has been closed a good deal since the death of Arthur Wellesley, for the present Duke and Duchess have spent most of their time, when in England, at the lovely estate in Winchelsea, which was presented to the eminent soldier by the Crown after the close of the great European wars.

This Waterloo Chamber still contains some of the fine old paintings which were hung upon the walls by the first Duke. For instance, there is the celebrated painting, "Signing the Treaty of Westphalia," where the commander-in-chief is the central figure of a galaxy of

generals, such as has seldom been gathered together since. A magnificent life-size portrait of Napoleon, Landseer's "Van Amburgh and the Lions," Correggio's "Christ on the Mount of Olives," on a panel, and full-length portraits of foreign sovereigns and notabilities, by Velasquez, Wilkie and Teniers, are in the saloons adjoining. The Duke was looking out of the main window, overlooking the Park, at the time the house was mobbed by the reformers whom he opposed. It was a dramatic incident that the conqueror of Lee should meet in this revered chamber the descendant of the conqueror of Napoleon the Great. General Grant was given precedence in the honors of the evening, escorting the Duchess of Wellington to supper and afterward escorting her to the reception, at which were present the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and many of those already mentioned above.

Although a brilliant affair, there were no speeches of note at the supper. The grand gaseliers lit up the magnificent hall and the lovely damasks and laces, and revealed the wealth of gold and silver, and the flowers and confections of the table.

During the general conversation which followed the supper, General Grant was asked what was the comparison between English racing, as he had seen it on the day of the Oaks at Epsom, and the races in America. He said, with a smile, "There is an impression abroad that I am a great horse-racer, fond of horses, and know all about races; but, on the contrary, I really know nothing of racing, having seen only two races—one at Cincinnati, in 1865, and the opening of Jerome Park, in 1867. I feel, therefore, that I am not qualified to judge of the comparison."

On the following day, which was the Sabbath, General Grant attended divine service in Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley preached an eloquent sermon from Genesis xxvii. 38: "And Esau said unto his father, hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me, also, O my father! And Esau lifted up his voice and wept." In the course of his sermon he alluded to ex-President Grant, saying, "that in the midst of the congregation there was one of the chiefest citizens of the United States, who had just laid down the sceptre of the American Commonwealth, who by his military prowess and generous treatment of his comrades and adversaries had restored unity to his country. We welcome him as a sign and pledge that the two great kindred nations are one in heart and are equally at home under this paternal roof. Both regard with reverential affection this ancient cradle of their common life."

On the evening of the 5th of June a grand reception was given by Hon. Edward Pierrepont, United States Minister, at the Court of St. James. The American Embassy is a fine old English mansion of capacious interior and sombre appearance, situated in Cavendish square, the heart of Tanboursy St. Germain of London. It is situated near the gloomy, castellated residence of the Duke of Portland, from which Thackeray draws his descriptions of the home of the Marquis of Steyne. Cavendish square is the centre of the lords of Bentinck and the great earls of the Harcourt family, and was the resting place of the aristocracy when driven from their palatial houses in Soho square by the mob in 1740. Near by is what Tennyson calls "the long, unlovely street," where young A. H. Hallam lived, for whom he wrote his "In Memoriam." It is now given over to dukes, ministers, noblemen, and high class physicians. The house was superbly decorated with flowers, and illuminated with glaring lights, beneath

which glittered and flashed the jewelled stars and orders, war decorations and ribbons making a dazzling *coup d'œil* as the variegated throng moved through the spacious *salons* and corridors. The large drawing and reception rooms were crowded from ten to one o'clock. At least one thousand persons were present, comprising all the best and most distinguished of English and American Society in London. Among those present Miss Kate Field, in her chatty way, mentions the following:—

“Among the earliest arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who remained in the anteroom with General Grant until the arrival of Lord Derby, when the ex-Premier moved loftily away. Gladstone looks like Daniel Webster a little, while Earl Derby reminds one of a highly successful city banker. Derby's face beamed radiantly, as though Russia were a myth, and the Sublime Porte something good to drink

“Then came John Bright, M. P., silver-haired and silver-voiced, the first Quaker who held a place in the British Cabinet, and the staunch friend of America. His meeting with Grant was very cordial.

“He was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Houghton, the poet, whose pleasant smile and genial manner were not unknown to the ex-President, and the Marquis of Ripon, a clever statesman who served many years in the Cabinet, and whom every lady calls a thoroughly good fellow.

“Among the succeeding myriads I noticed the youthful face of the Marquis of Lorne, the husband of Princess Louise and heir to the dukedom of Argyll. He was accompanied by his sisters. The paternal face of the Earl of Caithness, which is no stranger to America, next appeared from the throng of honorables. On his arm was the Countess, whose bosom was literally ablaze with diamonds.

“In quick succession came Lord Mayors, past and present; the past ones plain, and the present one colored as the print shops have it. Then stalked in, with many a characteristic bow and salaam, ambassadors in glowing uniforms from all the ends of the earth—from Brazil to Cathay. Now, with that suavity

born of complacency to constituents, corrected by the occasional tilts of the forensic arena, come members of Parliament, while, sandwiched between, are the representatives, in coats or trailing garments, of the oldest families of England. I need not say that I do not mean the Browns and Smiths, who may be old, but have had no college of heralds to count all the sprouts of their family trees.

“There was Robert Browning, the poet; William Black, the novelist; Edmund Yates, the writer; and Arthur Sullivan, the musician. There were dozens of others whose single entities would inflame the hostess of an ordinary drawing-room with pride enough to withstand the boasts of her rivals for six months, but I cannot make my letter a dictionary of authors.

“Every American resident responded to the Minister’s invitation. The Morgans and the Peabodys, Mr. James McHenry, Chevalier Wikoff, Mr. G. W. Smalley, Chief Justice Shea, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Mr. Newton Crane, Consul at Manchester; Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, Maud; Mr. and Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Hicks, and Miss Nannie Schomberg were among the most prominent.”

The entertaining and vivacious Olive Logan gives the following account of the reception:—

“Most people who have dived into cotemporary English fiction, or who have read the pretty stories told of *levées* and receptions in London or Paris, would be able to fill in for themselves the picture of what to-night’s reception was like; but then they might set about taking off a little tinsel here and a little grandeur there, and so minimize the affair until it looked no brighter than one of the thousand and one affairs that take place here during the season. Thus they would do unconscious injustice to a remarkable historical event, and what I have to say is intended to round off the outline that such meagre information as the stately society man vouchsafes to his friends; as, for instance—

“At the Pierreponts’ reception to Grant? Ya-as; great crush; everybody was there.”

“In President Grant ‘society,’ nay, the State, saw a first class lion, and the smaller leonines of all degrees are, for the

moment, put on the shelf. Let us go and see him, then, attended and surrounded by all London's distinguished men and lovely women, the wearers of England's aristocratic and society greatness.

"Our road is through the quiet of great West End squares and long, silent streets where the rich and the puissant abide in palatial houses. We find ourselves in St. James', and at last the carriage turns into the great quadrangle of Cavendish square, with its railed in patch of verdure in the centre and towering mansions on the four sides. All this is dimly seen now, for the night has wrapped the square in shadows save where ruby gleams of subdued brightness stream through the closely drawn scarlet silk curtains of the grand old mansion wherein dwells Minister Pierrepont.

"There is a line of carriages before the door, each quickly depositing its load of beauty and distinction, and driving away. A solid framework has been built over the pavement, supporting an awning. The entire pathway is covered with scarlet carpet. A number of deferential link bearers, wearing scarlet tunics, move about opening carriage doors and turning on the light of bull's eyes or square old-fashioned lanterns, so that no tiny foot in satin shoon shall make a false step.

"Beyond, in the street and lining the portal on each side as closely as the special policemen on duty would allow, are massed in groups detachments of England's poor and hungry to get a glimpse of the fairy land wherein abide riches, beauty, high birth and distinction, won by sword, pen or pencil. We have, as we pass in, but a glance, alas! for those in the street, with the officious policemen pushing them back into the shadows beyond; but I can hear one ask an officer, as he recedes:—

"'Wich is 'im?"

"'Oo?" (gruffly.)

"'Graunt."

"'E's hin a hour."

"Wide stood the hospitable doors, inside of which, ranged on either side of the hallway, stood statuesquely or bowed obsequiously to welcome and direct the guests, a gorgeous array of footmen in liveries of blue and gold, and showing in silken hose those wondrous padded calves at which jocund Thackeray

laughed, and whose fair proportions whimsical Leech so often depicted in *Punch*.

"The second glance after entering the doors brings to the eye a beautiful vision of rich colors, and to the sense the perfumes of a thousand flowers. Flowers everywhere! From ground to roof, peeping in clusters of brilliant bloom amid cool frameworks of rich greens, they glow in the mellow light of the chandeliers like gems, until their fragrance seems a thing almost palpable. Amid the surging crowd of guests, some in gay military or diplomatic uniforms, others in floating billows of lace or warm shining seas of silk, one hears on all sides the comment that no such floral display has even been seen before in a private mansion in London.

"From the balcony of the topmost story depend groups of American flags in gay, saucy, bright, new hues of red, white and blue silk. They seem put there as gentle reminders of the great days gone by amid the Southern swamps, when Grant, under his well-worn standard, tattered, torn and faded, performed deeds of valor that all good men and true remember.

"In the elegant and flower-adorned boudoir at the head of the stairs, stood Mrs. Pierrepont and General Grant in the order named. Directly behind General Grant was stationed Colonel A. Badeau, who is actually United States Consul General, but who during Grant's stay acts as his aide-de-camp in waiting, permission having been received from the proper authorities to allow him to perform this service near his old commander.

"At the moment of my approach I find the ex-Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, being presented to the ex-President, and warmly pressing his hand and congratulating him, while the stately and even beautiful Mrs. Gladstone, dressed in a delicate costume of blue and white, with a cluster of fine diamonds setting off the long blue plume in her hair, is discoursing with Mrs. Grant.

"Scarcely has the ex-Premier passed on, when the imposing head of John Bright, Quaker, reformer, liberal leader and outspoken friend of the Union in its dark days, is seen. Crowned with a wealth of snowy hair which surmounts the massive, cheery face, the head of this man of the people would be

notable in any gathering, and is doubly so here, as the grand old Quaker shakes hands with the General.

"Hither comes the usually solemn-faced Earl Derby, without the weight of the Eastern question on his shoulders; after him the Earl of Shattisbury, of beneficent doings, and then the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, perhaps the richest peer in England; nay, half the peers and peeresses of the realm.

"Oh, but for time and space to tell the tale of the gorgeous pageantry which moves before the eyes, now shifting into brilliant groups, now breaking into spots of color, changing and mingling in charming perplexity, but all dazzling the sense not alone by gorgeous tints or subtle tones, but in the added thought that the men and women who give being to the throng are the essence of the wealth, the beauty and the might of Old England. It is perhaps the most brilliant social episode in the history of the American nation.

"'Washington never enjoyed anything like it,' said one distinguished American, when the Marchioness of Westminster, smiling her sweetest, was talking to Grant, while half a dozen countesses were waiting for a chance to have a word with him.

"Besides the gathering of the nobility, the reception has brought hundreds of Americans, drawn hither from all parts of Europe in the desire to be present at the fête. Beautiful American women are here in great number, adding to the eclat of the occasion.

"General Grant is attired in plain evening dress, which is conspicuous in its plainness amid the stars, garters and ribbons worn by many of lesser note; even the Japanese Minister is more gorgeous. As for the Chinese Embassy, no tea chest ever equaled their curious splendor. I hear many regrets that Grant did not wear the uniform, that the English people might see the imposing garb.

"Mrs. Grant wears a toilet of claret-colored stamped velvet and cream satin, high-necked and with long sleeves.

"Mrs. Pierrepont is clad in an elaborate costume of scarlet and black.

"Perhaps the most conspicuous person after General Grant

is the Lord Mayor of London, rigged out in the odd paraphernalia of his office, with his long cloak and massive gold chain. It is as good as a feast to see this rosy, good-natured potentate gossiping pleasantly with those presented to him, and not seeming a bit proud, though only to be lord for a twelvemonth—a fact one would imagine enough to stiffen him into the seventh heaven of arrogance.

“He easily makes his way through the crowd, which is so dense that other people have to be motionless; but is he not Lord Mayor—a king sitting where all is money—and High Cockalorum of Temple Bar, through which even the Queen may not pass without his high and mighty permission?”

“Every one remarks how well the General looks. Surrounded by fine specimens of English manhood, through whose sturdy veins courses the bluest blood, the robust form and rosy face of Grant are conspicuous in their healthy appearance. Mr. Gladstone’s complexion had the hue of illness when his face was near Grant’s, and Mr. Bright’s pallor was noticeable.

“‘He looks like a soldier,’ said a viscountess by my side to a right honorable with a scarlet ribbon at his neck.

“So flowed the stream of conversation, while he to whom all this honor was paid stood with a bearing as composed and unflattered as when in ‘Ole Virginny’ the drum tap beat to action and the boys went marching along.”

At half-past twelve Mrs. Pierrepont and General Grant came down stairs and, standing in the lower hall, bade farewell to the parting guests, while Mrs. Grant, Mr. Pierrepont and Colonel Badeau took up position in a separate room, the amiable Secretary of Legation, Mr. William J. Hoppin, hovering over one and all. The children of both nations left the Legation with a feeling that the tie between them had been strengthened in the generous hospitality of the American representative and the cordial response of England’s best and greatest.

In a letter to George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, General Grant thus describes his impression of his reception in England :

"LONDON, Eng., June 19, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. CHILDS :—

"After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous sea-sickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool Monday afternoon, the 28th of May. Jesse and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage.

"I had proposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival, and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for a formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy, but what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port of Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union was most conspicuous.

"The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop, were packed. The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure.

"The Mayor was present with his state carriage to convey us to the hotel, and after that to his beautiful country residence, some six miles out, where we were entertained at dinner with a small party of gentlemen, and remained over night. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the Mayor in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities of the kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have no doubt seen.

"The press of the country has been exceedingly kind and courteous. So far, I have not been permitted to travel in a regular train, much less in a common car. The Midland road,

which penetrates a great portion of the island, including Wales and Scotland, have extended to me the courtesy of their road and a Pullman car to take me wherever I wish to go during the whole of my stay in England. We arrived in London on Monday evening, the 30th of May, when I found our Minister had accepted engagements for me up to the 27th of June, leaving but a few spare days in the interval.

“On Saturday last we dined with the Duke of Wellington, and last night the formal reception at Judge Pierrepont’s was held. It was a great success, most brilliant in the numbers, rank and attire of the audience, and was graced by the presence of every American in the city who had called on the Minister or left a card for me. I doubt whether London has ever seen a private house so elaborately or tastefully decorated as was our American Minister’s last night. I am deeply indebted to him for the pains he has taken to make my stay pleasant, and the attentions extended to our country. I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud to believe that it is by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated, and every sore healed. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove causes of wars by creating moral interests that would be so much endangered by war. * * * * * U. S. GRANT.”

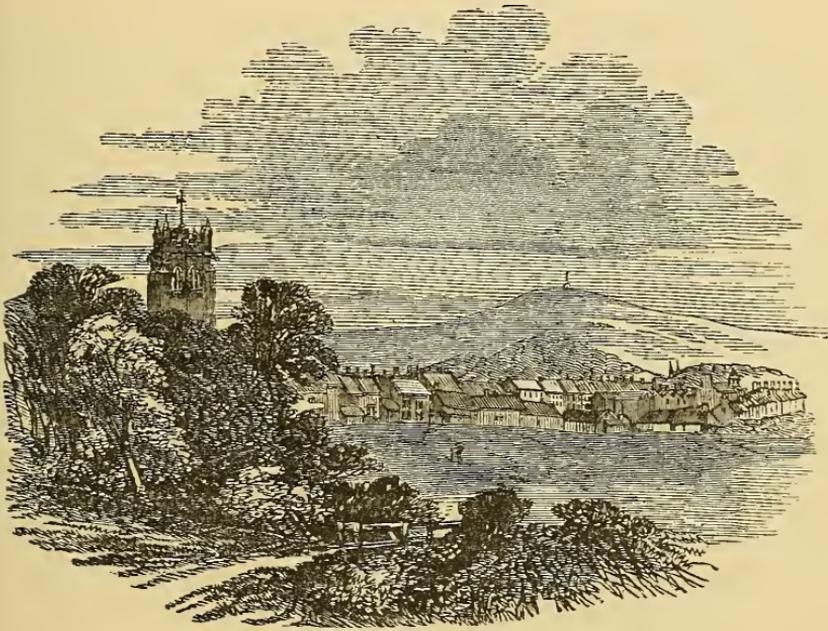
CHAPTER IV.

GRANT ATTENDS AN EXHIBITION AT BATH—RECEPTION AT GENERAL BADEAU'S—PRESENTED AT COURT—THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—AN INTERESTING CEREMONY—FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE—BREAKFAST AT GEORGE SMALLEY'S—A GATHERING OF BRAINS—A FINE AFFAIR—DINNER WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On the 8th of June General Grant attended the agricultural exhibition at Bath. His reception by the citizens was a very cordial one. He was met by the Mayor and the Town Committee, besides thousands of citizens. The Mayor presented an address of welcome, assuring him that the citizens always accepted with gratification any opportunity of showing their respect for his great country, and giving prominent notice that the great services of the General himself are duly appreciated. General Grant replied briefly, expressing his thanks.

Having dined with the Duke of Devonshire, at whose table he met about fifty members of the House of Lords, and others, the General proceeded to the residence of General Badeau, in Beaufort Gardens, where he was given a brilliant reception. Outside the Badeau mansion, was a long line of elegant equipages, while several policemen were stationed in front of the house to prevent confusion. The interior of the house was profusely decorated with shrubs and flowers. When General Grant arrived, a distinguished company had already assembled in the drawing-room, by whom he was warmly greeted. Among the first to welcome him was Mr. Gladstone, who has been a very cordial friend of General Grant from the first.

As General Grant moved about the saloon he encountered Lord Northbrooke, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord O'Hagan, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, who claim some kind of kinship with our illustrious countryman; the Lord Bishop of Bristol and Gloucester, Jacob and Mrs. Bright, Mr. Kinglake, Tom Hughes, who has become almost a hero to Americans; Mr. Macmillan, the publisher of the celebrated magazine bearing his name; Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*; Mr. Bothwick, of the *Morning Post*; and Baron Reuter.



BATH, ENGLAND.

Among the Americans present were Minister Pierrepont and Mrs. Pierrepont, Mr. Hoppin, of the American Legation; General Torbert, Consul General of the United States in France; Mrs. Torbert, Mrs. Hicks, George W. Smalley and wife, William Winter, the critic; Olive Logan and her husband. Mr. Wirt Sikes and Miss Kate Field.

On the following day General Grant lunched with Lord Granville, and in the evening dined with the Marquis of Hertford. After the banquet, a reception was held in the drawing-room.

On Thursday, Minister Pierrepont presented to the Court, General and Jesse R. Grant, Mr. James Birney, Minister at Hague; General Badeau, aid-de-camp in waiting; Mr. N. M. Beckwith, Mr. Arthur Beckwith and Mr. Wirt Sikes. On the Sabbath following, the General and his wife attended church in the morning, and spent the remainder of the day in rest.

The freedom of the City of London was bestowed upon General Grant upon the 15th of June. This is no common honor. The greatest heroes and the proudest monarchs have been reckoned among the "freemen." George III., who always expressed a supreme contempt for ordinary matters and mortals, had to acknowledge that the City of London could bestow a franchise more valuable than all the knightships and baubles of the crown. Since his day hundreds of men, whose works will ever be regarded as the gems of history—statesmen, scientists, lawyers, merchants, princes, have been recorded in the grand old book, which is prized by the Corporation of London more than all the privileges and immunities granted by the government. George Peabody, the noble and benevolent American merchant, whose name is ever uttered by the poor of the English metropolis with affectionate reverence, was made a freeman. General Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy and the father of Italian unity, received the same privilege. The Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, Prince Leopold of Belgium, Napoleon III., General Blucher and M. Thiers were also presented with the rights, privileges and immunities of the dwellers within "ye Bishopgate" and Temple Bar.

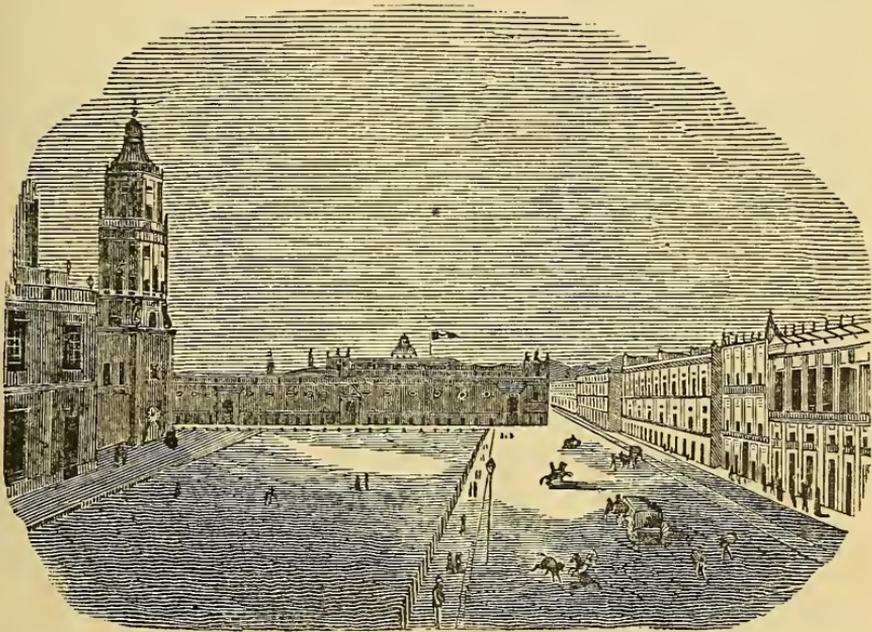
It has often been asked, What is the freedom of the City of London? It is simply this—a small slip of parchment, inscribed with the name and titles of the person to whom it is to be presented, guarantees to the holder and his children after him, forever, the right to live and trade within the city prescribed by St. Clements in the west, Bishopgate in the east, Pentonville on the north and the shores of the Thames on the south, without having to pay a tax on the goods as they are brought through the gates. It exempts them from naval and military service and toils and duties throughout the United Kingdom. It insures to his children the care of the Chamberlain, who, in case they are left orphans, takes charge of their property and administers it in their interest until they arrive at years of maturity. The parchment bears the seal and signature of the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain and is generally ornamented with ribbon, and illuminated. It is always enclosed in a long, thin gold box, and is intended, of course, as an heirloom.

When the Corporation have decided to confer the parchment upon any distinguished individual, he is notified in the old-fashioned style by the City Chamberlain, whose missive begins, "You are hereby commanded to appear in the Common Hall," &c., naming the date when the City Fathers will be present. He is met in the Common Hall by the Mayor and Councillors. The City Chamberlain informs him that the city has decided to confer upon him the privileges of a free citizen, and makes an address, usually applaudatory of the special services or merits of the individual. The recipient signs his name in the Clerk's Book, and this official and the City Chamberlain then sign their names beneath as guarantors or "compurgators," becoming, according to the rule, responsible for his acts as a citizen. The recipi-

ent then steps forward, the oath is administered by the Chamberlain, who demands that he shall be in all and every respect, true and loyal to the interests of the city; he shakes hands with the Mayor, Chamberlain, Clerk and Councillors, and the gold box is committed to his care. This is the method usually adopted toward all who are not within the category of royalty.

Jealous of their power and prestige, and with the view of checking the arrogance of former kings and queens, the Corporation of London would not allow the crowned heads to pass beneath Temple Bar without permission. Whenever the royalty desired to enter the city the "graciousness" came from the Lord Mayor. He would meet majesty with the keys of the city in his hand, and when he had unlocked the gates, in imagination, he led the way into town. Thus in presenting the freedom of the city to monarchs the Lord Mayor meets them in state at Temple Bar. The royal cortege, with an escort of the Horse Guards, usually leaves Buckingham Palace, passes into Trafalgar square, thence to Charing Cross, along the Strand to St. Clement's boundary, on the west side of Temple Bar. The Mayor, attended by the Chamberlain, advances to the carriage of the royal guest, makes a brief address and offers the keys of the city, which are simply touched and handed back. The Mayor returns to his state coach, and, preceded by a strong detachment of police, passes down Fleet street, past Chancery lane and the principal courts to Farringdon, across Farringdon to Ludgate Hill, up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's, passing round the cathedral to the south, thence to Cheapside, eastward along Cheapside to King street and down King street to the Guildhall. The militia of the city and the serjeant-at-arms (mace bearer) receives the guest at the door, and he is received by the peers and the company present standing.

The reception given by the Corporation of London to General Grant was a complete success. The event excited unusual interest even in cynical London. The day was unusually sunny and clear, being what many of the spectators called "Queen's weather." At an early hour the streets in the vicinity of the Guildhall were barricaded and all traffic prohibited that might interfere with the free arrival and departure of carriages through King street and



LOMBARD STREET.

the Old Jewry. Traffic was suspended east to the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, Lombard street, and King William and Moorgate streets, and west as far as St. Martin's-le-Grand and St. Paul's. In fact, all the scenes of Lord Mayor's day were reinacted.

General Grant arrived most unostentatiously in the private carriage of the American Minister, accompanied by his wife, Jesse (his son), Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont and

General Badeau. Ten thousand spectators crowded to the edge of the barricades and greeted him with that hearty cheering peculiar to the English when they desire to welcome a stranger of distinction.

As Grant alighted he was met by a deputation of London Alderman, arrayed in their gorgeous crimson robes and with the gold chains of office glittering in the sunlight. As he passed on into the corridor a company of the City Guards and Yeomen presented arms and the crowd again gave a long cheer. It was a brilliant scene.

The distinguished party were then escorted into the library. Here the scene became bewildering in its antique splendor. The stately hall with its stately alcoves lined with books, and its many colored windows which blushed in the golden sunlight; the ladies attired in their variegated spring toilets, the Aldermen in scarlet, and the Councilmen in their mazarine robes, all presented an *ensemble* at once charming and inspiring. The band played "Hail Columbia" as the party entered.

General Grant walked in a dignified and self-possessed manner toward the Lord Mayor's chair and took a seat to the left of the dais, amid the most cordial cheering. The City Chamberlain arose and read the formal address on behalf of the Mayor, tendering to the General the right hand of fellowship, and referring at length to the fact that he was the first President of the American Republic who had been elevated to the dignity of citizenship of the city of London.

Alluding to the kindness extended by America to the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur, he said the Corporation received General Grant, desiring to compliment the General and the country in his person, by conferring on him the honorary freedom of their ancient city, a freedom existing eight centuries before his ancestors landed on

Plymouth Rock; nay, even before the time of the Norman conqueror. London, in conferring the honor, recognized the distinguished mark he has left on American history, his magnanimity, his triumphs, and his consideration for his vanquished adversaries. It also recognized the conciliatory policy of his administration. They, the Corporation, fervently hoped that he would enjoy his visit to England; that he might live long, and be spared to witness the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family go on in their career of increasing amity and mutual respect, in an honest rivalry for the advancement of the peace, the liberty, and the morality of mankind. In conclusion, the speaker said:—"Nothing now remains, General, but that I should present to you an illuminated copy of the resolution of this honorable court, for the reception of which an appropriate casket is preparing, and, finally, to offer you, in the name of this honorable court, the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London." The Chamberlain then shook General Grant's right hand, amid loud cheering.

Grant arose and very briefly and appropriately thanked the Court for the distinguished honor, and then signed his name to the roll of honor, with the Clerk and Chamberlain as compurgators.

The company then proceeded to the banqueting hall, where seats had been provided for 1,000 guests. The Lord Mayor presided. At his right hand sat General and Mrs. Grant, Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont, General Badeau and Jessie Grant.

Among the distinguished guests present were Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord and Lady Tenterden, Mr. Stansfield, Mr. A. E. Foster, several peers prominent in the House of Lords, a number of the members of the House of Commons, consuls, merchants and other citizens of London.

The room was decorated with miniature English and American flags and the tables presented an interesting and artistic appearance.

After the *déjeuner* the toastmaster, dressed in a gorgeous silk sash formed of stars and stripes, arose, and the bugle sounded. The first toast was "The Queen," the second was "The health of General Grant," which was received by the guests standing and amid great cheering. The Lord Mayor then said :

"I, as Chief Magistrate of the City of London, and on the part of the Corporation, offer you as hearty a welcome as the sincerity of language can convey. Your presence here, as the late President of the United States, is specially gratifying to all classes of the community, and we feel that, although this is your first visit to England, it is not a stranger we greet, but a tried and honored friend. Twice occupying, as you did, the exalted position of President of the United States, and therefore one of the foremost representatives of that country, we confer honor upon ourselves by honoring you. Let me express both the hope and belief that when you take your departure you will feel that many true friends of yours personally, and also of your countrymen, have been left behind. I have the distinguished honor to propose your health. May you long live to enjoy the best of health and unqualified happiness."

The gold casket, containing the freedom of the city, is in the cinque cento style, oblong, the corners mounted by American eagles and beautifully decorated. On the reverse side is a view of the entrance to the Guildhall, and an appropriate inscription. At the ends are two figures, also in gold, finely modelled and chased, representing the city of London and the United States, and bearing their respective shields, the latter executed in rich enamel. At the corners are double columns laurel wreathed with corn and cotton, and on the cover a cornucopia, emblematic of the fertility and prosperity of the United States.

The rose, shamrock and thistle are also introduced. The cover is surmounted by the arms of the city of London. The casket is supported by American eagles, modelled and chased in gold, the whole standing on a velvet plinth decorated with stars and stripes.

General Grant's reply was made with deep emotion, and was simply to return his thanks for the unexpected honor paid him, and his desire to say much more for their brilliant reception than he could express.

"The United States" was coupled with the name of Mr. Pierrepont, who responded in a happy speech, complimenting Grant and England. The final toast was "The City of London," and responded to by the Lord Mayor. The company then dispersed with "three cheers for General Grant and the United States."

After leaving the Guildhall the company proceeded to the Mansion House, at the corner of what was once the famous Bucklesbury and Poultry. Here they took coffee with the Mayor.

Then the Mayor's state carriage was ordered and they drove over to Sydenham to the Crystal Palace, arriving at the main entrance at half-past four o'clock P. M. They were received with the most boisterous enthusiasm. As they passed under the rotunda cheer after cheer went up for the "American General." It is estimated that there were at least thirty thousand persons present.

A tour of the vast building was rapidly made, the party dining in the west wing. General Grant avoided all demonstrations made by the crowd.

When darkness set in Grant was escorted to the place of honor in the Queen's corridor of the palace, where he remained for some time smoking and chatting with his friends and their ladies.

A grand display of fireworks took place during the

evening. The twilight was beautiful and there was a perfect Mediterranean sky. The principal pyrotechnic display pieces were the portrait of Grant and the Capitol at Washington, which were received with prolonged cheers.

At about eleven o'clock the demonstration finished, and the party returned to town in their carriages. General Grant, on parting with the Mayor, expressed his extreme gratification and pleasure. It was like a holiday at the Palace. The trains running to and from Pimlico, London Bridge and Ludgate Hill, were literally laden down, and the usual jollity of the British sightseer was especially perceptible on the journey back to town.

On the following day the General dined at Kensington with Princess Louise.

The days must have passed pleasantly for General Grant, if a round of honors and feasting be at all enjoyable. He was destined to receive every phase of the pleasures which society gives itself. He had already had dinners, receptions and civic honors, but not until the 18th of June did he encounter his first breakfast entertainment in England. This occurred at the beautiful house, in Hyde Park square, of Mr. George M. Smalley, the accomplished correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Everything was *récherché*, and the company of the choicest.

Among the guests were Professor Huxley, the scientist; Matthew Arnold, the philosophic thinker; Sir Charles Dilke, the advanced Republican; Sir Frederick Pollock, Robert Browning, the poet; A. W. Kinglake, the author of "Eothen;" Anthony Trollope, the novelist; Tom Hughes, M. P.; Meredith Townsend, editor of the *Spectator*; Frank Hill, editor of the *Daily News*; Right Hon. James Stansfield, Minister Pierrepont, General Badeau, and others. John Bright sent his

regrets at his inability to attend on account of a previous engagement. It would be impossible to give in a few sentences an idea of the pleasant nature of the gathering. Around a board laden with the succulent delights of the season, the "garnish of brains," of which dear old Oliver Goldsmith sang, insured a flow of conversation worth a great deal to have the privilege to enjoy.

In the evening General Grant was the guest of the Reform Club, Earl Granville, Knight of the Garter, presiding. Among the guests were George H. Boker, American Minister to Russia; General Badeau, Right Hon. William E. Foster, the Liberal statesman; Right Hon. William E. Baxter, the great friend of the United States and foe of established churches; W. P. Adam, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Mundella, M. P.; Frederick Harrison, J. C. MacDonald, Richard Baxter, Chairman of the Reform Club, and many others, numbering forty, and representing the liberal ideas which the club sets itself the task of embodying.

The dinner itself was among the finest ever given in London, the *cuisine* of this association of Liberal gentlemen being celebrated all over the world, and free from all danger of its *chef* ever being called on to fight for his reputation in the courts, as the Napoleon of the soup tureen who composes banquets for a rival club was obliged to do of late. The table was a picture in itself, not to speak of the good things between the top and bottom of the *ménu*.

Earl Granville, as soon as the cloth was removed, proposed the health of Her Majesty the Queen. To this the Right Hon. William E. Foster responded in a singularly eloquent speech. In the course of his remarks he referred to the great service of General Grant in the cause of human freedom. He dwelt with particular emphasis upon the importance to civilization of the cultivation of amica-

ble relations between the two great countries, England and the United States. With great felicity he pictured the results of such a state of friendliness, and elicited continued cheering. Passing on to a more practical branch of his subject, he amplified upon the opportunities for advancement to the human race which a hearty concord between the two nations would give. He saw in it the acceleration of discoveries in every branch of science, the material progress of the masses and the setting up of loftier standards of private taste and public virtue. He paid a marked compliment to President Hayes upon his "reunion policy," which would end by making the United States what they were before the war—really united, in addition to what it has been ever since the war—free in every respect. In conclusion, Mr. Forrester proposed the health of President Hayes and the people of the United States, calling on Minister Boker to respond.

Mr. Boker made a brief response, in which he dwelt upon the importance of sustaining friendly relations between England and America, and the anxiety of America for English amity during the pending war.

Earl Granville responded by proposing the health of "the illustrious statesman and warrior, General Ulysses S. Grant," alluding in the course of his pithy speech to the beneficent results accruing to both nations from the settlement of the Alabama Claims. "England and America," he said, "nay, civilization throughout the universe, recognize in General Grant one of those extraordinary instruments of divine providence bestowed in its beneficence to the human race."

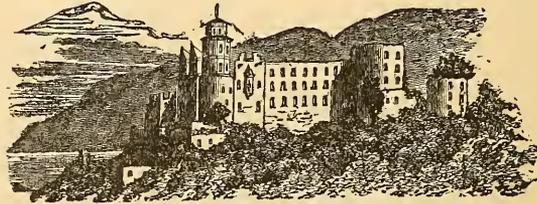
Upon rising to reply to the toast, General Grant was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. "I am overwhelmed," he said, "with the kindness shown by Englishmen to me and expressed to America. I regret that I am

unable adequately to express—even with the temptation to do so of the omnipresent enterprise of the *New York Herald*—to express my thanks for the manifold fraternal courtesies I have received. Words would fail, especially within the limitation of a public speech, to express my feelings in this regard. I hope, when an opportunity is offered me of calmer and more deliberate moments, to put on record my grateful recognition of the fraternal sentiments of the English people, and the desire of America to render an adequate response. The speech of Earl Granville,” he continued, “has inspired thoughts in my bosom which it is impossible for me adequately to present. Never have I lamented so much as now my poverty in phrases to give due expression to my affection for the mother country.”

General Grant spoke under the pressure of unwonted feeling, and continued with unusual eloquence to express the hope that his words, so far as they had any value, would be heard in both countries, and lead to the union of the English speaking people and the fraternity of the human race. During his speech the General was frequently interrupted with applause; indeed, the cheering was almost continuous while he was on his feet. When he had resumed his seat, his health was drunk amid tremendous applause. Soon after the guests departed, each feeling, no doubt, that such meetings served to cement more closely the human race in the bonds of a common brotherhood.

Two days later, General and Mrs. Grant, Minister and Mrs. Pierrepont, and Consul General Badeau, dined at Marlborough House, with the Prince of Wales. The dinner was a full dress affair. Earls Beaconsfield, Derby, and Granville, and the leading members of the government, were present. About forty in all sat down to the table. The ex-President occupied the seat of honor at the table.

At the conclusion of the dinner, about midnight, General Grant visited the *Times* establishment, Printing House square, in company with Consul General Badeau. He was received by Mr. McDonald and shown through the various departments. The General expressed a deep interest in the manufacture, machinery and working of the Walter press and the folding and type-setting machines. After an hour's examination he drove to the Embassy in Cavendish square, expressing much satisfaction with his trip, and declaring that he had long had a great curiosity to know how large newspapers were made.



CHAPTER V.

GREETING FROM IRELAND—AT THE LONDON ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME—BANQUET BY THE TRINITY HOUSE CORPORATION—IN THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY—A VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE—RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN—AN EVENTFUL OCCASION—AGAIN AT LIVERPOOL—THE MAYOR'S TESTIMONY TO GENERAL GRANT—A RECEPTION BY THE PRESS—THE WELCOME OF THE MECHANICS—GRANT'S OPINION OF THE LABORING MAN—THE BANQUET OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB—DEPARTS FROM ENGLAND.

A deputation of Irish gentlemen waited on ex-President Grant at General Badeau's residence, on the 20th of June, and presented an address, and expressed their gratitude for his aid in procuring from the government of the United States recognition of the claims of Mrs. Carroll, whose husband was killed in a naval engagement during the American civil war. The deputation was presented by Mr. Mullaly. Dr. Brady, a member of Parliament, said that he had been greatly gratified, as had all Irishmen with whom he had spoken, at the reception which had been given General Grant in that country.

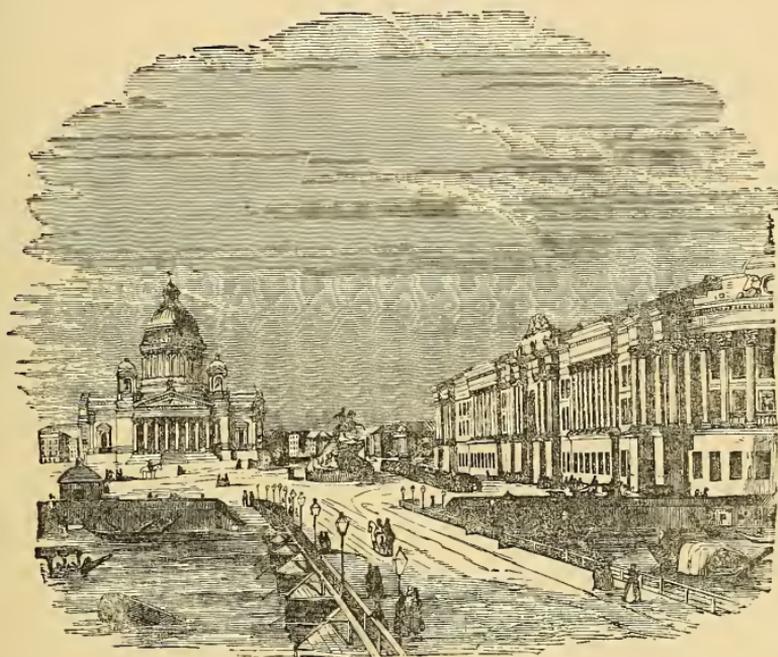
In reply, the General said that it was very gratifying to him to know that a case, no doubt worthy and deserving, had been righted, and that this act of justice had been performed under his government. As far as he was concerned, he said that he was simply the Executive, and could claim no credit in the matter further than for having approved what was done. The Government of the United States was much like that of England, and was

divided into three branches, each distinct and independent. Of course, his own branch had its share in urging the claims of this case, but without legislative action nothing could have been done. Soon after, his visitors withdrew.

In the evening of the following day, Minister Pierrepont gave a dinner in honor of General Grant. Among the guests present was the Prince of Wales, who was attended by Major-General Sir Dighton Probyn, controller of his household. At the table, the General sat at the right of the Prince, and Mrs. Pierrepont on the left. Mrs. Grant sat opposite the Prince, with the Duke of Richmond on her right and Mr. Pierrepont on her left. Mesdames Grant and Pierrepont were the only ladies present.

A special performance was given in honor of General Grant at the London Royal Italian Opera, on the evening of the 22d. The spacious building was literally crowded. At about half-past eight the distinguished visitors entered their box. When they had done so the curtain rose, disclosing Mlle. Albani and the full chorus of the company, behind whom was a group of American flags. Mlle. Albani then sang the "Star Spangled Banner," with the full chorus and orchestra. During the singing the entire audience, which had risen at the entrance of the visitors, remained standing, as did also General and Mrs. Grant. When the song was finished, the visitors were loudly applauded, which was acknowledged by General Grant by a very polite bow. After this the "Daughter of the Regiment" was performed, with Mlle. Marmion in the principal rôle. General Grant was obliged to leave early to go to the Queen's Ball at Buckingham Palace. The box occupied by the visitors was beautifully decorated with flowers. For the first time while in England, the General appeared dressed in the full uniform of a Major General.

On June 24th, General Grant attended a banquet given by the Corporation of the Trinity House, the Prince of



TRINITY HOUSE.

Wales presiding. Among the distinguished personages present were Prince Leopold, Prince Christian, the Prince of Leiningen, the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cross and Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn.

In his speech, the Prince of Wales thus referred to General Grant:—

“On the present occasion it is a matter of peculiar gratification to us, as Englishmen, to receive as our guest General Grant. I can assure him for myself, and for all loyal subjects of the Queen, that it has given us the greatest pleasure to see him as a guest in this country.”

These words were received with cheers. Earl Carnar-

von proposed the health of the visitors and coupled with it General Grant's name. He said:—

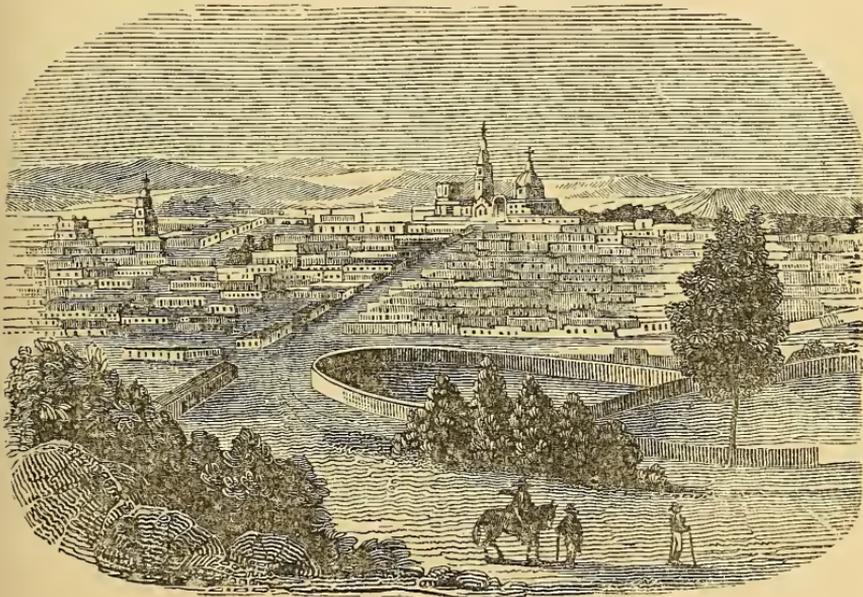
“ Strangers of all classes, men of letters, arts, science, state and all that has been most worthy and great have, as it were, come to this centre of old civilization. I venture, without disparagement to any of those illustrious guests, to say that never has there been one to whom we willingly accord a freer, fuller, heartier welcome than we do to General Grant. On this occasion, not merely because we believe he has performed the part of a distinguished general, nor because he has twice filled the highest office which the citizens of his great country can fill, but because we look upon him as representing that good will and affection which ought to subsist between us and the United States. It has been my duty to be connected with the great Dominion of Canada, stretching several thousand miles along the frontier of the United States, and during the last three or four years I can truthfully say that nothing impressed me more than the interchange of friendly and good offices which took place between the two countries, under the auspices of President Grant.”

General Grant replied:—

That he felt more impressed than he had ever felt before on any occasion. He came here under the impression that this was Trinity House, and that trinity consisted of the army, navy and peace. He thought it was a place of quietude, where there would be no talk of toasts. He had, been therefore naturally surprised at hearing both. He had heard some remarks from His Royal Highness which compelled him to say a word in response. He begged to thank His Highness for these remarks. There had been other things said during the evening highly gratifying to him. Not the least gratifying to hear that there were occasionally in this country, party fights as well as in America. He had seen before now a war between three departments of the State, the executive, the judicial and legislative. He had not seen the political parties in England go so far as that. He would imitate their chaplain, who had set a good example of oratory—that was shortness—and say no more than simply thank His Royal Highness and the company on behalf of the visitors.

The gathering was a pleasant one, and served to cement the two countries represented more closely together.

An event of great importance occurred on Tuesday, June 26th. It was nothing less than the visit of General Grant and suite to the Queen. They left London by the five P. M. from Paddington, and arrived at Windsor at thirty-five minutes past five. The train on which they left was in charge of a special superintendent, and the journey was through the lovely scenery of Middlesex, Surrey and Berks. The guests arrived before the expected hour, and consequently Sir Thomas Biddulph, who had been delegated to receive them, was not at the station, and therefore their arrival was unceremonious.



GREEN PARK.

When they arrived at the castle, they found that Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were out riding in the Green Park, they not expecting their guests until a later

hour. General Grant did not express any disappointment, but seemed desirous of utilizing the time he would have to wait by examining the grand pile of buildings, especially the first fortress of the group, which was built by William the Conquerer. After waiting a few minutes, the party entered the celebrated Lancaster Tower and repaired to the apartments where they were to await the return of the Queen. While so waiting, they amused themselves with descriptions of the lovely views from the windows of the tower. It was a view replete with beauty and variety. Away to the west was the silvery-looking Thames, winding through the level country in the distance; nearer were pretty villages, straggling farmhouses, detached villas, and huge, quaint-looking mansions, the luxurious landscape of the royal forest and park, irregular and lovely in aspect. To the south a grand panorama was presented, almost unparalleled for its magnificence and beauty, combining a far-stretching prospect over the distant hills, long since made memorable by fierce battles among the illustrious families who struggled to rule the people of England.

At the time of the visit the weather was somewhat cloudy, so that the view was not quite so comprehensive. On a clear day a portion of twelve counties can be seen from the battlements, namely—Middlesex, Oxford, Essex, Hertford, Bucks, Berks, Wilts, Hants, Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Bedford. The Chamberlain explained this by stating that the tower stands upon the summit of a hill. With the castle, however, the General was delighted. His eyes wandered over the majestic structures, which are regarded as emblems of British architecture, admiring their noble grandeur, and constantly remarked the special histories connected with them. His attention was called to the delightful variety which was presented on looking

down upon the *ensemble*, the castle, surroundings and town, so aptly summed up by an English poet:—

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to meet again ;
Not chaos like, together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused.

At half-past seven o'clock the Earl with the Countess of Derby arrived, and it was then expected that he had come by appointment to be present at the introduction. Hence, it was thought the royal hostess was not far off. As the castle bell struck eight a commotion was observed among the guards below, and in a few seconds the royal equipage was seen to enter the courtyard, and the Queen alighted. At half-past eight the Queen, surrounded by the members of the household, received the Americans in the magnificent corridor at the door leading to her private apartments in the quadrangle. This quadrangle is formed by the state apartments on the north, by the historic Round Tower on the west, and the private apartments of the Queen and of the royal household on the south and east. At the west end of the square stands the equestrian statue of the martyr King Charles I., who was executed in 1649. This was the gift of an old servant to the crown at Hampton Court. The pedestal of this statue is a perfect marvel of the sculptor's art. On the north, west and south sides are fish, implements of commerce, fruits and arms in basso relievo by the celebrated Gibbon. The statue and horse have for years been the butt of carping critics. The magnificent gateway of the quadrangle, leading direct from the Long Walk, is one of the principal features, the archway being some twenty-four feet high, and is surmounted by machiolated embrasures and apartments for gatekeepers and attendants. At the eastern corner stands York Tower, on the west the Lancaster Tower, which corresponds to the York Tower. The tower in honor of the House of

Lancaster was built by George IV., in 1824, from plans by Jeffery Wyattville. The principal entrance to the state apartments is directly opposite to this gateway. A small clock house surmounts the tower at the entrance to the corridor. Above the base of the arch, under which the carriages pass to the door, is a fine, richly ornamented apartment, (lighted by tall Gothic windows, and containing luxuriously canopied niches, containing figures of the Black Prince and Edward III.,) which forms a communication with the front rooms, reserved for state receptions. At the northeast corner of the courtyard is the small tower, beneath which the visitors approached Her Majesty in the corridor. This double corridor is 520 feet long, and extends around the south and east sides of the quadrangle. In rough weather it is used as a promenade. Entrance to the principal rooms is had through folding doors. The ceiling, which is very lofty, is divided into large squares, the centres bearing a variety of ornamental and beautifully gilded devices, representing numerous epochs and events known to ancient, modern and biblical history. The private entrance used by the Queen is at the southeast angle, a grand structure standing about thirty feet from the face of the main building, forming a portico flanked by octangular towers. In a panel in the centre, between the battlements, are sculptured the royal arms in bas-relief by the renowned Rosi. Above the portico is the Oak Room, so called from the extravagant oak wainscoting and the delightful color of the walls and ceiling. This is used as a morning or breakfast room. Three immense arched windows command a view of the entire quadrangle. The entrance is truly magnificent, being triangular, with stone facing, ornamented with canopied niches, highly sculptured, communicating with the corridor by a landing, above which is a huge, elaborately embellished lantern.

From this room the Queen can see whoever crosses the court yard, and during breakfast she can listen to the regimental bands on duty at the palace. Gilt and highly burnished designs cover the lofty ceiling, the panels and doors are richly carved, lovely paintings by the old masters adorn the walls, the upholstering is of rich rep, and a thousand gems of art meet the eye at almost every turn. Dinner was served in this (oak) room, according to custom, which reserves St. George's Hall for State banquets. The party was small, because etiquette requires that the Queen shall converse with every guest.

The introductions were made as follows:—Minister Pierrepont, advancing, introduced General Grant; then Lord Derby stepped forward with Mrs. Grant. The Queen shook hands with them, while the ladies-in-waiting simply bowed. This formality at an end, the gentlemen led the way to the Oak Room. The Queen sat at the head of the table. On her right were respectively Prince Leopold, Princess Christian and General Grant; on her left Prince Christian, Princess Beatrice and Minister Pierrepont. Then came the Duchess of Wellington, Lord Elphinstone and Mrs. Pierrepont; Lord Derby and Mrs. Grant; the Duchess of Roxburgh and Lord Bidulph; the Countess of Derby and Jesse Grant.

During dinner the band of the Grenadier Guards, under Dan Godfrey, played in the quadrangle. The enjoyment of the party was unconstrained, the Queen taking a prominent part in the lively conversation, during which all kinds of topics were discussed, American and English, political and social. The Princess Beatrice is a brilliant conversationalist, and she was particularly interesting on many American social topics, which she thoroughly understood.

Just before sitting down to dinner the following dis-

patch was handed to General Grant, and which was shown to the Queen at dinner:—

“Your comrades, in annual encampment assembled at Providence, R. I., send heartiest greetings to their old commander, and desire through England's Queen to thank England for Grant's reception.”

Most of the ladies were dressed in black with white trimmings, owing to the deaths recently of the Queen of Holland and the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The Queen was attired in a similar style, but her toilet comprised a very magnificent array of diamonds. After dinner the Queen's party proceeded to the corridor for the purpose of enabling the visitors to examine it more closely. Here they met another party from the Octagon and a lively conversation ensued, during which Her Majesty talked with every person present. About ten o'clock Her Majesty shook hands with her lady guests, bowed to the gentlemen and retired, followed by other members of the royal family present. The guests then entered one of the magnificent drawing rooms along the east front, where they were entertained by the Queen's private band. Refreshments having been served, General Grant and Mr. Pierrepont played whist with the Duchesses Wellington and Roxburgh, during which, of course, the gentlemen were beaten. Mr. Pierrepont played badly; so did the ex-President. At half-past eleven the Americans retired to the rooms, which were in a different part of the palace.

On the following morning, General and Mrs. Grant were driven in the Great Park in a carriage usually used by the Queen at half-past ten. He, with Americans, accompanied by Mr. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty and Colonel Gardiner, went to the station and took the train for Bishop's road (Paddington).

In the evening a state concert was given at Buckingham

Palace. General Grant and Mrs. Grant, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian and the Princess Helena, the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and the Duke of Cambridge, were present. Thus closed a truly eventful visit.

On Thursday, the 28th, General Grant again visited Liverpool, where he arrived at a quarter of four in the afternoon. Upwards of two hundred persons were present at the banquet given in his honor, which was held in the large ball-room of the Town Hall, and was a very grand affair. The General appeared in the uniform of a Major-General, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. His seat at the table was on the right of the Mayor, while upon his right sat Lieutenant-General Sir Henry de Bathe, commander of the forces in the northern district. When he proposed the health of his distinguished guest, the Mayor spoke of the sterling qualities he possessed as a soldier, which had enabled him to restore peace and prosperity to his country.

General Grant, responding, said the reception he encountered in Great Britain was far beyond his expectations, and was such as any living person might feel proud of. He believed, however, that it was indicative of the friendly relations which existed between two people who were of one kindred, blood and civilization. He hoped that friendship would continue to be cultivated and long endure. Referring to some remarks relative to the British army, he said there were as many soldiers now at Aldershott as in the regular army of the United States, which had a frontier of thousands of miles, but if necessary the United States could raise volunteers, and he and Mr. Fairchild were examples of what those volunteers were.

General Grant returned to London on the following morning.

In the evening following his return to the English metropolis, he attended a reception given him at the Grosvenor Hotel by a personal friend belonging to the American press. The company numbered forty, consisting chiefly of distinguished journalists of the London press and authors. There were no speeches, the dinner being strictly a social and private one. The affair was completely successful. Among the guests were the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, Senator Conklin, Jesse Grant, Mgr. Capel, Consul-General Badeau, Grimwood Boyce, Sir Joseph Fahrer, Justin McCarthy, Frank H. Hill, Esq., editor of the *Daily News*; Mr. MacDonald, of the *Times*; Mr. Macmillan, of *Macmillan's Magazine*; George Augustus Sala, Edmund Yates, of the *World*; ex-Governor Lucius Fairchild, United States Consul at Liverpool; Mr. Puleston, M. P.; Dr. Brunton, Charles G. Leland, James Norman Lockyer, editor of *Nature*; Edward Dicey, editor of the *Observer*; Mr. Minto, and others.

The General expressed himself highly pleased with his visit in England.

General Grant, who had accepted the kind invitation of General Badeau to make his home with him, was, on the 3rd of July, waited on by a deputation of forty men, each representing a different trade, and altogether representing about a million workingmen. They presented him with an address, welcoming him to England, and assuring him of their good wishes and deep regard for the welfare and progress of America, where British workmen had always received a hearty welcome. Several speeches were made by the various members of the deputation, all of which were extremely cordial.

General Grant replied as follows:—

“In the name of my country, I thank you for the address you have presented to me. I feel it a great compliment paid my

government and one to me personally. Since my arrival on British soil, I have received great attentions, which were intended, I feel sure, in the same way for my country. I have had ovations, free hand-shakings, presentations from different classes, from the government, from the controlling authorities of cities, and have been received in the cities by the populace, but there has been no reception which I am prouder of than this to-day. I recognize the fact that whatever there is of greatness in the United States, as indeed in any other country, is due to labor. The laborer is the author of all greatness and wealth. Without labor there will be no government, or no leading class, or nothing to preserve. With us labor is regarded as highly respectable. When it is not so regarded, it is because man dishonors labor. We recognize that labor dishonors no man, and no matter what a man's occupation is, he is eligible to fill any post in the gift of the people; his occupation is not considered in selecting, whether as a law-maker or as an executor of the law. Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, all I can do is to renew my thanks for the address, and repeat what I have said before, that I have received nothing from any class since my arrival which has given me more pleasure."

After the speech there was an informal exchange of courtesies, and the deputation then withdrew.

In the evening of the same day, a banquet was given to General Grant by the United Service Club, of London. The Duke of Cambridge presided, having on his right General Grant and Lord Hampton, and on his left Minister Pierrepont and Lord Strathnairn. Admiral Sir Charles Eden was the Vice-President, having on his right Sir George Sartorius, and General Sir William Codrington on his left. There was a very full attendance of guests. The Duke of Cambridge proposed the health of General Grant. The General, in reply, alluded to the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States. He said he knew from all his friends, as well as of his own personal knowledge, that His Royal Highness was

received, as the son of England's Queen, with the sincerest respect. He thanked the company for their hospitality, which was one of the greatest honors he had received. It was truly a very pleasant occasion.

Having, for the time being, fulfilled all his engagements in England, he started for the Continent on the 5th of July. Previous to his departure, he requested General Badeau to accept the offer of the municipality of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare, to lunch and receive an address from the people of the town on his return in the following September. Nearly two weeks previous to this, the Mayor had tendered him the hospitalities of the Corporation, expressing the hope that he would be able to pay them a visit previous to his tour on the Continent, desiring, if he could not do that, he would name a time on his return.

When it became known that he had decided to go to Ostend, via Folkestone, a small port a few miles to the southwest of Dover, the Mayor of Folkestone telegraphed to Minister Pierrepont that the people of his town desired to extend to Gen. Grant an offer of the usual hospitalities to distinguished strangers, including an address at the Town Hall and a drive to Hythe. The ex-President wrote, stating he would be pleased to meet the Mayor and Common Council of Folkestone, but that his time would be too limited to permit of "any extensive civilities."

The party, consisting of General and Mrs. Grant, Jesse, their son, and Consul General Badeau, left the city shortly after eight o'clock. They were accompanied to the station by a number of friends, and the party was most enthusiastic. With the exception of brief stops at Tunbridge and Ashford, there was nothing worthy of note.

A large crowd had collected at the Folkestone station when the train arrived, and as General Grant alighted he

was loudly cheered. The Mayor's carriage was in waiting, and the party were driven to the Town Hall. Here the Mayor received them in his robes of office, surrounded by the members of the Town Council and a large number of citizens. As the Clerk to the Corporation read the address, the whole assemblage remained standing. The address recited the idea of honoring the General for his deeds in the battle-field, and concluded by expressing heartfelt wishes for his welfare.

In his reply the ex-President thanked them, as he said he did all their countrymen, for their kindness and courtesy.

He believed that it would be to the mutual interests of the two great English-speaking nations to maintain the friendly relations which now existed. England and America must lead in commerce and civilization. He also expressed his gratification at the settlement of the Alabama claims which had been referred to; but he carefully avoided any allusion to politics.

The reception over, the party started at once for the harbor to the pier where the steamer *Victoria* was waiting to convey them to Ostend, Belgium. The American flag was seen flying among the shipping in the harbor in honor of the town's guest. A great crowd had gathered again at the pier and cheered loudly as the *Victoria* left and passed out into the straits, General Grant bowing repeatedly from the bridge of the steamer.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTY REACH BRUSSELS—HONORS OF THE BELGIAN CAPITAL—THE BANQUET AT PALMER-GARTEN—RECEPTION IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN—AT LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND—AT BERNE—GENEVA—MÉR DE GLACE—BY THE ITALIAN LAKES—ARRIVES AT COPENHAGEN—BACK TO LONDON—BOUND FOR EDINBURGH—THE SILENT MAN TALKS—AT THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL—THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—SUBSEQUENT EVENTS—AT THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

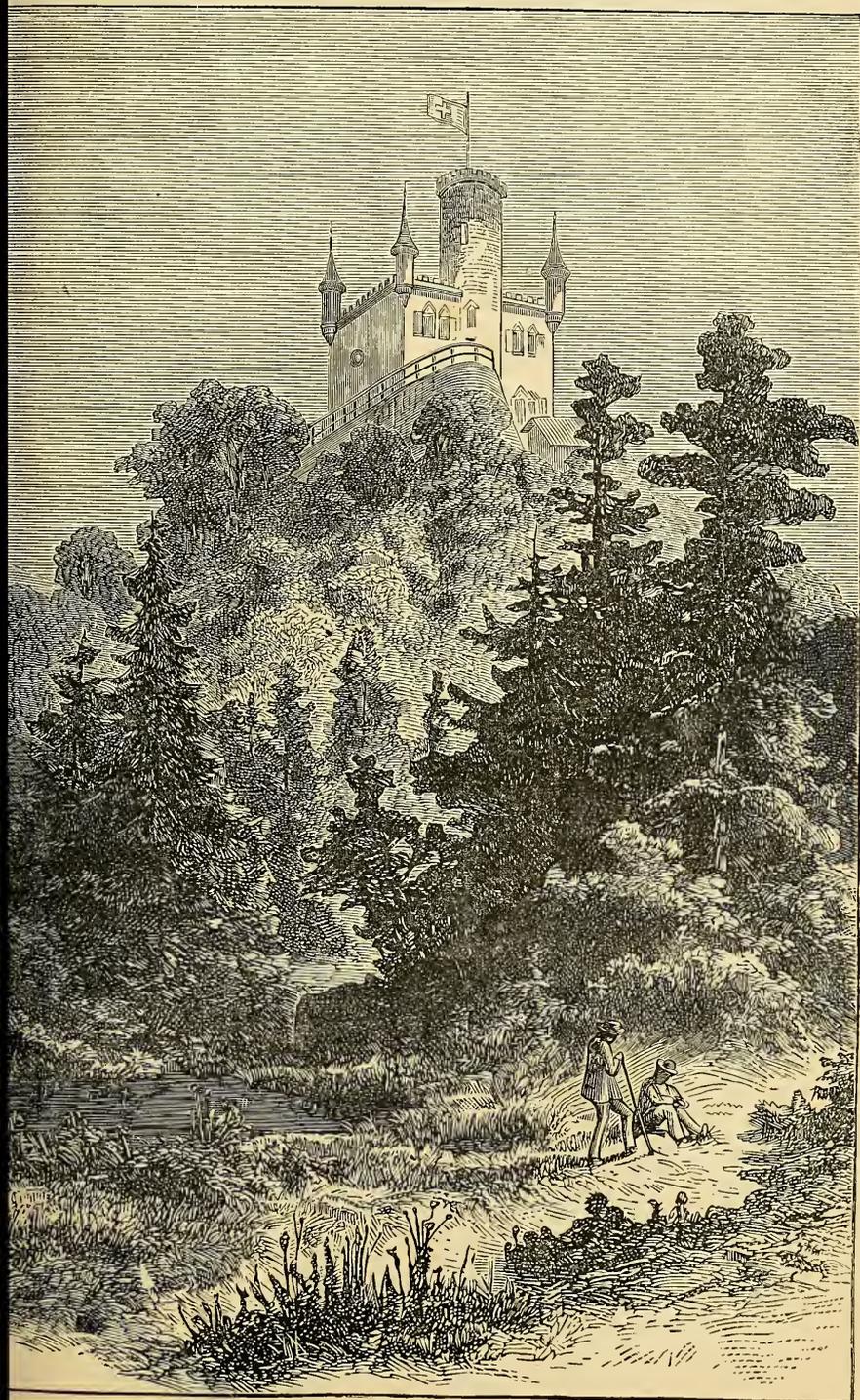
General Grant and his companions reached Brussels, the capital of Belgium, at about six o'clock in the evening of the 6th of July, and at once proceeded to the Bellevue Hotel. No official reception was given them, as the General desired to travel for a time incognito.

Shortly after his arrival, however, an aide-de-camp of King Leopold visited the General, bearing from his royal master an invitation to dinner, and placed at the disposal of his visitor his aides and carriage of state.

In the evening following his arrival, General Grant dined with Mr. Sandford, ex-Minister of the United States. Several Belgian functionaries occupied seats at the table.

On the following day the ex-President and his suite visited the Hotel de Ville, where the Burgomaster did the honors of the Communal Palace. The General perused with much interest the details of the telegraph and water supply.

On the 8th, General Grant was visited by King Leopold, which being entirely out of the usual course, is con-



A CASTLE IN GERMANY.



sidered as being a great honor. Later in the day, General and Mrs. Grant paid a visit to the King and Queen. A gala dinner was given at the palace in the evening, and quite a distinguished company sat down to table. All the high officials of the State and the foreign Ministers were present. King Leopold took Mrs. Grant to dinner, and the ex-President had the honor of escorting the Queen.

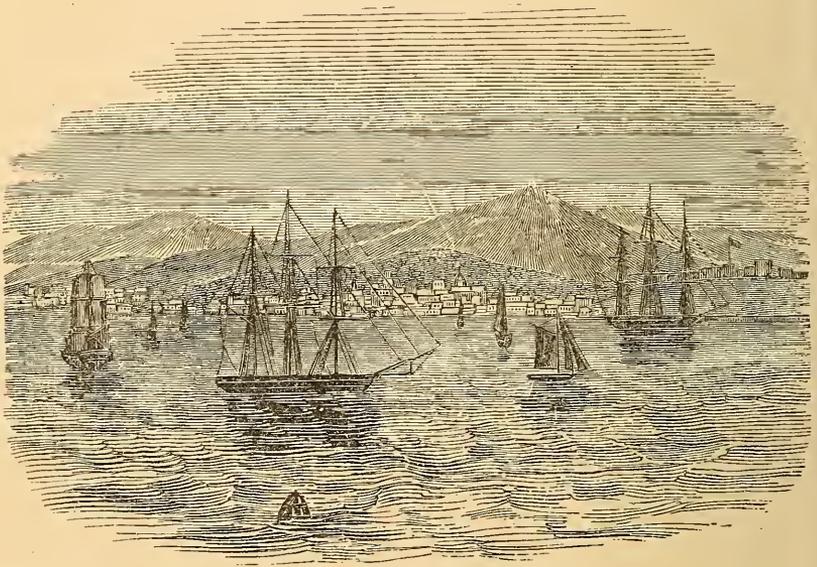
On the following morning all the foreign ministers in Brussels called upon the General. Throughout his stay in the Belgian capital, he was treated with the greatest distinction.

At half-past nine o'clock, General Grant and his party left Brussels for Cologne. The King's aid-de-camp and members of the American Legation accompanied them to the railway station.

After an agreeable journey, the travelers reached Cologne, where they were cordially received at the railway station by the American Consul, Vice-Consul and the President of the Police. All the civil and military Governors of the city called upon the General by command of the Empress. The General visited several Churches and the Cathedral, and made an excursion over the Suspension Bridge to Deutz, returning by the bridge of boats. In the evening he was serenaded at the Hotel du Nord by a military band.

On the 10th the party started up the Rhine, visiting Bingen, Coblenz and Wiesbaden, reaching Frankfort on the morning of the 12th. They were received by the American Consul General and a reception committee. The American residents hoisted flags from their houses in honor of the occasion. They were at once conducted to the Hotel de Russie where rooms had been secured for them. During the day the Reception Committee con-

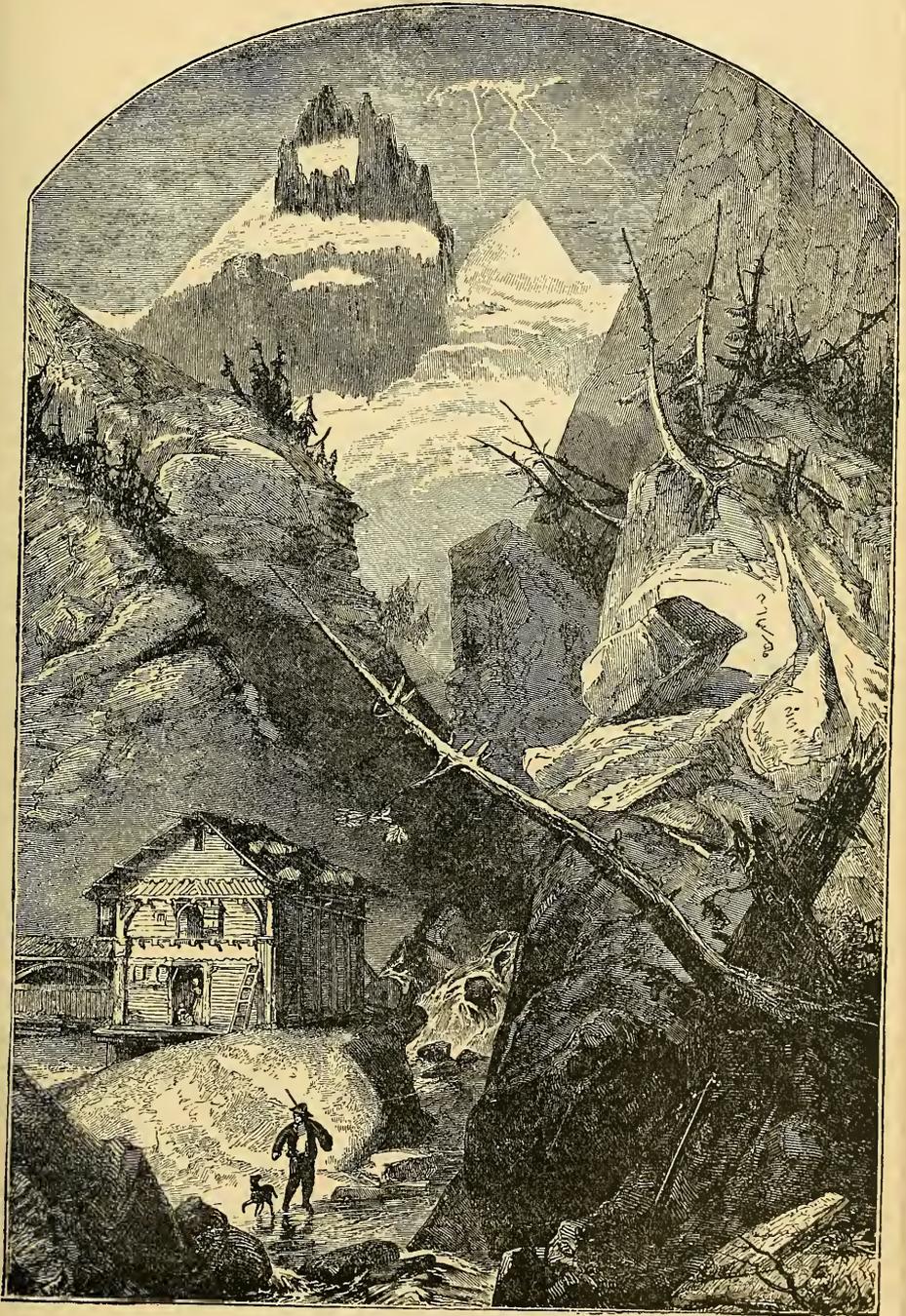
ducted General Grant through (the ancient palace of the Diet) and the Cathedral. In the evening a banquet was given in his honor at the Palmer-Garten. It was a splendid affair. The Burgomaster presided, and the banquet hall was beautifully illuminated and decorated. One hundred and twenty guests, including all the prominent officials of the town, the officers of the garrison and leading citizens were present.



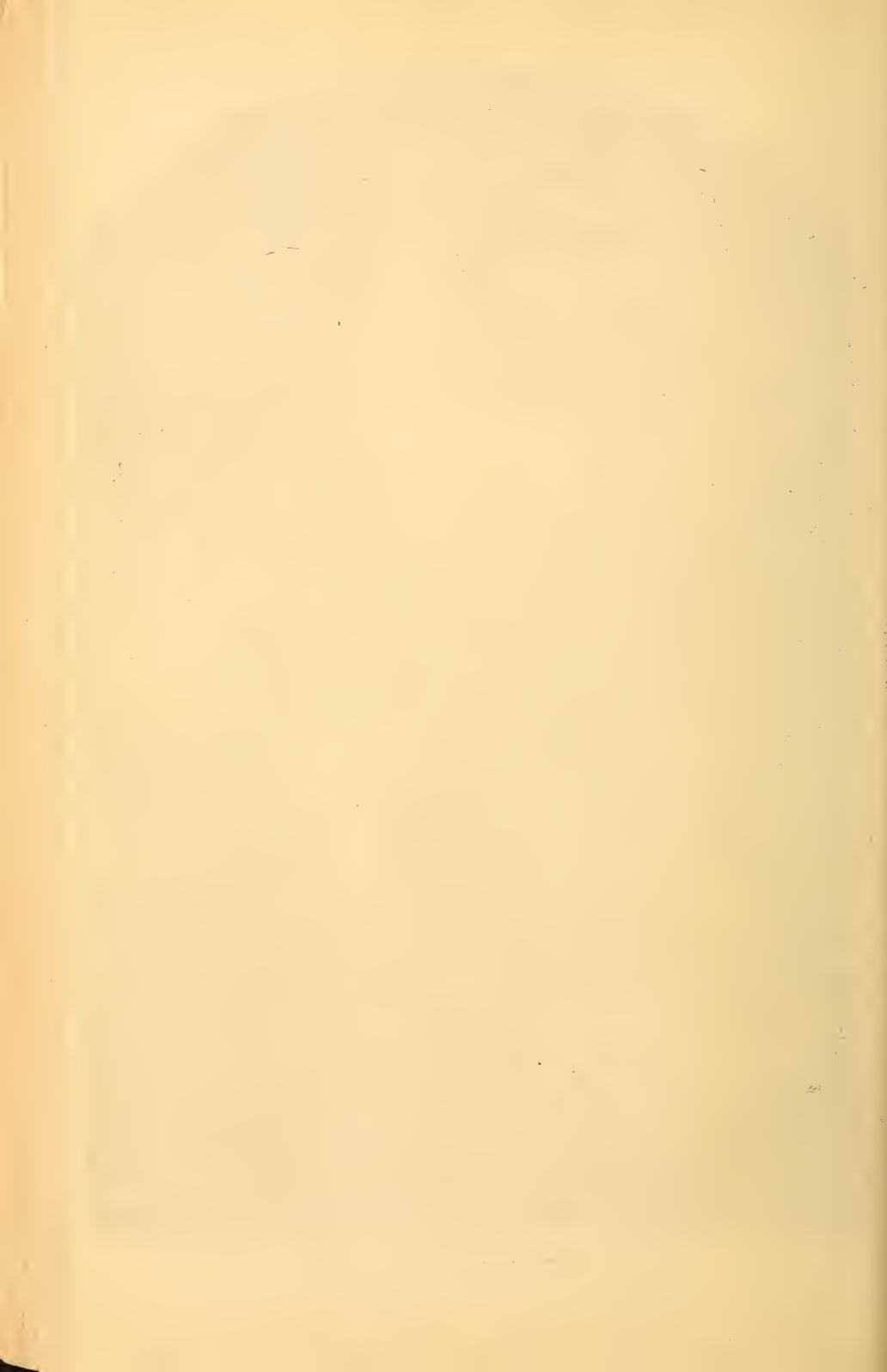
BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

After the toasts of the Empress and President Hayes had been drunk and duly responded to, Henry Seligman, the banker, proposed the health of General Grant. Mr. Seligman, in giving the toast, made a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which he said that the General was universally honored and esteemed.

General Grant in his reply thanked the City of Frankfort for its confidence in the Union during the late civil



SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.



war. He concluded by drinking to the welfare and prosperity of the city.

At the conclusion of his short speech the General was given a magnificent ovation. The guests rose to their feet and cheered lustily, and the crowd outside, numbering six thousand people, caught up the cheer and were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of welcome. After the conclusion of the banquet, a grand ball was given, at which the élite of the city was present. Jesse Grant opened the dance with an American lady.

The following day was devoted to sight-seeing, and at evening a visit was paid to Homburg.

On Saturday, the 14th, a grand reception was given at the Gesellschaftshaus of the Zoological Garden, the Chief Burgomaster presenting the guests. A grand concert was afterwards given, which was attended by several thousands of persons. Stassy's famous band and the musicians of the Thirteenth Hussars were engaged for the occasion.

The next day General Grant and his party left Frankfort for Lucérne, Switzerland. A brief stop was made at this point, and then they passed on to Interlaken. The scenery at this point is exceedingly beautiful, and General Grant made several excursions into the surrounding country for the purpose of beholding its splendor.

On the 24th the party arrived at Berne, and on the following day were received by the President of the Swiss Confederation. On the 27th they proceeded to Geneva to attend the laying of the corner stone of a new American Protestant Church in that city. Large crowds were present and hundreds of American flags were displayed from the windows of citizens' houses.

The authorities of the city, and also the English and American clergymen of Geneva, were present. Speeches

complimentary to General Grant were made by several of the principal clergymen.

General Grant said, in replying to the toast given to America, that the greatest honor he had received since landing in Europe was to be among Americans and in a republic, and in a city where so great a service has been rendered to the Americans by a Swiss citizen in settlement of a question which might have produced war, but which left no rancor on either side.

On Monday, the 30th, General Grant was received by the President of the Cantonal Council of Geneva, and inspected the Town Hall, where the Joint High Commission sat during the arbitration of the Alabama claims. The General expressed his gratification at the happy visit to a spot consecrated by the amicable settlement of difficulties between two powerful nations. He said he was especially glad that the adjustment of these international difficulties occurred in a republic.

On Tuesday the General went to Chamouni. On his departure from Geneva, a salute of artillery was fired in his honor, and the city was illuminated. At Pierre Pointue, on Mont Blanc, a number of Swiss bands gave him a grand serenade, and on Wednesday he visited the Mer de Glace and Montanvert.

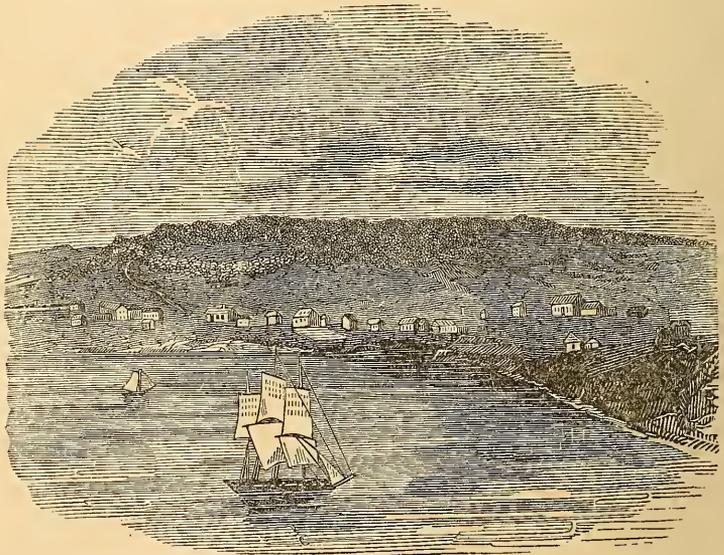
The Mer de Glace, viewing it from the hut on the Montanvert, resembles a vast sea of crystal, that has been torn and rent into wild, fantastic shapes by the dread force of an earthquake. Walls of ice, many feet in height, run transversely, which are broken by fissures of often appalling width. Prodigious blocks of granite, that have descended from the surrounding *aiguilles*, abound on the more level portions of the glacier. In many cases these blocks are said to weigh thousands of tons, but as the ice of the *Mer*, in some places, is over a thousand feet in

thickness, there is no fear of their sinking out of sight. A late writer, in speaking of these granite visitors, remarked that they were moving, more or less, every year toward the lower part of the *Mer*, (the termination of which is called the Glacier de Bois,) by a gradual movement of the ice, but as the journey is a slow one, it will be centuries before they get down to the valley.

The *Mer de Glace* seems to be the gorgeous result of three great glaciers, all discharging their frozen contents into one immense basin. The three are the Glacier du Lechand, from the Jorasses; the Glacier du Tacul, whose long, unbroken surface seems to fall from the summit of Mont Blanc; and the Glacier du Talefre, which is a succession of beautiful white pyramids that descend from the sparkling heights around. The Tacul, from its line of descent and great breadth, is the most important of the three, and gives the others a supplemental appearance, when viewed apart. It is after they have completely united, however, that the grandeur may have fairly said to have begun. The point of union, from the mighty force of the opposite powers, each pressing against the other, causes a desolate display of confusion—an immense caldron of ice, in which huge masses of rock are split and scattered about like grains of coffee in a hand-mill.

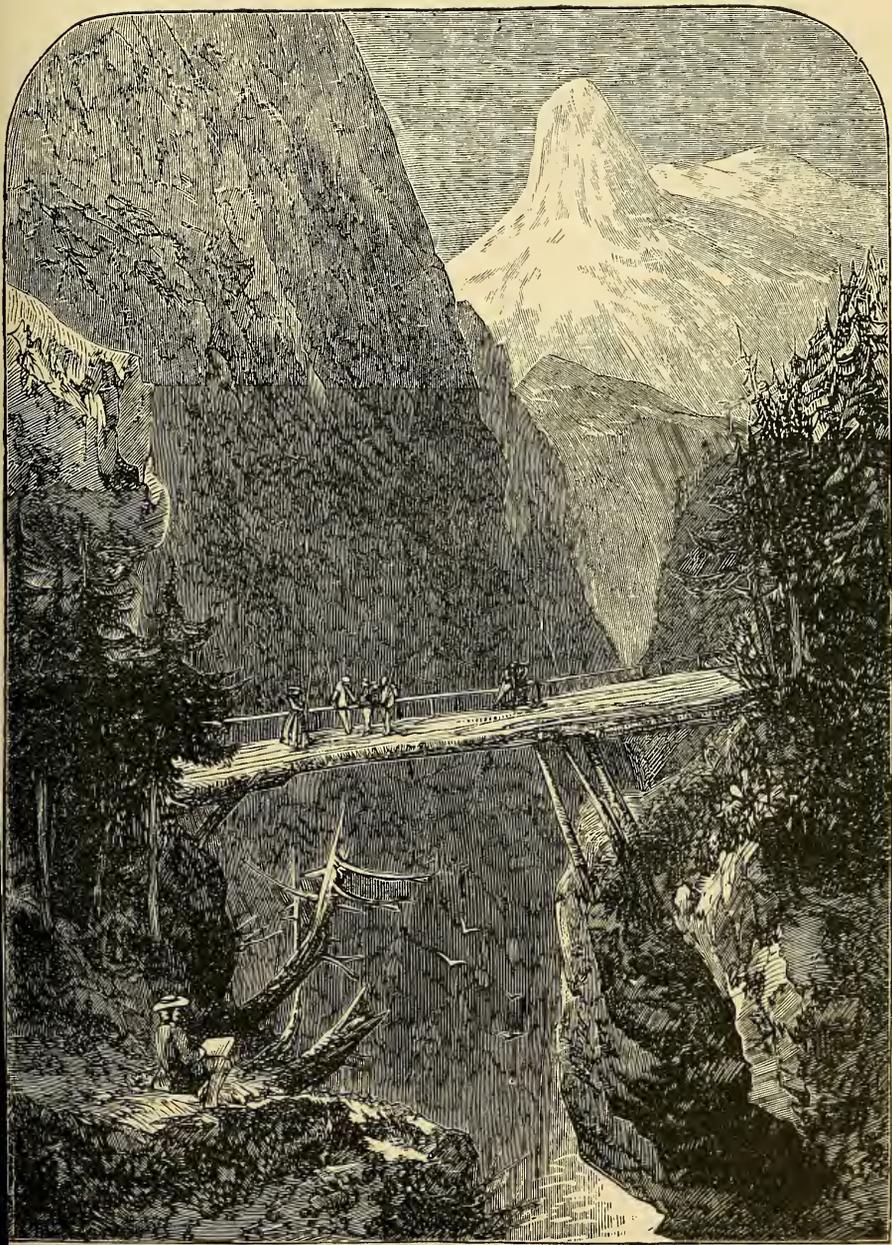
This extraordinary and imposing phenomenon is very justly considered one of the greatest curiosities, not only of the vale of Chamouni, but of Savoy. Its extent, its wondrous pinnacles and columns; the junction of three mighty glaciers; the lofty peaks, rising on all sides; the granite cubes, on which human foot will, perhaps, never stand; and the beauty of the surrounding *aiguilles*, (that of Verte is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 7,000 above the *Mer*;) all combine to impart to it an interest of a wonderful nature. All others of the Alpine

glaciers have a strong resemblance; this ocean of ice stands alone in wonder and variety of conformation. There is a hackneyed phrase that has done good service in all spheres of literature, and to use it is almost vapid—but “to acquire an idea of the Mer de Glace, it must be seen.” Description is tame and treacherous. A famous *crevasse*, known as *Le Moulin*, in which the water roars as if there was a Niagara Falls beneath, has been plumbed to the depth of three hundred feet. This dangerous hole is located near where the three glaciers spoken of rush into coalition, and it serves to mark the boundaries of peril and passage.



LAKE MAGGIORE.

When General Grant left Geneva, he departed by way of Simplon for the north Italian lakes. A brief stay in this picturesque region, and he and his party returned by way of Splugen Pass to Ragatz, at which latter point he met his brother-in-law, M. J. Cramer, American Minister



A BRIDGE AND RAVINE IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.



to Denmark. A few days spent here; and he departed for Palanza, on Lake Maggiore, where he arrived Sunday, August 5th. A few days later he visited Bellagio, where a grand fête was given in his honor. Several American residents in Rome sent congratulations to the ex-President. The evening following his arrival he was serenaded at his hotel, after which a concert was given in his honor, followed by a display of fireworks. Addresses were made by the Mayor and an officer who had served under General Garibaldi. General Grant in his reply referred to the exceeding hospitality he had received, praised the general conduct of the people so far as he had seen them, expressed his delight at the grand and lovely scenes that had met his eye at every turn since he had crossed the Alps, and concluded by saying:—"There is one Italian whose hand I wish especially to shake, and that man is General Garibaldi." This allusion was greeted with great applause.

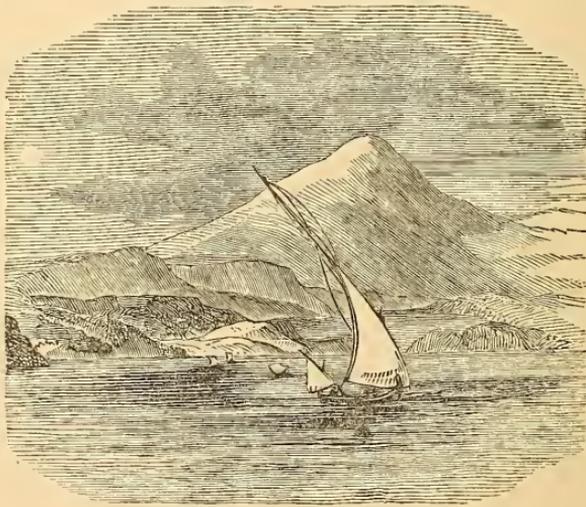
During his stay at Lake Maggiore, there was a grand round of festivities, and every one seemed determined that the General should enjoy himself.

After visiting Lake Como and all the important points in Italy, General Grant and his party accompanied Dr. Cramen to his residence in Copenhagen. Having spent a few days with his sister, General Grant and suite departed for Antwerp, where they took passage for London, where they arrived safely, and took apartments at the British Hotel.

After enjoying several days' visit, General Grant and his party departed for Edinburgh. A special Pullman car was chartered for the purpose, and was placed in charge of Mr. Roberts, the Pullman agent in London. The party consisted of General and Mrs. Grant, Jesse R. Grant, General Badeau, Mr. W. F. Coolbaugh, the banker, of Chicago; Mr. H. A. Roberts, Jacques Hartog, the Gen-

eral's faithful courier, an excellent linguist, speaking eight different languages, and the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. From London to Edinburgh, the distance of four hundred miles, the scenery is exceedingly attractive. All through England, and in the south of Scotland, the country is a perfect garden, and not until one gets among the chilly hills, valleys, and crags of Northern Scotland does one feel that he was getting into open country.

All along the route of the Midland Railway great enthusiasm was manifested. The reception given to General Grant as each station was reached was whole-souled and fully meant hospitality. At Carlisle (the dinner stopping place), at Galashiels, Melrose, Harwick and a number of smaller towns in Scotland there were expres-



LAKE COMO, ITALY.

sions of joy and enthusiasm that remind one of the railroad receptions General Grant gets at the towns of Illinois and Ohio. It seemed as though they knew him perfectly well, his face, his history, &c., for they recognized him everywhere, and demanded as much handshaking as could be done in the limited time the train had to stay. Then

the cheers and hurrahs always sounded in the distance above the whistle of the locomotive.

At Carlisle a telegram was received by General Grant from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, offering him the hospitalities of his home. On their way to the Scottish capital, Mrs. Grant was quite cheerful and talkative; while the General was unusually so. Occasionally he would speak of affairs at home, and very frequently he spoke of the past and present aspect of American politics.

At one time he was asked, "General, when do you expect to return to America?"

"I shall stay in Europe a year or more. I have special reasons for so doing. I am a private citizen now, and I want nothing whatever to do with politics."

"What is your object in staying away from home so long?"

"Well, in the first place, when I went out of office I was worn down. Now I have thoroughly recuperated, am in excellent health, and enjoying myself immensely. I would like to see all Europe. But I propose to stay away till after the exciting scenes that will surround the test of Mr. Hayes' policy, for the reason that if I were at home I would be charged with having a hand in every kind of political manœuvring, whether I had or not, and I want to banish politics from my mind until everything settles."

"I notice, as we pass stations, these people hurrah and shake hands with you the same as our people do at home."

"Yes. I was under the impression that there was no such custom here; but in England the habit is as strong as in America. I think handshaking a great nuisance, and it should be abolished. In 1865 it was awful with me; I thought I could hardly survive the task. It not only makes the right arm sore, but it shocks the whole system, and unfits a man for writing or attending to other

other duties. It demoralizes the entire nervous and muscular system. None but a strong man could go through so much of it as I did in 1865. The most laborious and injurious handshaking is where you stand on an elevation and reach down. A man cannot stand much of that."

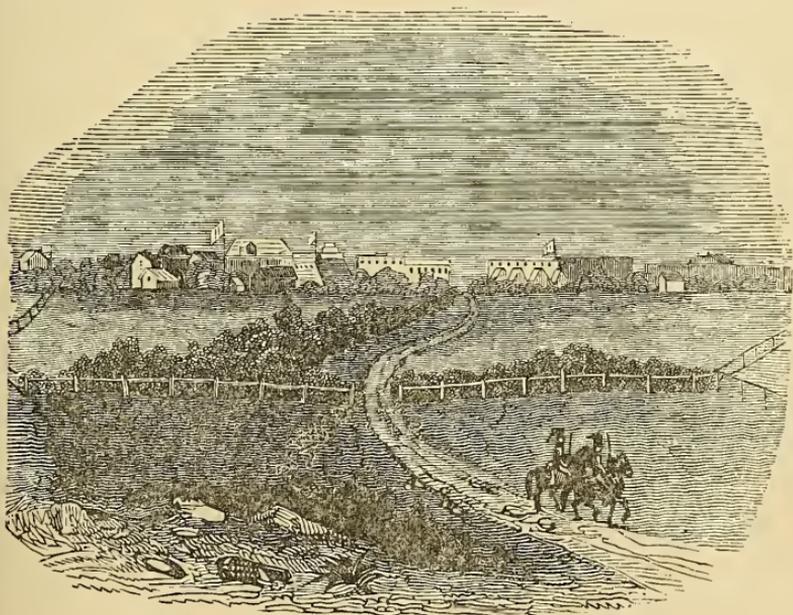
"Do you get seasick on these ocean trips from one place to another?"

"No, singularly enough, I do not. I have been a good deal at sea during my life, and generally got very seasick, but have not been troubled in these voyages. I say it is singular, because from the 4th of March till the 17th of May I dined formally with friends, every day lunched, and sometimes took two lunches the same day. I thought I was a good subject for seasickness, and expected the motion of the ship would turn me inside out. As a matter of fact, I was disappointed."

The General, so talkative at times, is a very different man from the Grant in office who was so recently our President. He inquires very particularly of the best-informed people of the neighborhoods he visits into the most minute details of affairs connected with manufactures, crops, &c., and occasionally, as did Edmund Burke, when he travelled, he surprised the natives by pointing out historic spots that he had never seen before, but has learned of through books and localized maps, as the students of Grecian lore would point out the ruins of public buildings in the city of Athens. He can fully describe the scenes of his visits, and likes to do it, evidently with a view to extend his information through a friction of ideas upon the subjects under discussion or in doubt in his mind.

Soon after their arrival in Edinburgh, the freedom of the city was presented to General Grant by Lord Provost Sir James Fanshaw, in Free Assembly Hall. It was a grand affair, not only in fact but in its significance. It

was hearty and whole-souled. Everything of the grandeur that surrounded the scene was meant. It was rather amusing to note, however, that General Grant did not give them a chance to speak. Eighteen hundred people, the highest toned of Edinburgh, were there—no boys or girls, but the heads of families—with tickets of admission sent to them out of six thousand applications. The city dignitaries in robes, the soldiers in kilts, the insignia of office dotting the place, and the gravity of the ceremony reminded one of the Queen's visit to the House of Lords. That speeches were, as we say, "Fired off," till, with a wave of the hand, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh delivered the silver casket—big enough for a sarcophagus—to



A FORTIFICATION NEAR EDINBURGH.

the "Soldier, President, fellow Scot." Then came cheers, and the collision of applauding hands shook the Gothic structure from base to roof.

In reply to the Lord Provost's speech, General Grant said:

"I am so filled with emotion that I scarcely know how to thank you for the honor conferred upon me by making me a burgess of this ancient city of Edinburgh. I feel that it is a great compliment to me and to my country. Had I the proper eloquence I might dwell somewhat on the history of the great men you have produced, on the numerous citizens of this city and Scotland that have gone to America, and the record they have made. We are proud of Scotsmen as citizens of America. They make good citizens of our country, and they find it profitable to themselves. I again thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me."

He spoke just three-quarters of a minute. Then it was suddenly discovered that the ceremony of half an hour was finished, and a dozen brawny Scots of the first families in the realm went home with a dozen written or thought out speeches unspoken. Said a disappointed Scot:—"He made no speech." "Nau, mon, but he kippit a deal 'o thinkin'." Then came shaking of hands, and the General had to reach for them in every direction. One man—it was so funny, and the General was puzzling over the meaning afterwards—said:—"Gineral, i'm glod to see ye. I'm a Scotchman, but me fayther and mither are baith birried in America." He passed on. Several such strange episodes occurred.

The events which followed are thus described:—

"Then, after seeing the sights, to the Tay Bridge. Instead of crossing the River Tay from Tayport to Broughty Ferry, the usual crossing, we took the steamer up the river toward the Tay Bridge. After proceeding a short distance we hauled alongside an immense old man-of-war, now used as a training ship for boys. Three hundred and fifty little fellows in white jackets, blue pantaloons and bare feet manned the yards and sides of the ship. A brass band composed of little urchins discoursed sweetly national anthems and opera music. The sight was most

affecting, and General and Mrs. Grant were delighted at the invitation to go aboard. The regular drill was gone through, and the ship was inspected. This institution, known as the "Mars training ship" is a wonderful preventive of crime. It is a charity incorporated by legislative act for the purpose of reclaiming little boys who are found running about the streets without visible means of support. The difference between this and the Reformatory is, that no lad can be sent to the latter institution unless he has been in prison ten days. The graduates of the Reformatory, therefore, are always looked upon as a sort of jailbirds. No boy can be taken on the training ship who has ever been convicted of theft or any crime. The philanthropists of Edinburgh and Dundee go about and pick up lads who are associates of thieves, or who beg, or who have no ordinary means of support, and after assurance that they are in a fair way to become criminals they are sent to the training ship. Here they are thoroughly instructed in the duties of a sailor and in the common branches of learning. The routine of the day is:—Six A. M., make up beds, hymn and prayers, breakfast, clean decks, inspection; nine A. M., prayers, after which one watch on deck to seamanship, the other below to school; dinner at twelve. The same routine is observed in the afternoon—supper at half-past five, prayers and bed at half-past eight. The proper recesses for play are given during school hours. The boys, though trained to become sailors, are not required to ship for sea when they grow old enough. Many of them develop extraordinary talents in other directions and are left to choose other pursuits. Some of the boys taken to the ship prove too weak for the task. In that case they are sent ashore and taken back whenever the doctor thinks they are able to go. None desert. They are so kindly treated on the ship, that when they are dressed up and allowed to go ashore on a visit, they return punctually at the end of the allotted time. They take great pride in their studies, and strive to excel in learning. The rigid discipline kindly exercised is calculated to make them ambitious. In 1848 the commitment of boys below sixteen years of age to the Edinburgh prison was 745. Through the work of the ragged and industrial schools started in that year, both ashore and afloat, the number

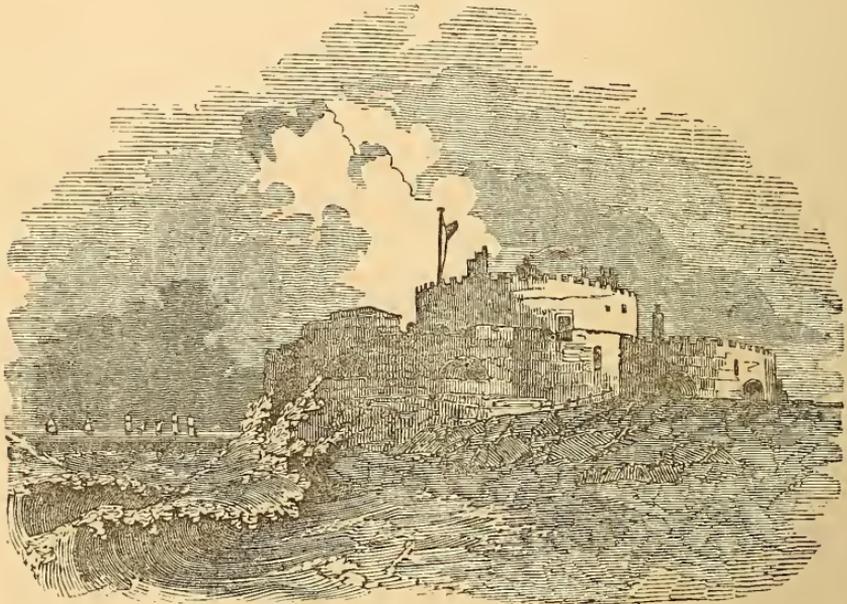
of boy criminals in Edinburgh has been reduced from 745 in 1848, to 95 in 1877. The boy criminals aged between fourteen and sixteen were 552 in 1848, and 48 in 1876, and during those thirty years the population has largely increased.

“From this showing, and the fact that this ship turns out 100 good sailors, or well-disciplined young men, fit for other pursuits, each year, it is evident that the true panacea for embryo criminals is to pick them up—little, ragged, ill-bred, and ready for any vice—from the streets and make men of them. In this way social pests are made good sailors or citizens. What satisfaction, too, it must be to Mr. Thomas Knox and the other gentlemen connected with the enterprise, to witness the fine results of their labors and charities. General Grant and Mrs. Grant were quite enthusiastically interested in the matter, and expressed strong hopes that some such institutions would be inaugurated in the large cities of America.

“From the training ship we embarked with the boy band aboard the tug, and went to the Tay Bridge. Here the engineer for the contractors, Mr. A. Grothe, narrated in detail the principal points connected with the erection of the structure, and expressed great pleasure that General Grant should appear just as the bridge was finished completely enough to cross, and the rails were nearly all laid. The last supporting column had been set up the day before. Here the General and party were handsomely entertained at lunch by the Tay bridge people. General Grant, being something of an educated engineer, desired to go out upon the bridge, so the whole party were put into a workmen's car and taken across. The Tay Bridge is the longest in the world. It is not as elaborate or expensive as the St. Louis bridge, only longer. It extends two miles over water, and a quarter of a mile over land. The object of its erection was to avoid the frequent and sometimes very severe storms encountered by passengers on the North British Railroad, as well as to lessen the running time and increase the capacity for traffic over the railroad. At present the running time is three, and sometimes as much as four and five hours between Edinburgh and Dundee, thirty miles. The passengers are obliged to change cars twice—once when they cross the Firth of Forth, and once when they cross the river Tay. These and the

storms that beat in from the German Ocean are great inconveniences and annoyances to the traveler. The Tay bridge will, in a few days, remove one great obstacle, and in five years the bridge in course of construction by the same railroad company will remove the other. The Tay bridge was commenced July 22, 1871. It consists of 85 spans, varying in length from 67 to 245 feet. Of the latter dimensions there are 13, which are 88 feet above high water. The rise and fall of tide varies from 12 to 17 feet. The roadway of the bridge is 1 in 73 feet rise from the shore to the centre on the north, and 1 in 356 on the south side. The rapid decline on the Dundee side is necessitated by the low level of the underground station and tunnel there. On the larger spans the train will run on the bottom part of the girders, and the smaller the rails are laid on top, so that, while the line of rail is continuous and apparently on a level, the girders are reversed in position in the centre. In appearance the bridge is light and graceful, and, viewed from a distance, it looks too light for its purpose, but when inspected closely, it is found firm enough for any load that can be taken over it, even in the most violent gale. The foundation for the iron columns rests on rock or hard bottom at an average of 18 feet below the river bed, and they weigh hundreds of tons each. The bottoms of the columns are above high water mark in order that they may not feel the corrosive effects of the water. The columns are braced in every direction, so as to be lighter than, but almost as strong as, solid iron. The method of sinking these bases and raising the columns is remarkable. Every piece of the bridge was made on shore. A portion of the bank on the south side was levelled and the heavy parts constructed on a concrete foundation. Barges were floated under a staging, the immense masses floated out—a single caisson weighing some two hundred pounds—and by the use of hydraulic force, and taking advantage of the tides, the caissons were disconnected and allowed by their own weight to find the bottom. Sand pumps were then used, and the sand pumped out until the iron caisson, with its brick lining, of its own weight, rested upon the hard earth or rock. Then it was filled with concrete, which hardened and became firmer all the time. The iron caisson will corrode away, but will leave the brick and

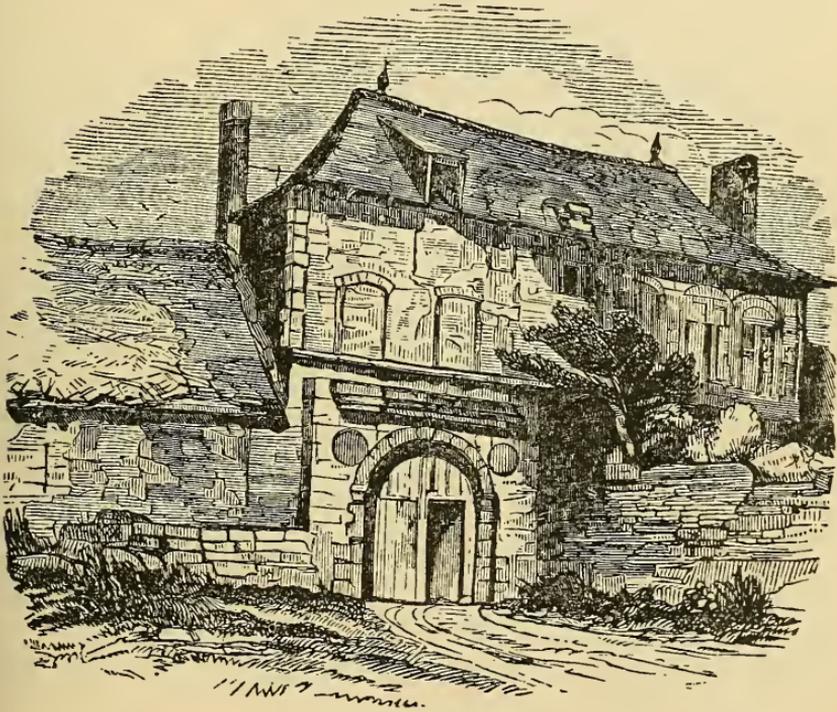
concrete, which is intended for the entire support of the bridge, as hard and firm as ever. So all the different parts of the spans were laid and so the columns were raised. The rise and fall of the tide greatly facilitated the work, by giving the desired height to the barges from time to time. I would like to go into a full description, but on account of space, will merely give you an idea of its immensity. It cost \$1,500,000. It is not covered or ornamented at all. The engineer who designed it is Mr. Bouche; engineers for the contractors who have been in charge of the work, Mr. A. Grothe; engineer, north end, Mr. Rees S. Jones; contractors, Messrs. Hopkins, Gilke & Co, Middleboro.



FORTRESS AT DUNDEE.

“It was the intention of General Grant to visit the jute and flax mills, marmalade factories and the public buildings of Dundee, but time forbade. A number of us, by invitation of Mr. H. Stewart Rhind, of David Martin & Co., visited the jute mills of Henry Walker & Sons (the Caldrum Mills) not the largest, but the most modern of all the jute mills of Dundee. There they told us to doff our coats and put on juted dusters and slouch hats. The rattle of the machinery, the twirling of thou-

sands of spindles, and flying around of hundreds of girls and men in this immense establishment suggested an activity that did not very well agree with Mr. Walker's statement that Dundee, the jute centre of the world, was losing money in its manufacture, and that business is awfully dull with the millers. Some of these jute mills are as large if not larger than our cotton mills at Lowell and Fall River, Mass. They make various kinds of bagging, cloth for dusters (sold as linen dusters). In fact, jute fibre enters into nearly every species of mixed goods, even to the adulteration of silks, especially umbrella silks. It is one of the largest manufactures of Great Britain.



A SCENE IN MELROSE.

“General Grant especially enjoyed the attractions of Melrose and Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and upon his return to Edinburgh, had very much to say about it. He examined the various objects of interest at Abbotsford with great care.”

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL GRANT VISITS GLASGOW—AYR—NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE—DEMONSTRATION ON THE TOWN MOOR—BANQUETING AT BIRMINGHAM—A VISIT TO BRIGHTON—EN ROUTE FOR PARIS—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY—A HEARTY WELCOME—A CALL UPON MARSHAL MACMAHON—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW—THE “FIGARO’S” REPORT.

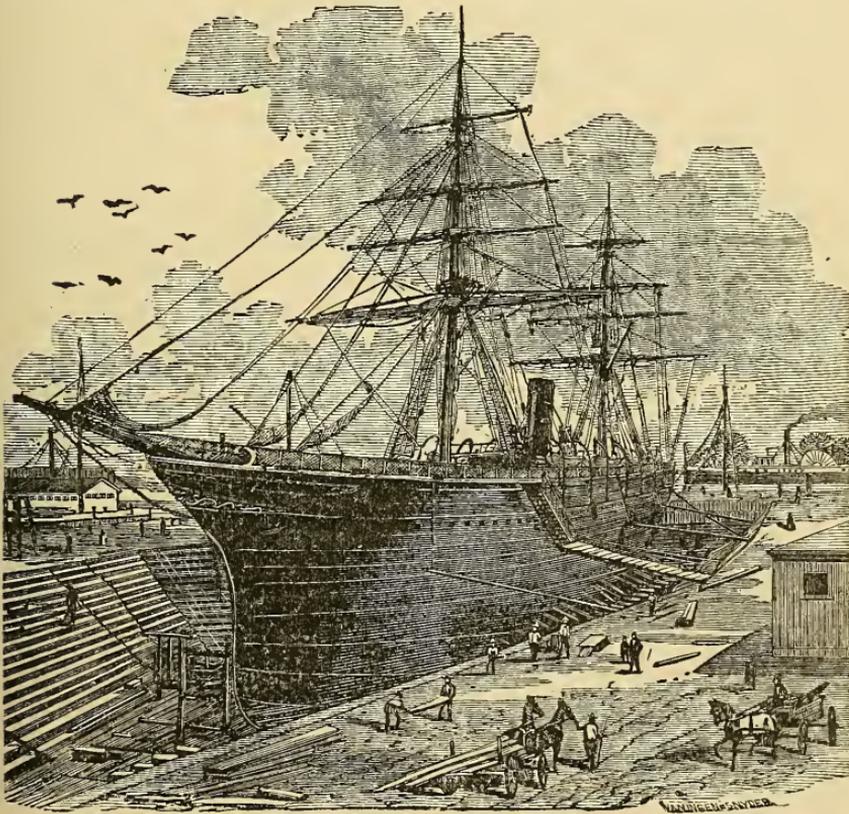
On the 13th of September, 1877, General Grant was honored with the freedom of the City of Glasgow. Replying to the address of the Lord Provost he said he would ever remember the day, and when back in America would refer with pride to his visit to Glasgow. He was so much a citizen of Scotland that it would be a serious question where he would vote. He thanked the Lord Provost for his kind words, and the audience for its welcome. The parchment was contained in a gold casket. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd, and the General was enthusiastically cheered. A banquet in his honor was given in the evening, but was of a private character.

On the next day he was presented with the freedom of the burgh of Ayr. In returning thanks for so distinguished an honor, General Grant expressed the pleasure it gave him to form so close a connection with the land and home of Burns.

On Thursday, the 20th, General Grant and party visited Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they were warmly welcomed, and became the guests of the Mayor. Next morning General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the Mayor of Newcastle, General Badeau, Mr. Fairchild, the United

States Consul at Newcastle and others, visited the Exchange and other places of interest in the city. Their route was marked by a great display of banners and by large crowds of spectators.

In the Exchange General Grant received an address from the Chamber of Commerce, and, replying, thanked the large and enthusiastic audience for its kind reception,



SHIP-BUILDING ON THE CLYDE

which was highly gratifying to him and the American people, who would accept it as a token of kind friendship between the two nations—he could not say two people, for they were really one, having a common destiny, which would be brilliant in proportion to their friendship. He

referred to the honorable settlement of all differences between England and America, and said they ought not only keep peace with each other but with all the world, and by their example stop the wars that are now devastating Europe.

The speech was loudly cheered. General Grant and the corporation then proceeded down the Tyne in a steamer, which was saluted with guns from almost every factory on the banks, every available spot on which was crowded with people. General Grant and party stood on the bridge of the steamer during the greater part of the voyage, bowing in response to repeated cheers.

The steamer stopped at Jarrow and Tynemouth, at both of which places the municipal authorities presented most cordial addresses. The ceremony was witnessed by large and enthusiastic crowds. General Grant made suitable replies, of similar tenor to his Newcastle speech. At Tynemouth he said he had that day seen one hundred and fifty thousand people leave their homes and occupations to manifest friendship to America. The ex-President held a reception at Newcastle in the evening.

On Saturday a visit was paid to the Elswick Ordnance Works, and addresses received. In the afternoon there was a great demonstration of the workmen of Northumberland and Durham on the town moor of Newcastle. Twenty-two trades participated in the procession, which occupied twenty minutes passing a given point. The number of spectators present was estimated at from forty to fifty thousand. The demonstration far surpassed any which had occurred since the great political meetings of the Reform Agitation. Mr. Thomas Burt, member of Parliament for Morpeth, presented an eulogistic address to General Grant, who said he thanked the workingmen for their very welcome address and thought this reception was the most honorable he could meet with.

Alluding to what Mr. Burt had said concerning the late civil war, General Grant declared he had always been an advocate of peace, but when war was declared he went to the war for the cause which he believed to be right and fought to his best ability to secure peace and safety to his nation. In regard to the relations between America and England, the General said that friendship now existed between the two countries, which he fully believed was increasing, and which would, in common with industry and civilization, increase in the future.

Mr. Fairchild, United States Consul at Liverpool, in a brief speech bore testimony to the gratification of the American people at the reception of the ex-President in England. General Grant on his departure from the moor was enthusiastically cheered.

On the same day the Mayor and Town Council of Gateshead, presented the ex-President with a congratulatory address. General Grant expressed pleasure at his enthusiastic reception in all the towns of the North of England, and said he was glad the good feeling between England and America was warmer to-day than it had ever been.

A banquet was given in honor of General Grant in the evening, by the Mayor of Newcastle. In response to a toast to his health, the General said his reception in Newcastle exceeded anything he had expected, and had been the warmest and best he had had or could have had.

On Wednesday evening, October 17th, General Grant was entertained at a banquet in Birmingham; the Mayor presided. A letter was read from Hon. John Bright, regretting his inability to be present, but expressing confidence that so distinguished a visitor would receive such a reception as would show him how much Birmingham was in sympathy with him and his country.

According to ancient custom and the established usage, the health of the Queen was proposed and drunk; after which the Mayor proposed that of the President of the United States as a potentate whom all should honor. After this had been duly acknowledged by the company, Mr. Chamberlain, M. P. for Birmingham, proposed the health of General Grant in a happy speech, complimentary to the honored guest and his countrymen.

General Grant, in response, referring to the last speaker's allusion to the prompt disbandment of the army after the civil war, said:—"We Americans claim so much personal independence and general intelligence, that I do not believe it possible for one man to assume any more authority than the constitution and laws give him." As to the remarks that had been made as to the benefits which would accrue to America by the establishment of free trade, the General said he had a kind of recollection that England herself had a protective tariff until her manufactures were established. American manufactures were rapidly progressing, and America was thus becoming a great free trade nation.

When the laughter which these words provoked had subsided, the General warmly thanked the company for the reception they had given him.

A few days later General Grant paid a visit to Brighton, and was the guest of Commodore Ashbury, the well-known yachtman. After an interesting visit, he returned to London, and began preparation for his departure for the French capital.

On the 24th of October, accompanied by his wife and son, General Grant left London for Paris. On the arrival of the General and party at the railway station in Charing Cross, to take the train for Folkestone, he was greeted by a large crowd of Americans and Englishmen, who gave

him a hearty cheer as he stepped out of his carriage. Sir Edward Watkin, the Chairman of the Southeastern Railway Company, was in attendance, and a special train was in waiting to convey the distinguished party.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The large space in front of the hotel and station extending through the gates in the direction of Trafalgar square was filled with vehicles and pedestrians. After considerable hand shaking in the waiting room and lively greetings on the platform Sir Edward Watkin and his guests boarded the train, which moved off precisely at ten o'clock.

After a pleasant run of one hour and forty-five minutes the train arrived at Folkstone. General Grant was met by the Mayor of the town, accompanied by members of the Common Council. About two thousand of the in-

habitants of the old Kentish town welcomed the ex-President with loud cheers. This crowd lined the wharves and raised cheer after cheer as he descended from the train.

The General at once went on board the special yacht *Victoria*, accompanied by the *New York Herald* correspondent, Sergeant Gazelee and one or two other officials, these being the only guests. As the trim looking yacht with the American flag flying at the fore, left the chalk cliffs of Old England, the General stood upon the bridge and waved his hat responsive to the cheers and adieux from the shore.

The sea was calm, with only a gentle swell, and a fine summer yachting breeze prevailed. The General paced the deck, enjoying his cigar and studying the interesting points and scenery along the majestic cliffs on the south-eastern coast, where William the Conqueror landed and fought the battle of Hastings. On nearing the French coast he beheld the sunny hills and shores of the memorable site of Napoleon's Boulogne camp, where the Austerlitz army so long prepared for the invasion of England.

The *Victoria* arrived at the Boulogne wharf at about two o'clock. A large crowd of Frenchmen, who had been advised of the arrival of the *grand guerrier Américain*, was in attendance and received the guests with a hearty greeting. On entering the special train the sub-Prefect of the Department met and was introduced to the General. In the name of the Marshal-President and of the French people, he welcomed him to the shores of France.

The General expressed his warm acknowledgments, saying he had long cherished the wish to visit France, and he was delighted with the present opportunity. M. Hogueet-Grandsire, the Senator representing the Department of the Pas de Calais, also bade him welcome in a brief address, full of sympathy and kindly feeling.

A long conversation now ensued between General Grant and the Senator, the latter speaking at considerable length on the curious and interesting phases of French politics. General Grant listened attentively, but making no response beyond asking how the department had voted in the late elections.

After a long delay, somewhat in contrast to the promptness of the English railroads, the trains started for Paris. On the way the General studied closely the scenery of the lovely country along the route, noted the principal industrial sections and especially observed the wonderful agricultural resources of the country.

General Grant spoke a great deal about the financial policy at home, declaring emphatically on the silver question, saying he was bitterly opposed to the demonetization scheme, which was only another phase of repudiation. He next talked about the war, the relations of the United States with Mexico, and St. Domingo.

He said his reception in England had been unvarying in warmth, and as to the hospitality of the people there, nothing could be more kind, considerate and gracious. Everywhere he had experienced, both in official and private circles, courtesy and respect.

At Amiens General Grant quietly partook of a dish of *consommé*. As the train neared Paris, the moon rose, and the General curiously studied the prominent features of the great French capital. They reached the station at a quarter to eight o'clock. Generals Noyes and Torbert entered the car, accompanied by the Marquis d'Abzac, first aide-de-camp of the Marshal-President, the official whose duty it was to introduce ambassadors.

In the name of the President of the French Republic the aide-de-camp tendered General Grant a cordial welcome. In reply the General thanked the Marshal, saying

he anticipated great pleasure and interest from his visit to France. Generals Noyes and Torbert greeted him warmly. The party had borne the journey splendidly, none of them showing the least fatigue.

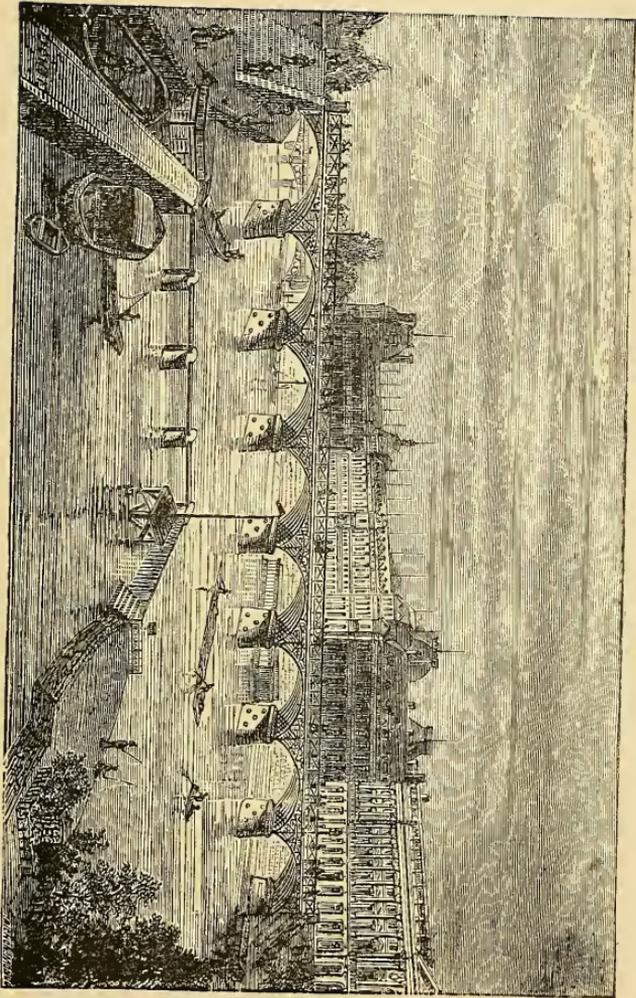
Among the Americans awaiting the arrival of General Grant at the station in the company of the Minister were General Meredith Read, from Greece; ex-Minister Partidge, Admiral Worden, the bankers Seligman, Winthrop and Dr. Johnson, Dr. Warren and the representatives of the leading New York journals.

A richly carpeted *salon* was prepared at the station for the reception of the distinguished party. The ladies of the party, conducted by General Torbert, passed through this *salon* on their way to the carriages. A splendid bouquet was presented to Mrs. Grant by a French journalist on the way. General Grant followed, leaning on the arm of Minister Noyes. As soon as he appeared in the crowded *salon* several rounds of hearty cheers were given and a number of people were presented to him.

The party then entered carriages, in company with General Noyes and the Marshal's aid-de-camp and introducer of ambassadors. They drove to the Hotel Bristol, where a handsome suite of rooms had been engaged for them. After a quiet dinner General Grant smoked a cigar and retired early.

In anticipation of this visit, Marshal McMahon had delayed appointing the time for a grand dinner at the Elysée.

The morning of the 25th opened dismally. Rain fell in torrents, and there seemed no prospect of cessation. During the morning General Grant called upon his bankers, Messrs. Drexel, Harjes & Co., 31 Boulevard Haussmann. Upon his return a multitude of visitors, including diplomatists, ambassadors and Americans, began to arrive



PALACE OF THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE, PARIS.



and continued to come until noon. The most eminent men of France were among the callers. At two o'clock General Grant, Mrs. Grant and Jesse Grant, with Minister Noyes and the Secretary of Legation, drove to the Elysée through a pouring rain. President McMahon, the Duchess of Magenta and the Duke Decazes received the General most cordially. The Duchess did everything in her power to render the occasion agreeable. General Grant wore plain evening dress, calling upon the official head of the people simply as any American citizen, properly introduced, might. President McMahon said that he was truly glad to welcome so eminent a soldier and citizen to France. In brief, the ex-President of the United States replied that the opportunity of expressing to the Chief Magistrate of France, the friendly sentiments entertained throughout the length and breadth of America toward the French people was equally pleasing to him. The interview was entirely informal and exceedingly cordial. President McMahon extended and General Grant accepted an invitation to dine at the Elysée, on Thursday, when the party re-entered their carriage and reached the Hotel Bristol about three.

At four o'clock the committee of resident Americans, composed of Consul General Torbet, Dr. T. W. Evans, bankers Seligman, Munroe and Winthroy, Dr. Johnson, Mr. John J. Ryan and the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock called to invite General Grant and family to a grand banquet in his honor by the American residents of Paris, upon any date that the General might see fit to appoint. General Grant named Thursday, November 6, thanking the committee for the honor conferred upon him by his own countrymen in a foreign land. Much agreeable conversation followed. In the evening General Grant accompanied by a personal friend took a long walk around the Tuileries, Palais Royal, Place de la Concord, and the boulevards for two hours.

On the next day he visited the studio of Mr. Healy, the American artist, and gave a setting for a portrait. He afterwards strolled about Montmartre and climbed the hill, which affords a fine view of Paris, and the General expressed his admiration of the magnificent scene. After enjoying himself for some hours, he returned to his hotel, and in the evening was honored by visits from several distinguished persons. Among the visitors were the Comte de Paris, head of the Orleans family, and the Duchess of Magenta, wife of the Marshal-President of the Republic.

Several representatives of the French press called upon him, but found him very reticent. He declined to express an opinion concerning the political situation in America, but stated that his first impression of France was, that it wore a prosperous, well-ordered and happy aspect. The *Figaro* gives the following report of the interview. Although somewhat lengthy, it is too good to be lost; we, therefore, give it entire:—

“ The American general who had been the guest of Paris for the past two days, is generally considered the most taciturn man in the world. To him Count Von Moltke, whom the Germans call the Great Silent, is quite a talker, since they often get him into speeches of fifty or sixty lines, while the longest speech which Grant is ever remembered to have made was that pronounced the day after he was first nominated President of the United States. Here it is in all its simplicity. The General appeared upon the balcony of the hotel where he was staying. Below, in the street, more than ten thousand persons were awaiting a speech. Reluctantly removing the cigar he was smoking, and raising it slightly between the first and second fingers of his right hand, he said: ‘Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you.’ Then he made a bow, as much as to say, I hope you will not expect anything more from me now. On another occasion he found the means of being even more concise. One of his soldier friends, who is said to be almost as reserved as himself was commissioned to present the General with an elegantly

engraved gold cup in the name of the soldiers who had served under him. The warrior was introduced into the Grant household bearing the cup in question. He quietly placed the cup upon the sideboard, remarking, 'That's the cup.' The President looked at it in a dreamy sort of a way, and after the lapse of a few seconds, replied, 'Thank you.' Then he offered his companion in arms a cigar. The two veterans sat down, and, facing each other, smoked away in silence, while the deputation of soldiers waited in vain outside for the speech which is usual on these occasions.

"I was aware that the General was of this peculiar turn, and I was not a little exercised concerning the kind of interview I was to have in response to my application of Thursday night, which he consented to with the best grace imaginable. An amiable and intelligent American, Dr. Evans, who is known to the whole of Paris, had said to me, 'You are going to see General Grant. He will certainly be glad to receive an editor of the *Figaro*, but do not expect to make him talk. Wait,' said Evans, 'I will tell you the best means of opening his mouth. Search Paris through, if necessary, for two of the very best cigars to be had; put them in your pocket, and when you find yourself in the presence of the General, and when he has shaken hands with you, according to the American custom, you will draw the cigars from your pocket, and say, 'General, I know that you are a connoisseur of cigars; permit me to offer you some of the best to be had in Paris.' The General will examine your cigars, and if he finds them of an absolutely superior quality, you will put him in a fine humor, his tongue will wag as if by enchantment upon everything, politics only excepted.' Unfortunately, I had not the time to carry out the very original plan which the imagination of Dr. Evans suggested, for I was informed that the General was ready to receive me immediately. I repaired at once to the Hotel Bristol, where the General occupied a magnificent suite of rooms on the first floor. The salon in which he received me is named after the Prince of Wales, because it is generally reserved for the heir apparent of England, who adores Paris, and, is well known, makes us numerous visits. This official designation is made by an enormous tapestry

screen, on which is embroidered in large letters the modest English royal motto, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

"The General's courier, M. Jacques Hartog, a very pleasant and agreeable young man, introduced me. General Grant was sitting near the corner of the fireplace. Facing him, upon a large divan, sat Mrs. Grant and her son. The latter is a young man of twenty to twenty-five years, having almost as meditative and reflective an air as his father. He is, I am told, a great mathematician. The General arose and extended to me his hand. The physiognomy of the brave general, to whom I had the honor to be presented, was very curious to observe. I do not think, for example, that there is upon earth any being whatever who, under whatever circumstances, could flatter himself as having seen made upon this enigmatic figure, the shortest, the slightest, the most momentary impression. We Frenchmen possess, in order to characterize this kind of figure, a word which I would not use if I thought it would constitute a want of respect; this is *tete de bois*—wooden head. Ulysses Grant possesses this peculiarity in the highest degree, that which, after all, is perhaps a quality and a resource for a soldier or a statesman. I know, through a friend of the General that this phenomenal imperturbability is never relaxed, even for a second, even in circumstances the most grave and perilous. This friend has seen him under fire, mounted on his grizzly mare, as celebrated in America as the white horse of Napoleon has been in France, and there was always the same figure, impassible, indifferent. During a series of battles, which lasted for ten or twelve days, and which cost the Federals nearly sixty thousand men, Grant slept at night, after having smoked an enormous number of cigars, for eight hours at a time, as peaceably as an infant, rose in the morning and dressed, and then began to give out his orders in the same way a city merchant arranges his bills. Never have circumstances more grave, never has heavier responsibility rested upon a man than General Grant has experienced, yet a word of anxiety, trouble or discouragement was never known to escape him. They called Wellington the Iron Duke. The Americans might well have entitled Ulysses S. Grant the Steel General. As I saw him at the Hotel Bristol, and much as he must have been fatigued from his journey, General Grant had the

appearance of a man still very vigorous. His shoulders are massive and broad, and his body has a marked tendency to *embonpoint*. The General, moreover, gives a very good account of himself, for he said laughingly to a friend yesterday that he congratulated himself on not having changed for ten years:—‘Yes, and I have gained forty-five pounds in weight.’ His beard, which is closely cropped, has commenced to turn gray. His hair is perfectly black. His complexion, slightly bronzed, gives the General a Germanic aspect, although he comes of pure American stock.

“The conversation commenced in English, about Paris, which the General now visits for the first time in his life. I inquired what his first impression was. He replied to me, with good sense and precision, to the effect that he was unable to form an opinion, as he had ridden from the railroad depot (*gare*) to the hotel in a covered carriage, and was unable to see anything but the cushions in the vehicle.

“‘But, General, have you not paid a visit to Marshal McMahon? How did you find our President?’

“‘We were unable to comprehend each other.’

“‘How was that?’ I said, with astonishment.

“‘Simple enough. I didn’t understand a word of French; the the Marshal doesn’t know a word of English. He bowed to me; I bowed to him. He extended his hand to me; I extended mine to him. Then all was over.’

“‘Then the interview only lasted a minute?’

“‘No. I remained a few minutes to speak with Mme. McMahon, and I was delighted, for she speaks English admirably. I was, indeed, astonished that a French lady should speak it so beautifully. The Marshal has a fine mien, and has the air of an honest man.’

“As it seemed to me the General was in a good humor, and in a vein for talking, I risked, without great hopes of success, however, a question on politics, as follows: ‘General, as you have been, like our Marshal, President of a republic, and you have been in an analagous situation to his—that is to say, at variance with the legislative power, I am sure the public would be curious to know your opinion upon the present crisis.’

"The General, at this question, which I confess having put with temerity, had what I will call a 'time' of silence. He did not express the slightest astonishment, and, in the same tone as before, looking continually at the carpet, said: 'I am not a Frenchman, I am an American; and, as the ocean separates us, I have not studied the question in any such way that I should dare to give my opinion on it.'

"I then recalled to mind what had been told me of the manner in which Grant acted with reporters in America when he was in power. He received them whenever they wished; then, when they broached politics, he drew cigars from his pocket, offering one to his interlocutor, and then commenced to smoke in silence. To get a word out of him after this there was but one means left; speak to him about his horses. I therefore (somewhat changing the tactics of the American) quitted the domain of politics by asking the General if he proposed staying long in Paris.

"'If this horrible rain continues,' said he, 'I shall leave forthwith. If not I shall remain here during the whole of the month of November.'

"Another silence. Then he continued: 'I have always been very curious to know France, and Paris especially. The impression I had coming from Bologne was that it was a fine country, well cultivated and had a happy air.'

"Another silence.

"'The railroads of France are much better than ours. The service is made with more precaution, and the roads are well built.' Then the General recounted some details concerning his journeys in England, and upon the enthusiastic and sympathetic reception he had received. He seemed to have great pleasure in recalling these facts. I do not think it of sufficient interest to reproduce these remarks for the French public. 'After having seen Paris,' said he, 'I shall go to Spain; Italy and Egypt. where I hope to pass the greater part of the winter.'

"The conversation lasted about fifteen minutes, and comprised the pauses of this great taciturn. I thought that this was a great deal, and that already I had occasioned the General to expend a great many words, so I took my leave, thanking

him for the condescension with which he entertained me. To sum up, I carried away an impression that he had an extremely original personality, a force, concentration and reserve, and that notwithstanding the absolute lack of expansion, he is very sympathetic. He is a man whom it is necessary to see actually at work in his own way, and then he is highly interesting.

"After the foregoing remarks made about the character of General Grant, I feel that I am completely within the limits of *vraisemblance* in desiring to get up a descriptive word on him—I use the word in a French sense—*boulevardier*. I have the idea from an American worthy of belief, who has known General Grant for a long time. It was while Grant was President. A fellow forced himself into the President's presence for several months at intervals, and asked him for some kind of employment. Somewhat angered one day Grant said to him: 'Learn Spanish and come see me this day six months.' The solicitor was somewhat taken aback, but he thought that the President intended to give him a diplomatic mission in Spain. He returned in about six months, proud and beaming. 'I know Spanish,' said he to Grant. 'Ah!' replied the President, 'go and read Don Quixote in the original. It is said to be much more interesting than the translation.'

"But how to make a word to represent Grant—a word for Grant! President Lincoln often indulged in sallies of wit. It was during the war of secession. General Grant had already won several victories. His enemies sought to injure him in the estimation of Lincoln, pretending that he drank too much whisky, which, however, was not true, for he drank only as most of his companions did.

"'Can you give me the address of the grocer who furnishes it?' said Lincoln one day, disgusted with the scandal.

"'Why?' asked the other.

"'I should like to know it, in order to give it to the other generals,' replied Lincoln.

"This journey to Paris that Grant is now undertaking has been a dream long nourished by him. At the time of the war of secession, during which he had under his orders nearly 200,000 men, he loved to spend the evening in his tent, speaking of Paris

to a countryman of his who had lived among us for a long period. He would order his negro to make a large fire, take a cigar, and crossing his legs, which has become habitual, he listened attentively to the stories his friend told of Paris, her fetes, her *salons*, her balls, her women, her theatres, and all the little details of Parisian existence, as much upon the distractions of the boulevard as that which passed at the Court of Napoleon III. After long hours thus passed, the General, who, it must be understood, had not breathed a word, would say, with a sigh: 'For the present I have no money; if I ever have any I shall go to Paris.' Is it not strange that this attraction should be felt thousands of miles away by this hardy warrior, who is, moreover, one of the most anti-European men you can imagine?"



CHAPTER VIII.

GRAND BANQUET BY THE UNITED STATES MINISTER — WHO WERE THERE—THE MENU—THE RECEPTION—MCMAHON'S DINNER—THE GRAVE OF THIERS—THE BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS—A GRAND AFFAIR—THE TOASTS—BIOGRAPHY IN A NUTSHELL—THE GENERAL'S REPLY—AT THE ITALIAN OPERA—THE GAULOIS SPEAKS—A VISIT TO PRINCE ORLOFF—MRS. MAKAY'S DINNER—A VISIT TO SEVRES—AT LYONS—ON BOARD THE VANDALIA—EN ROUTE FOR NAPLES.

Among the many fêtes given in honor of General and Mrs. Grant, in Paris, the most brilliant was the official banquet and reception given them by the United States minister Noyes. The banquet was a superb effort of Parisian culinary skill, which can work such gastronomic wonders when given *carte blanche*, and when there is a cellar of Monte Christo to draw upon. It was regretted on every hand that Marshal McMahan was not present at dinner. He had been invited but declined on the ground of having recently refused to be present at several diplomatic dinners, particularly that given by the Russian Ambassador. He promised, however, to attend the reception in the evening.

Twenty-two guests were invited, so that with the host and hostess, there were twenty-four at the table. The guests were: General and Mrs. Grant; Jesse R. Grant; General Berthut, Minister of War, and wife; M. Caillaux, Minister of Finance; M. Brunet, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Voisin, Prefect of Police, and wife; Duc

Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs ; M. Paris, Minister of Public Works ; General Marquis d'Abzac, Aide-de-Camp of Marshal McMahon ; Duc de Broglie, President of the Council and Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice ; M. Ferdinand Duval, Prefect of the Seine ; M. de Fourton, Minister of the Interior ; Viscount de Meaux, Minister of Commerce ; M. Mollard, Introducer of Ambassadors ; Lieutenant de la Panouse, Staff Officer of Marshal McMahon ; M. Vignaux, Assistant Secretary of the Legation ; Miss Lincoln, Miss Stevens, and the Duchesse Decazes.

The following is the *ménu* :—

MENU.		
POTAGES.		
Tortue à l'Anglaise.		Consommé à la Sévigné.
HORS D'ŒUVRES.		
Bouchées Agnes Sorel.		
RELEVÉ.		
Turbot, sauce crème, et crevettes.		
ENTREES		
Selles de chevreuil à la St Hubert.		
	Cotelettes de volailles à la Maintenon.	
	Caisses d'ortolans à la Florentine.	
		Filets de soles à la ravigote.
PUNCH.		
Rose.		
ROTIS.		
Faisans truffés.		Calles sur croustades.
ENTREMETS.		
Pâté de foie gras de Strasbourg.	Salade parisienne.	Crêpes à la Bordelaise.
Timbales d'ananas, Pompadour.		Gateaux noisettes.
DESSERT.		
VINS.		
Vieux Madère.	Château d'Yquem, crème 1864.	Château Lafitte, 1864.
	Château Margaux, 1869.	Johannisberg, Mesternich's 1857.
Clos Vougeot, 1858.	Romance Conté, 1865.	Champagne Dry Monopole, 1870.
Amontillado.	Vieux Port, vintage 1858.	Cognac, 1844.
Kirschwasser,	Anisette.	Chartreuse. Curaçoa.

The banquet passed off without any special incident worthy of note. That charming flow of polite and witty or at least pleasantly pointed conversation which characterizes French dinners kept time to the melody of the repast itself. There was no English reserve to thaw. The

French and Americans *s'entendent* without difficulty, and hence they make the best neighbors around the snowy damask.

At about nine o'clock the general reception began. A heavy rain had been falling all the afternoon and evening, the meteoric visitation being a remnant of the storm which had been previously predicted. It of course had no deterrent effect on the invited, although it gave a dreariness to the streets without, which, out of the selfishness of human nature, imparted an additional air of warmth to the spacious and splendid apartments of General Noyes. It was not long before the *salons* were filled with guests. Out in the rain a long line of carriages extended far up the Avenue Josephine toward the Arc de Triomphe. The police arrangements were, as usual in Paris, and above all where the Prefect dines and the Marshal-President visits, perfect. The guests were received by General Grant, Mrs. Grant and their son, General and Mrs. Noyes, Consul General Torbert and Secretary Vignaux making the introductions.

Mrs. Grant was dressed in a costume of heavy white satin, Mrs. Noyes appearing in a similar dress. General Grant and Minister Noyes wore plain evening dress, General Torbert, however, appearing in the uniform of a major general. The rooms as the guests arrived became perfect gardens of lively colors. Brilliant uniforms, diplomatic orders and decorations mingling with the sheen of silks and satins made up a wonderful picture.

Marshal McMahon arrived early. He wore a plain evening dress with the ribbon of the Legion and a breast covered with orders. He seemed in excellent health and spirits, not showing the slightest trace of the long parliamentary struggle he has been engaged in.

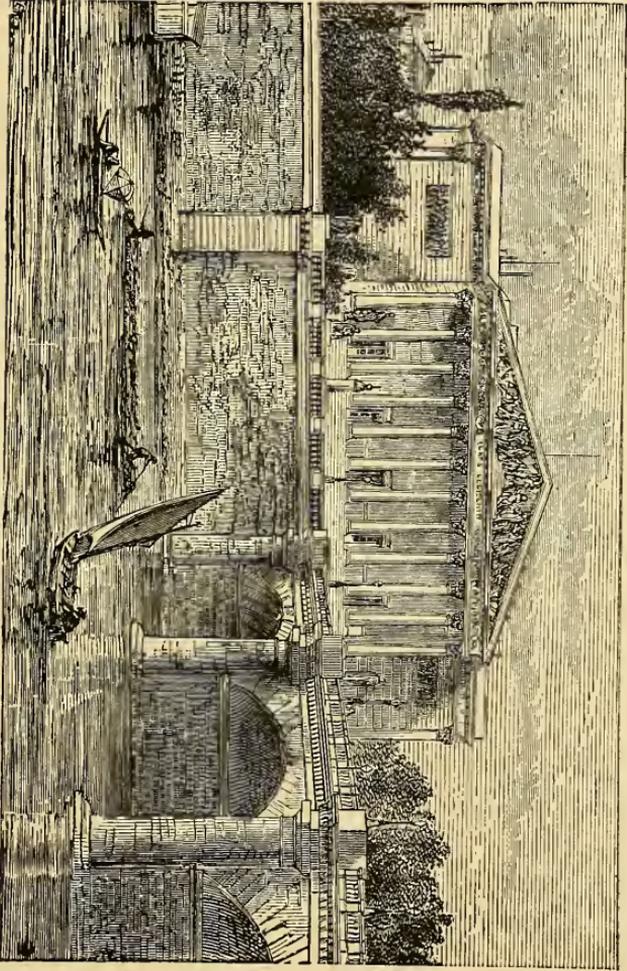
The Marshal stood for nearly an hour beside General

Grant, occasionally joining in the conversation and receiving the congratulations of the members of the diplomatic corps and the numerous brilliantly uniformed officials who thronged the apartments. As the two renowned soldiers stood side by side, one could not help contrasting them. Marshal McMahon's ruddy, honest Celtic face, white mustache and white hair recalled the poet's figure of "a rose in snow." Grant, calm, massive and reserved, wore the same imperturbable face so well-known at home. McMahon seemed all nerve and restlessness; Grant looked all patience and repose. The contrast in person was indeed remarkable, although each had come to the Presidency of a powerful republic over the same red road. The passion of arms commanding two great nations, had led each to choose its foremost soldier as Executive head. One has laid down his power at the feet of the people who conferred it. There is scarcely a doubt that the other will do the same when the appointed day arrives. Meantime two great warlike careers touched in friendship in the parlors of General Noyes.

The reception drew together the largest assembly of the American colony known in years, and they compared favorably with the many European nations represented there.

The refreshment tables were exquisitely arranged and well patronized, which is just the manner in which such a host as General Noyes would desire to have his sumptuous hospitality appreciated.

The acerbity of French politics at that time was shown by the fact that, although general invitations were given in the columns of the newspapers and no cards were issued, not one of the leading members of the republican party or press was present. This was owing to the fact of the promised presence of the Cabinet being known.



PALAIS DU CORPS LEGISLATIF, PARIS.

On the next day he visited the Palais d'Industrie and the works where the magnificent statue of "Liberty" for the New York harbor is being constructed. He was received there by the Marquis de Rochambeau, the Marquis de Lafayette, M. Laboulaye, and other friends of America. The sculptor, M. Bartholdi, presented him with a miniature model of the statue. The General several times expressed his satisfaction for the work. In the evening he attended the opera, where he was well received by the audience, and treated with great respect by the officials.

Oh Thursday, November 1st, President McMahan gave a grand dinner to General Grant at the Elysée. Among the distinguished personages present were the Dukes de Broglie and Decazes, General Berthaut, Viscount de Meaux, MM. Fourtou, Caillaux and Brunet, and Admiral Gicquel des Touches, all members of the Cabinet, some of them with their ladies; the Marquis d'Alzac, M. Mollard, and members of the Marshal's military household; Mrs. Grant, Mr. Noyes, the American Minister, and lady; Consul-General Torbert and lady, and Mrs. Sickles. General Grant sat on the right of Mme. McMahan, and the Duke de Broglie on her left. Mrs. Grant sat on the right of President McMahan, and Mr. Noyes was seated between Mrs. Sickles and Mrs. Torbert. The banquet was a very brilliant and animated affair. It began at half-past seven and terminated at nine o'clock. After dinner, General Grant and President McMahan had a long conversation in the smoking-room, M. Vignaud, of the American Legation, acting as interpreter. The Marshal invited General Grant to breakfast with him as a friend, and also to witness some of the sittings of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The General accepted the invitation, and expressed himself highly pleased with the reception.

During the day, the General visited Mme. Thiers, and presented her with a crown of flowers for her husband's grave. A visit was also made to the Palais du Corps Legislatif. Two days later he visited the Parisian cemeteries and spent some time in examining them: He was greatly struck with the exquisite taste displayed in decorating the graves, and as the day was the "Jour des Mortes," he had an opportunity of seeing the Parisians in one of their best moods. On that day business and politics are forgotten, and thousands of citizens, clad in holiday attire, throng the cemeteries to strew flowers on the graves of departed relatives and friends. The heart of many a rabid foe of "clericalism," too, is softened on that day, and heartfelt prayers are offered for the souls of the "faithful" dead ones.

On the evening of November 6th, a banquet was given in honor of General Grant by the American residents of Paris. It was a splendid affair. It began at eight o'clock, and the guests, to the number of three hundred and fifty, filled seven tables.

At a semicircular table, raised above the others, were ex-President Grant, Minister Noyes, Consul-General Torbert, M. Vignaud, of the American Legation; Jesse Grant, son of the General; the Marquis de Rochambeau, M. de Lafayette, and Mesdames Grant, Naves, Stevens, Lincoln and Sickles. The other guests occupied six parallel tables, which were presided over by members of the Banquet Committee, viz.: Dr. Johnson, Mr. J. J. Ryan, Colonel Evelyn, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, Mr. Vanburghen and Mr. Woods. MM. Laboulaye and Cernuschi were among the French guests present.

The banqueting hall was splendidly decorated and illuminated. The Franco-American Union contributed a portrait of General Grant, which, adorned with flags, was

hung over the principal table. A band stationed in the gallery played at intervals, and vocal music was given by a chorus furnished by the director of the Italian Opera. General Grant, Minister Noyes and General Torbet were in full uniform.

Mr. Noyes, as chairman, proposed the following toasts:—

“The President of the United States,” which was responded to by music only.

“The President of the French Republic,” to which a similar response was made.

These were followed by the toast of the evening, “Our Guest, General Grant,” which was proposed by the Chairman in the following speech:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It has generally happened, according to the world’s history, that when a great public crisis has occurred, such as a revolution for independence or a struggle for national existence, some man has been found specially fitted for and equal to the emergency. He appears suddenly from unexpected quarters, and is not always selected from the arena of politics or from among the most prominent of his countrymen. He assumes at the proper time leadership and control, simply because he was born for it and seems to have waited for the opportunity and the necessity.

“When the war of secession was inaugurated in America, in 1861, a quiet and silent man, who had received a military education, was pursuing an avocation in civil life in a small town in Illinois. As soon as the first hostile guns opened upon Fort Sumter he offered his services to his country and was appointed colonel of a regiment of volunteers. It was then believed that the war would be of short duration and limited in extent, but the North had underrated the spirit and perhaps the courage and endurance of the rebellious section. Early reverses and doubtful contests that were either defeats or drawn battles soon made it apparent that all the energies and resources of the government would be taxed to the uttermost. The theatre of war rapidly extended until it stretched westward a thousand miles from the

sea, across great rivers and mountain ranges. Immense armies were assembled in the South, composed of brave and chivalric soldiers and commanded by able and accomplished leaders. There were serious political troubles and divided sympathies among the people of the North, but both sides nerved themselves for the bloody and terrible struggle which lasted four years and resulted in the success of the national forces.

“Meantime our Illinois colonel had risen in rank until there was no grade sufficient for his recognition and reward, and two new ones were successively created. This silent man had shaken the continent with the thunder of his artillery and the tramp of his victorious columns. At the close of the war he was General-in-Chief, commanding all the armies of the Republic, which carried upon their muster rolls 1,100,000 men. The Union was preserved and its flag everywhere respected. After the close of the war he was twice called by a grateful nation to the highest office in the gift of 45,000,000 people.

“He administered the government with moderation, generosity, wisdom and success. The civil power was confronted by many complicated and difficult questions. He solved them with rare patriotism and intelligence, and his place in history as a civil magistrate will be among the foremost. After sixteen years of such labor as few men could endure; after such success in war and peace as few men ever attain, he seeks recreation in many lands and an opportunity to compare the institutions of his own country with the civilization and forms of government of the Old World. It is our happy privilege to-night to welcome the great soldier and statesman to this, the Queen City of the world, and to wish for him and his family health and happiness. Without detaining you longer, I propose the health of the distinguished guest of the evening, General Grant, ex-President of the United States.”

The delivery of General Noyes' speech was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause.

General Grant, on rising to reply, was received with prolonged cheering. He said:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—After your flattering reception and the compliments of Governor Noyes, I am embarrassed to

thank you as I should wish. During the five and a half months I have been in Europe my reception has been very gratifying, not only to me, but also, above all, to my country and countrymen, who were honored by it. I thank the American colony of Paris. I hope its members will enjoy their visit here as I am doing and hope to do for some weeks yet. I hope when you return home you will find you realized the benefits predicted by our Minister."

Loud and enthusiastic applause followed the General's speech.

The toast, "Our Country," succeeded, and was responded to by Mr. Rantoul.

M. de Lafayette replied to the toast of "France." He said France duly appreciated the great leader and great citizen who had honored her by his visit. M. de Lafayette remarked that General Grant quitted power solely to bow before the laws of his country. He thanked him for visiting France, because he was a great example for her, and because France gained from close inspection. In conclusion, he alluded to the Revolutionary war, and expressed an ardent wish that the French and American republics should never be separated, but form an indissoluble union for the welfare, liberty and independence of peoples.

The Marquis of Rochambeau also spoke in eulogy of General Grant.

The toast, "The Army and the Navy," was responded to by the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by the Italian chorus.

Mr. Noyes finally proposed "The Ladies," and General Torbert offered "The Health of the United States Minister. Mr. Noyes replied briefly, and the company then adjourned to the drawing-room. Here a scene of marvelous beauty was opened to the eye. A splendid painting by Moran, the distinguished Philadelphia artist, repre-

renting Bartholdi's statue of Liberty, which is to be placed in New York harbor, attracted general attention, and was pronounced by all to be a really fine picture. The only other decorations being the French and American flags, this picture tended to enliven the scene. Grant wore the famous Galena swords, having the names of all his battles, from Palo Alto to Chattanooga, the hilt incrusting with diamonds.

On the evening of the 8th, a reception was given General Grant at the Italian Opera. The State box was occupied by the visitors. The façade was decorated by American escutcheons and flags, while the passage where the President enters was made beautiful by a collection of American flowers and plants.

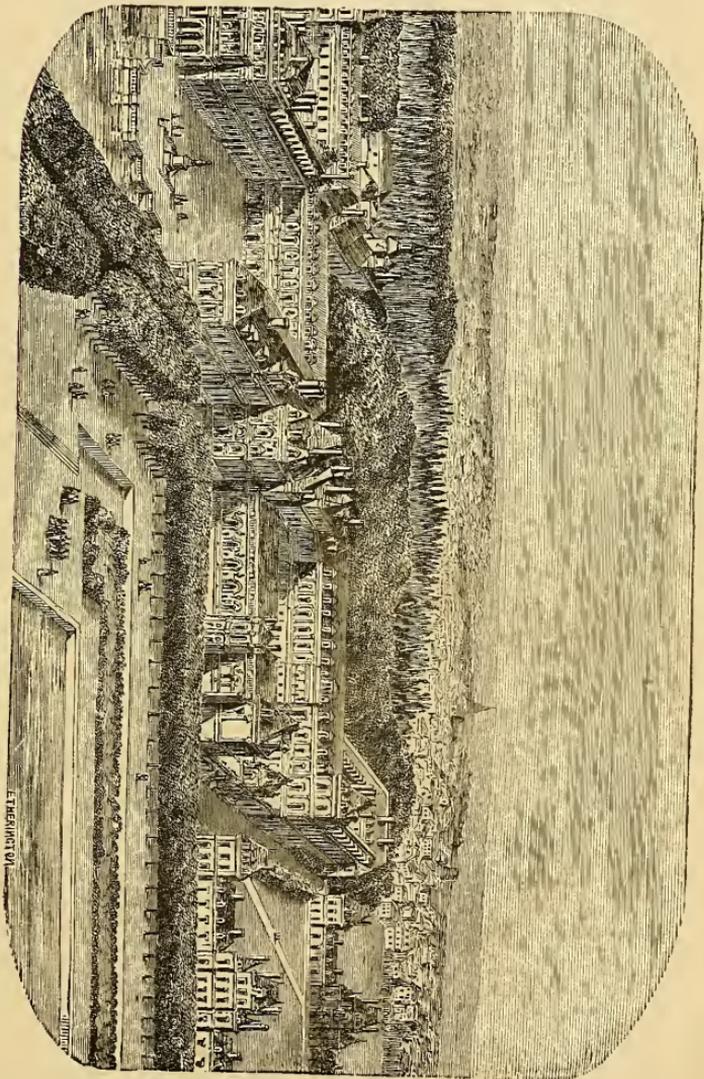
General Grant was received there by M. Escudier, the Director of the Opera, with all the honors. On the General's entrance to the box, the orchestra struck up "Hail Columbia," and the crowded and brilliant audience rose to their feet. Generals Noyes and Torbet, and their wives, occupied separate boxes.

Between the acts, General Grant smoked a cigar, and afterward promenaded in the *foyer*, accompanied by M. Escudier. The crowds regarded him with interest, but were too well-bred to follow him or impede his movements in any way. The famous Tamberlik took the part of Manrico in the opera of "Trovatore."

Between the acts of the opera various American national airs were played, which were much applauded and encored. General Grant attentively listened to the whole performance. Upon his leaving, the orchestra repeated "Hail Columbia." The crowd waited for General Grant at the door, and respectfully saluted him. The General bowed, and appeared to be pleased.

The visit to the Palace of Fontainebleau was an occasion of great interest.

PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU, PARIS.





During his stay in Paris, General Grant was often much amused at some of the queer things which he found in the newspapers. One morning he called at the office of the *New York Herald*, 61 Avenue de l'Opera, for the purpose of reading American and French papers. There he found a late issue of the *Gaulois*, which contained an article filled with personal abuse of himself, and expressed a surprise that the French people should show him so much attention. It even declared that the American women were dressed like bar-maids, and the men in a manner wholly unbecoming to gentlemen. General Grant laughed heartily over both the assaults upon himself and upon the character of the American people.

On the 15th, he visited the tomb of Thiers, and placed upon it a beautiful wreath of immortelles. On the 19th he visited, in company with his wife, the chocolate manufactory of M. Menier, the radical republican deputy from the arrondissement of Meaux, at Noisiel. They were entertained with a splendid lunch at the chateau. On the 21st, he called upon Prince Orloff, the Russian ambassador, and passed three-quarters of an hour in conversation with him, the Prince doing the greater part of the talking.

Later in the day he attended a fête, consisting of dinner and ball, given by Mrs. Makay, wife of Bonanza Makay, at her splendid mansion in Rue Tilsit. It was the great sensational event of the season, and for the time being overshadowed in importance, as far as the American colony and fashionable society were concerned, the existing political crisis.

The house where the affair took place cost 1,500,000 francs, and the furniture 500,000 francs. It looks out upon the Place d'Etoile, and is a splendid residence. The garden was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with

national flags, and with emblems set in thousands of gas jets. The orchestra, consisting of thirty-six musicians, was stationed on a pavilion built out from the house in front of the Rue Tilsit. A dozen footmen, in liveries of crimson and gold, lined the entrance and stairway. The carriages occupied the causeway in front. The vestibule, staircase and passageways were profusely decorated with flags and beautiful flowers. The rooms were magnificent. Everything that money could supply and elegant taste select was there to add to the beauty and impressiveness of the scene.

There were covers for twenty-four, and the guests were General Grant and family, and the members of the American Legation and Consulate and their families. There were no unofficial Americans present at the dinner. The *ménu* was inscribed on small silver *tablettes*, as in the case of the famous dinner to Senator Sharon at San Francisco.

After the dinner a grand reception and ball took place, at which three hundred guests were present. Among the guests were the Marquis de Lafayette, MM. de Rochambeau and de Bois-Thierry, the Duc de Rivoli, the Duc and Duchesse de Bojano, the Duc and Mlle. Ribon de Trohen, Comtes de Beon, Serurier, de Montferraut, de Divonns and Excelmans, the Baronné Delort de Gleon, Barons Houbeyran and de Reinach, and Vicomtes de Villestrux and Marchand, the Duc Decazes, Senator Laboulaye, MM. Henri Martin and Leon Say, Mme. Guizot, Mr. and Mrs. Seligman, and M. Cernuschi.

The American colony was largely represented, and the number of beautiful women was very remarkable. The ladies' costumes displayed extraordinary taste, elegance and richness. The dancing commenced early and continued till four o'clock in the morning.

On the following day he lunched with Mr. Seligman and met several of the leading Parisian bankers. On the 23d he visited the famous Sévres manufactory in company with Minister Noyes and General Torbert. In the evening he dined with M. Langel, where he met the Count de Paris and the Duke d'Aumale, M. Langel being a prominent Orleanist, several of the leaders of that party were present. The dinner was an elegant affair.

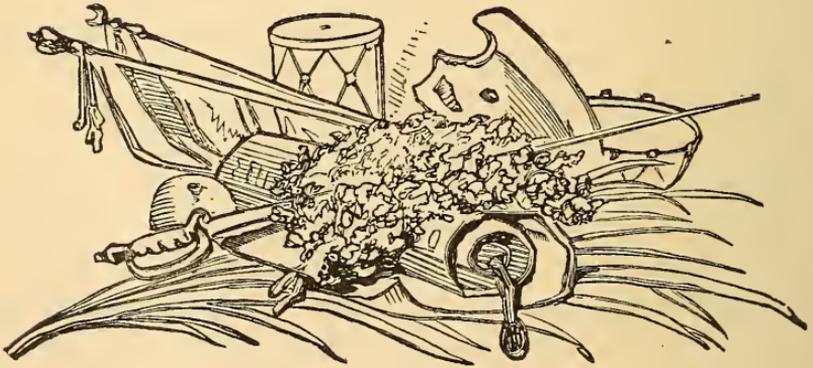
On the evening of the 24th, General Grant was honored by a dinner given by Mrs. Sickles at her residence in the Rue Presbourg. Among the distinguished guests present were General Grant and family; Prince Hohenlohe, the German ambassador; Minister Noyes and wife, the Marquis and Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, the Comtesse de Hanrel, Vicomte de Grante, Miss Lincoln and others. At the reception subsequently held, Prince Orloff and Prince Galitzin, of the Russian Legation; Count d'Arce, of the German Legation, and M. Korn, the Swiss Minister, were present.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and everyone seemed to be pleased with everybody else and everything.

A farewell dinner was given General Grant by M. Harjes, the eminent banker, at his residence on the evening of November 30th. The gentlemen of the party were all Americans, and the affair was pronounced the most elegant which had occurred in Paris during the season. General Grant and his party were accompanied by General Torbert.

Having bid farewell to his Parisian friends, General Grant and his party left Paris for Lyons on the first of December. The General had greatly enjoyed his visit, notwithstanding the vulgar and uncalled for attacks of the Bonapartist press, and left the city with an excellent impression of Paris.

At Lyons he was called upon by the Prefect, the President of the Municipal Council, and the American residents and several silk merchants, who accompanied him on a tour of inspection of the quays. The next day the party embarked for Marseilles. Here they remained until the 5th, when they departed for Nice, where, on the 10th, they took passage on the *Vandalia* for Naples, where they arrived on the 17th.



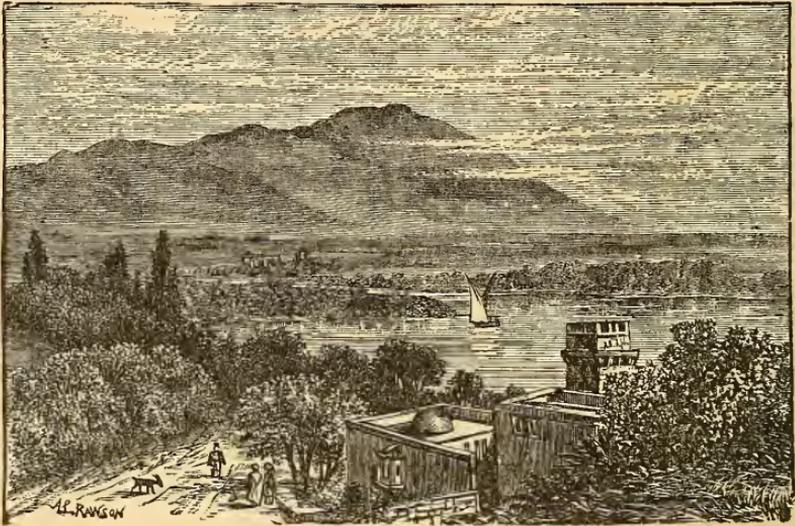
CHAPTER IX.

THE PARTY REACH NAPLES — YOUNG'S LETTER — VESUVIUS, AS SEEN FROM THE CITY — THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN — ITS ROMANCE AND HISTORY — THE ASCENT — OVERLOOKING POMPEII — A ROMANTIC PICNIC ON THE LAVA — GLIMPSES OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE IN NAPLES — AN INTERESTING JOURNEY.

General Grant and his party reached Naples on the 17th of December. Mr. Young thus describes what they saw and what they did :

We came to Naples hoping to find sunshine, but the consul tells us that there has been no such weather for many seasons. It would be even cold in our inclement New York. I rejoice in the possession of a capacious ulster, which I brought into the Mediterranean against many protests, but which has been a useful companion. Poor Naples looks especially cold. These poor souls need sunshine, and they are almost too cold to beg. So much has been written about Naples that I may be spared a catalogue of its attractions. On entering the harbor the General and wife landed, and made a tour of the city. There was the summer palace, in which royal persons live for a few weeks every year, and whose grounds are open only by permission. There is the castle of San Martin, an old monastery, now turned into a museum and a barracks. We spent a good hour in looking at its curiosities, which did not impress us either as curious or startling. "This," said the guide, "is the picture of Mr. So-and-So, who generously gave this museum to Naples." "Well," said the General, in an aside tone, "if I had a museum like this, I would give

it to Naples, or whoever would take it." There was a beautiful chapel, in which the Lord is no longer worshipped, but which was a gem of elaborate decoration. There was a burial-ground of the monks, surrounded by marble pillars, upon which skulls were engraved. In the centre was one larger skull, grinning, and over the temples a withering laurel wreath. Around this cemetery were the cloisters under whose arches our friends, the monks, used to read



A DISTANT VIEW OF VESUVIUS.

and walk and meditate, with such suggestions as the skulls would inspire. It was ghostly enough, and there was a comfort in turning from it to the balcony, a few steps off, which overlooked the brow of a hill, showing Naples beneath us and Vesuvius beyond—an overpowering picture of life and beauty and nature. We stood on the balcony and looked down from our dizzy height, and thought how much more in consonance with true religion it was to worship God as we saw Him here in His majesty and glory, and not over stones and bones, and sights of evil omens.

There, far above, was Vesuvius, and we were impa-

tient for the ascent. It was too late when we arrived, but the General, with military promptness, gave orders for the march next morning. We stood on the deck and studied the stern old mountain, and picked out the various objects with a telescope, and did an immense amount of reading on the subject. The volcano was in a lazy mood, and not alive to the honor of a visit from the ex-President of the United States, for all he deigned to give us was a lazy puff of smoke, not a spark, or a flame, or a cinder. I suppose the old monster is an aristocrat, and a conservative, and said: "What do I care for Presidents, or your new Republics? I have scattered my ashes over a Roman Republic. I have lighted Cæsar's triumphs, and thrown my clouds over Brutus fresh from Cæsar's corpse. Why should I set my forces in motion to please a party of Yankee sight-seers, even if one of them should be a famous general and ex-ruler of a Republic? I have looked upon Hannibal and Cæsar, Charlemagne and Bonaparte. I have seen the rise and fall of empires. I have admonished generations who worshipped Jupiter, as I have admonished generations who worshipped the Cross. I am the home of the gods, and if you would see my power look at my base and ask of the ashes that cumber Herculaneum and Pompeii." So the stubborn old monster never gave us a flash of welcome, only a smoky puff now and then to tell us that he was a monster all the time, if he only chose to manifest his awful will. So we stood upon the deck in speculation, and some of us hoped there would be an eruption, or something worth describing. The General was bent on climbing to the very summit, and looking into the crater, and with that purpose we started in the morning.

We should have gone earlier, but many high people in uniforms, commanding one thing or another, had to come on board and pay their respects. It was ten before

we were under way, the General and party in the advance, with our driver, whom we have called the Marquis, on the box, and Mrs. Grant's maid bringing up the rear. We drove all the way. You will understand our route when I remind you that the Bay of Naples is something like a horseshoe. On one side of the shoe is the city, on the other is Vesuvius. Therefore, to reach the mountain, we have to drive around the upper circle of the shoe. The shores of this bay are so populous that our route seemed to be one continuous town. We only knew that we were passing the city limits, when the guard stopped our carriage to ask if there was anything on which we were anxious to pay duty. As there was nothing but a very modest luncheon, we kept on, rattling through narrow, stony streets. Beggars kept us company, although from some cause or another there were not as many as we supposed. Perhaps it was the good government which we are told is dealing severely with beggars, or more likely it was the weather, which, as I remarked, is very cold and seems to have taken all ambition out of the people. Still we were not without attention in this way, and from streets and by-roads a woman or a man, or sometimes a blind man led by a boy, would start up and follow us with appeals for money. They were starving or their children were starving, and lest we might not understand their tongue, they would pat their mouths or their breasts to show how empty they were. For starving persons they showed great courage and endurance in following our carriage. The General had an assortment of coins, and, although warned in the most judicious manner against encouraging pauperism, he did encourage it, and with so much success that before he was half way up the mountain he was a pauper himself to the extent of borrowing pennies from some of his companions to keep up the demands upon his generosity.

BATTLE OF MT. VESUVIUS.





What we observed in this long ride around the horse-shoe was that Naples was a very dirty, a very happy and a very picturesque town. We learned that the supply of rags was inexhaustible. I never knew what could be done with rags until I saw these lazzaroni. They seem to have grown rags, as a sheep grows his fleece, and yet there was no misery in their faces—happy, dirty, idle, light-eyed, skipping, sunny—you looked in vain for those terrible faces of misery and woe, which one sees so often in London. I take it, therefore, that begging is an amusement, an industry, and not a necessity—that the Naples beggar goes out to his work like any other laborer. He is not driven to it by the gaunt wolves hunger and disease. One scamp, a gray-bearded scamp, too, who followed us, was a baker, who made and sold loaves. He was standing at his counter trading when our carriage hove in sight. At once he threw down his loaves and started after us in full chase, moaning and showing his tongue and beating his breast and telling us he was starving. Well, when he received his coin he went to his store, and I presume began to naggle over his bread. That coin was clear gain. He was not a beggar, but a speculator. He went into the street and made a little raise, just as brokers and merchants at home go into the "street" and try an adventure in stocks. The Neapolitan speculator was a wiser man than his New York brother. He ran no risk. Even if he did not gain his coin the run did him good, and his zeal gave him the reputation of an active business man. I learned also on this trip to repress my appetite for macaroni. We saw macaroni in all forms and under all circumstances, dangling in the wind catching the dust. Give me a dish with the most suspicious antecedents rather than this macaroni from Naples.

In the meantime our horses begin to moderate their

pace, and the streets to show an angle, and horsemen surround our carriage and tell us in a variety of tongues that they are guides, and, if we require it, will go to the summit. Women come to cabin doors and hold up bottles of white wine—the wine called *Lachrymæ Christi* by some horrible irreverence—and ask us to stop and drink. And already the houses begin to thin, and we have fields around us and glimpses of the sea; and although the lazy volcano, with its puffs of smoke, looks as far distant as when we were on the deck of the *Vandalia*, miles away, we know that the ascent has begun, and that we are really climbing the sides of Mount Vesuvius.

While we are making this slow ascent, let me recall some facts about Vesuvius which are the results of recent reading—reading made with a view to this journey. In the times of fable these lava hills were said to have been the scene of a battle between the giants and the gods, in which Hercules took part. Here was the Lake Avernus, whose exhalations were so fatal that the birds would not fly over its surface. Here, also, was the prison house of Typhon, although some critics assign him to *Ætna*. But *Ætna*, Vesuvius and Stromboli are a trinity of volcanoes, evidently outlets to the one sea of fire, and any one would do for the prison house of a god. It was here that Ulysses came, as you will find in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. Three centuries before the Christian era a great battle was fought at Vesuvius between the Romans and the Latins, the battle in which Decius lost his life. It was on Vesuvius that Spartacus encamped with his army of gladiators and bondsmen, in his magnificent but unavailing blow for freedom. Just now there are two cones or craters—one passive, one active. We read in Dion Cassius of an eruption which does not speak of the present crater. The great eruptions are placed in the years 79, 203, 472, 912, 685,

and 993. The eruption in 472 seems to have been the severest known since the shower of ashes destroyed Pompeii. In the early eruptions there was nothing but ashes and stones. The first mention of lava was in 572. Sometimes the volcano has done nothing but smoke for a century or two. About three centuries ago a new peak, about 440 feet in height, was formed in twenty-four hours, and there it is now before us, as Monte Nuovo. There was no eruption, however, and the hill is as placid as one of your orange hills in New Jersey. In the last century there was a good deal of movement, as we have from the pen of Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples, accounts of eruptions in 1776, 1777, and 1779. There are also pictures in the Museum of two eruptions in the later part of the century, which must have been terrible enough to suggest the last day, if the artist painted truly. In one of these eruptions the liquid lava, mixed with stones and scoriæ, rose 10,000 feet. At times Sir William saw a fountain of liquid transparent fire, casting so bright a light that the smallest objects could be clearly distinguished within six miles of the mountain. There was another eruption in 1793, which Dr. Clarke described—volleys of immense stones. The doctor went as near the crater as possible, and was nearly suffocated by the fumes of sulphur. The lava poured down the sides in a slow, glowing, densely flowing stream. Thousands of stones were in the air. The clouds over the crater were as white as the purest snow. In a week the lava stopped, and columns of light red flame, beautiful to view, illuminated the top. Millions of red-hot stones were thrown into the air, and after this came explosions and earthquakes, shocks louder than cannon, terrible thunder, with a "noise like the trampling of horses' feet." The next eruption was in 1822, when the crater fell, reducing the mountain's height about eight

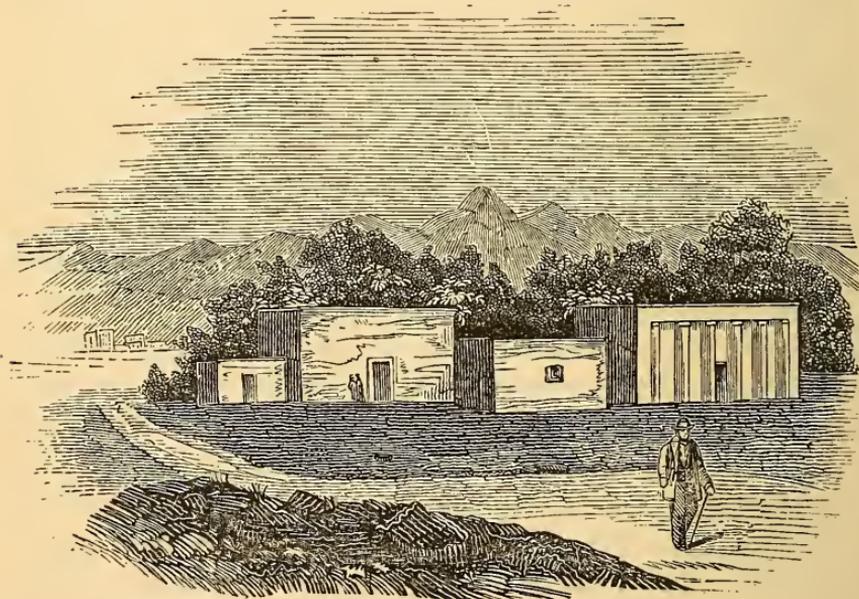
hundred feet. Since 1822 there have been several eruptions, the most important happening in 1861. Vesuvius is now a double mountain, upon an extended base, from thirty to forty miles in circumference, not more than one-third the base of Mount *Ætna*. Its height varies. In 1868 it was four thousand, two hundred and fifty-five feet, but since 1872 it has slightly diminished. Stromboli is three thousand and twenty-two feet, but although in constant motion, the stones nearly all fall back into the crater. *Ætna* is ten thousand, eight hundred and seventy feet in height, but slopes so gradually, and has so broad a base, that it looks more like a table-land than a mountain. I did not see Stromboli, for, although we sailed near it, the mist and rain hid it from view. I have seen *Ætna*, however, and think it far less imposing and picturesque than Vesuvius.

In the meantime we are going up steadily. The horses go slower and slower. Some of us get out and help them by walking part of the way and taking short cuts. The few houses that we see on the roadside have evidently been built with a view to eruptions, for the roofs are made of heavy stone and cement. General Grant notes that where the lava and stones have been allowed to rest and to mingle with the soil good crops spring up, and there we note a flourishing bit of vineyard. Soon, however, vineyards disappear, and after the vineyards the houses, except an occasional house of shelter, into which we are all invited to enter and drink of the Tears of Christ. Our convoy of horsemen, who have been following us for a mile or two, begin to drop off. The Marquis has been preaching to them from the box in various languages upon their folly in wasting time, and they heed his warning. There are no beggars. It is remarked that beggars always prefer a dead level. One bright-

eyed boy keeps at our side, a lad with about as dirty a suit of clothes and as pretty a pair of eyes as you could see even in squalid, smiling Naples. Well, there is something in the eyes, or it may be in the boyishness of their possessor, which quite wins one of the party, for when the Marquis insists that he shall join his fellow mendicants in the valley below, a gracious protection is thrown over him, and he followed us up the road. I think the patronage must have pleased him, for he gathered a handful of wild flowers and presented them, and refused a coin which was offered in return; but the refusal of this coin did not prevent the acceptance of two or three others and a good dinner included an hour or two later in the day.

Still we climb the hill, going steadily up. Those of us who thought we could make the way on foot repent, for the way is steep and the road is hard. All around us is an ocean of chaos and death. There, in all forms and shapes, lie the lava streams that did their work in other days, black and cold and forbidding. You can trace the path of each eruption as distinctly as the windings of the stream from the mountain top. We are now high up on the mountain, and beneath us is the valley and the bay of Naples, with Ischia and Capri, and on the other horizon a range of mountains tinged and tipped with snow. In one direction we see the eruption of 1872; the black lava stream bordered with green. What forms and shapes! What fantastic, horrible shapes the fire assumes in the hours of its triumph! I can well see how Martial and Virgil, and the early poets saw in these phenomena the stripes and anger of the gods. Virgil describes Enceladus trasfixed by Jove, and the mountain thrown upon him, which shakes and trembles whenever he turns his weary sides. This is the scene, the very scene of his immortal agony. There are no two forms alike; all is

black, cold and pitiless. If we could only see one living thing in this mass of destruction ; but all is death, all desolation. Here and there, where the rains have washed the clay, and the birds, perhaps, may have carried seed, the grass begins to grow ; but the whole scene is desolation. I thought of the earlier ages, when the earth was black and void, and fancied that it was just such an earth as this when Divinity looked upon it and said, "Let there be light." I thought of the end of all things, of our earth, our fair, sweet and blooming earth, again a mass of lava, rock and ashes, life all gone out of it, rolling through space.



THE HERMITAGE.

The presence of a phenomenon like this and right above us the everseething crater is in itself a solemn and beautiful sight. We all left repaid with our journey ; for by this time we had come to the journey's end, musings upon eternity and chaos did not forbid thoughts of lunch-

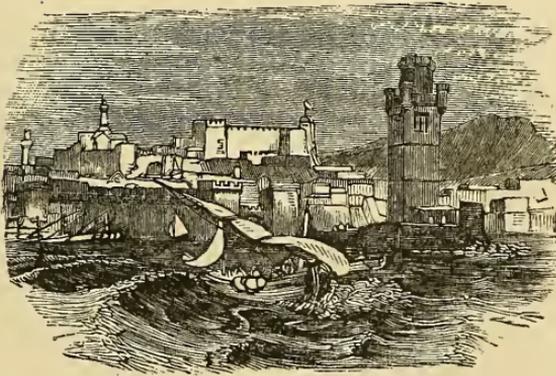
eon. For the wind was cold and we were hungry. So when our illustrious captain intimated that we might seek a place of refuge and entertainment a light gleamed in the eyes of the Marquis, and he reined us up at a hostelry called the Hermitage. This is the last resting place before we reach the ascent of the crater. Here the roads stop, and the remainder of the journey must be made on foot. Just beyond the Hermitage is a government institution known as the Observatory, a point where information for weather reports is gained. We thought when we came into these upper regions that we were in an atmosphere too pure for the beggars. We were congratulating ourselves upon this circumstance coming up the mountain side, but on descending we had a beggar or two to await us. I suppose they belong to the hostelry and were simply speculating upon us like our friend, the baker, whom we had left haggling over his loaves far down in Naples. Some of us, the General certainly, had come this distance meaning to climb the crater. But it was very cold, and we had delayed our departure from the ship, so that the day was well on. So, instead of climbing the rocks and looking into a sulphurous crater, we organized a kind of picnic in the Hermitage. The house seemed to have been an inquisition or a dungeon—the rooms were so large, the walls were so thick, there were such mysterious, narrow passages and chambers. But people who build houses under the rim of Vesuvius must build for fire and flame and showers of ashes and stones, and the Hermitage could stand a severe eruption before it became untenable. A slight crackling fire of twigs was made on the hearth and a brazier of burning coals was brought into the room. We were some time in comprehending the brazier, but when its uses became apparent it was comforting enough. There, in quite a primitive fashion, we had our luncheon, helping ourselves and each

other in good, homely American fashion, for we were as far from the amenities of civilization as though we were in Montana. Then after luncheon we walked about, looking at the crater, where fumes were quite apparent; at the world of desolation around us, some of it centuries old, but as fresh and terrible as when it burst from the world of fire beneath us. But there was still another picture—one of sublime and marvellous beauty. There beneath us, in clear, sunny air—there was Naples, queen among cities, and her villages clustering about her. Beautiful, wondrously beautiful, that panorama of hill and field and sea that rolled before us thousands of feet below! We could count twenty villages in the plain, their white roofs massed together and spangling the green plain like gems. There were Capri and Ischia—their rugged outlines softened by the purple-golden glow of the passing day—lying at the mouth of the bay as if to guard this rich valley. There was Naples, her rags and dirt quite veiled and only her beauty to be seen. There was Misenum, where Pliny watched the destruction of Pompeii. There was Nisita, where Brutus took refuge when he fled from the murder of Cæsar. There was Sorrento, where Tasso lived. Every village has its history and associations, for these plains and islands and promontories have been for ages the seats of a brilliant and glorious civilization—a civilization which even now only shows the beauty of decay. The splendor of a Roman imperial civilization has gone from Italy. Ages of darkness and superstition and despotism have rested upon her like the ashes which cover Pompeii. Let us hope that a new era is coming, which, based upon freedom and patriotism, will far excel even that of the Cæsars. These were our thoughts as we stood in the cold winds studying the magnificent scene. And thinking of the living, we thought of the dead—of the cities of the plains which perished

1,700 years ago. The romance that surrounds Naples only deepens the tragedy of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and we found our thoughts ever turning from the glory and majesty of all we saw to those buried cities of the plains. These were the burden of many words and thoughts as we were hurried home again—home to our graceful vessel whose lights awaited us in the harbor.

Pindar's description of *Ætna* applies equally well to Vesuvius.

“Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise,
Pure liquid fountains of tempestous fire,
And veil in ruddy mists the noonday skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire;
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar,
Far o'er the red'ning main huge rocky fragments pour.”



CHAPTER X.

A DAY AMONG THE RUINS OF POMPEII—THE CITY OF HANNIBAL AND CÆSAR—THE FALL OF POMPEII—FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE—CENTURIES OF PEACE—THE VISIT TO THE MUSEUM—THE VILLA OF A ROMAN PATRICIAN—REMARKABLE APARTMENTS—ART IN POMPEII—THE FORUM AND TEMPLES—THE TEMPLE OF ISIS—THE SHOWS ON STAGE AND ARENA—GLADIATORIAL DISPLAYS—POMPEII AS A HOME—A SPECIAL EXCAVATION FOR GENERAL GRANT—AN INTERESTING VISIT.

On the day following the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, General Grant and family, accompanied by Mr. B. Odell Duncan, United States Consul, Commander Robinson, of the *Vandalia*, Lieutenants Strong, Rush and Miller, and Engineer Baird, visited the ruins of Pompeii. Says Mr. Young :

We arrived at Pompeii early, considering that we had to ride fourteen or fifteen miles, but the morning was cold enough to be grateful to our Northern habits, and there was sunshine. Our coming had been expected, and we were welcomed by a handsome young guide, who talked a form of English in a rather high key, as though we were all a little hard of hearing. This guide informed us that he had waited on General Sheridan when he visited Pompeii. He was a soldier, and we learned that the guides are all soldiers, who receive duty here as a reward for meritorious service. There was some comfort in seeing Pompeii accompanied by a soldier, and a brave one. This especial guide was intelligent, bright, and well up in all concerning Pompeii. We entered the town at once through

a gate leading through an embankment. Although Pompeii, so far as excavated, is as open to the air as New York, it is surrounded by an earthen mound resembling some of our railway embankments in America. Looking at it from the outside you might imagine it an embankment, and expect to see a train of cars whirling along the surface. It is only when you pass up a stone-paved slope a few paces that the truth comes upon you, and you see that you are in the City of Death. You see before you a long, narrow street, running into other narrow streets. You see quaint, curious houses in ruins. You see fragments, statues, mounds, walls. You see curiously painted walls. You see where men and women lived, and how they lived—all silent and all dead—and there comes over you that appalling story which has fascinated so many generations of men—the story of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

You will say, "Yes, every schoolboy knows that story;" and I suppose it is known in schoolboy fashion. It will complete my chronicle of General Grant's visit if you will allow me to tell it over again. In the grand days of Rome, Pompeii was a walled city, numbering about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was built on the sea coast, and was protected from the sea by a wall. I should say in extent about as large as the lower section of New York, drawing a line across the island from river to river, through the *Herald* office. It was an irregular five-sided town, with narrow streets. Its inhabitants were, as a general thing, in good standing, because they came here to spend their summers. I suppose they had about the same standing in Roman society as the inhabitants of Newport have in American society. Pompeii was an American Newport, a city of recreation and pleasure. It is said the town was founded by Hercules, but that fact you must verify for yourself. It was the summer capital of the

luxurious Campina, and joined Hannibal in his wars against Rome. Hannibal proposed a kind of Southern Confederacy arrangement, with Capua as capital. After Hannibal had been defeated, Capua was destroyed and Pompeii spared—spared in the end for a fate more terrible. Cicero lived near Pompeii, and emperors came here for their recreation. In the year 63 the city had an omen of its fate by an earthquake, which damaged the town seriously, throwing down statues, swallowing up sheep, so appalling “that many people lost their wits.” In 64, when Nero was in Naples singing, there was another earthquake, which threw down the building in which His Majesty had been entertaining his friends. This was the second warning. The end came on the 24th of October, 79, and we know all the facts from the letters written by Pliny, the Younger, to Tacitus—letters which had a mournful interest to the writer, because they told him that Pliny, the Elder, lost his life in the general desolation. Pliny tells how he was with his uncle, who commanded the Roman fleet at Misenum. Misenum is just across the bay from Pompeii—twenty miles, perhaps, as the crow flies. On the 24th of August, Pliny, the Elder, was taking the benefit of the sun—that is to say, he had annointed his person and walked naked, as was the custom of prudent Romans. He had taken his sun bath and retired to his library, when he noticed something odd about Vesuvius. The cloud assumed the form of a gigantic pine tree and shot into the air to a prodigious height. Pliny ordered his galley to be manned, and sailed across the bay direct for Vesuvius, over the bay where you may now see fishing boats and steamers.

A letter from some friends whose villas were at the base of the mountain warned him that there was some danger brewing, and, like a Roman and a sailor, he sailed to

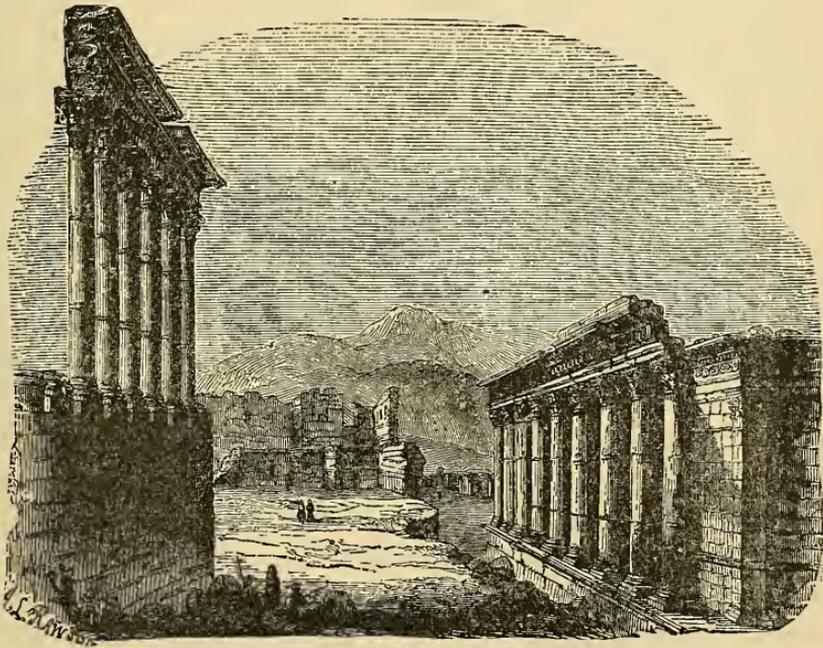
their rescue. As he drew near the mountain, the air was filled with cinders. Burning rocks and pumice stones fell upon his decks, the sea retreated from the land and rocks of great size rolled down the mountain. His pilot begged him to return to Misenum and not brave the anger of the gods. "Fortune," he said, "favors the brave—carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was what we now call Castellamare, a little port from which the fish comes. Here the eruption fell upon him. The houses shook from side to side, the day was darker than the darkest night. The people were in the fields with pillows on their heads, carrying torches. The fumes of sulphur prostrated Pliny and he fell dead. The scene of the actual destruction can be told in no better words than those of the younger Pliny, who watched the scene from Misenum. Remember it was twenty miles away, and you can fancy what it must have been in Pompeii. "I turned my head," writes Pliny, "and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out into the high road lest we should be pressed to death in the dash of the crowd that followed us. We had scarcely stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods, but the greater portion imagining that the last and eternal night had come which was to destroy the world and the gods together. Among these were some

who augmented the real terrors with imaginary ones, and made the affrighted multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared which we imagined to be rather a forerunner of an approaching burst of flame, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last this dreadful darkness dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke, the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes, which were extremely weakened, seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

This was in the latter part of October, 79, and Pompeii slept in peace. Ashes twenty feet deep covered the town, and it is believed that ten thousand persons perished. In 1748 the first excavations were made by the Bourbon Charles III. The villa of Diomedes was opened in 1771. It was in this villa that a group of eighteen skeletons were found. It was not until 1806, when the French took Naples, that the work was pursued with any intelligence. About one-third of the town has already been opened, and the excavation goes on under intelligent and judicious superintendence.

Our first visit was to the Museum, a carefully arranged museum. Here you may see windows and doors as they came from the ruins. There are also casts of eight human bodies, the faces and forms expressing the agony of the last moment. One form is that of a finely formed women, her brow resting upon her arm, lying in an easy attitude of repose. Some had their clothing, others scarcely a vestige

of clothing. Some were in attitudes of despair and combat, as though they would resist Death when he came. There were skeletons of animals and skulls. There were vases as they came from the opened chambers, rainspouts in terra cotta, helmets, bucklers and swords that belonged to the gladiators. There was bread as found in the oven, and a dish in which the meat was roasting. There was a pot in which were the remnants of a sucking pig, the skeleton of the pig clearly traceable. There were barley and olives and all kinds of food. Almonds, pears and figs,



RUINS AT POMPEII.

pouches of coin, sandals, garments, rings and trinkets, amulets that were to keep off the evil eye. All was here arranged as found in the ashes of the buried city. And all was so real—so horribly real—I cannot express the impression which came over us as we pass from the gate into the very street of the buried town—the very streets of this

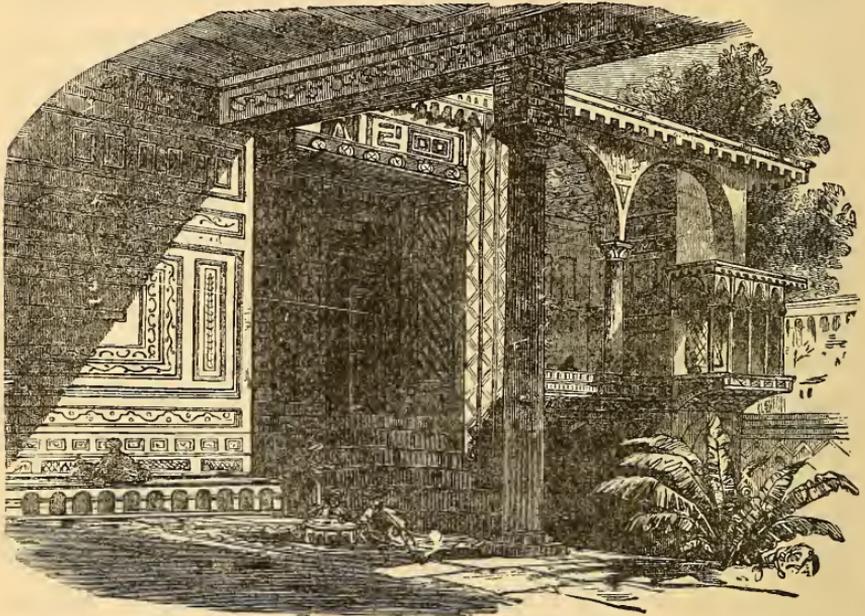
bright, gay, luxurious town. We could not realize the solemnity of Pompeii. It seemed so natural that we should come here—so natural that we should be at home, so natural that this should be a living and not a town that had been buried and risen again—that our visit seems a day's holiday in a charming country town, and not a mournful march through a town of ashes and death.

Here, for instance, is the home of our friend, M. Arrius Diomedes. Our friend is a patrician, a great man in Rome, who came to his villa by the sea for summer air and repose after the cares of the capital. I am certain that he would receive us with true Roman courtesy did he know of our arriving. But he has vanished into the night, and all we have is the gracious word "*Salve,*" in mosaic, on the door sill. Here it is in indelible mosaic, curiously worked, is it not? You push the ashes away with your foot, for somehow our patrician friend is not as well served with all of his slaves. You push the ashes aside and read the warm word of welcome, its white stones smiling as though they would anticipate the greeting of the master. So encouraged, we trace our way into this suburban villa. The street through which we have just passed is the Street of the Tombs, but let us draw no inhospitable omen from that, for our Roman friends are stoics and find no terror in death. There is much dust and ashes, and roofs that might be mended, and the villa of M. Arrius Diomedes has changed somewhat since his retreating footsteps pressed for the last time the welcoming word on his door-sill. We can examine this house at our leisure, if we are curious to see how our noble friends lived in the golden days when Cæsars reigned. You note that there is a slight ascent to the house, the doorway being as much as six or seven feet above the roadway. Well, this is as should become a patrician, and a man like Diomedes does not choose to live

under the staring gaze of gladiators and tragic poets and the riff-raff of people who flock about Pompéii. You go up the porch by an inclined plane, and pass through the peristyle into an open courtyard, where the rain was gathered. On one side the descending staircases point the way to the rooms devoted to the humbler offices of this princely house. Around us are rooms, say twenty in all, which open on the courtyard. In one corner are the rooms for bathing, for our host belongs to a race who do honor to the gods by honoring the body which the gods gave them.

Here are cooling chambers, warm chambers, an anointing room, a furnace. If you do not care to go through the process of a bath you may anoint yourself and walk in the sun. Here is a chamber fitted for the purpose—a gallery lighted by windows looking out upon the trellises, where I am sure the roses would be creeping in luxuriant bloom were our friend only here to look after his home. The roses have faded, but if you pass into a small room to the right you will see why this gallery was built. Out of that window—which, unfortunately, is wanting in glass—out of that window, through which you may gaze while your slave anoints your person and perfumes your tresses, you may see the parlors, and beyond the gardens the whole sweeping Bay of Naples as far as Sorrento. After you have enjoyed your bath, and care to discipline your body further, here is another room, into which the sun beats with unimpeded power, a room given to indoor games and amusements. Here is the eating room, commanding a view of a garden, and here is a room which was once the library—a library of papyrus volumes—where we can fancy our friend studying the sciences with Pliny, or verifying a quotation with Cicero. The papyrus rolls are not here, to be sure, although some of them are up in the Naples Museum, and since we have this modern fashion of printing

we shall not envy M. Diomedes his few cherished scrolls. And if you ask for the ladies you are pointed to the staircase leading to the gymnasium, or the door leading to the venerium, where I am afraid we should not, under ordinary circumstances, be welcome. You see our friend has exclusive notions about the ladies, and prefers to dispense his



A HOME IN ANCIENT POMPEII.

own hospitalities. Beyond these rooms is a garden, a garden enclosed by walls, and over the walls should be a trellis of flowers. Under the walls is a portico, where M. Diomedes and his friends can walk when it rains. Here should be a fountain, rather here is the fountain, but the waters somehow have ceased to flow. But you may put your fingers into the very spout and admire the grain of the marble, for the work came from the hands of cunning workmen. If you open this door—alas! I am afraid it is open, with no prospect of its being closed—if you open this gate you will find that it is the rear of the villa, and

looks out upon the vineyards, the gardens and the sea. This garden should be full of mulberries and figs, and if the gardening slaves were diligent we should now be walking, not in ashes, but under a shady wall of vines, and breathing the perfume of the violet and the rose.

You will observe, if time is not pressing, that our friend was fond of the arts, and that the walls of these rooms are decorated with care. This is none of your whitewashing—none of your French paper and modern English decorations, all running to pale green and gray. Our noble host lived in the land of sunshine, and drew his colors from the rainbow. To be sure, the colors do look fresh—so fresh as to make you wonder if they are already dry. But time will give them the Titian and Rembrandt tint; time will mellow them if we only wait long enough. When a Roman nobleman builds a house like this, a home possessing all that taste and luxury and wealth can wish—if I say a Roman patrician like Marcus Arrius Diomedes plants all these gardens, and constructs so luxurious a home, you must not be impatient at the glaring colors. Perhaps if you are an artist, you will note the poverty of his invention in the matter of colors—red, blue, green, yellow and black. These are all that seem to have occurred to his artists. And you will object to many of his pagan themes. But do not forget, I pray you, that our friend is a pagan, and you will find in this home and the homes of his neighbors and kinsmen many things to offend a taste educated up to the moral standard of Boston and New York. But happily we are neither missionaries nor critics, but friends from far America—who have heard much of Pompeii, and have come to call upon this opulent citizen. See with what minute care this house is decorated. The floors are of mosaic—white stones on black ground, or black stones on white ground, describing plain geometrical lines and

curves. If you study closely this mosaic work, you will find it of marble (black and white) and red tiles, buried in mortar. We are now looking at the ordinary mosaic work, the courtyards and doorways. Here is the finer work.

There, for instance, is a group of dancers and musicians, masked figures, playing upon the tambourine, the cymbals and the pipe. What skill, what patience in the fashioning, in the folding drapery, movement of the limbs, harmony of motion! You note that the walls are all painted, and if you do not like the glaring colors in some rooms, pause for a moment before this figure, a female form floating in space. The lips are open in the ecstasy of motion, the limbs are poised in the air, and the light drapery, through which the sun shines, seems to toy with the breeze; the bosom almost heaves with life and youth. It means nothing, you say. You miss the sweetness of the later schools; you see nothing of the divine, seraphic beauty which lives in the Madonnas of Raphael; you miss the high teachings of our modern art—the mother's love in the virgin's face, the love that embraceth all things in the face of the suffering Redeemer. You miss all this, and long for that magic pencil which told, as in a poem or an opera, of the splendor of ancient or modern Rome. You say that our friend knew only of fauns and satyrs, and beastly representations of lecherous old Silenus, and that drunken brute Bacchus; that even his Venus was a degradation rather than an idealization of woman; that his art was physical, and became an apotheosis of strength and vice and passion. You ask what possible use, either as entertainment or study, can there be in a bearded Bacchus, or in any other things that I am not permitted to describe? This art is not our art, and as we study it and admire much of its taste and skill and truth to nature, we cannot

but feel, with grateful hearts, that the Pompeiian age is dead, and that we come in a new age; that the gods whom our friend worshipped have faded into night, and that a nobler, higher faith has taken their place, giving purity to our art. This we owe to the work done by Jesus Christ. And if you marvel that our friend Marcus Arrius Diomedes did not feel these same influences, remember that our friend is a Roman, a patrician, and a man of great wealth and station, and not a man to shape his taste after the canons of a Jewish carpenter, crucified just seventy-nine years ago, and of Jewish fishermen who followed him, and have been meetly punished for their follies and crimes.

But our friend Diomedes does not come, and I am afraid there is no use in waiting. . Pompeii is a most interesting town, and there are a thousand other things to be seen—the Forum, for instance; the amphitheatre, the temples of Jupiter and Venus, the Exchange, the tombs. How real it all seems! Here are the narrow streets, with stepping stones to keep us out of the running water as we cross. Here is the wide street, the Broadway of the town, and you can see the chariot ruts worn deep into the stone. The General notes that some of the streets are out of repair, and it is suggested that Tweed was not the first magistrate who failed to pave the roads. Here are the shops on the highway, shops in which you can buy and sell to your heart's content if we can only believe the signs on the walls. One irritable merchant (I suppose he has amassed a large fortune and retired from business) informs the public that there must be no lounging about his shop and that if people do not mean business they had better go elsewhere. If you think my translation is a free one, I will give you the exact inscription:—“*Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator,*”—“Loiterer, pass on; this is no place for idlers.” Passers-by are warned against committing trespass by two

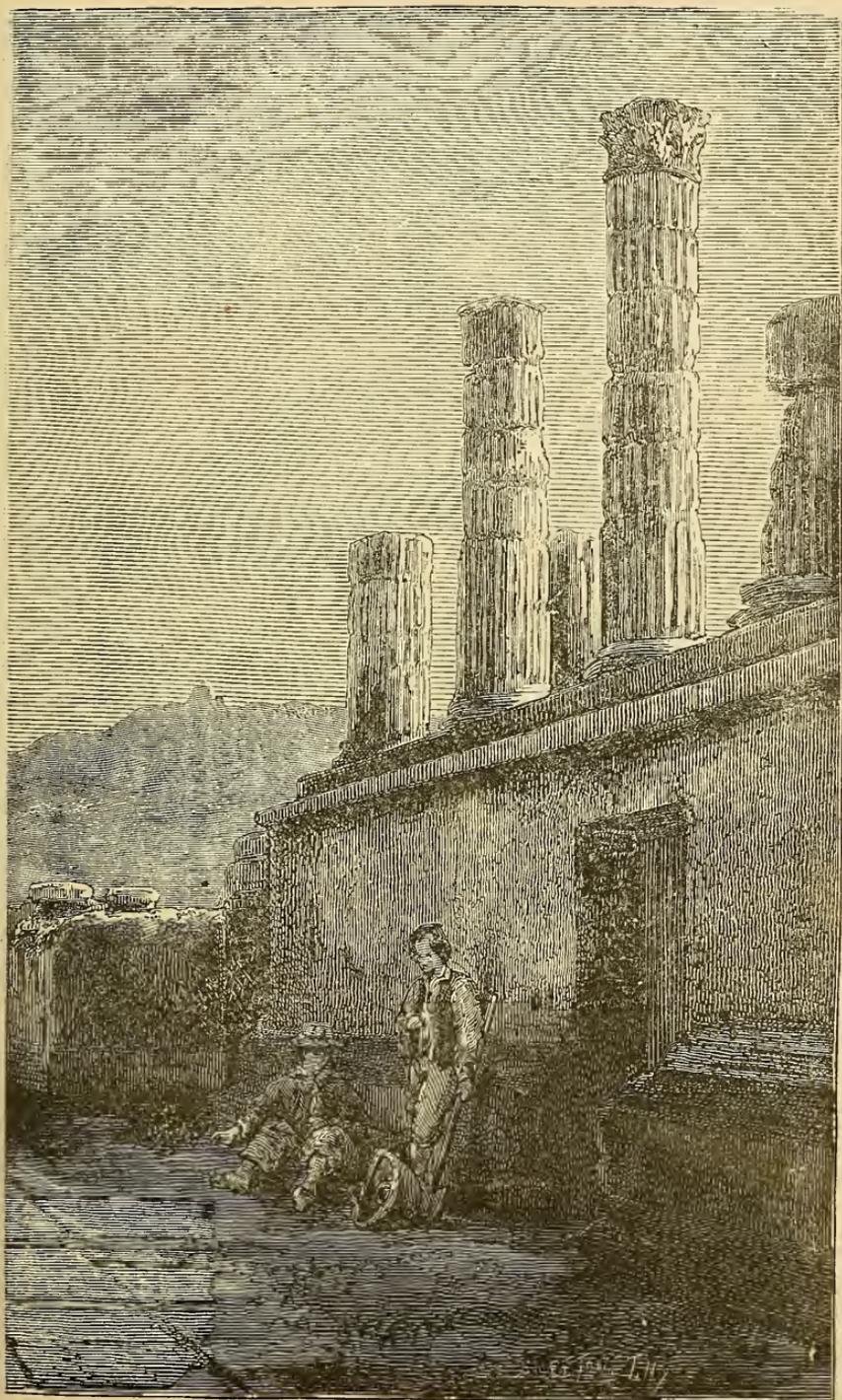
large serpents, painted on the walls, and if we are disposed to seek their entertainment in Pompeii, not having found M. Diomedes at home, here is a tavern, the Elephant Snake Inn I suppose it should be called, having as its sign an elephant in the folds of a serpent. The sign also informs us that within may be found triclinium, or dining room, "with three beds and other conveniences." Politics seem to be running high in this luxurious town. Here is an advertisement in which Philippus beseeches favor and patronage that he may be made a duumvir of justice. Let us hope that earnest Philippus received his office and remained true to his party and kept away from the reformers. Sometimes these inscriptions take the form of compliment and adulation. The candidates, instead of beseeching suffrage of the unterrified, the high-minded people, seek the aid of some high placed citizen, just as, a century or two ago, our tragic poets and comedians used to address their wishes to some mighty duke or more ducal lord and king. You note that in spite of paganism and other things in which we have improved, there was a great deal of human nature—of Massachusetts and Brooklyn human nature—in these Pompeiians. In those days people wrote on the walls, as at home idiots do now, their names and inscriptions, verses from a poem, jibes from a comedy. Here is an advertisement setting forth that Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, has to let a bath, a venereum, 900 shops with booths and garrets, for a term of five years from the 6th of August. Mme. Julia wishes likewise tenants with references, as she has no desire to deal with immoral persons. Another scribe named Issus seeks the patronage of the *Ædile* as one "most deserving." We note as we go on that this was a city of many fountains, and that superstition was rife, there being on every house some engraved charm to protect the inhabitants from the evil eye.

I wish these charms were all as innocent and proper in their character as our dear old homely horseshoe, which has protected so many generations from the perils of witchcraft.

The sun is shining as we pass from the narrow streets and come upon the Forum. The heart leaps as we look upon this scene of the elegance and the strife and the patriotism of twenty centuries ago. The sun shines upon many a broken column, upon entablatures falling into decay, upon plinths and moulds that retain only a faint semblance of their former beauty. I have seen a picture called "Pompeii Restored," with special reference to the Forum. I see an oblong space like that in the courtyard of the Louvre. This space is surrounded by columns forming an arcade. On one side was the temple of Mercury, on the other the Pantheon. This space is 524 feet long and 150 feet wide. On the other side is the Temple of Jupiter and the Temple of Venus. The temple of Jupiter borders on a road spanned by triumphal arches—one to the immortal glory of Nero, that great emperor who one day rode in triumph down the very road over which we are sauntering this morning in the wake of a nimble and loud-talking guide. This temple of Jupiter is the home of the presiding deities of Pompeii, if any of us chose to go in and worship. But I am afraid we are more interested in the prison where the skeletons of the prisoners were found, the shackles still confining them. Here is the Pantheon, or what we are at liberty to call a Pantheon until the men of science really determine whether it is so or not, or, as is supposed, a temple of Vesta. I am afraid it makes very little difference now what it is, as it is incontinently a ruin. Another building about which there is doubt is called the Senaculum, where the Senators met. These various temples were decorated with a profusion which I have not

space to catalogue. Statues, endless statues, busts, paintings, sacred utensils, altars and columns—what a world of wealth and labor was expended upon the worship of these pagan gods! What a strange religion it must have been! Here are dancing figures, battles with crocodiles, devotees performing sacrifice to Priapus. Here, more apt than the others, to-day, at least, is Penelope discovering Ulysses. In the rooms of one of the priests of the Temple of Venus was a painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which must have inspired a frail kind of devotion. Around the Forum are pedestals on which were exalted in their day the statues of the men and the gods Pompeii delighted to honor. If we marvel at the extreme expense lavished on the Forum, especially as compared with the other parts of the town, we must remember that in those ancient days the Forum was where the Roman citizen passed most of his time. He spent his days at the baths, the theatre and the Forum, and, as a consequence, whenever you find any remains of the old Rome you find that the baths, the theatre and the Forum were the centres of display.

We might spend more time with the temples, but I am afraid the religion of Pompeii is not severe enough to inspire our awe. There is a temple to Fortune, built by one Marcus Tullius, supposed descendant of Cicero. There are temples to Isis and Esculapius—that of Isis being in excellent preservation. These priests were severer in their devotions than our friends who held out at the other establishments. They were celibates, who lived mainly on fish, never eating onions or the flesh of the sheep or hog. I suppose they were faithful in some respects, for the skeletons of two were found in this very temple, one attempting to break a door with an axe and another at dinner. As one of the rules of this Order was perpetual devotion before the statue of the Deity, it is supposed they were at

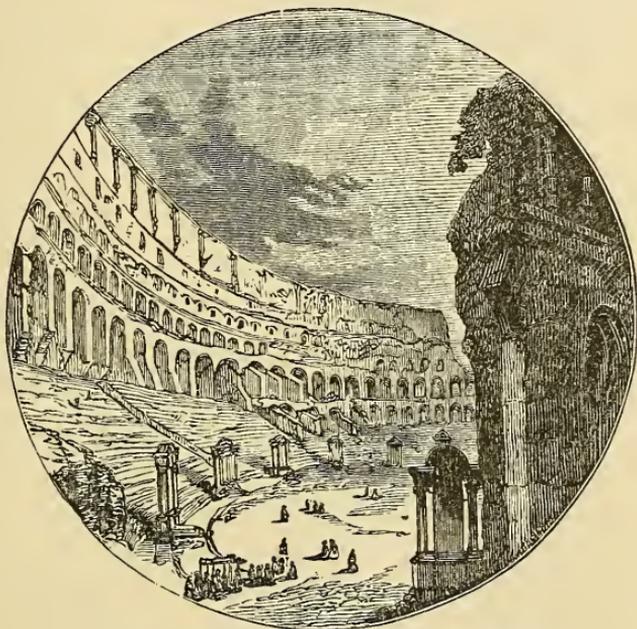


A TEMPLE IN POMPEI.



their prayers when the hour came. Let us honor them for that, and trust that even fidelity to poor, foolish Isis will not be forgotten in the day when all remembered deeds are to have their last account.

But almost as dear to Pompeii as her baths and forum were the theatres. Here is a building which is known as the school of the gladiators. All the evidences show that Pompeii excelled in gladiatorial displays. Why not? Her



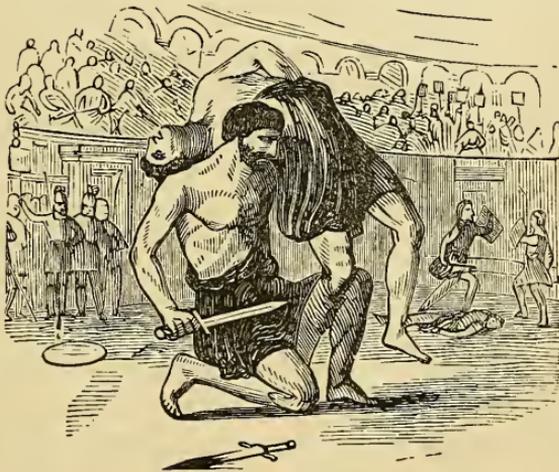
RUINS OF THE THEATRE AT POMPEII.

people were rich and refined, and in no way could a community show its wealth so much as by patronizing the gladiators. The school shows that there were accommodations for as many as 132 in that building alone. Inscriptions show that in some of the public displays as many as thirty or thirty-five pairs of gladiators exhibited at one time. We did not visit the large amphitheatre, the small theatre being sufficient for our purpose. The ancient thea-

tres were always open to the sun, this being a climate blessed with a sun. They were planned very much like our own. Where plays were performed there was a stage, an orchestra, rows of shelving seats made of cement or stone, aisles and corridors and lobbies, just as you find them in Wallack's or Drury Lane. The mask played a prominent part in these plays, no object being more common among the discoveries of Pompeii than the tragic and the comic mask. The plays were mainly from the Greek, and one can imagine and almost envy the multitudes who swarmed along these benches and witnessed the tragedies of Æschylus. There is room enough in this theatre (the one which General Grant and his party so calmly surveyed) to contain 5,000 people. Beyond this is a small theatre, which would hold 1,500 persons. The amphitheatre is at the outside of the town, and from the plans of it your correspondent studied, our party being too weary to walk the distance, it was a counterpart of the bull rings which you see in Spain at the present day. The amphitheatre was the popular place of amusement in Pompeii, as the bull ring is to-day in Madrid and Seville. It had accommodations for the whole population. In the centre was an arena, and in the centre of the arena an altar dedicated to Pluto or Diana, or some of the Jupiter species. It was here that the gladiators fought. Sometimes they fought with wild beasts which were introduced into the arena.

We have representations in the museum of combats between gladiators and the bull, the lion and the panther. In some of these pictures the man is unarmed. Others show a gladiator in the attitude of a Spanish matador in a bull ring, fighting a bear. The gladiator holds the cloak in one hand and the sword in the other, precisely as Señor Don Larzuello goes down the arena in Madrid to fight an Andalusian bull. There are frescoes showing how men

fought on horseback, the men armed with helmets, spears and over bucklers about large enough to cover the breast. The most frequent are those of gladiators on foot, wearing winged helmets, buskins of leather, on the thighs iron guards, greaves on the knees, and other parts of the body naked. You remember, no doubt, the picture of *Gérôme*, representing the arena—one gladiator prostrate, the other over him, with sword extended, awaiting the signal from the Emperor as to whether he would slay his foe. The signal was given by the spectators turning their thumbs down if they want death. It was the wounded man's privilege to ask for life, which he did by raising his finger in supplication. In most of these pictures we have the raised finger in entreaty. Some show that the prayer has been refused, and the sword of the victor is at the throat of the victim. In this amphitheatre the Christians were



GLADIATORS IN THE ARENA.

thrown to the lions, and the ashes still encumber the door through which the ghastly bodies of the slain were dragged after they had been "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

It is in these remnants of Pompeiian splendor that we see cruelty of the old Roman life. We turn from it with

a feeling of relief, as it is not pleasing to think that such things ever were possible in a world as beautiful and refined as that surrounding Pompeii. We pass to happier scenes, glimpses of real life as it was 2,000 years ago. The value of these ruins is in the truthfulness of what we see around us. We tire of temples and fauns and shows. How did these people live? We see that there was little or no poverty in Pompeii. If there was any Five Points or Seven Dials quarter, it has not been excavated. This was a happy summer town, where people came to find their pleasures. There was one house of unspeakable shame which the guide, with glistening eyes, pointed out to the General as the special object of interest to tourists. But our General had no interest in scenes of shame and vice and declined to enter the house. We sauntered about from street to street, and looked at the house called the house of the Tragic Poet. It is here that Bulwer Lytton places the home of Glaucus, in his "Last Days of Pompeii." We pass a lake house where the mills are ready to grind corn, and our guide explains how it was done in the ancient days—"Pretty much," the General remarks, "as it is done in primitive settlements now." Here is an arcade which was supposed to be a market. Here is a subterranean passage leading to a dungeon. In the roof was a hole, through which the judge announced to the prisoners their fate. We can fancy Christian myrtys clustering under these walls, and fearing not even the lions, in the blessed hope of that salvation whose gospel had only come from the shores of Galilee. We see ruined tombs and evidences of cremation, and house after house, streets and houses without end, until we become bewildered with the multitude and variety of sights. The impression made by the journey may be summed up in a remark of General Grant, that Pompeii was one of the few things which had not

disappointed his expectations; that the truth was more striking than imagination had painted, and that it was worth a journey over the sea to see and study its stately, solemn ruins.

The Italian authorities did General Grant special honor on his visit to Pompeii by directing that a house should be excavated. It is one of the special compliments paid to visitors of renown. The guide will show houses that have been excavated in the presence of Murat and his



GLADIATORS FIGHTING WITH BEASTS.

Queen, of General Championnet and Joseph II., of Admiral Farragut and General Sherman and General Sheridan. These houses are still known by the names of the illustrious persons who witnessed their exhumation, and the guide hastens to point out to you, if you are an American, where honor was paid to our countrymen. When Sherman and Sheridan were here, large crowds attended, and the occasion was made quite a picnic. But General Grant's visit was known only to a few, and so when the director

of excavations led the way to the proposed work, there were the General and his party, and a group of our gallant and courteous friends from the *Vandalia*. The quarter selected was near the Forum. Chairs were arranged for the General, Mrs. Grant, and some of us, and there quietly, in a room that had known Pompeian life seventeen centuries ago, we awaited the signal that was to dig up the ashes that had fallen from Vesuvius that terrible night in August. Our group was composed of the General, his wife and son; Mr. Duncan, the American Consul in Naples; Commander Robeson, of the *Vandalia*; Lieutenants Strong, Miller and Rush, of the same ship. We formed a group about the General while the director gave the workmen the signal. The spades dived into the ashes, while with eager eyes we looked on. What story would be revealed of that day of agony and death! Perhaps a mother, almost in the fruition of a proud mother's hopes, lying in the calm repose of centuries, like the figure we had seen only an hour ago, dug from these very ruins. Perhaps a miser hurrying with his coin only to fall in his doorway, there to rest in peace while seventeen centuries of the mighty world rolled over him, and to end at last in a museum. Perhaps a soldier fallen at his post, or a reveller stricken at the feast. All these things have been given us from Pompeii, and we stood watching the nimble spades and the tumbling ashes, watching with the greedy eyes of gamblers to see what chance would send. Nothing came of any startling import. There were two or three bronze ornaments, a loaf of bread wrapped in cloth, the grain of the bread and the fibre of the cloth as clearly marked as when this probable remnant of a humble meal was put aside by the careful housewife's hands. Beyond this, and some fragments we could not understand, this was all that came from the excavation of Pompeii. The director was evi-

dently dissatisfied. He expected a skeleton at the very least to come out of the cruel ashes and welcome our renowned guest who had come so many thousand miles to this Roman entertainment. He proposed to open another ruin, but one of the party, a very practical gentleman, remembered that it was cold and that he had been walking a good deal and was hungry, and when he proposed that, instead of excavating another ruin, we should "excavate a beefsteak" at the restaurant near the gate of the sea, there was an approval. The General, who had been leisurely smoking his cigar and studying the scene with deep interest, quietly assented, and, thanking the director for his courtesy, said he would give him no more trouble. So the laborers shouldered their shovels and marched off to their dinner, and we formed in a straggling, slow procession and marched down the street where Nero rode in triumph, and across the Forum, where Cicero may have thundered to listening thousands, and through the narrow streets, past the wine shops filled with jars which contain no wine; past the baker's whose loaves are no longer in demand—past the thrifty merchant's, with his sign warning idlers away, a warning that has been well heeded by generations of men—past the house of the Tragic Poet, whose measures no longer burden the multitudes, and down the smooth, slippery steps that once led through the gates opening to the sea—steps over which fishermen trailed their nets and soldiers marched in stern procession—into the doors of a very modern tavern. Pompeii was behind us and a smiling Italian waiter welcomed to wine and corn meat and bread, olives and oranges. Around his wholesome board we gathered and talked of the day and the many marvels we had seen.

Having received visits from the Prefect and authorities of Naples, General Grant returned their visit on Thursday

the 19th. As he left the Vandalia, the yards were manned and a salute fired, the salute being returned by the Italian admiral. General Grant then landed, and was met by the general commanding the district, who had a regiment of Bersaglieri drawn up in front of the Royal Palace and reviewed by General Grant. Accompanied by the Italian officials he then visited the naval and military schools and the palace, after which he attended a reception at the house of Consul Duncan. During these visits General Grant was accompanied by his son, Commander Robeson, Lieutenants Rush and Miller and a splendid retinue of Italian officials. The whole tone of reception accorded him was cordial and stately. The General expressed himself with the greatest admiration of the Italian troops. Two days later the entire party sailed for Palermo.



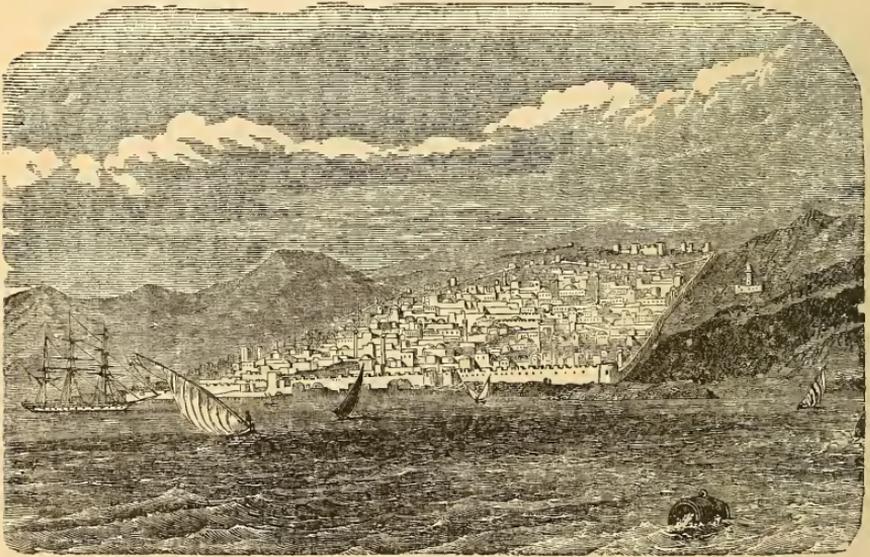
CHAPTER XI.

THE MEMORIES OF PALERMO—WHAT THE GOVERNMENT WAS DOING—HOPE FOR ITALY—AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—IMPRESSIONS OF SICILY—FROM PALERMO TO MALTA—EN VOYAGE—SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SALUTE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The *Vandalia*, bearing General Grant and his party, reached Palermo, Sunday December 23d. A correspondent describes the city as follows:—

Palermo is attractive enough, especially in its Christmas finery, but we are yearning for the South and sunshine. I told you of our Christmas dinner and of the honor which we of the wardroom, in our modest way, paid to our illustrious guests. The next morning there were calls to make—official calls on consuls and generals and prefects and great people. This is one of the duties—I was nearly writing penalties—of our trip. The incognito of General Grant is one that no one will respect. He declines all honors and attentions, so far as he can do so without rudeness, and is especially indifferent to the parade and etiquette by which his journey is surrounded. It is amusing, knowing General Grant's feelings on this subject, to read the articles in English and home papers about his craving for precedence and his fear lest he may not have the proper seat at table and the highest number of guns. General Grant has declined every attention of an official character thus far, except those whose non-acceptance would have been misconstrued. When he arrives at a port his habit is to go ashore with his wife and son, see

what is to be seen, and drift about from palace to picture gallery like any other wandering, studious American doing Europe. Sometimes the officials are too prompt for him; but generally, unless they call by appointment, they find the General absent. This matter is almost too trivial to write about; but there is no better business for a chronicler than to correct wrong impressions before creating new ones. Here, for instance, is an editorial article from an American newspaper which has drifted into our wardroom over these Mediterranean seas. The journal is a responsible newspaper, with a wide circulation. It informs us



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that General Grant travels with a princely retinue; that he is enabled to do so because the men who fattened on the corruptions of his administration gave him a share of their plunder. He went to the Hotel Bristol in Paris. He took the Prince of Wales' apartments. He never asks the cost of his rooms at hotels, but throws money about with a lavish hand. These are the statements which one reads

here in the columns of an American journal. The truth is that General Grant travels, not like a prince, but as a private citizen. He has one servant and a courier. He never was in the Prince of Wales' apartments in the Hotel Bristol in his life. His courier arranges for his hotel accommodations, as couriers usually do, and the one who does this office for the General takes pains to make as good bargains for his master as possible. So far from General Grant being a rich man, I think I am not breaking confidence when I say that the duration of his trip will depend altogether upon his income, and his income depends altogether upon the proceeds of his investment of the money presented to him at the close of the war. The Presidency yielded him nothing in the way of capital, and he has not now a dollar that came to him as an official. By this I mean that the money paid General Grant as a soldier and as a President was spent by him in supporting the dignity of his office. Everybody knows how much money was given him at the close of the war. As this was all well invested and has grown, you may estimate the fortune of the General and about how long that fortune would enable him to travel like a prince or a Tammany exile over Europe. There are many people at home who do not like General Grant, who quarrel with his politics and think his administration a calamity. That is a matter of opinion. But his fame as a soldier is dear to every patriotic American, and I am glad of the opportunity of brushing away one or two of the cobwebs of slander which I see growing over it.

But this is a digression. I was thinking of Palermo in her holiday finery ; for the Christmas bells are in the air, and, as we walk from street to street, we see the South, the Catholic South, in every group. I can well imagine how this sunny, picturesque town might grow on one after

a time. Yet, to our prim, well-ordered northern eyes it is hard to become accustomed to the dirt and squalor of the town. This Sicily is the land of many civilizations. Here the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman and the Saracen have made their mark. This is the land of the poetry of Homer, the genius of Archimedes, the philosophy and piety of Paul. These hills and bays and valleys have seen mighty armies striving for the mastery of the world. Certainly if example, or precept, or the opportunity for great deeds could ennoble a nation, Sicily should be the land of



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heroes. But its heroism has fallen into rags, and the descendants of the men who destroyed the Athenian fleet in Syracuse, and who confronted the power of Carthage at Agrigentum, now spend their time sleeping in the sun, hanging around chapel doors to beg, and hiding in the hills to waylay travelers and rob them or keep them for a ransom. Brigandage has for generations been the domi-

nant industry in the Sicilies. If I were to repeat all the stories of the banditti, I might tax your credulity. There is nothing that takes romantic dimensions so rapidly as stories of crime and adventure. But one of the gentlemen who called on General Grant yesterday is an English banker resident. A few months ago he went out of town with his brother to visit some mining property in which he was interested. When he reached the station and was quietly walking through the town, two horsemen galloped up, leading a riderless horse. They had carbines over their shoulders. They stopped the banker and bade him mount. He objected, and appealed to some fellow passengers for protection. They shrugged their shoulders and told him that God's will had to be done, and he had better mount; these armed men were Leoni, the terrible brigand, and a lieutenant, who would murder any who interfered with him. So the banker was mounted and carried into the hills. He lived in a cave and was arrayed in brigand's costume. A messenger was sent to his family saying that unless 60,000 francs were paid within a certain time, the banker would be slain. The money was paid, one-half by the government, the other by the family, and the banker came home after three weeks' life in the hills. All this happened within a few months, and the victim is as well known in Palermo as Mr. Belmont in New York. The capture was arranged on careful business principles. The bandit bribed a servant of the banker to inform him of his master's movements and took his measures accordingly.

I allude to brigandage as a dominant industry. But it is due to the Italian Government to say that the authorities have done all in their power to suppress it. This brings me to another point—the manifest and gratifying advance that has been made in Sicily since the union of the Italian nation under Victor Emmanuel. I have no

doubt that there are many things about such a reign as that of the Bourbons to be regretted, especially by a society like that of Palermo. In the Bourbon days kings came here and lived in the palaces. Now the palaces are deserted. Occasionally a prince comes and there is a ripple of life, but as a general thing Palermo is no longer a royal, courtly town. I visited one or two of the houses of the King—houses which are untenanted unless by the royal servants. There was the *château* of La Favorita, for instance. We reached it by a long drive through the environs of the city, under range of Monte Pellegrino. This range is one of the attractions of the city. It is a gray limestone of early formation, which Goethe found "indescribably beautiful." To my mind it resembles the Palisades, opposite Yonkers, although there is more beauty, more grandeur in our brown Hudson hills. It was to a cavern here that St. Rosalia retired to live out her brief and holy life, and pilgrims go to the shrine where her statue lies carved in marble and covered with bridal robes. We drive along the base of the hills through avenues of orange and olive trees until we come to the *château*. Two or three liveried servants awaited us. The gates were closed. The avenues were untidy. There was no sign of life in the house, and yet the site was one of rare natural beauty. It was the work of Ferdinand IV., a mighty sovereign, who now rests with God. Ferdinand governed for as many years as George III. He was driven out by the French and brought back by the English, and after receiving from Murat many attentions when Murat was king, afterward shot the French hero as a revolutionist. Ferdinand belonged to the driftwood period of European politics, and had an uneasy time of it until Waterloo secured the tenure of every despotism in Europe. This *château* is one of his works. It is a Chi-

nese building, with rooms in various styles of decoration—Turkish, Pompeian and Chinese. The view from the observatory, the bit of sea on the left sweeping through the hills, the majestic range of limestone in front, to the right the city, with the shipping in the harbor and the sea beyond, embowered in groves of roses, and oranges, and lemons, and olives, made the spot one of the most attractive I have ever seen. Yet it is abandoned to a few servants. No royal persons come here. The grounds are closed, except to those who can obtain permission. I noticed this spirit of exclusion in other royal habitations, and it led to the wish that some radical Parliament would throw open the royal preserves to the people, whose money made them what they are and for whose pleasure they should be preserved.

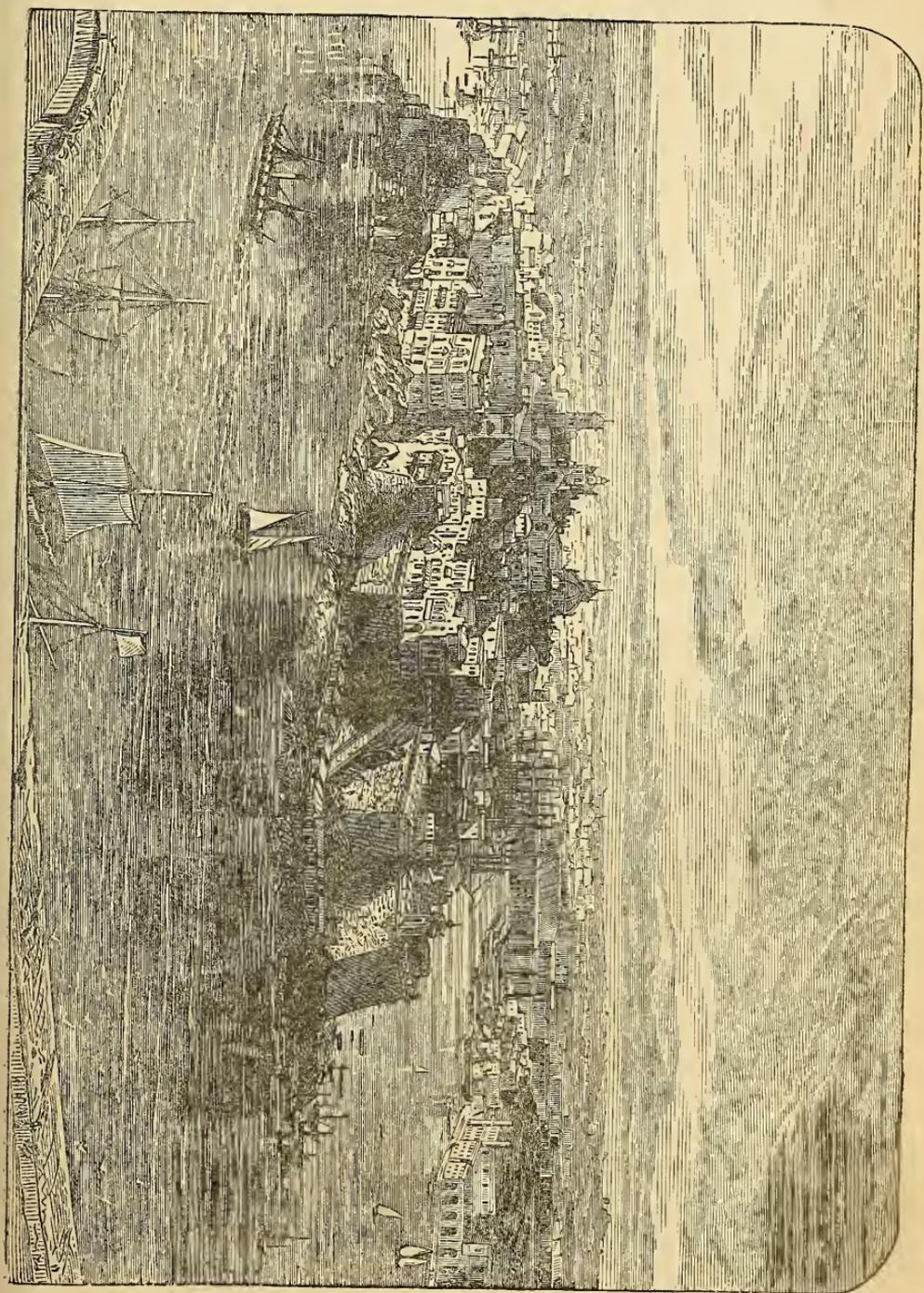
Yet the day of awakening has come even to this Bourbon nest of Sicily. It is seventeen years since Garibaldi began here the mad errand which was to go into history as one of the most glorious of heroic deeds, for it was from Palermo that he marched with a handful of soldiers and overthrew the Bourbons. Behind that handful of men was the spirit of Italian unity which seemed to break out with all the force, and fire, and splendor of one of her volcanoes. In that time great changes have come over Sicily. I was told that for twenty-five years before the union of the kingdoms not a house had been built in Palermo. Now a mole has been thrown out into the bay. Walls and walks encompass the sea. Fine avenues have been laid out, and it was a gratification to an American and a sign of the new days that have come to pass to see that one of these avenues bore the venerated name of Lincoln. There are beggars enough, as General Grant and his friends could testify, but the authorities are pursuing and repressing beggary. The brigands still infest the hills,

but they are severely handled when caught, and the regular troops are fast making brigandage a crime and no longer a form of political action. Much, very much, remains to be done in Sicily, and every step showed us matters for regret and amendment. We tried to speculate upon what a firm, gifted Englishman or American would do with this island. But when we remembered what Sicily had been; that under the reign of the Bourbons the feudal spirit survived; that the Church has held it in the darkest tyranny; that for ages no light has fallen upon its people; that they have been trained and coaxed and driven into the deepest superstition and ignorance; when we remembered this we forgave Sicily, even her bandits and her beggars, and rejoiced with her sons in the coming of the glorious day of freedom and light—recalling, as we did, the eloquent lament of Byron over Italy of the Bourbon days:—

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.

Leaving Palermo, the travelers sailed for Malta, where they arrived on the 28th. Says our correspondent:—It was not without a regret that we saw the anchors slowly release themselves from their cozy bed and the good ship swing from her moorings. The day was far spent, and the sun was throwing the mountain of Hamilcar in long, trailing shadows over the bay of the beautiful Palermo. Beautiful Palermo—beautiful despite the dust and grime, the poverty and idleness, the weakness and crime of her people. Something, perhaps it was those Christmas bells, had won us to the place. Or perhaps it was the four American flags shining in the sunshine. Or perhaps it was the orange groves. Or perhaps it was the mountain which recalled the Palisades on the Hudson. Or perhaps

CITY OF MAIJA.





it was the romantic thought that in those hills and caverns banditti were in wait who would have welcomed any one of our party, more especially our silent captain, as a lucrative prize. Or perhaps we were thinking of Paul and his journeyings to Rome, and the fact that the seas we were about to dare were the seas which had tossed the apostle about for so many days. Or perhaps it was memories of the Odyssey and the wanderings of Ulysses, and the knowledge that we were soon to skirt the shores of the Æolian Islands, and to pass between Scylla and Charybdis. I cannot tell you what spell it was that gave Palermo its beauty, but we sat on the quarter deck and talked of these things—the romance, and the history, and the poetry of the place—while every moment it was fading from sight. Our wandering Ulysses, in the silent comfort of an afternoon cigar, had many warnings of the syrens. Our Penelope was congratulating herself that she was daring the sea with her lord, and not at home wearing the willow. We read how Paul went to Malta and how Ulysses went on his travels and dug out of books all the legends of the place, and sat on the deck weaving the memories of the place into a garland, like idle people as we were, weaving flowers—in a wood. Beautiful Palermo faded into a deeper mist, and still, out of the mist, came those Christmas bells whose peals had been so much of a comfort the past few hours. I suppose, after all, it was these Christmas bells that gave Palermo its beauty. Every peal awoke an echo in our hearts, and every echo had a memory of home. We were far off on Mediterranean seas. We were in the lands of chivalry and fable. But our thoughts were in dear, far America, and some of us talked of children, and some of us of friends, and however the talk might drift into classic or Scriptural ground it always came back to home. The Christmas bells were pealing cheerily, telling that all

Palermo was in a holiday mood. The shadows grow longer and longer. The hills faded into clouds. Our city became a line on the horizon. The breeze caught our boat, and with steam and wind we ploughed through the waves. The shadows came—they always come, even in the Mediterranean. And, as we stood and looked at the passing day the sunshine, wreathed in clouds, fell upon Palermo and lighted its domes and housetops like a transparency. By this time even the bells had died away, and all that we saw of Palermo was a fringe of distant homes, with the last rays of the sun bathing them with glory.

So Palermo faded from us, and we took our leave of it, as the night came, and we sped on into the whispering sea. But with night came more clouds and winds, and, after we had supped, the sea arose, and we had a gale and rain. It would have been a trifle in the Atlantic, but we were bent on pleasure, and it was not pleasant to think of the mists and storms in the country of the *Odyssey*. I arose early in the morning to see Stromboli. This island has an obliging volcano, which never pauses in its entertainment. But when we came to Stromboli, although we were near enough to be under its shadow, there was only the rain. Captain Robeson pointed it out to me and I fancied I saw it, but I am afraid it was only a cloud. If there was any danger of the sirens enchanting our Ulysses the weather saved him. All we saw of the islands was a mass in the mist. The night became angry and the day brought a heavy sea, and I could well understand the anxious look of the captain when, about six in the morning, he came out of his cabin in his oilcloth coat and glass in hand. We were driving rapidly upon the Calabrian coasts, and there was a rock he desired to see. The rock had its place on the chart as the signpost showing the way into the Straits of Messina. But it had a far more important place in our

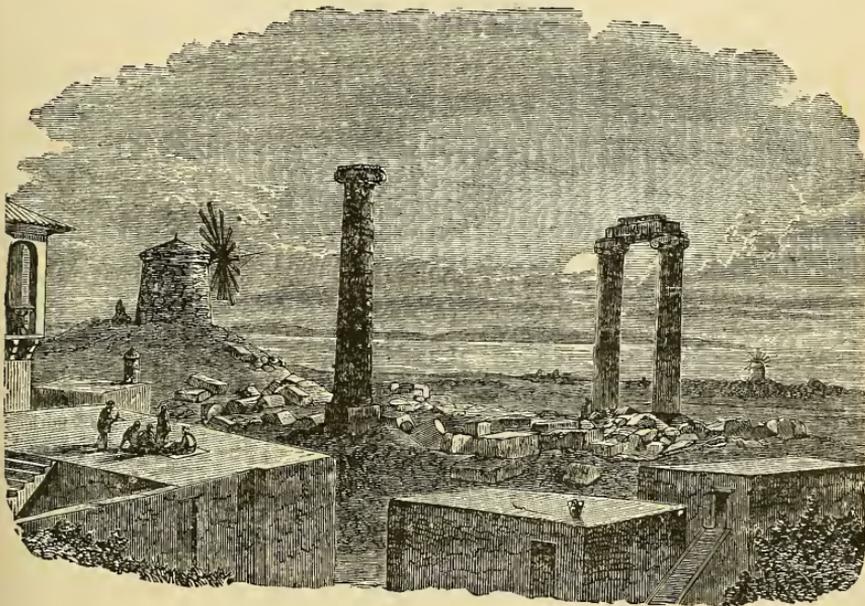
imagination, for it was the rock of Scylla, and the straits into which we were entering were the straits tormented by the whirlpool of Charybdis.

We passed the rock of Scylla about eight in the morning. It was an ordinary rock, not very large or imposing. As for Charybdis, if such a whirlpool existed, its turmoil is over, for we ploughed through the waves undisturbed by its emotion. This part of our trip was through the Straits of Messina. The straits are narrow, not much wider than the Hudson opposite New York, and as we sailed through we had a fine view of one of the most beautiful prospects in Europe. On one side was Sicily, on the other Calabria. We passed Messina—now a city of 70,000 people—her domes white and shining in the sunshine. Messina has suffered from conquerors since the days of Hannibal, from the plague and from earthquakes. It was early in 1783 that the earthquake threw down the campanile and transept of her cathedral. Passing Messina we next saw on the Italian coast the town of Reggio, now a flourishing settlement of 16,000 souls. Reggio has had its own troubles with earthquakes and in 1783 was almost destroyed. It was here that Garibaldi landed when crossed from Sicily. It was also in the hills behind Reggio—those dark brown hills that we see clearly in the morning sun—that he made his fatal fight of Aspromonte and was wounded and taken prisoner by Pallavicini in 1862, the same General Pallavicini who was so polite to General Grant the other day in Naples, when he marched his troops in review before us. Reggio, however, has a deeper interest to us than even attaches to the fame and fortunes of the illustrious Garibaldi. It is the Rhegium of the New Testament. “And landing at Syracuse,” saith the Gospel, “we tarried there three days. And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium.” Passing Reggio we

soon saw on our right the majestic mountain of *Ætna*. All day it remained with us—the snow covering its summit—thirty miles away, but so vast and high that it seemed only a mile or two. *Ætna* is a quiet volcano, or at least we could see nothing but a cloudless sky above it. It looks more like a table-land than a mountain. This is because of its size. The mountain is 10,870 feet high, but the crater is a chasm two or three miles wide and the circumference of its base is more than a hundred miles. It is not an unreasonable volcano as volcanos go, not breaking forth more than once every ten years. The last demonstration was in August, 1874. When the sun went down *Etna* was still watching us. The sea was high, and our course was directly south to the famous island of Malta.

We arrived at Malta about one in the afternoon. The gale continued to be severe. We thought of the ancient times when Paul was thrown on the islands. You will find the story in the two last chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. How Paul was fourteen days driven up and down in *Adria*; how the apostle bade the centurions and soldiers be of good cheer and stand by the ship; how the angel of God appeared to Paul, and told him to have no fear; how the ship, with its 276 souls, was cast on the rocks; how they came to a place where two seas met and “when they were escaped, then they knew the island was called Malta.” You will remember also they were a barbarous people, who were kind and kindled a fire, and how the viper came out of the fire and hung upon Paul’s hand. You will remember also that Paul shook the viper, which is a wise thing to do with venomous beasts, and that the people were amazed because Paul did not swell and fall dead, and “said he was a god,” and treated him courteously and honored him with many honors, and on his departure laded him with such things as were necessary.

If there were no other historical attractions in Malta but what is thus written in the New Testament it would be well worth a visit. But Malta now, one of the strongholds of the British Empire, one of the citadels on her Indian highway, has had more than her share of the mutations of human fortune. It is supposed to have been



RUINS AT MALTA.

the Island of Ogygia, where Homer gave a home to Calypso. It fell in the hard hands of the Carthagenians. Then the Romans came and threw it into their empire. Then came the Vandals, the Goths and Arabs in fierce succession. Afterward came the unique dominion of the Knights of St. John, who came from Rhodes when the Turks pulled down the cross. In 1800 Napoleon, then on his way to Egypt, took the Island; but in 1802 it came into the hands of the English, who have made it as strong as Gibraltar; strong enough to be regarded as impregnable.

We had made fast to our anchorage and had fired the

salute of twenty-one guns, by which a vessel of war does honor to a foreign port, when an officer reported to General Grant that the Duke of Edinburgh was coming on board. The ship next to the *Vandalia* was the *Sultan*, a noble English iron-clad under the command of His Royal Highness. The General was standing on the deck studying the town when the captain's boat of the *Sultan*, with the Duke steering, whirled around the stern. His Royal Highness was received at the gang-way by Captain Robeson. He was dressed in his uniform as captain, wearing on his breast the star of the Garter. The General advanced and greeted the Duke, and presented the gentlemen with him, and they retired to the cabin. They remained in conversation for the best part of an hour, talking about Malta, its antiquities, its history, England, education, the Eastern question, the weather and Besika Bay. His Royal Highness said he had orders to sail, and supposed his destination was Smyrna. He had had his time at Besika Bay and did not regard the return with any enthusiasm. He spoke of the visit of his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis, to America, and of the gratification of the family at the reception by our people. The Duke is the pattern of a sailor, and has all the ease and off-hand grace of his family. On taking his leave his Royal Highness asked the General and family to visit him at his palace of San Antonio and take luncheon. The palace of San Antonio is about four miles from the town. It is surrounded by orange groves and walls, and is noted as the only large garden on the island. The drive was through an uninteresting, glaring country, the perpetual glare almost dimming our eyes. When we reached the palace, the Duke and Duchess received General and Mrs. Grant and their son in the most gracious manner. After luncheon His Royal Highness escorted them through the orange groves.

At noon General Grant visited the Governor General of Malta. On leaving the General was saluted with twenty-one guns. A regiment was drawn up in front of the palace as a guard of honor. The Governor, a famous old English General, Van Straubezee, wore the Order of the Grand Cross of the Bath. He received the General and party at the door of the palace surrounded by his council and a group of Maltese noblemen. After presentation to Lady Van Straubezee the same ceremonies were repeated. In the evening there was a state dinner to the General and party at the palace, including among the guests Commander Robeson and Lieutenant Commander Caldwell, of the Vandalia, as well as the Captain and executive officer of the Gettysburg. At the dinner General Grant's health was proposed, which was responded to in the heartiest manner. We all then went to the opera, and on the entrance of the General, the company sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," Miss Wheelock, of Boston, singing the air. The cheering was enthusiastic and the reception of the General cordial in the last degree.

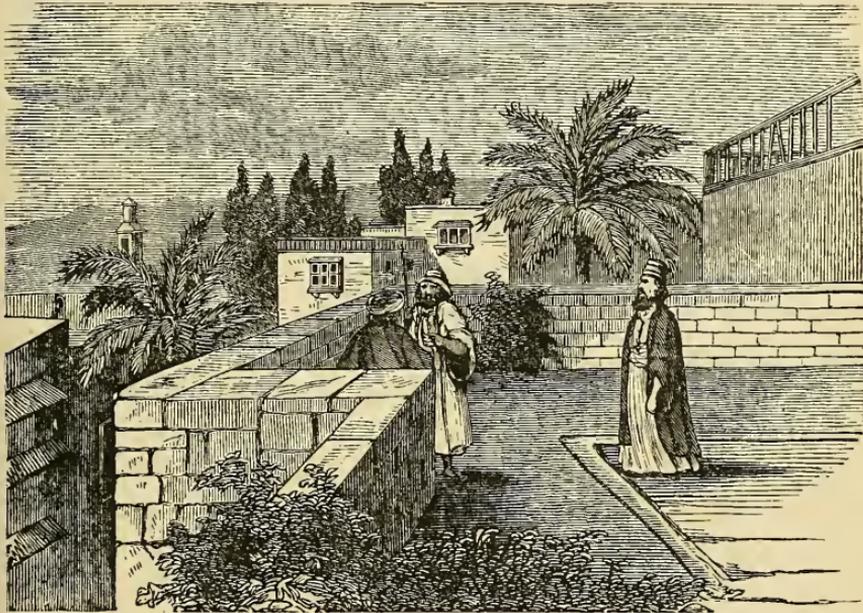
On the following day a visit was paid to the Duke of Edinburgh's ship, the Sultan, and a very pleasant season passed. On Monday, the 31st, the party sailed for Alexandria.

CHAPTER XII.

HOSPITALITIES IN MALTA—THE ENGLISH BANDS PLAY AMERICAN AIRS—"THE MARQUIS"—A LITTLE GALE—SUNSHINE AND LAND—WARM WELCOME AT ALEXANDRIA—GRANT MEETS STANLEY—FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO—THE KHEDIVE RECEIVES GENERAL GRANT—THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE CONSUL-GENERAL.

There were many temptations, writes Mr. Young, to remain in Malta. Hospitalities showered upon us. All the great ones of the place, beginning with His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, vied with one another in making our visit a pleasant one. I think if our mail had been ordered to Malta instead of Alexandria, we should have remained anyhow. At the last moment there was a disposition to stay, but the General had taken his leave and sent his cards, and he is not apt to change his mind. In the morning of the last day of the year, he pushed ashore and roamed about an hour or two through the quaint streets of the strange, old town. I have called the town Malta, but it is really named Valletta, after John de la Valette, who was Grand Master of the Order of St. John, and built the town in the middle part of the sixteenth century. The knights held Malta for nearly two hundred and fifty years, and remained until the French and then the English drove them out. The people have a peculiar dialect, based on the Arabic, with plenty of Italian, French and English thrown in. The prevailing industry seems to be following officers and strangers around all day and begging. The town has many beautiful views, and I could see very easily how life might be toler-

ated here for the warm, genial air. It was the last day of the year when we pushed out into the bay and turned our prow toward the Mediterranean. There was quite a group of officers on deck surrounding the General and his party. As we neared the Sultan the band played our national airs, winding up with "Auld Lang Syne." We exchanged greetings with them, and with our compatriots of the



HOUSTOP AND BATTLEMENTS AT MALTA.

Gettysburg, who had gathered on the quarterdeck to say goodby. So our last remembrance of Malta is the music that came from the Sultan, the hurrah that came from the Gettysburg and the lowering of one solitary flag, far up the cliff, which indicated that our consular agent was on the watch and was bidding us good speed.

Our General fell into his sea life quite readily. He seemed to welcome the sea with the rapture of a boy going home for a holiday. I can well imagine what a holiday it must be to one who has done in sixteen years the work

imposed upon General Grant. He is not an early riser, but keeps up the American custom of a breakfast at ten. After breakfast he takes up a newspaper, if he can find one, and a cigar. My friend, Mark Twain, will be glad to know that the General read with delight and appreciation his "Innocents Abroad." In Naples one of us discovered an English version of the "Nasby Papers," which was a boon. About noon, if the weather is calm, the General comes on deck and converses, or studies the sea and the scenery. Dinner comes at six o'clock, and after dinner there is talk. When the General is in the mood, or when some subject arises which interests him, he is not only a good, but a remarkably good talker. His manner is clear and terse. He narrates a story as clearly as he would demonstrate a problem in geometry. His mind is singularly accurate and perspicacious. He has few, very few, resentments, and this was a surprising feature, remembering the battles, civil and military, in which he has been engaged. I have heard him refer to most of the men, civil and military, who have flourished with him, and there is only one about whom I have seen him show feeling. But it was feeling like that of the farmer in the schoolbook who saw the viper which he had warmed to life about to sting him. I do not mention names, because I have no wish to excite controversies, such, for instance, as the controversy over Sumner. I will only allude to the Sumner business so far as to say that I think General Grant has been rather severely used in the matter. I have never heard General Grant speak with bitterness of Mr. Sumner. He told his story of the removal of Mr. Motley, and only told it, if I may quote his own words, when he had been charged by the friends of Mr. Sumner with having killed Mr. Motley. It seems to me that if history is to be written both sides should be heard, and in a transaction

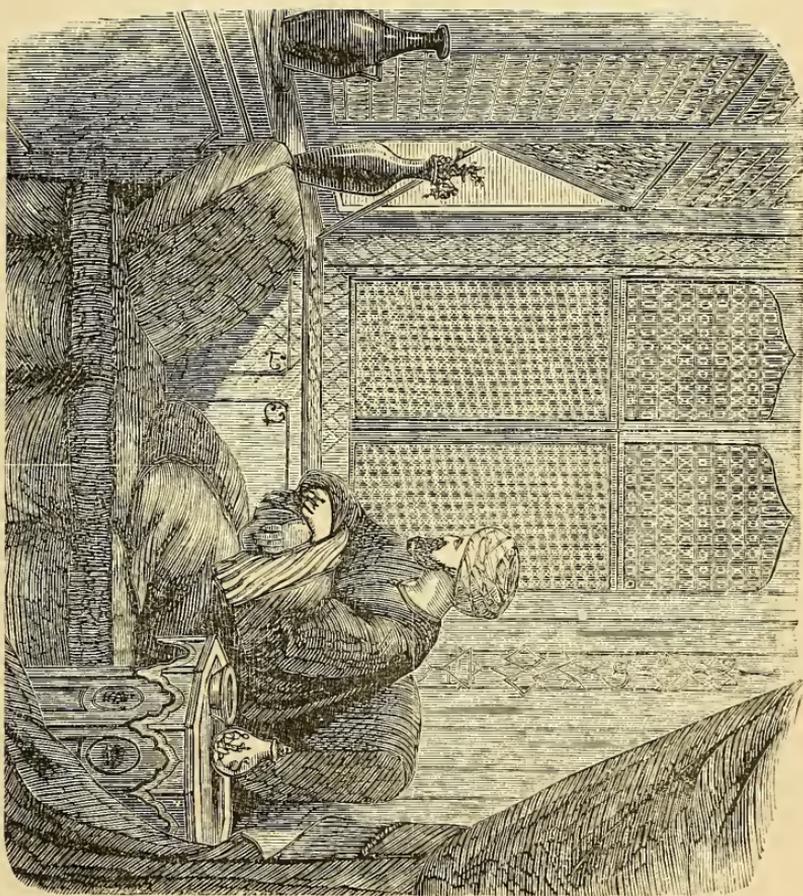
in which General Grant bore a conspicuous part, he is certainly entitled to be heard as a witness. As I have said, I have never heard General Grant speak with bitterness of Mr. Sumner, which leads me to repeat the observation I made a moment or two ago—that he shows no resentment. I had known General Grant fairly well before I became the companion of his travels, and had formed my own opinion of his services and character. A closer relation strengthens that opinion. The impression that the General makes upon you is, that he has immense resources in reserve. He has in eminent degree that “two o’clock in the morning courage,” which Napoleon said he alone possessed among his marshals and generals. You are also impressed with his good feeling and magnanimity in speaking of comrades and rivals in the war. In some cases—especially in the cases of Sherman and Sheridan, MacPherson and Lincoln—it becomes an enthusiasm quite beautiful to witness. Cadet days are a favorite theme of conversation, and after cadet life the events of the war. I wish I could dare to send you some of these conversations, some of the General’s estimates of men and narratives of events. But for the present the very nature of my mission forbids it.

Among our company is a gentleman who attends the General as a courier or secretary in foreign tongues. I call our friend “secretary” because the title is the one of his own choosing. His name is Jacques Hartog, native of Holland, educated in Paris and citizen of the world. We call him the “Marquis.” The title expresses Mr. Hartog’s address and accomplishments, and I am proud to publish the renown that the Vandalia mess has conferred upon him. He has an aristocratic air, and it is almost like a breeze from land—a breeze from the Sicilian shores laden with the odor of the orange blossoms—to see the Marquis come to breakfast in the wardroom, with the sea rolling

heavily, having passed a bad night. We are all fuzzy and ragged; we have taken refuge in flannels and old clothes; we have that uneasy feeling which verges on illness. The Marquis comes with the manner of a lord of the ante-chamber in the days of Louis Quatorze. Every hair is in its place, the curl is posed on the brow, the face is clean as a parchment, the full, brown moustache has the faintest suspicion of brillantine, the scarf-pin is adjusted. There is not a crease in his garments. If the Marquis were a good sailor there would be no special merit in this, but our noble friend is a bad sailor and hates the sea, every motion of the ship being a misery to him. For a nobleman in the agonies of seasickness, of a constant seasickness, to array himself as though he were about to promenade the Champs Elysées, shows a power of self-control which is worthy of admiration. He speaks seven or eight tongues and knows every hotel in Europe. A more polite, amiable and obliging courier it would be hard to find, and although he has been induced to contribute in many unconscious ways to our amusement in the mess, every one has a sincere respect for the Marquis and the kindest wishes for his prosperity.

The late Lord Derby is reported to have said that a man who would say he liked dry champagne would say anything. I thought to-night, as I felt my way along the deck from the General's cabin, that a man who would say he liked the sea would say anything. The night was cold. The rain was falling and making about in pools. The wind was ahead and the good old ship every moment wriggled and trembled as she thrust her head in the sea. Officers, in weird costumes of oilcloth and gutta percha, were moving about looking at the sky and the rigging, and the barometer and the canvas. Hadden was walking the bridge with his trumpet, like an uneasy spirit, staring

AN EGYPTIAN CASEMENT.





into the night. There was the night before us, around us, beneath us—not a star in the sky, only heavy, angry clouds. Every now and then the sea came with a tug and whirl, and sometimes forced its way over the bow. Far up on the yards were the lights to warn other ships of our coming. There, perched in the rigging, was a dripping Jack Tar, staring into the night; now and then a call is heard—a call in some dialect unknown to me, which is answered from the bridge. But on the forecastle one of my fair, peach-faced young friends in the steerage, a midshipman, keeps his dripping watch, staring into the night. On the quarterdeck my old friend, the quartermaster, with his gray head and grave face, holds watch and ward, staring into the night. Somehow I have great confidence in the quartermaster, and feel safe when I see him on deck. There is something so respectable and fatherly about this quartermaster, that you instinctively depend upon him in a storm. In the wardroom some of the officers are writing, others are trying to read. As we come from the deck there is a run of comments and criticisms in that fresh Saxon sailor method of speech which breathes of the sea. The night is very dark, relieved only by the phosphorescent flashes of the waves and a burst of lightning, which illumines the horizon toward Sicily and Crete. The captain comes out and looks into the night, and visits the chart room and the binnacle, and goes up to the bridge to talk with Hadden and stare into the night. I suppose the oracle has given him some response, for he returns to the cabin. The General is quite cheerful over his zeal and success as a sailor, and is disposed to vaunt his seamanship when one of us proposes to go to bed to prevent further uneasiness. The lady of our ship has been unable to leave her cabin on account of the storm, although all reports concur in saying that she

proves to be an admirable sailor. The captain overrules one of her suggestions—that we should come to an anchor—by the statement that it would do no good, and the General vetoes another suggestion—that we should return to Malta—by the argument that we are as near to Alexandria as to Malta, and nothing would be gained by returning. The good ship strains and twists, and keeps on in her course.

The chief engineer, who is an amiable man and never complains, now finds fault with the water for coming into the cabin. You see it has been coming in for an hour, and when the boys have finished swabbing I suppose it will come in again. I repeat that, to paraphrase Lord Derby's words, "A man who would say he liked the sea, would say anything." I am looking at my cot, which swings over my head as I write. I wonder if I am really going to climb into it to-night without coming out on the other side, and in among the pitchers and charts in Lieutenant Strong's room. I wonder if the rain will come through the blankets as it did last night. I wonder if the cot in the midnight watches will begin a series of battering-ram assaults on the dining table, as it did the night before, assaults which were only terminated by the engineering skill of Mr. Damenhorser. Well, we might as well be cheerful about it. I try and find a light side to it, although Mr. Caldwell makes the profound observation that nothing could be worse than a ship when it rains. Caldwell, as an executive officer, is in an exceedingly cheerful mood to-night, arising from the fact that he has a good deal to do. Well, I would much rather have him command the ship than myself, my disposition being to vote for Mrs. Grant's proposition to bring the ship to anchor. But since I am not in command, and since the ship will go on like a fate, right on to the shores of Phœ-

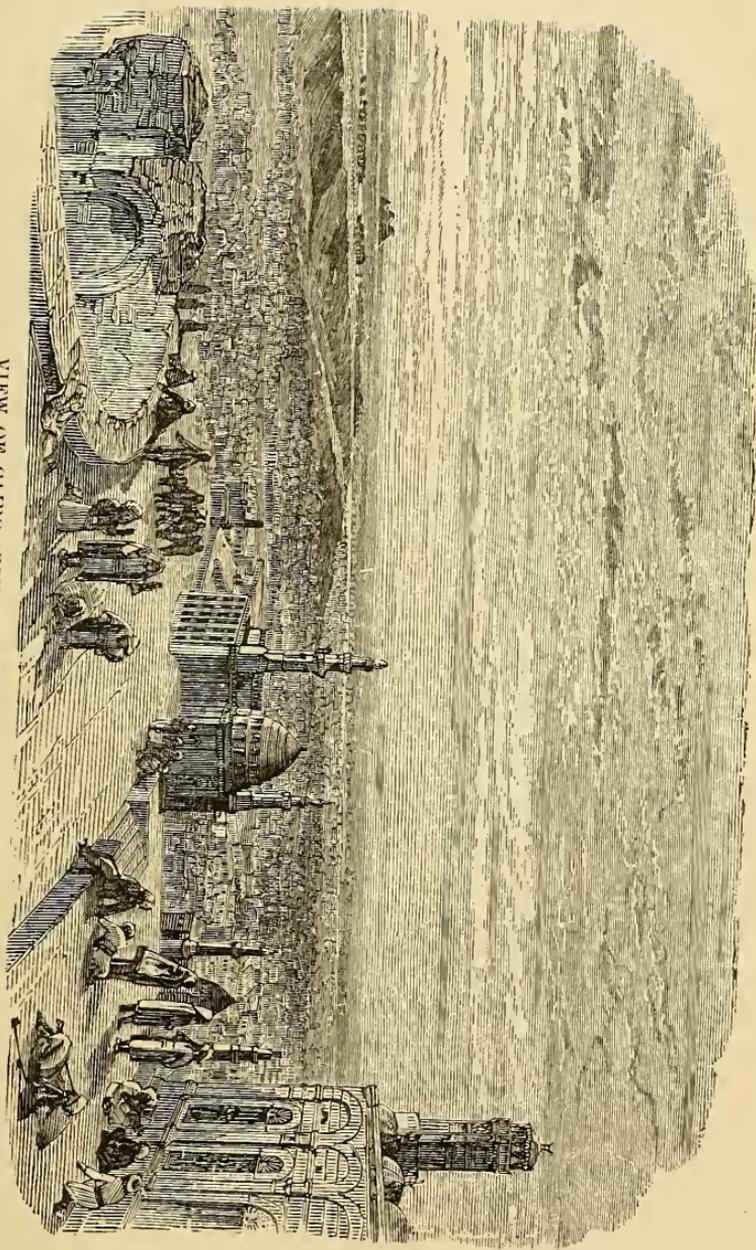
nicia, I try and kill an hour by writing this paragraph and giving you a sketch of one of our evenings at sea.

I suppose there must be a fascination in this life, if we could only see it. I still think to repeat, that, a man who would say he liked the sea would say anything. In this opinion I am sustained by my noble friend, the Marquis. That gentleman informed us all this morning that the English were all fools (fools emphatically expressed) for keeping yachts, and that if he had \$1,000,000 a year he would never keep a yacht. But my noble friend was in deep depression of spirits at the time. He had been lying all the afternoon in a corner on the lower deck, near the engine, disturbed by the noise of the machinery and the smell of the oil. He had tried to dine, and no one knows better the philosophy of dinner, but he retreated with the soup. A man—even a man with the naturally broad and generous mind of the Marquis—would be apt to take a dismal view of yachting. If I were sure there was no rain in my cot I might find reasons for owning a yacht. But rain in one's cot and an unruly sea outside and water oozing along the cabin floors and a general feeling of inexpressible discomfort, the feeling that you know where you are now, but you are not sure about the minute after next, these are incidents tending to dampen the enthusiasm of any man—of any man in this ship unless it is Caldwell, who, as I remarked, has never been so happy and cheerful as since the storm came. I knew when he came down stairs five minutes ago, all wreathed in smiles, that the barometer was going down, and that his heart was leaping with the thought that he might be on the bridge all night battling with the winds. If I must go to sea I want a calm sea. I never saw one too calm for my nerves, not even on the Delaware and Raritan Canal. I like sunshine, and when I was in Naples found reasons for envying the

poor, ragged beggars who had gorged themselves with maccaroni and were sleeping in the sun. I like to sleep in a bed which does not swing like a pendulum, and into which the rain does not fall. I like a hansom cab. I felt like saying to General Graut the other evening, when he was talking about some of his generals, that if I could only command an army in a hansom cab, I would do wonders. I do not like rain, or cold, or tumbling seas. One of the reasons which made me welcome this trip was the certainty that I would pass from the fogs of London into the enrapturing sunshine of France and Italy. Well, I have not found the sunshine yet, as I said to myself in an ironical mood, when I found myself rowing ashore in tropical Malta wearing a heavy English ulster. I wonder if I will find it in Egypt, toward which we are driving, driving, driving through the cold, unrelenting rain.

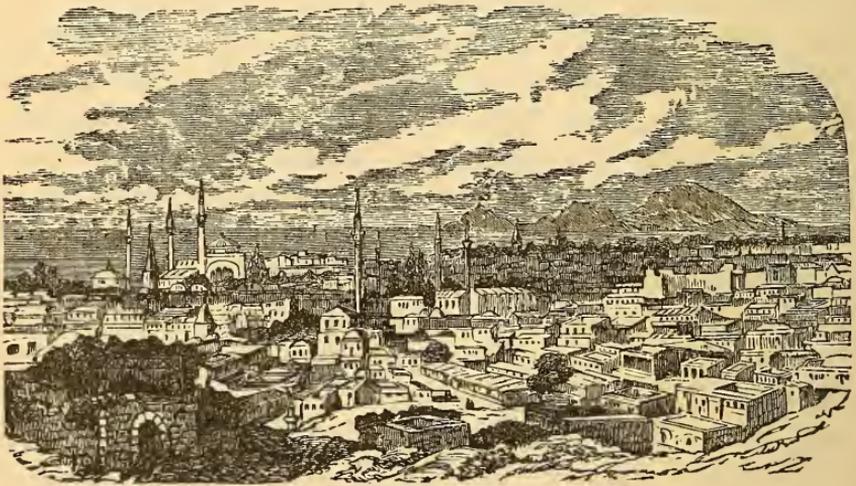
I am afraid I shall do the Mediterranean an injustice if I leave the impression that it is always an ugly sea. When I wrote the last paragraph, I had just come in from the rain. But this morning the rain has gone, and our sea is as gentle as a mill pond, and we begin to rejoice in sun and cloudless skies. The old ship brightens up like a spring morning, and the deck swarms with sailors putting everything in order. Give me a man-of-war for putting everything in order. There is no end to the washing, the scrubbing, the cleaning of brass. In a short time the traces of the storm are removed and we have quarters. The marine guard comes to its post—every man as fresh as a new pin—and as Captain Fagan carefully inspects the line, our General notes that the line is well kept and the men in good discipline. The sailors at their guns, the engineers at their quarters, every man at his post, the inspection goes on, and reports are made. One or two poor fellows

VIEW OF CAIRO (EGYPT) FROM THE CITADEL.



who jumped over and swam ashore in Malta, and were taken are now "in the brig," and the lady of our ship has been using her influence to have their punishment lessened—it being the holiday season, and so on. I do not like to ask whether she has succeeded or not, for, as you will see, it is really none of my business. But I have great confidence in the persuasive powers of Mrs. Grant, and I only allude to this incident because it gives me an excuse for referring to her generous and thoughtful character, to that never-failing kindness and amiability which go so far to enhance the pleasure of our trip. As you stand on the quarterdeck and see the well ordered movements of the ship; the men in uniform going from place to place; the calls, the commands; the great menacing guns crouching under the ports; as you watch the always changing novelty of a man-of-war's duties, and feel the soft, warm air coming over the calmest of summer seas, you begin to feel that there is some attraction in a sailor's career. You see we are all on the sharp lookout this morning, for Strong has just been to the chart room, and announces that land may be seen at any time. Strong is the navigating officer, and I sometimes fear he has sold himself to the common enemy of mankind, or how else could he prophesy to the minute when we shall see certain rocks and lights. Why should he sit up all hours of the night figuring, figuring huge columns of figures, unless—well, I will not venture my suspicions. He has told us this morning that we may see land at any moment, and we all believe in Strong, and look steadily at the horizon now fringed with a shining mist. How glorious the sea is when her majesty is in repose! Under the forecandle is a group of young officers, and we hear sounds of laughter. The Marquis is out in full force, and is entertaining our friends with anecdotes of high life in Paris and renderings, recitative and musi-

cal, from the operas of M. Offenbach. The fringe of shining mist assumes a form—a low, white beach, and, as we look closer, tapering lines and towers. We know, then, that the coast before us is really Egypt—the land of imagination and fable—and that these tapering lines and towers are the minarets of Islam. It is not long before we come inside the port of Alexandria, and before our engines are stopped we hear the cheers from the ships and the Egyptian bands playing our national airs. These dear old strains were the last we heard at Malta and the first we hear at the Nile. You see the protecting telegraph has hovered over us and friends knew of our coming, and before this letter reaches the shore it must pass through the smoke of the cannon now about to thunder Egypt's welcome to General Grant.



ALEXANDRIA.

On the 5th of January the party reached Alexandria. The writer continues:—Our reception was most enthusiastic. The *Vandalia* had hardly anchored when the Governor of the district, the admiral and the generals, pachas and beys, the Consul General, Mr. Farman; the

Vice-Consul, Mr. Salvage; Judges Barringer and Morgan, and the missionaries all came on board. The reception lasted an hour, and as each officer was saluted according to his rank, and the salutes were returned, there was smoke enough in the air for a naval engagement, and we could almost fancy another battle of the Nile like that fought, only a step or two up the coast, one eventful day nearly eighty years ago. The Governor, in the name of the Khedive, welcomed General Grant to Egypt, and offered him a palace in Cairo and a special steamer up the Nile. It is Oriental etiquette to return calls as soon as possible, and accordingly in the afternoon the General, accompanied by his son, Commander Robeson, Chief Engineer Trillay and Lieutenant Handy, of the navy, landed in the official barge. As this was an official visit, the *Vandalia* manned the yards and fired twenty-one guns. These salutes were responded to by the Egyptian vessels. A guard of honor received the General at the palace, and the reception was after the manner of the Orientals. We enter a spacious chamber and are seated on a cushioned seat or divan, according to rank. The Pacha—who has a Greek face and, I presume, is a Greek—offers the company cigarettes. Then compliments are exchanged, the Pacha saying how proud Egypt is to see the illustrious stranger, and the General answering that he anticipates great pleasure in visiting Egypt. The Pacha gives a signal, and servants enter bearing little porcelain cups about as large as an egg, in filagree cases. This is the beverage—coffee—or, as was the case with this special pacha, a hot drink spiced with cinnamon. Then the conversation continues with judicious pauses, the Orientals being slow in speech and our General not apt to diffuse his opinions. In about five minutes we arise and file down stairs in slow, solemn fashion, servants and guards saluting, and the visit is over.

The General and Mrs. Grant went to dine, and in the evening we had a ball and a dinner at the house of our Vice-Consul, Mr. Salvage. This was an exceedingly brilliant entertainment, and interesting in one respect, especially because it was here that the General met my renowned friend and colleague, Henry M. Stanley, just fresh from the African wilderness. The General had heard of Stanley's being in town, and had charged me to seek him out and ask him to come on board and dine. My letter missed Stanley, and we met at the Consul's. Stanley sat on the right of the General, and they had a long conversation upon African matters and the practical results of the work done by our intrepid friend. The Consul General proposed the health of General Grant, and Judge Barringer proposed that of Mrs. Grant, who, by the way, was prevented by fatigue from coming. Then a toast was proposed in honor of Stanley, who made a grateful response, saying it was one of the proudest moments in his life to find himself seated by our guest. Stanley looks quite gray and somewhat thinner than when I saw him in New York, just before his departure, three years ago. I gave him all the news I could remember about friends in New York and elsewhere. Next morning Mr. Farman, our Consul-General, and myself, saw him on board the Brindisi steamer, which was to carry him to Europe—to new honors and the enjoyment of a well earned and enviable renown. The entertainment at Mr. Salvage's at an end, we returned on board. The next day was Sunday. The General, accompanied by a friend, landed, meaning to stroll about the town. Walking is one of the General's occupations, and he never sees a town until he has gone ashore and lost himself. His eye for topography is remarkable; but that is a military quality, after all, and in Alexandria, one of the most huddled up and bewildering

towns, he had a fine opportunity for the exercise of his skill. We strolled as far as Cleopatra's Needle, which is said to be going to New York. Then there was an informal luncheon, as became the Sabbath, with Mr. Gibbs, the director of the telegraph, Commander Robeson and Lieutenant Commander Caldwell forming the other members of the party. The event of Monday was that we formed a group on the quarterdeck and had our photographs taken, the General and family in the the centre, and around them the wardroom, steerage and warrant officers of the *Vandalia*.

This event closed our life on the *Vandalia* for a month at least. It was only *au revoir* and not good-by, but there was just enough of the feeling of parting to give a tinge of sadness to the mass of trunks and bundles, which the sailors, under the orders of the Marquis, were arranging on deck. We were to do Cairo and the Nile, we were to be gone three weeks, and were to return. But the only one of the party who really wanted to leave was our noble friend, the Marquis, whose spirits have been steadily rising since he came to land and heard the rumor of the Khedive's hospitality. As he takes command of the baggage and directs the sailors in their handling of it, you see in his eye the enthusiasm of one born to command when in his own element. When he pushes off in the tug, trailing the luggage in a boat behind him, there is a disposition to fire a salute, but the regulations are not elastic, and the Marquis, with his important command, has only a silent adieu. We are not long in following him. We have a special train at our command, and the captain and a group of the officers are going up to attend the presentation to the Khedive. The Governor of the province, with his retinue, met the General, and at eleven the train, a special one, started. Judge Barringer and wife were of the

company, and the run to Cairo was made in four hours. The General studied the scenery closely and noted the resemblance in some portions to prairie land in Illinois. Mrs. Grant was more impressed with the poetry of the scene—with the biblical associations that cluster about this strange land. The officers formed a merry company in their compartments, while the Marquis was in an advance section, holding guard over a lunch basket. The Marquis is a great admirer of the Khedive, and expresses himself earnestly in favor of a government which welcomes its guests to a palace. He takes no interest in the ruins, believing Cairo to be more interesting because of the cafés, which remind him of Paris, than the Pyramids, which he regards as entirely useless. At three o'clock we come to Cairo. There is a guard, a carpet-way, and a group of officers and civilians. The General, looking at the group, recognizes old friends. "Why," he says, "there's Loring, whom I have not seen for thirty years;" and "There's Stone, who must have been dyeing his hair to make it so white." The cars stop and General Stone enters, presenting the representative of the Khedive. This officer extends the welcome of His Highness, which General Grant accepts with thanks. General Loring comes in and receives a hearty greeting from his old friend in early days and his enemy during the war. General Stone and General Grant were at West Point, and are old friends, and their meeting is quite enthusiastic. The General asks General Loring to ride with him, while General Stone accompanies Mrs. Grant, and so we drive off to the Palace of Kassrel-Doussa—the palace placed at General Grant's disposal by the Khedive. Commander Robeson and Lieutenant Rush accept the General's invitation to reside in the palace while they are in Cairo, and the remainder of the party find homes in the hotel.

The General dined quietly with his family, and next day called on the Khedive. The hour fixed for the reception was eleven, and a few minutes before that hour the state carriages called at the palace. The General wore a plain evening dress, and was accompanied by the following officers:—Commander H. B. Robeson, commanding the *Vandalia*; Joseph Trilley, chief engineer; George H. Cooke, surgeon; Lieutenant E. T. Strong, Lieutenant J. W. Miller, Paymaster J. P. Loomis; G. W. Baird, engineer; H. L. Hoskinson, ensign; B. F. Walling and E. S. Hotchkin, midshipmen; E. R. Freeman, engineer. Jesse R. Grant and Consul-General Farman accompanied the General. We reached the palace shortly after eleven. There was a guard of honor, and the officers of the household were ranged on the stairs. The General entered and was met by His Highness, the Khedive, at the foot of the stairs. The General, his son, and Mr. Farman went into an inner room, where the ceremonies of the formal presentation took place. The officers then entered and were received by His Highness, who expressed his gratification at seeing so many representatives of the navy. This reception lasted about half an hour, the Khedive showing the General the pictures on his walls painted in commemoration of the opening of the Suez Canal. We then returned to the palace. We had scarcely entered when the carriage of the Khedive was announced. The General received the Khedive, who was accompanied by his Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and welcomed him in the grand saloon, where Mrs. Grant also received His Highness. The officers of the *Vandalia* were present, and their striking uniforms, picturesque costume of the Khedive and his attendants, and the splendid, stately decorations of the room in which they assembled, made the group imposing. In the course of this conversation

General Grant spoke of General Stone, now chief of staff to the Khedive. He said he had known General Stone from boyhood, and did not think he had a superior in our army; that he was a loyal and able man, and he was pleased to see him holding so important a command. The Khedive said he was very much pleased with General Stone; that he found him a most useful, and a most able, man, especially fitted to organize troops, and had made him a member of his privy council. At the close of the interview, General Grant escorted the Khedive to his carriage; official calls were then made upon the two sons of the Khedive, who at once returned the calls, and so ended our official duties.

Judge Batcheller, the American member of the International Tribunal, gave General and Mrs. Grant a reception and a dance, which was a most attractive affair. The Khedive intended to give the General a dinner and reception, but the death of the King of Italy threw his court into mourning, and this dinner will take place after our return from the Nile. The Consul-General, E. E. Farman, gave a dinner at the New Hotel. The guests are General Grant, Mrs. Grant, Jesse R. Grant, Judge and Mrs. Barringer, Judge and Mrs. Batcheller, M. Comanos and Mme. Comanos, General Charles P. Stone, Mrs. Stone, and Miss Stone, General Loring, Colonel Dye, Mme. Colestone, Colonel Graves, Colonel Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Lansing and Mrs. Lansing, M. and Mme. de Ortega Morejon, Judge and Mme. Hagens, Mr. Tower, Admiral Steadman, Mr. Van Dyck, and Dr. George H. Cook, of the Vandalia. The members of the Khedive's household and family who were invited could not come because of the mourning for the King of Italy. The dinner was worthy of the best kitchens in Paris, and gave the guests a good idea of the culinary resources of Egypt. At the close toasts were drunk to the

Khedive and President. Mr. Farman then proposed the health of General Grant in a felicitous speech. He said we had with us a distinguished citizen of the United States, and made a graceful reference to the services of the General. During the darkest hours of our national life our guest had by his own merits risen from the modest position as colonel to command a million of men. After the war, which, under the leadership of this illustrious chieftain had been brought to a successful close, a grateful people elected General Grant to the Presidency. They believed that a man who had done so much in war would be the ruler in peace. "They were not deceived," continued Mr. Farman. "He administered the government so wisely, that he was re-elected by an increased majority. He declined a third nomination, and comes to Europe, and now to Egypt, for rest and recreation. Coming, as he does, from one of the youngest of nations to a land abounding in monuments of antiquity, we can assure him of a hearty welcome." General Grant said in response that nothing in his trip thus far pleased him so much as his visit to Egypt, and he anticipated even more pleasure as he progressed in his journey. Speeches were made by General Stone and Judge Batcheller. Judge Hagens, in French, asked us to do honor to Mrs. Grant. This honor was paid most loyally. Dr. Lansing would not speak because he had to preach next day. After an hour or two of chat, we went home, feeling that our entertainment by Mr. Farman had been of the most felicitous and successful character—feeling also, as General Grant said to the writer of this letter, that America had in Mr. Farman a most excellent representative, who could not but do honor to our consular service.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS PARTY—LIFE ON THE NILE—
DOMESTIC SCENES—FRIENDS ON THE WAY—NIGHT
AND MORNING—TWILIGHT ON THE NILE—BEAUTIFUL
SCENES—ADVENTURES DURING THE JOURNEY.

The Khedive, writes Mr. Young, has placed at the disposal of the General one of his steam vessels, and she swings out into the stream with the American flag at the fore. We have all been in a bustle and a hurry to get away. There was the leaving the place, the massing of bundles, the command of the impedimenta. We were alert for the trip, and we had been feeding our imaginations with visions of Eastern life, with visions of the faded but glorious remnants of the ancient civilization. Cairo was French. The infidel had gilded and wall-papered the city of the faithful, and it was hard to realize you were in an Oriental land where everybody spoke Italian and French, and Vienna beer was among the principal articles of merchandise. But now we were really to throw behind us the tawdry French manners and customs which invaded us in our palace, and to go for days and days upon the waters of the Nile. We bought each a fez, and some of us ventured upon the luxury of an Indian hat. Others went into colored spectacles, and the marquis, a far seeing man, who had been on the Nile, and who was not in the best of spirits at leaving a palace to float for weeks between Arab villages, appeared with an astonishing umbrella. We had many friends to see us off. General Stone, Judge Batcheller and Judge Barringer, with their wives; General Loring, and others. There were radiant mounds of flow-

ers as remembrances to Mrs. Grant, and as much leave-taking as though we were bound from New York to Liverpool. Some one makes this suggestion when the observation is made that we are about to undertake a journey as long as from New York to Liverpool and return. The General sits in a corner with Stone and Loring, talking about old days in the army and making comments upon famed and illustrious names that the historian would welcome if I could only dare to gather up crumbs of this interesting conversation. At noon the signal for our journey is given and farewells are spoken, and we head under full steam for the Equator.



AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR.

Our party is thus composed—we have the General, his wife, and his son, Jesse. The Khedive has assigned us an officer of his household (Sami Bey), a Circassian gentleman educated in England. Sami Bey is one of the heroes

of our trip, and we soon came to like him, Moslem as he is, for his quaint, cordial, kindly ways. I suppose we should call Sami Bey the executive officer of the expedition, as to him all responsibility is given. We have also with us, thanks to the kindness of the Khedive, Emile Brugsch, one of the directors of the Egyptian Museum. Mr. Brugsch is a German, brother to the chief director, who has made the antiquities of Egypt a study. Mr. Brugsch knows every tomb and column in the land. He has lived for weeks in the temples and ruins, superintending excavations, copying inscriptions, deciphering hieroglyphics, and his presence with us is an advantage that cannot be over-estimated, for it is given to him to point with his cane and unravel mystery after mystery of the marvels engraved on the stones and rocks, while we stand by in humble and listening wonder. "What a blank our trip would be without Brugsch!" said the General one day, as we were coming back from a ruin—a ruin as absolute and meaningless as the Aztec mounds in New Mexico, but which our fine young friend had made as luminous as a page in Herodotus. The Consul General, E. E. Farman, formerly editor of the *Western New Yorker*, is also of our party, and I have already spoken of the pleasant impression he made upon General Grant in Cairo. The General had so agreeable a time with the good boys of the *Vandalia* that he asked Commander Robeson to come and bring with him as many of his officers as could be spared. He was anxious to have Robeson, and all kinds of schemes and persuasions were invented to secure him. When the gracious commands of the lady of our expedition were put upon him the Commander paused, and I think for one whole evening he had resolved to go up the Nile. But the morning came, and it brought the cold fact that the Commander had a ship to

command, and that it was his duty to command it, and the Nile was in no sense a navigable water. So Robeson gave up the Nile and sent three of his officers to accept the General's invitation — the Chief Surgeon, George H. Cooke; Lieutenant W. A. Hadden and Ensign F. A.

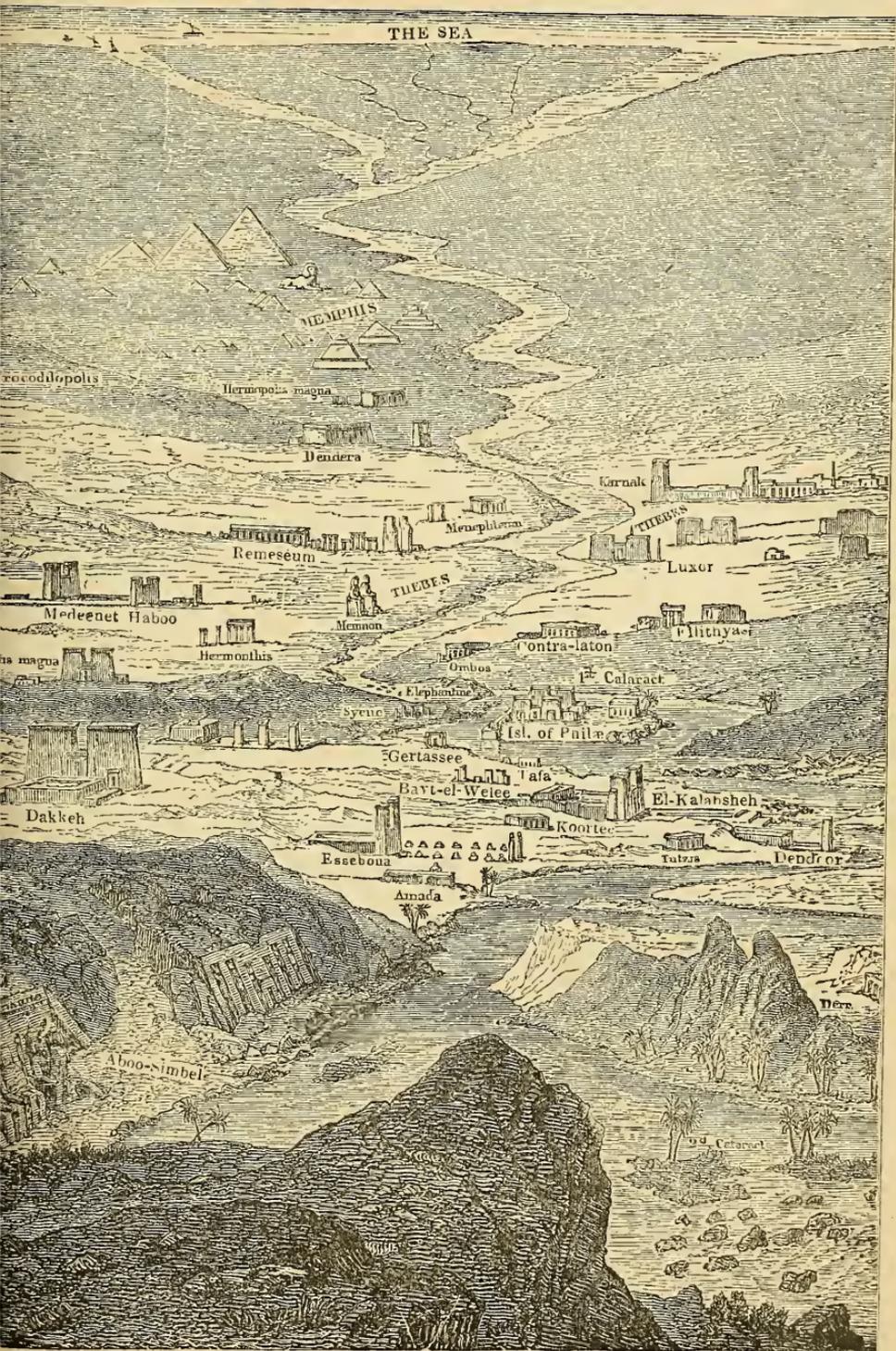


EASTERN DONKEYS.

Wilner—who, with the writer (in all ten), form the party who make this Nile excursion. That is to say, we form that fragment of the party who live in the main cabin. The Consul General is accompanied by a kind of Arabian Sancho Panza named Hassan. I am afraid it is because the Consul-General is tall and thin, and Hassan is short, and brown, and stout, that we call the latter Sancho Panza. However, the comparison comes from illustrious lips, and was made one evening when our Consul General and Hassan were coming over the plains of Dandoreh, mounted on donkeys. Hassan has been eighteen years in the legation. He speaks a ready, expressive, but limited,

English, wears an Arabian costume, including a scimeter, and is proud of two things—first, that he wears a gold American eagle mounted on a pin, by which he was decorated by Consul General Butler, and second, that he captured John H. Surrat. Hassan is a Moslem, the husband of two wives, and believes in Dr. Lansing, the missionary, who educates his children. No one ever heard Hassan speak ill of a consul general. For eighteen years he has seen dynasties rise and fall, from De Leon to Hale, from Butler to Farman, and he has only good words for them all, living and dead. Hassan is proud of his mission as a member of the General's party, and walks the deck sabred and turbaned like Othello. The Marquis makes no secret of the fact that his heart is in our palace of Kasrrel Noussa. He would gladly have waited there until our return, but I suppose it never occurred to the General, and so he paces the deck with colored glasses and an umbrella under his arm, wondering how people can go for weeks on a boat, and ride donkeys, and wander among dust-heaped ruins, when a palace is in readiness and you have only to clap your hands for slaves to answer your call.

Our boat is called Zinet el Bohren, or as my omniscient friend translates it, the Light of Two Rivers. It is a long, narrow steamer, with two cabins, drawing only a few feet of water, with a flat bottomed keel. The Nile is a river of sand and mud, and as the bottom is always changing you must expect to run aground every little while and to run off again. This in fact we do, and the announcement that we are aground makes about as much impression upon us as if a passenger in a Broadway omnibus heard the wheel of his coach interlock with another. The Nile boats seem arranged to meet any emergency in the way of land—for this river is sprawling, eccentric, comprehensive,



VIEW OF THE RIVER NILE.
 Showing the Places Visited by General Grant.

without any special channel—running one way to-day, another next day. To know the river, therefore, must be something like knowing the temper of a whimsical woman—you must court and woo her and wait upon her humors. Navigation is a constant seeking after knowledge. We have a captain in a comely uniform, with a clear cut Arab face, who stands in the middle of the boat and shouts. We have two men with poles who lean over the prow and sink their poles in the water, and now and then shout. Then at the wheel we have one, or perhaps two, steersmen, generally fine, grave, swarthy fellows, who do not shout much, but, knowing the river's coquettish ways, do as they please, unmindful of the shouting. For an hour, for two or three hours, we hum along with an easy, trembling motion, the smooth, shining river lapping our sides, and the low, green banks falling behind us. Then we have a tremor, a sidling to one side, and the engines stop. This was so serious a business, especially to our seafaring friends, that for the first or second time they regarded it as a call to quarters or a fire alarm, but we soon became used to it, and running aground hardly interrupted the idlest conversation. When evening comes, our captain picks out the best point that can be found after sunset, and runs up to the land. The crew are sent ashore with torches and hammers, posts are driven into the soft clay and we are tied to the shore. There, as if out of the earth they come, we have a group of Bedouins in their turbans, who gather on the river bank and make a bonfire of dried sugar cane or cornstalks and keep watch over us during the night. The first night we tied up, Mr. Grant, the younger, and your correspondent went ashore, seeking out Hassan to keep us company. There was our group of crouching Arabs over the fire, their dark features lighting up into a strange but not unimpressive kind of beauty. We had

been told—I believe all the books written by our English friends tells us—that the only way to extract courtesy from an Oriental is to beat him, trample him, or at least show him the hilt of your dagger or the muzzle of a pistol. The only daggers our party possess are the honest table knives, which some one of the many Mohammed Alis is at this moment most likely scouring. The only pistols I can trace are General Grant's and my own. The General, however, left his weapon in the bottom of one of his trunks in London, and mine is looked upon as a kind of infernal machine, dangerous to no one but the owner. However, we treat our Arabs with civility, and Hassan supplies them with cigarettes. They wish to stand in our honor, but we insist on their taking all the comfort possible out of their modest, crackling fire. They tell us their names, Mohammed one thing and Mohammed another. They have only one wife each and live in the neighboring village. They have a sheik, and he sent them hither to watch over the hadji. Times are hard with them. The Nile has been bad, and when the Nile is bad, calamity comes and the people go away to other villages. We did not like to talk politics with them because we feared that Hassan, who is an admirer and friend of the Khedive, might limit the tendencies of our inquiries and give only barren answers. They said, however, they would sit over us all night and keep us from harm. I have no doubt they were sound asleep, burrowed near the cinders, long before any one of our party had retired, except, perhaps, the Doctor, whose habits are exemplary, and who sets us an example of early hours.

There can be no more interesting and, I am afraid, perilous experiment than to put ten human beings on a boat for three weeks and bid them enjoy themselves. I looked around the boat with a little curiosity as we came

in and began to adjust ourselves to the conditions of our trip. There are two things that try friendship—getting married and traveling together. You have to dovetail each other, to make and receive compromises. Questions of coffee and tea and chocolate, of breakfast and luncheon, of amusement and conversation, enter into travel. There is the passenger who is never quite well, the passenger whose health is a reflection upon others, the passenger who worries about the engines and the mails, the passenger who cannot stand the sea cooking, and compares every meal with a famous dinner he once enjoyed at Delmonico's. Then there is the exasperating passenger, who contradicts everybody and is ready to wager. Our little party developed none of these eccentricities. So far as the daily and hourly rubbing together was concerned nothing came to mar our harmony. We adjusted ourselves to the General's modes of life; and as those were of the simplest and most considerate character, it involved no sacrifice. We live in a cluster of small rooms around the cabin. My own little room has a window within a few inches of the water. I have only to put out my hand to feel the cooling sense of the stream. It is a wonder how much you can do with a room not much larger than an ordinary sideboard. Clothing and books find rest in odd kinds of places. You sleep with your brushes and combs. In one corner is a little crate of Egyptian crockery which the Marquis induced me to purchase at Sicut, and when I awake at night I wonder how I am ever to carry it over the seas, and what people will say. I do not think that the purchase was a useful one, but it did not cost much, and as everybody seems to be going mad on crockery, I may make a reputation as a connoisseur of Egyptian art at a small expense if only the crockery stands the seas. We breakfast whenever we please—in the French fashion.

The General is an early or late riser, according as we have an engagement for the day. If there are ruins to be seen in the morning, he is generally first on the deck with his Indian helmet swathed in silk, and as he never waits, we are off on military time. If there are no sights to be seen, the morning hours drift away. We lounge on the deck. We go among the Arabs and see them cooking. We lean over the prow and watch the sailors poke the Nile with long poles and call out the message from its bed. Sometimes a murderous feeling steals over some of the younger people, and they begin to shoot at a stray crane or pelican. I am afraid these shots do not diminish the resources of the Nile, and the General suggests that the sportsmen go ashore and fire at one of the poor, patient, drudging camels, who pulls his heavy-laden hump along the bank. There are long pauses of silence, in which the General maintains his long conceded supremacy. Then come little ripples of real, useful conversation, when the General strikes some theme connected with the war or his administration. Then your serious correspondent wishes he were a Las Casas or a Boswell, that he might gather up and bind these sheaves of history. Or perhaps our friend Brugsch opens upon some theme connected with Egypt. And we sit in grateful silence while he tells of the giants who reigned in the old dynasties, of the gods they honored, of the tombs and temples, of their glory and their fall. I think that we will all say that the red letter hours of our Nile journey were when General Grant told us how he met Lee at Appomattox, or how Sherman fought at Shiloh, or when Brugsch, in a burst of fine enthusiasm, told us of the glories of the eighteenth dynasty, or what Karnak must have been in the days of its splendour and its pride. But you must not suppose that we have nothing but serious talk in those idle hours on the Nile. Hadden sometimes

insists that Sami Bey shall become a Christian, and offers to have subscriptions raised for his conversion, and this generally superinduces a half-serious, half-laughing conversation, in which our Moslem friend shows how firmly he believes in the Prophet, and how it is that an accomplished and widely-traveled man of the world may see all the virtues of faith in the faith of Islam.

Sometimes a dahabeeah sweeps in sight, and we rush for the glasses. The dahabeeah is an institution on the Nile, a cumbrous, quaint sailing machine, with a single bending spar like the longest side of a right angled triangle. The dahabeeah, although a boat with sailing qualities, might really be called a suite of floating apartments. You take your dahabeeah for two or three months. You supply yourself with the luxuries of Cairo. You hire a dragoman, a crew of Arabs. If you like books, you have your small library. If you like sport, you have your guns. You steal off in the morning and shoot the wild duck. You lounge and read. If you have no wind, you lie in the river and watch the idle flapping of the sail and the crowd of black and brown fellahs howling for backsheesh. You enjoy your life, or you fancy you enjoy it, which is the same thing. We met several friends on the way. The first we overhauled was Mr. Drexel, and he came on board as brown as Sitting Bull, having a glorious time, but not above hearing about home. Then we boarded another, under the impression that it was an American, and found that we had fallen upon a hospitable English cousin, who had been dawdling about waiting for the wind. His first question was as to the health of the Pope, which was answered by telling of Victor Emmanuel's death. Then we came across Mr. and Mrs. Howland, enjoying their honey-moon on the Nile, but anxious for news from home. Home! Yes, that blessed, magic word which all the glory

of the Orient cannot dim. This witching life only heightens the dear memories of far America. I wonder if the third month, or let us even say the second month, does not hang wearily upon our friends in the dahabeeah. You see, we are coming by steam, swift from the living world, laden with news. And when our friends ask with almost the eagerness of thirst for some drop—some dew-drop, even—of news from the world behind, you wonder how time must hang upon active minds the third month on the Nile. One gallant friend, whom we met near Keneh, informed us that the principal amusement was betting, not on cards, but on everything—whether there would be wind or not, I suppose; whether the eggs would come on the table hard boiled or soft boiled; whether the oranges would be sweet or sour. You see how betting may become an endless amusement, like arithmetical progression, and have some idea of the resources of the third month on the Nile. But we had no complaints—not one. All the stories that came to us were that our friends were having the best time, the very best time, never such a glorious time, only that anxious, thirsting question about news from home.

When the sun throws his shadow over the desert and the white desert sands assume a browner hue, and the plodding camels pass like shadows over the horizon and pant with the long day's burden, our sailors begin to look out for the shore. The Arab mariner loves the shore, and has no fancy for the night. It may be the evil eye, which has a singular influence in all Eastern deliberations. It may be that we are not in much of a hurry, and the river is not to be depended upon. By the time the twilight comes we have reached a convenient place, and our boat hugs up snugly beside the shore. Stakes are driven into the soft clay banks, rude steps are cut in the side if it is

precipitous, and very soon we have the gray headed sheik, with his followers, coming to watch over us. Then comes the clatter of cooking and supper, the crew sitting around a large dish and helping themselves with their fingers. We have two or three devout Moslems among our crew who go ashore to pray. The steersman, who wears a turban and white flowing robe, is the pattern of piety. He takes his woollen mantle about him. He steps down to the brink and washes his feet, his hands and his forehead. Then he lays his mantle upon the ground and looks toward Mecca. He stands, and holding his hands in front, with the finger tips touching, makes a low bow, a stately, slow bow, his body bending almost into a right angle. He pauses again, standing erect, murmuring his prayer—that there is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet. He prostrates himself on the earth, kisses it and rising stands erect again. The prostration takes place two or three times; the prayer is over; the faithful Moslem gathers his garments over his shoulders and comes back to the boat and supper. When our dinner is over we have coffee on the deck, where we sit and talk. If we are near a village some of the younger ones go ashore. In a few minutes we know by the barking of the dogs that they have invaded the quiet homes of an Egyptian community. Hassan generally goes along on these expeditions; but the precaution has not been of any value thus far. The villages are sleepy enough and the villagers as quiet as possible. The children peer at you through the straw, the elder ones come clamoring for backsheesh, and there is sure to be a blind old soul to crave charity in the house of the most merciful God. You pass along through streets not more than a few feet wide, with dogs in the front and rear and dogs barking from the roofs of the low mud huts, thatched with straw.

One or two of these expeditions generally satisfies even the most enterprising of our party; for Egyptian villages are, as far as I have seen, about the same. While some of us are ashore seeking adventure and the others are clustered on the deck, chatting about friends and home and the incidents of the day. Our sailors gather in a circle and we have Arab music. I cannot claim any knowledge of music, although many of my most pleasant memories are associated with its influence. This music of the Arabs is a school of its own, which I would defy even the genius of Wagner to embody. I have often thought that the spirit of a people is expressed in its music as much as in its literature and laws. The music of our Northern nations always seemed to ring with the sense of strength and victory. I remember how the music of the Southern slaves was a strange contrast to the fiery strains of their masters. There was a low, plaintive key in it that spoke of sadness, despair, degradation, that was more a moan and cry than a harmony. I fancied I heard the same plaintive cry in the music of the Arabs.

There is one thing whose enjoyment never ceases, at least with the writer, the beauty of the atmosphere and the sky. Sleep with me is so coy a dame, not always to be won by the most gentle and patient wooing, that I am alive to all the incidents of the vessel. Before sunrise you hear the ropes released from the shore struggling back to the ship. You see the torches flashing up and down the bank, noting the preparation for departure. I sleep with my cheek almost against the wide window pane, almost on the level of the stream, or if I am weary of dreaming or of seeking for dreams, I have only to open my eyes and see the heavens in all their glory, and stars and constellations—to see them again, as it were, embossed on the dark brown river. You hear the cries of the sailors at their post and answering

cries from the shore, and the boat pulls herself together like a strong man gathering for a race, and we are away. You throw open your window and put your hand in the water, and feel the current play with your fingers with almost the old delight of childhood. The morning comes over the sands, and you watch the deep blue of the night melt into primrose and pearl. The brown sands of the desert become pale again, and the groves of date palms becomes palms in truth, and not the fancies that almost startle you during the night. In the early morning it is cool, and it is noon before the sun asserts its power, and even then it is not a harsh dominion, for we have known no hour as yet when we could not walk up and down the deck in our fall garments without discomfort. Throughout the day there is that same open sky, the same clear atmosphere which makes far distant objects as near as you find them in Colorado. Sometimes you see with wonder in the very heart of the desert grateful streams of water, skirted with palm and sheltered by hills. This is the mirage—one of the most frequent phenomena on the Nile. Sometimes a battalion of clouds will come from the east and marshal themselves from horizon to horizon, and the sight is rare, indeed, and you cannot know, you who live in the land of clouds and storm, what beauty they conceal. I am thinking of one sunset which I saw an hour or two ago, before I left our friends on the deck at their coffee, to do a paragraph or so in this wearisome letter. The clouds had been following us all the afternoon, throwing their fleecy canopy over the plains of Thebes. Not ominous, black clouds, big with rain and thunder and bringing awe, but light, trailing clouds, hanging over the heavens like gossamer. There was the desert, coming almost down to the river—grudging the Nile even the strip of green which marked the line of the telegraph. There was the desert—vast, wide, barren

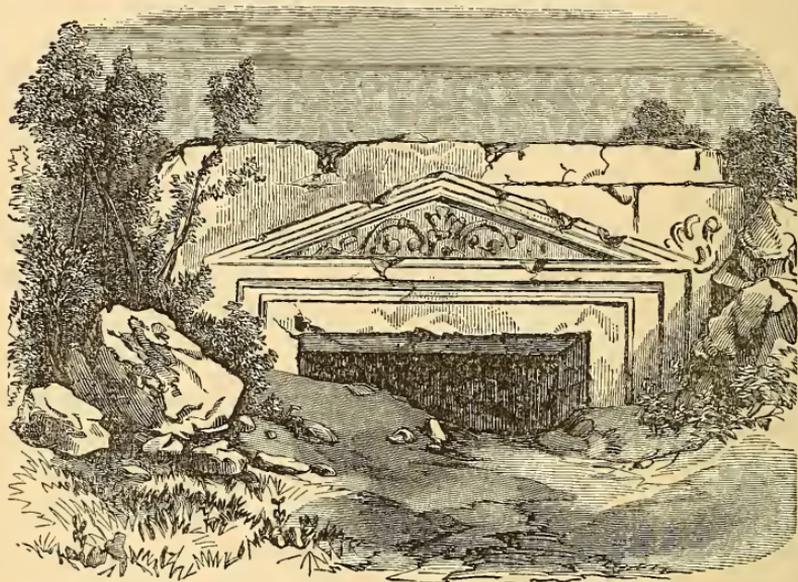
—with no vestige of life beyond a belated peasant driving his camel, or a flock of birds hurrying as we came. So the clouds were a comfort, and we watched them at their play, grateful for anything that took our thoughts from the scene of endless and irretrievable desolation. Then as the sun went down there came the struggle between coming night and the stern, burning majesty of the eternal monarch of nature. The pearls and grays became crimson and saffron. The sun shot forth his power in a sunburst of light. There were ridges of crimson and gold, luminous and flashing, that it might almost seem to burn and hiss like flames in the forge. Then came the tranquil blue—blue of every shade—every conceivable tint of blue—from that which Murillo threw into the eyes of the wonder-stricken Madonna in the supreme moment of her joy, to the deep violet blue, which tells of the passion, the patriotism and the revenge of Judith. The struggle still went on, but the victory was not with the sun, and it only remained for him to die as became a great king. The palm grew dim in the shadows. The flaming tints of crimson and scarlet and gold became brown and dark. The desert flushed with purple—with the purple of wine—and it seemed as if old Egypt's kings spoke from the desert that was once their throne, proclaiming their sovereignty. All that was left was the line of green that had become black, and the glorious sky above, with the glory of conquering night; and about us this land of eternal summer, beautiful even in death—beautiful with the beauty of death.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL AT SIOUT—RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT—
FRIENDS ON THE WAY—DONKEY-RIDING IN THE
DESERT—A VISIT TO ABYDOS—THE BATTLE WITH
THE SUN—THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF CIVILIZATION—
THE RUINED CITY—TOMBS AND TEMPLES CENTURIES
OLD—HOME AGAIN.

On the morning of the 19th of January, writes our correspondent, that being the third day of our journey, we came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a Vice Consul here, and tokens of our coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving the Vice Consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged, and we offered our friends coffee and cigars in the true Oriental style. The name of our Consul here is Wasif el Hayat. He is a Syrian and a large landed proprietor. He is a grave elderly person, who spoke only Arabic, but his son had been educated in Bayrout, at the mission schools, and knew English. We all drove to the town. It was over parched fields, through a country that in more favorable years would bloom like a garden. But the Nile is bad this year, and a bad Nile is a calamity second only to a famine in Egypt. We rode into the town and through the bazaars. All the town seemed to know of our coming, for wherever we went crowds swarmed around

us, and we had to force our donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians of all ages and conditions, some almost naked—crowds crying for baksheesh or pressing articles of merchandise upon us. The bazaars are narrow covered ways, covered with matting or loose boards, enough



TOMB OF THE KINGS.

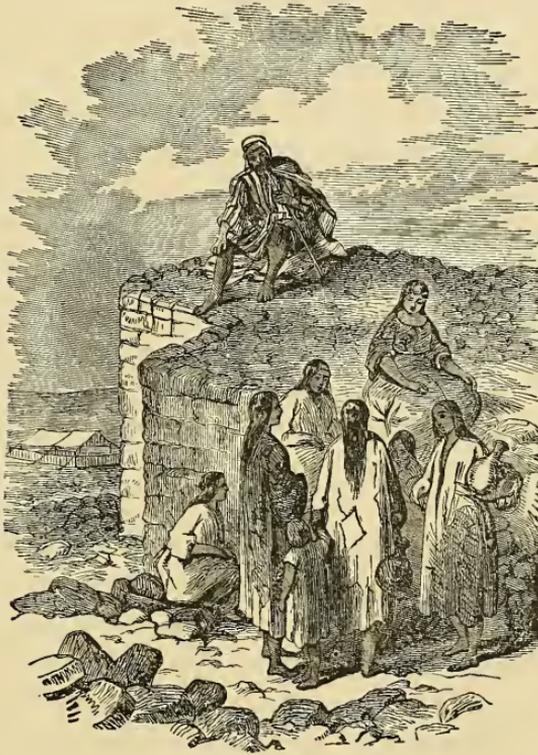
to break the force of the sun. The stores are little cubby holes of rooms, in front of which the trader sits and calls upon you to buy. As these avenues are not more than six feet wide at best, you can imagine what a time we had in making our progress. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all towns in Upper Egypt, a collection of mud hovels. We rode beyond the town to the tombs built in the sand and climbed the limestone rock on our donkeys. This was our first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden time. These desert rocks of limestone were tunnelled and made into rooms, and here the mummied dead found rest. The

chambers appointed for them were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some that we entered there was a chamber, an ante-chamber, and sometimes connecting chambers. There were inscriptions on the walls, but they had been defaced. The early Christians had deemed it their duty to obey the first commandment by removing the representatives of the gods that came in their way. The ceilings of the tombs had been once decorated, but modern Christians have deemed it their duty to deface them by firing pistol shots. When you visit a tomb and note the blue stars and astronomical forms that the ancients painted with so much care, it is so cunning to try the echo by firing your pistol. Consequently the roofs are spotted with bullet marks. Here also came the wanderers for shelter, and you see what the fires have done. What the tombs may have been in the past, when they came fresh from pious, loving hands, you can imagine. But what with ancient Christian iconoclasts, modern Christian wanderers, Bedouins, Arabs, selling the graves for ornaments, nothing remains but empty limestone rooms filling with sand and a few hieroglyphic memorials on the walls.

We were bidden to an entertainment at the home of Wasif el Hayat, and seven being the hour, we set forth. We were all anxious about our first Arab entertainment, and after some deliberation our naval men concluded to go in their uniforms. The Doctor rode ahead in the carriage with General and Mrs. Grant and the Consul-General. As the Doctor wore his uniform and the others were in plain dress he was welcomed by the awe-stricken Moslems as the King of America. Hadden and the rest of us rode behind on our trusty and well-beloved donkeys, Hadden in uniform, followed by wondering crowds. I suppose he was taken for a minor potentate, as in the Oriental eyes

all that lace and gold could not be wasted on anything less than princely rank. But we all had more or less attention, although we could feel that the uniforms were the centre of glory, and that we shone with borrowed splendor. As we came to the house of Wasif el Hayat, we found a real transformation scene. Lanterns lined the street, servants stood on the road, holding blazing torches, a transparency was over the gate with the words, "Welcome, General Grant." The "N" was turned upside down, but that made no difference, for the welcome here in far Africa made the heart throb quicker. As we rode up, torches blazed, rockets went up into the air, various colored lights were burned, and we passed into the courtyard glowing with light and color, passed into the house over carpets and rugs of heavy texture and gorgeous pattern. Our host met us at the gates of his house and welcomed us in the stately Oriental way, kissing the General's hand as he clasped it in his two hands, and then touching his own heart, lips and brow. Here we met the Governor, and, more welcome still, the Rev. I. R. Alexander and his wife. Mr. Alexander is one of the professors in the missionary college and is under the direction of the United Presbyterian Church. The dinner came, and it was regal in its profusion and splendor. I should say there were at least twenty courses, all well served. When it was concluded, the son of the host arose, and in remarkably clear and correct English, proposed the General's health. You will allow me, I am sure, to give you a fragment of this speech. "Long have we heard and wondered," said the speaker, "at the strange progress which America has made during this past century, by which she has taken the first position among the most widely civilized nations. She has so quickly improved in sciences, morals and arts, that the world stands amazed at this extraordinary progress which

surpasses the swiftness of lightning. It is to the hard work of her great and wise men that all this advance is imputed, those who have shown to the world what wise, courageous, patriotic men can do. Let all the world look to America and follow her example—that nation which



GROUP OF BEDOUINS.

has taken as the basis of her laws and the object of her undertakings to maintain freedom and equality among her own people and secure them for others, avoiding all ambitious schemes which would draw her into bloody and disastrous wars, and trying by all means to maintain peace internally and externally. The only two great wars upon which she has engaged were entered upon for pure and just purposes—the first for releasing herself from the

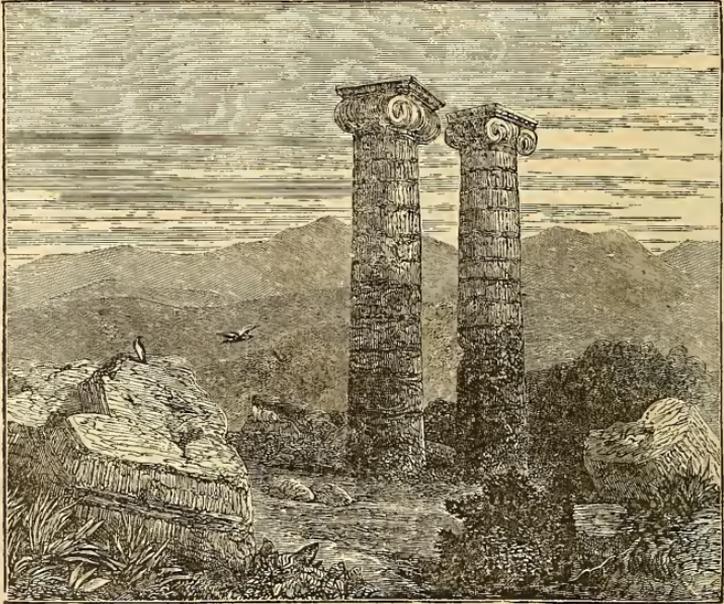
English yoke and erecting her independence, and the other for stopping slavery and strengthening the union of the States; and well we know that it was mainly under God due to the talent, courage and wisdom of His Excellency General Grant, that the latter of the two enterprises was brought to a successful issue." The speech closed by a tribute to the General and the Khedive. General Grant said in response that nothing in his whole trip had so impressed him as this unexpected, this generous welcome in the heart of Egypt. He had anticipated great pleasure in his visit to Egypt, and the anticipation had been more than realized. He thanked his host and especially the young man who had spoken of him with so high praise for their reception. The dinner dissolved into coffee, conversation and cigars. Mrs. Grant had a long talk with Mrs. Alexander about home—Mrs. Alexander being a fair young bride who had come out from America to cast her lot with her husband in the unpromising vineyard of Siout. And when the evening grew on we rode back to our boat, through the night and over the plain. Torch bearers accompanied us through the town. Donkey boys and townspeople followed us to the river bank. The moon was shining, and as we rode home—you see we already call the boat our home—we talked over the pleasant surprise we had found in Siout and of its many strange phases of Oriental life.

On the 21st of January we hauled up to the bank in the town of Girgel. We found Admiral Steedman and Mr. Davis, of Boston, moored in their dahabeeah, and they repeated the same story that we hear all along the Nile, that they had a good time, a splendid time, could not have had a better time. It seems that their dahabeeah had run aground, and the Admiral came out in old quarter-deck form and gave all the orders necessary to save the vessel. But after he had given the orders, as became a veteran

sailor, who had battled with tempests in every part of the world, it was discovered that the crew were Arabs and did not understand a word of English, and probably thought that the Admiral's vigorous forms of speech were a kind of devotion—a manner of worshiping common only to the infidel. So the Admiral's vessel had to save itself and we had our own fun out of the narrative as we sat on the deck over our coffee and watched the Arabs crouching over the fire. The Admiral and Mr. Davis spent a part of the evening with us; but just as the talk was in full tide the dragoman came on-board with word that there was a rising wind. Those who sail in the dahabeeah must take the wind when it comes, and so our welcome guests hurried away and in a few minutes were speeding up the stream.

It was rather a long distance from our landing place to Abydos, and Sami Bey had given orders that we should be ready at eight for our journey. I am afraid it was quite an effort for some of the party whose names shall be withheld to heed this command. But the General was first on deck and very soon came Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. And as the General waits for no one, those who were late had to hurry their breakfasts, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with a half-eaten biscuit. There were our Arabs and donkeys all waiting, and the moment our company began to muster there was a chorus of screams—"Good donkey," "Good morning," "baksheesh," and other limited forms of speech. The donkeys charged upon us in a mass, each owner screaming out the merits of his animal. It was only by vigorous efforts on the part of Hassan that we could see and select our animals. Hassan had given me a private bit of information as to which donkey I should select, and I found myself the master of a little mite of a creature, scarcely high enough to keep my feet from the ground, but vigor-

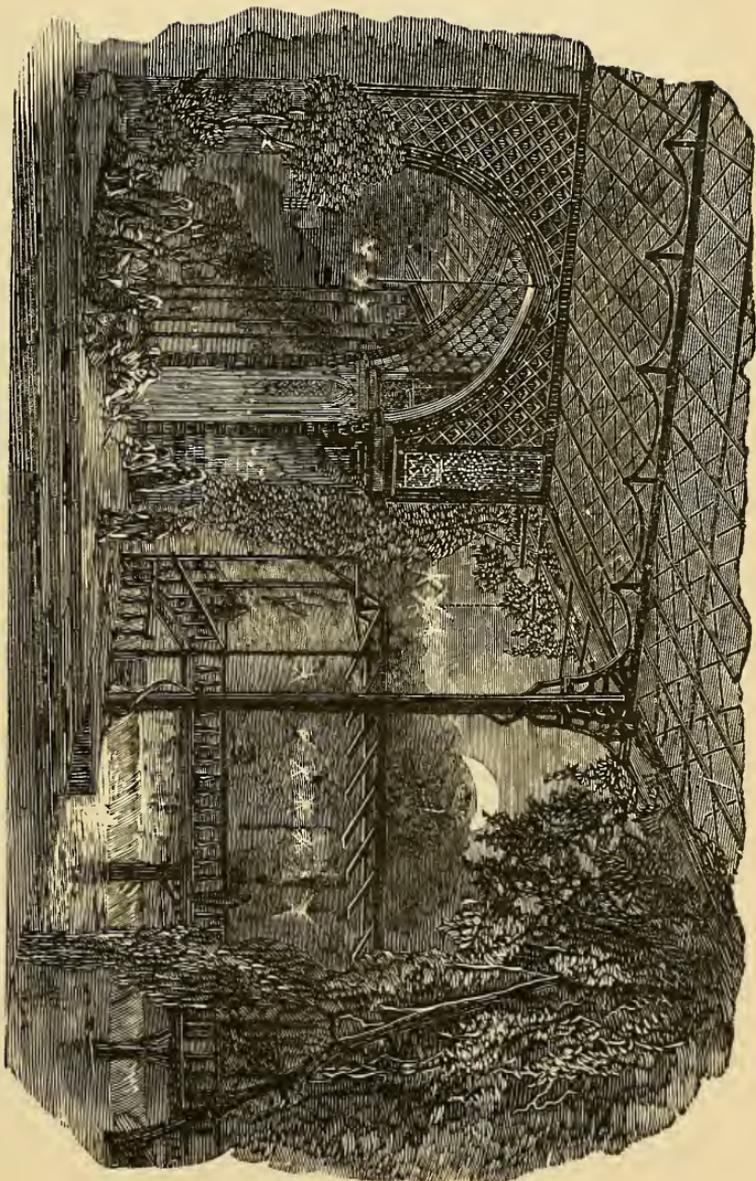
ous and strong and disposed to stop and bray for the amusement of the company. Hadden's experience with donkeys had made him circumspect, and the General advised him to select as small an animal as possible, or, as a precautionary measure to the end that a valuable life should be saved to the navy, that he should tie himself on its back. The General himself had a horse placed at his



EGYPTIAN RUINS.

disposal by the Pacha who rules the district, but he rode the animal with a protest, as it had a shambling gait, and wished that courtesy to his host did not prevent his taking a donkey. The Marquis had some difficulty in pleasing himself, and when at last he set out with an umbrella under his arm and his eyes shaded with sombre spectacles, the suggestion was made that he was a Methodist colporteur on a journey of preaching. But there was a gleam of satisfaction in his noble face, as he informed us that a couple of camels had gone up from the town laden

PASHA VILLA, OCCUPIED BY GENERAL GRANT.



with refreshments, and that we should have breakfast in the temple. As I have hinted in this correspondence, the Marquis has no enthusiasm for ruins, especially Egyptian ruins, while he has positive and valuable views about breakfast. So in time we were off over the country for Abydos. The fields were cracked, and the ditches, which in good times would carry irrigating streams, were dry. Each of us had two Arabs for an escort, and the duty of these attendants seemed to be to encourage his beast by a sound something between a whisper and a hiss, or shouting or beating him. I rather think the beating did not amount to much, for these people love their animals and live with them and make them companions and friends. But the lady of our expedition would not endure the stick, and we were halted, and Hassan was summoned and told to say to the attendants that they must not beat the donkeys or they would have no baksheesh, not a farthing. There could be no more fearful punishment than this, and there was no more beating. But the Arabs had their satisfaction in kneeling and running at your side and seeking a conversation. Their observations became monotonous. "Good donkey," "My name Mohammed," "My name Ali," "Good donkey," "Yankee Doodle," "Good morning," "Good donkey." Others came with bits of scarabee and bits of ancient pottery, fragments of mummy lids and shreds of mummy cloth to drive a trade. I was on the point of making a moral observation upon the character of a people who would rifle the tombs of their ancestors and make merchandise of their bones and grave ornaments, when it occurred to me that these were Arabs and descended, not from the Egyptians, but from the men who conquered the Egyptians and occupied their land. I hope it is not against the laws of war for a conquering race to sell the bones of those they have defeated, for our Arabs

were so poor and wretched that no one could grudge them any means of earning a piastre. This running trade continues all the way, and in time you become used to it, as in time one could become used to everything. You become used to the noises, the conversation, the entreaties to buy, and ride on unconscious, or, if anything, amused with your Arab, who is generally an amusing, good natured scamp, of wonderful endurance, and anxious to please. I became quite friendly with my Mohammed Ali, who had two English phrases with which he constantly plied me—"I am serene" and "Yankee Doodle." The latter phrase was the name of his donkey, and I was about to thank him for his kind recognition of my country when Hassan, from whom I draw great stores of information, told me that they had a variety of names—English, French, German, Italian—which they used according to the nationality of their riders. I had no doubt that my present plodding Yankee Doodle had done duty as Bismarck, McMahan and the Prince of Wales.

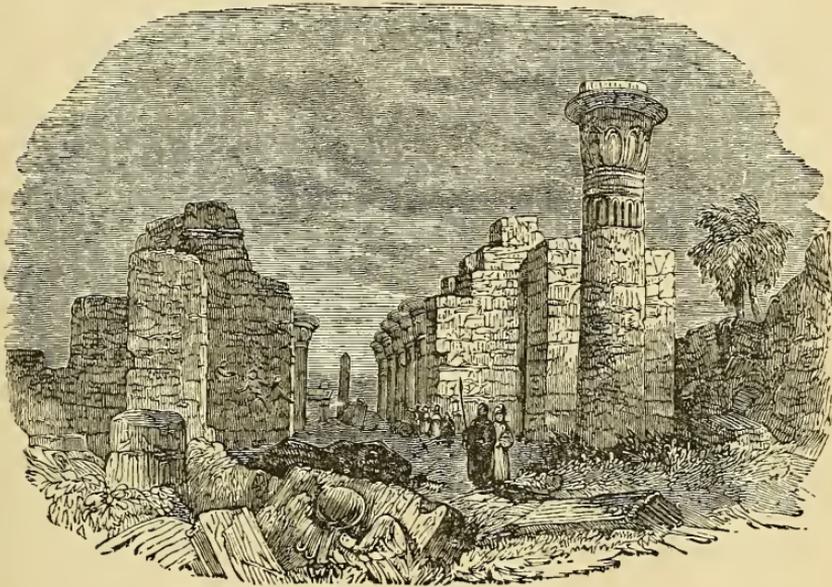
Our journey was through a country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the Libyan Desert, and the road to the great oasis leads to it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, they could sleep in the sand; but corn and onions needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sand hills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man. My first impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, to keep from going over his head into a ditch and show him the

safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey-riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care on the object and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups and let them swing just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members, who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle, were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouan. The donkey is apt to fall, for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait until he had come to a better frame of mind. But it is not the donkey that troubles you, for the beast is as good as a patient, willing wife, but the sun that blazes overhead. This, you must remember, is the land of the Sun, where His Majesty is never abdicated. It may be cool in the evening and in the morning, and you will find heavy coats a comfort. But with the noon he comes in his power, and you ride over the desert with his full force upon your brow. In the matter of head dress we had various plans. The Doctor kept his stiff wide-awake. Jesse Grant wore a light peaked straw hat, swathed in silk. The others of us wore white pointed helmets made of pith or cork, coming over the eyes and

over the neck. My helmet was a burden to me when first I wore it, and I took a hint from Sami Bey, remembering that this was his land and he knew how to battle with the sun. By the aid of the Marquis I obtained a *coiffe de chapeau* of heavy silk, orange and green, about a yard or more square. This I bound over my Turkish fez so that it would drape my face and fall over the shoulders. So when the sun came I had only to draw the web over my brow and throw the folds over my shoulders and ride on. Although much heavier than any ordinary hat, and apparently oppressive from its texture and the lapping folds, there was no discomfort. The power of the sun was set at naught. Whatever breeze might be stirring was sure to creep into the folds and toy with my cheeks. Then there was an artistic sense to satisfy. It lit up the landscape. You could be seen from afar, and as the dress was that of a high Bedouin chief—of an Arab officer of rank—you knew that you were more than a pilgrim; that you were the symbol of authority to wandering desert eyes far away, who saw your flaming head-dress streaming over the sand, and felt you were a great pacha.

“Here,” said Brugsch, as we dismounted from our donkeys and followed him into the ruins of the temples, “here we should all take off our hats, for here is the cradle, the fountain head of all the civilization of the world.” This was a startling statement, but Brugsch is a serious gentleman and does not make extravagant speeches. Then he told us about Abydos, which lay around us in ruins. This was the oldest city in Egypt. It went back to Menes, the first of the Egyptian kings, who, according to Brugsch, reigned 4,500 years before Christ—centuries before Abraham came to Egypt. It is hard to dispute a fact like this, and one of the party ventured to ask whether the civilization of China and India did not antedate, or claim to

antedate, even Abydos. To be sure it did, but in China and India you have traditions ; here are monuments. Here, under the sands that we were crunching with our feet, here first flowed forth that civilization which has streamed over the world. Hebrew, Indian, Etruscan, Persian, Roman, Greek, Christian—whatever form you give it,

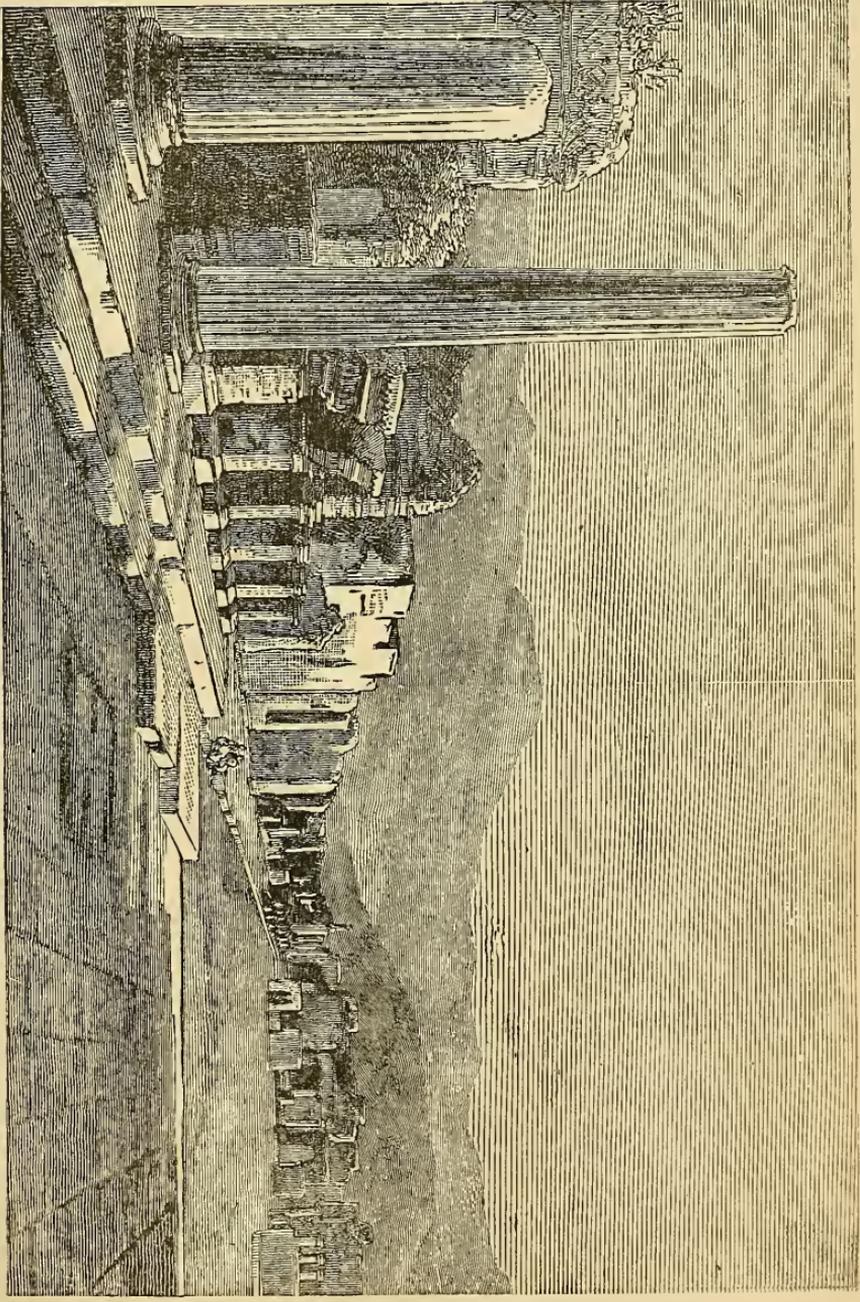


RUINS OF THE TEMPLE AT ABYDOS.

whatever shape it takes—this the fountain of it all. Stanley had been telling me a few days ago, as we sat at breakfast at Alexandria, of the emotions he felt when he came to the sources of the Nile, where a trickling of water that you might arrest and imprison within the goblet's brim, set out on its mighty journey to the sea. I recalled the enthusiasm of my illustrious and intrepid friend as I thought that here was the source of another Nile that had been flowing for ages, that had enriched the world even as the river enriches these plains with all the arts and civilization and religion known to man, and that it was flowing,

and still flowing, with growing volume and riches. You see I am a believer. I came to these lands with reverence and have faith in their stones. I shall never know much about Egypt; I am afraid I shall never care enough for it to enter into the controversies about time and men that adorn Egyptian literature. I believe in the stones, and here are the stones on which are written the names of the kings from Menes to Sethi I. Sethi built this temple somewhere about fourteen hundred years before Christ, and, like a dutiful king, he wrote the names of his predecessors, seventy-six in all, beginning with Menes. Here is the stone which Brugsch reads as though it were the morning lesson, reading as one who believes. Here is the very stone, beautifully engraved, and, thanks to the sand, kept all these centuries as fresh as when the sculptor laid down his chisel. It was only found in 1865, and is, perhaps, the most valuable of the monuments, because it knits up the unraveled threads of Egyptian history and gives you a continuous link from this day to the day of Moses. You pass your fingers over the stone and note how beautiful and clear are the lines. And as you see it, you see the manifest honesty of the men who did the work, of the king who told all he knew, and of the truth of what was written. I believe in the stone and feel, as I said a moment ago, a little of the enthusiasm of Stanley when he stood at the trickling source of the Nile.

So we follow Brugsch out of the chamber and from ruined wall to wall. The ruins are on a grand scale. Abydos is a temple which the Khedive is rescuing from the sand. The city was in its time of considerable importance, but this was ages ago, ages and ages; so that its glory was dead even before Thebes began to reign. Thebes is an old city, and yet I suppose, compared with Thebes, Abydos is as much older as one of the buried Aztec towns



RUINS AT THEBES.

in Central America is older than New York. When the temple is all dug out we shall find it to have been a stupendous affair; but there are other temples, too, in better condition, and what interests us at Abydos is the city. Here, according to tradition—a tradition which Plutarch partly confirms—was buried the god Ostris. The discovery of that tomb will be an event as important in Egyptology as even the discovery of America by Columbus in his day. In the earliest times it was believed Osiris was buried here. To the ancient Egyptians the burial place of that god was as sacred as Mecca is to the Moslems or the Holy Sepulchre to the Mediæval Christians. The government has, therefore, been digging in all directions, and we started after Brugsch to see the work. Mrs. Grant rode along on her donkey, and the rest of us went in different directions on foot. There had been troubles in the neighborhood—riots arising out of the bad Nile and taxes. So we had a guide who hovered around us—one soldier, whom we called, in obedience to the law of physical coincidences, Boss Tweed—keeping watch over the General. He was a fat and ragged fellow, with a jolly face. It was quite a walk to the ruins, and the walk was over hills and ridges of burning sand. So the Marquis went to the village to see if the camels had come bearing the luncheon—a subject that was of more value to his practical mind than the tomb of a dethroned deity. It was an interesting walk, to us especially, as it was our first real glimpse of the desert and of an ancient city. The General and the writer found themselves together climbing the highest of the mounds. It was rather an effort to keep our footing on the slippery sand. Beneath us was one excavation forty or fifty feet deep. You could see the remnants of an old house or old tomb; millions of fragments of broken pottery all around. You could see the

strata that age after age had heaped upon the buried city. The desert had slowly been creeping over it, and in some of the strata were marks of the Nile. For years, for thousands of years, this mass, which the workmen had torn with their spades, had been gathering. The city was really a city of tombs. In the ancient days the devout Egyptian craved burial near the tomb of Osiris, and so, for centuries, I suppose, their remains were brought to Abydos from all parts of Egypt. This fact gives special value to the excavations, as it gave a special solemnity to our view. As we stood on the elevation, talking about Egypt and the impressions made upon us by our journey, the scene was very striking. There was the ruined temple; here were the gaping excavations filled with bricks and pottery. Here were our party, some gathering beads and skulls and stones; others having a lark with Sami Bey; others following Mrs. Grant as a body guard, as her donkey plodded his way along the slopes. Beyond, just beyond, were rolling plains of shining sand—shining, burning sand—and as the shrinking eye followed the plain and searched the hills, there was no sign of life; nothing except, perhaps, some careering hawk hurrying to the river. It was the apotheosis of death and ruin, a fit mantle for the sepulchred city below. I have seen no scene in Egypt more striking than this view from the mounds of Abydos.

The sun was beating with continued fierceness, and we kept our way to the cluster of trees and the village. The Marquis, with illuminated eyes, informed us that the camels had come and the luncheon was ready. We sat around our modest table and feasted—feasted in the temple sacred to the memory of Osiris, and built by the pious munificence of Sethi, the king who rests with God. The walk had given us an appetite and put us all in high spirits,

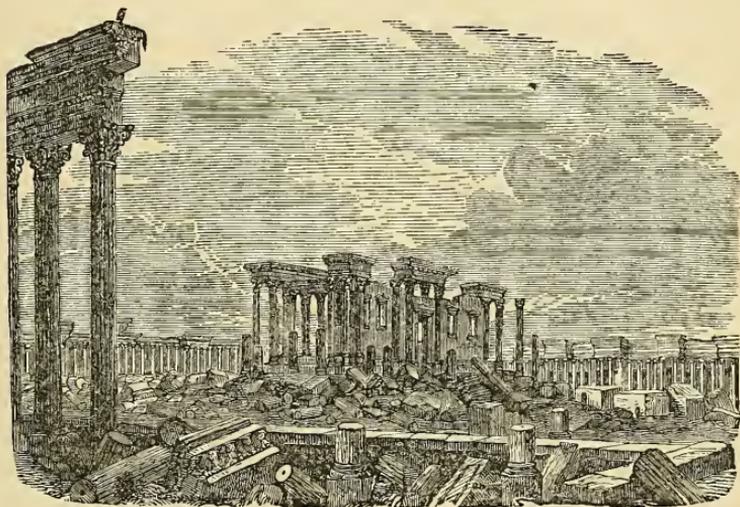
an we lunched in merry mood. There were toasts to the Khedive, to Sami Bey, to the General, and the invariable toast which comes from gracious womanly lips—to friends and dear ones at home. Then Brugsch told us of Salib, an Arabian who had been for twenty years working at the excavation. He worked with so much diligence that he had become entirely blind, and it was now his only comfort to wander about the ruins, direct the workmen, and perhaps trace with his finger many a loved inscription that his zeal had brought to light. Salib lived near the ruins, on a pension allowed by the Khedive, and after luncheon we called on him and took our coffee in his house. The coffee was served on the roof, while some of us, weary with the sun, lay under the shadow of the wall and the date trees, and others sat about the courtyard, smoking, and Brugsch, who never misses his chance, improved the shining hour to copy a hieroglyphic inscription. After an hour's rest, we went back again, very much as we came. But the journey was long, the road was dusty, and when we saw the flag flying from our boat, we were, some of us at least, a weary, very weary, party. We had ridden fifteen miles on donkeys and walked two or three on the sand, and the shelter and repose of the cabin was grateful when at last it came.

CHAPTER XV.

THEBES—LUXOR—RECEPTION—THE MEMNON STATUE—
THE PALACE TEMPLE OF RAMESES—DINNER AT
LUXOR—ON THE WAY TO KARNAK—ITS ANTIQUITY
—THE LAKE OF DEATH—THE LEGENDS OF THE WALLS
—THE BAD NILE AND THE CALAMITY IT IMPOSES.

Our imaginations, as might have been expected, had been dwelling all these days on Thebes. We read it up and talked about it, and said, "When we see Thebes, we shall see one of the wonders of the world." We learned that Thebes was once a city that covered both banks of the Nile; that it was known to Homer as the city of the Hundred Gates; that it must have had 300,000 inhabitants, and that it sent out 20,000 armed chariots. It was famed for its riches and splendor until it was besieged. There was a temple of Memnon and the colossal statue which used to sing its oracles when the sun rose. Here was to be found the palace temple of the great Rameses, the only ruin in Egypt known to have been the home of a king. Here we would see the columns of Luxor, the twin obelisk to the one now in Paris, the stupendous ruins of Karnak and the tombs of the kings. Thebes alone would repay us for our long journeyings; and we talked about Sesostris and the Pharaohs in a familiar manner, as though they knew we were coming, and would be at home. And when we became a little hazy on our history and could not get our kings exactly straight, and were not sure whether Sesostris was in the nineteenth or the twenty-ninth dynasty, we always fell back on Brugsch, who knew all the dynasties and was an ever-running spring of information, and always as gentle

and willing as he was learned. By the time we approached Thebes we were well out of that stage and were well up in our Rameses, and knew all about Thebes, the mighty, the magnificent Thebes, the city of a world's renown, of which we had been reading and dreaming all these years. And as Brugsch, leaning over the rail, talked about



RUINS AT THEBES.

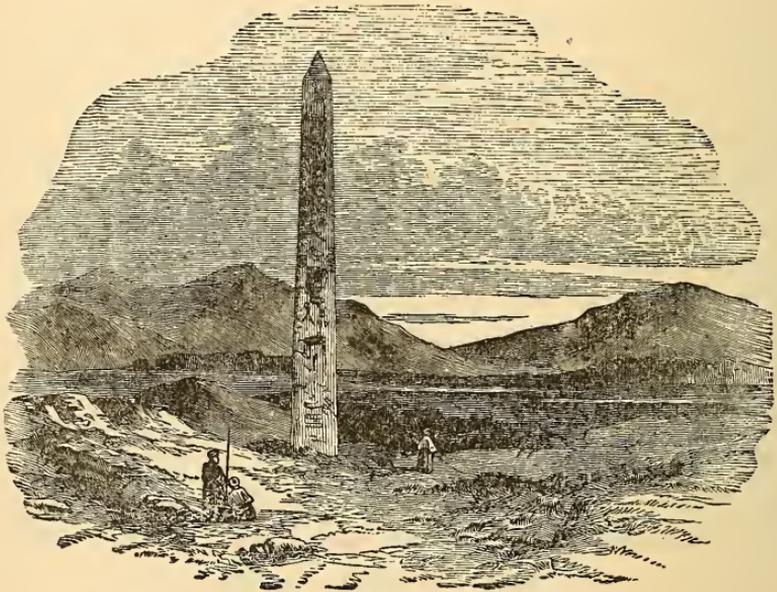
Thebes, we listened and watched through the clear air for the first sign of its glory. There were the mountains beyond, the very mountains of which we had read, and there was the plain. But where was Thebes? We looked through our glasses and saw at first only the brown cavered hills, the parched fields and the shining sand. We looked again, and there, sure enough, were the colossal statues of Memnon, two broken pillars so they seemed, with a clump of trees near them. Only the field, the sand and the hills beyond, only the same cluster of hovels on on the shore and the two distant columns. This was all that remained of the glory of the city that was the glory of the ancient world.

There was one, at least, in that small company whose imagination fell, and who could scarcely believe that so much splendor could only be this barren plain. But this is no time for moral reflections, as we are coming into the town of Luxor, one fragment of the old city, and on the shore opposite to Memnon. We are coming to the shore and we see that we have been expected. The population of Luxor is on the river bank; all the consulates have their flags flying, and the dahabeeahs, of which there are five or six, have their flags up. Right at the landing place is a neat three-storied stone building, painted white, with the American and Brazilian flags on the roof. The house is all hung with boughs of the date palm and decorated with lanterns. Over the door there are two American flags, and two soldiers are on guard. Evidently Luxor is in great excitement, for as we come to the wharf two soldiers on the roof fire six or seven shots from their muskets. This is our salute, and as soon as the plank is run ashore the Vice-Consul comes on board with the Governor and welcomes the General. Then we go ashore, and call on the Vice-Consul. We enter the house and pass over stone floors, strewn with Turkish and Persian rugs of great value. We pass into the best chamber of the house, and we hear another series of musket shots. In this best chamber the host points out a picture of the General, which he says in Arabic is one of his household gods, and that the day which brought the General under his roof will ever be a blessed day to him. We noticed also a picture of President Hayes. We sat on the divan and the coffee was brought, and after the coffee long pipes. Then, at the request of our host, we all went up to the roof of his house, where we had a fine view of the country, the country which once shone with the magnificence of Thebes, but which is now only a valley between two ranges of hills—

a valley of sand and parched fields, here and there a cluster of hovels called a village, here and there a ruin almost hidden from view by the shadows of the descending sun.

The town of Luxor, as it is called, is really a collection of houses that have fastened upon the ruins of the old temple. This temple is near the river, and has a fine façade. It was built by Amunoph III. and Rameses II., who reigned between thirteen and fifteen hundred years before Christ. I am not very particular about the dates, because I have learned that a century or two does not make much difference in writing about the Egyptian dynasties. In fact, the scholars themselves have not agreed upon their chronology. The only scholar in whom we have any faith is Brugsch, and when he tells us that this temple is more than three thousand years old, we believe him. It is not a very old temple, as temples go, and Brugsch shows it to us in a matter of fact way, saying, "Wait until you see Rameh." There is a fine obelisk here, the companion of the one now standing in the Place Concordia, Paris. There is a statue of Rameses, of colossal size, now broken and partly buried in the sand. The walls are covered with inscriptions of the usual character—the glory of the king, his victories, his majesty, his devotion to the gods, and the decree of the gods that his name will live for millions of years. I have no doubt much more could be seen and known of this Luxor temple but for modern vandalism. The town is simply a collection of fungi fastened on the temple. The French took one wing of pillars and put up a house when they were here in 1799. The English consulate is within the temple walls, defacing the finest part of the façade. It is a shame that a great nation like England should allow her flag to float over a house whose presence is a desecration, a robbery, a violation of interna-

tional courtesy. There could be no more shameless vandalism, and when one of our party asked Brugsch why the Khedive did not take the house down and allow the owner to take his flag elsewhere, like other consuls, the answer was that he did not wish to offend England. This is one of the many instances, I am sorry to say, where English influence in the East is only another name for English tyranny. The Englishman, so jealous of his rights at home, so eloquent in defense of British honor, sincerity and fair play, is the least considerate of the rights of others in a land like Egypt. He looks upon these people as his hewers of wood and drawers of water, whose duty is to



THE OBELISK AT LUXOR.

work and to thank the Lord when they are not flogged. They only regard these monuments as reservoirs from which they can supply their own museums, and for that purpose they have plundered Egypt, just as Lord Elgin plundered Greece. The Khedive has been trying to put

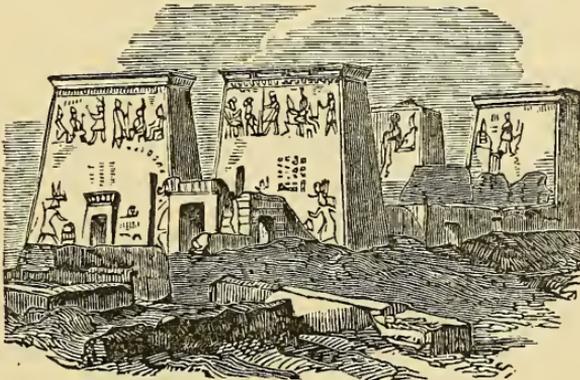
a stop to the business, and with some success. But means are found to avoid his commands. It is really an act of fraud to take a monument or an antiquity out of Egypt. Yet Brugsch says, with natural emotion, that whenever any especially rare discovery is made during the excavations, the most valuable relic of all is pretty certain to be found shortly after in one of the European museums.

In the morning we made ready for our trip to Memnon and the temple home of Rameses. We set out early in the morning—early, at least, for a party of idle voyagers who did not crave a reputation for rising. We had to cross the river, our boatmen singing their Arab music. And when we landed on the other shore, we had, thanks to the forethought of our consul at Thebes, a collection of stable donkeys, with a well mounted horse for the General. We were a little time getting underway. There was the escort of serving men with the luncheons on camels, who pushed ahead. Then came the General and his party. The party was composed of fifteen, as we had with us the Consul, the Governor of the province, the Marquis and Hassan. But as every donkey had two donkey boys, with a couple of girls, carrying water on their heads, running at your side—as there was a sheik, in stately turban, and five or six soldiers on guard—and a crowd crying for baksheesh and offering antiquities for sale, our tourists' group grew to be quite an army, and as we trailed over the plain we looked like a caravan. The antiquity dealers and water girls swarmed around us so that it was difficult to ride with comfort, and Hassan, who has practical ways of settling problems, went among them with a stick. Hassan's energy, however, brought his good name into peril, for the idea of beating the nimble, ragged maidens who flocked about us and filled the air with dust was revolting to the lady of the expedition, who summoned

Hassan before her and forbade him to beat the children. Hassan, who is as kindly a being as ever carried a scimeter, explained that he only wanted to frighten them and did not beat anybody. I quite believed him, for in the race the water girls, who were as nimble as a gazelle, would leave Hassan, who is stout and slow, far behind in no time. So, as a preventive measure, Hassan was instructed to make public announcement that unless the water girls and donkey boys and antiquity peddlers remained far behind where they would not raise the dust, they should have no baksheesh, Hassan made this terrible proclamation from his donkey with many gesticulations and shaking of his stick; and so we kept on with moderate comfort and peace. But every now and then some one of the damsels would steal up to your side under pretense of offering you water and coax you with the large black wondering eyes, so that resistance was impossible, and in this way we came to Memnon.

All that is left of Memnonism are the two colossal statues, the one to the north being the statue that, according to the historians and priests, used to utter a sound every morning when the sun rose. The statue is silent enough now, and is a monolith about fifty feet high. A good part of the base is buried in the earth, but they loom up over the plain and may be seen—as, in fact, we did see them—miles and miles away. You may have an idea of the size when you know that the statue measures 18 feet 3 inches across the shoulders, 16 feet 6 inches from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, and the other portions of the body in due proportion. No trace can be found of the cause of the vocal sunrise phenomenon. One theory is that the priests used to climb into a recess in the body of the statue and perform a juggler's trick. I do not think so badly of the Egyptian priests, who, I suppose, were good men in their way, and not charlatans. You might find one priest in a multitude

capable of climbing into a recess and calling upon the people to pay pew rent or tithes or something of the kind. But this sound continued for generations, and I do not believe you could find generations of priests carrying on the deception for years and years; so I dismiss that theory and take another which Brugsch explains to us. The statue would be moist with dew at sunrise, and the sun's rays acting upon the dew would cause it to emit a sound like an interrupted chord of music; just such a sound as you hear from a sea shell if you hold it to your ear. As



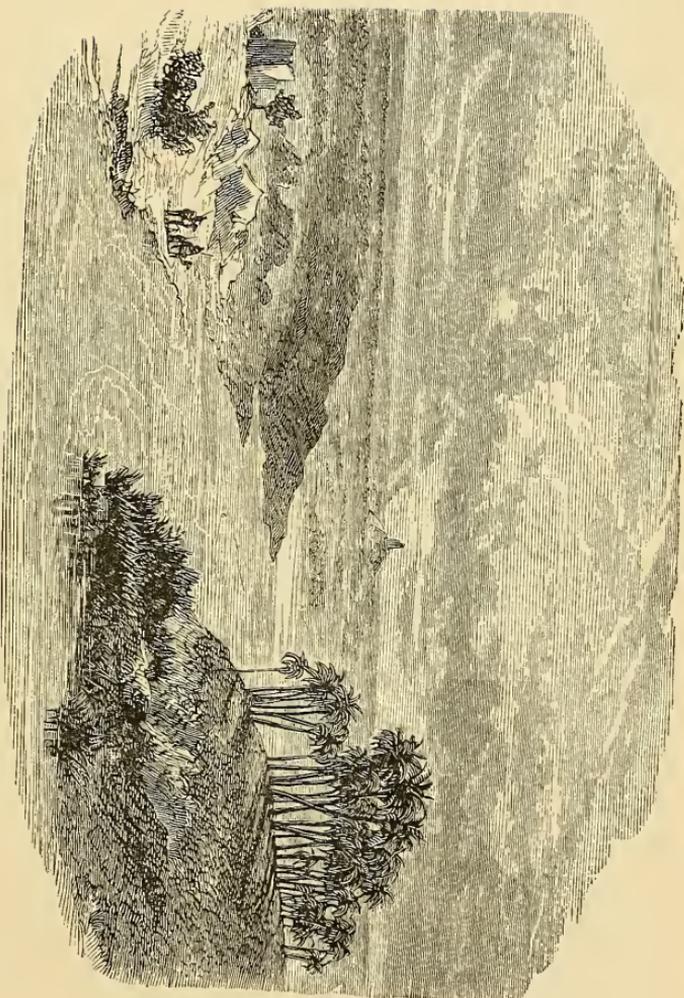
EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

the sun is sure to shine every morning on these plains you could be certain that such a phenomenon would recur daily. I can well imagine how a freak of nature might be taken as the voice of the gods, and how humble priests would bow down to it and not enter into scientific speculations. After the statue had been tossed by an earthquake and riven the music ceased, which only confirm me in doing justice to the poor priests. After we had ridden around the Memnon statue and its companion—around and around them, so as to see them from all sides and have a full sense of their immensity—after we had rested a half hour in the grateful shade of the column, for the day was

warm and severe, we made our way to the neighboring temple of Medeenet Habro. Our ride to this temple was over a mass of sand and rubbish. But near it was a sheltering grove of date palms, and the Marquis, whose practical mind is never disturbed by any ruins, however ancient, quietly informed us, as an encouragement under the beating sun, that we were to have luncheon.

Medeenet Habro was one of the great temples of Thebes, and it deserves special mention here as the only one where you can find traces of the home life of an Egyptian king. I had been asking Brugsch on many occasions where we could see some trace of how king and people lived in the early days. One grew tired—let me say it, if I dare, without irreverence—one grew tired of temples and tombs and these endless tributes to the valor of kings and the virtues of the gods. So when we came to Medeenet Habro we were shown the rooms where the great Rameses lived. This was the third Rameses, who lived twelve, or perhaps thirteen, centuries before Christ—who is supposed by some to have succeeded the Pharaoh who brought the plagues upon Egypt. To enter the private apartments of a great monarch is, undoubtedly, a privilege, and I was prepared for some ceremony in making our call. But the apartment was in the second story, and the ceremonies were something like those which a school-boy adopts in climbing a neighbor's cherry tree. You climbed a stone, and then a wall, and up the wall over stones which time and sightseers had worn smooth, and into a window from a precarious ledge. I suppose the great king entered into the bosom of his family by some less complicated method, and as I saw Hadden and Wilner climb the rock nimbly enough, I remembered that they were sailors, and could run up rigging, and that I would wait and take their word for it when they came down. But when I saw the

THE PLAINS OF THEBES.



conqueror of Lee deliberately follow, and scale the imperial chamber with all the activity of a young lieutenant, I was bound to follow. The room in which His Majesty lived, and which one reached somewhat out of breath and a good deal covered with dust, was not an imposing apartment. It evidently feels the absence of the master's eye, for the bats have taken possession and the roof is gone. The walls are covered with inscriptions, but you see gentler themes than those we have been studying these many, many days. Here the king lived with the ladies of his harem. You see him attended by them. They are giving him lotus flowers; they wave fans before him. In one picture he sits with a favorite playing a game of draughts. His arm is extended, holding a piece in the act of moving. I am afraid he had little trouble in winning that game, as his fair opponent, instead of watching the moves, is nursing his senses by holding a perfumed flower to his nose. This glimpse of the natural domestic life of the old days was refreshing after the battles and prayers that had followed us all the way from Abydos. So we go down into the sanctuary and take our luncheon, the Marquis, who did not climb the ruin, welcoming us with beaming eyes. We gather about the rude table and we drink the health of the Khedive, and home again. We have the same procession, donkey boys and water maidens and sellers of relics. When we come to the river bank, Mrs. Grant summons all the maidens to her and distributes baksheesh. The attempt to preserve order is vain. The water maidens rushed and screamed, and rushed at the purse, and when paid at one end of the line ran down to the other and cried because they had received nothing. Finally, after liberal disbursements and in sheer despair at doing justice to all, and not without a murmur at the savagery and selfishness of the

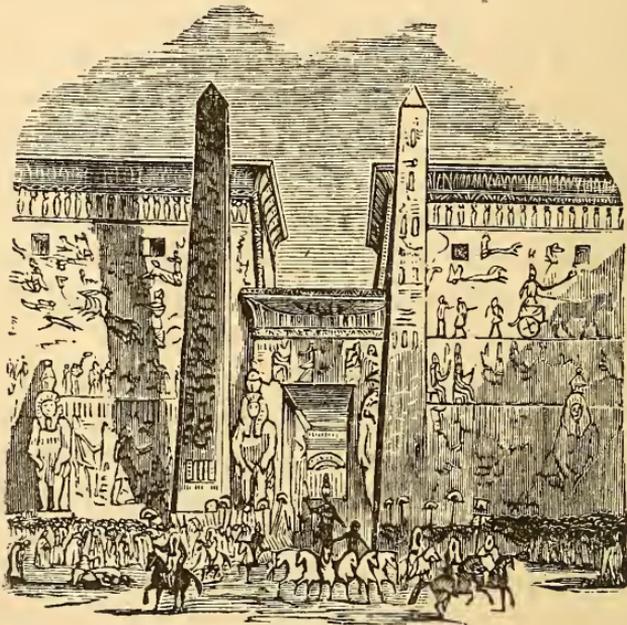
ones she meant to aid, our gracious lady turned the business over to Hassan. As we pushed off in our boats, we saw Hassan making his small payments to a quite orderly and decorous crowd. But Hassan had a stick, and, alas! that one must write it of so glorious a land, the stick has become an essential element in the manners and customs of the land.

We had seen Thebes, we had even begun to grow weary of it. There was a dinner in State which had to be eaten. The General was tired and concluded he would not go. He had been riding all day to Memnon, the temple, and back again, and we were all dusty and tired. But when the General's regret was sent, our Arab host was so sad about it and so apprehensive lest his fellow consuls, who knew the General had dined with other consuls on the way, might misconstrue his absence. So the General went in state or in as much state as we can assume in this region, our naval friends in full uniform. When we went to our Theban dinner, the Doctor was ill, and the honor fell upon Hadden, who blazed in gold, and whom the waiters were with the utmost difficulty prevented from helping as the honored guest. Our dinner was served in the upper chamber of the house, and the host sat on one side of the table in a state of constant alarm, that made us quite sympathize with him. He was an Egyptian, with a keen, kind, swarthy face, with a slight gray beard, who had never been north of Thebes in his life, and had never drank anything but Nile water. I suppose the honor of entertaining the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and the fear lest he might not do us all the honor he wished, oppressed him, and he sat in anxiety and alarm. The dinner was a stupendous affair, course after course in Oriental profusion, until we could not even pay the dishes the compliment of tasting them. Then came the coffee

and the pipes. During the dinner, which was composed of the host and our own party, we had music. A group of Arab minstrels came in and squatted on the floor. The leader of the band—I should say about a half dozen—was blind, but his skill in handling his instrument was notable. It was a rude instrument, of the violin class, the body of it a cocoanut shell. He held it on the ground and played with a bow, very much as one would play a violoncello. He played love songs and narratives, and under the promptings of Sami Bey went through all the grades of his art. But whether the theme was love or war, there came that sad refrain, that motive of despair, that seemed to speak from the soul and to tell of the unending misery of their race. Mr. Jesse Grant, who has a taste for music, was quite interested in the performance, and sought to teach the minstrels some of our European and American airs. One of them was the "Marsellaise." The Arab listened to it and tried again and again to follow the notes. He would follow for a few bars and break down, break into the same mournful cadence which had been the burden of his melody. It seemed strange, this burdened and beaten slave trying to grasp that wild, brave, bold anthem which spoke the resolve of a nation to be free. It was beyond and above him. The music of the Marsellaise was never intended for the Lybian desert. If these people, oppressed and driven as they are, should ever come to know it, there will be hope for this land of promise, which has so long been the land of sorrow and servitude.

We were to see the wonder of the world in Karnak. The journey to Karnak is only about forty minutes' ride from Luxor, and does not involve crossing the river. I was grateful to the Vice Consul for sending us the same group of donkeys who had borne us to Memnon. And when I ascended the hill, there was my friend Mohammed

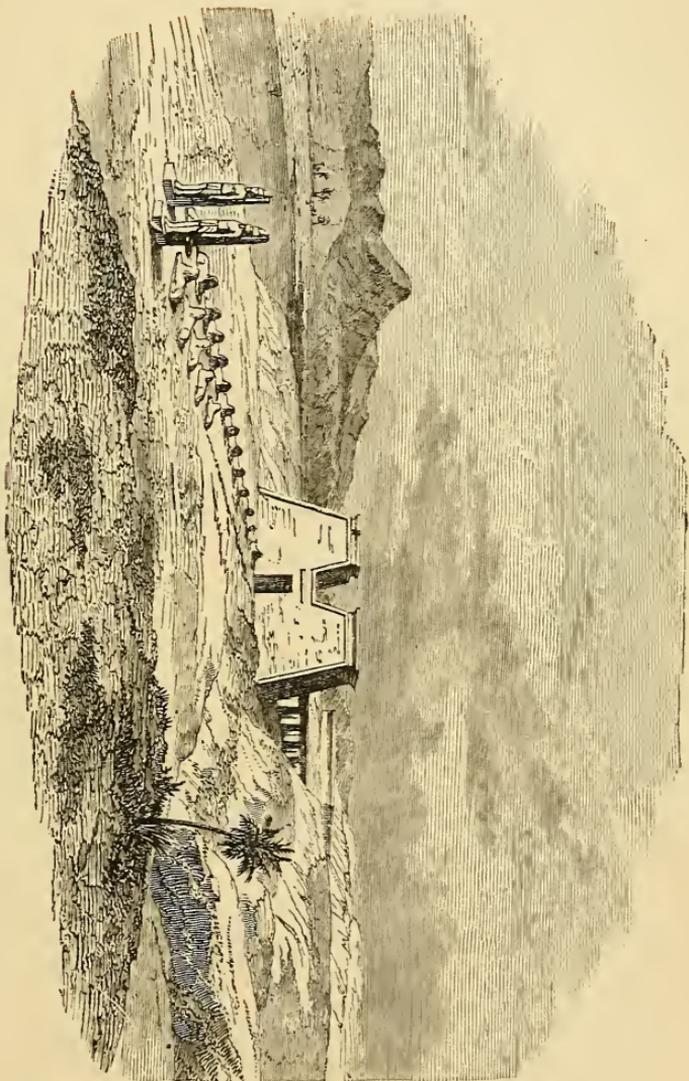
Ali jumping, and calling and pushing his donkey toward me. A good donkey has much to do with the pleasure of your journey, and Mohammed Ali's was a patient, sure-footed little thing that it made me almost ashamed to ride. We set out early, because it was commanded by Sami Bey that we should return to the boat and breakfast, and while at breakfast steam up the river.



KARNAK.

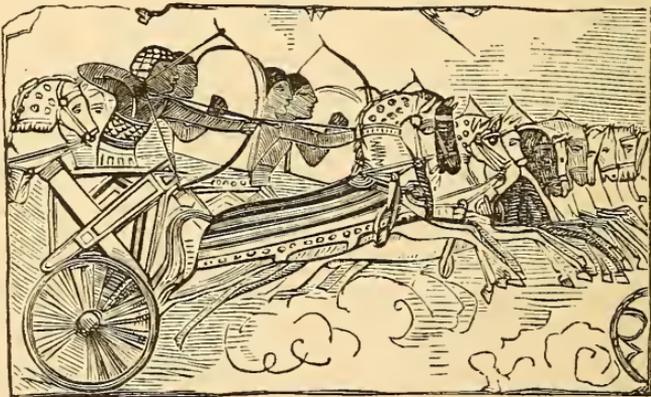
I cannot tell you when the Temple of Karnak was built. You see, in this matter of chronology authorities as high as Wilkinson, Bunsen and Mariette differ sometimes as much as a thousand years in a single date. But my own opinion is that Brugsch knows all about it, and he places the first building three thousand years before Christ. Karnak, which was not only a temple, but one in the series of temples which constituted Thebes, is about a half mile from the river, a mile or two from the Temple of

AVENUE OF SPHINXES, AT KARNAK.



Luxor. The front wall or propylon is 370 feet broad, 50 feet deep, and the standing tower 140 feet high. Leading up to this main entrance is an avenue, lined with statues and sphinxes, 200 feet long. When you enter this gate, you enter an open courtyard, 275 feet by 329. There is a corridor or cloister on either side; in the middle a double line of columns, of which one only remains. You now come to another wall, or propylon, as large as the entrance, and enter the great hall—the most magnificent ruin in Egypt. The steps of the door are 40 feet by 10. The room is 170 feet by 329, and the roof was supported by 134 columns. These columns are all or nearly all standing, but the roof has gone. Twelve are 62 feet high without the plinth, and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter. One hundred and twenty-two are 42 feet 5 inches in height and 28 feet in circumference. They were all brilliantly colored and some of them retain the colors still; and you can well imagine what must have been the blaze of light and color when the kings and priests passed through in solemn procession. We pass through another gate into an open court. Here is an obelisk in granite seventy-five feet high, and the fragments of another, its companion. The inscriptions on them are as clear as though they had been cut yesterday, so gentle is this climate in its dealings with Time. They celebrate the victories and virtues of the kings who reigned 1700 years before Christ, and promise the kings, in the names of the immortal gods, that their glory shall live for ages. We pass into another chamber very much in ruins and see another obelisk, ninety-two feet high and eight square—the largest in the world. This monument commemorates the virtues of the king's daughter, womanly and queenly virtues which met their reward, let us hope, thirty-five centuries ago. You may form some idea of what the Egyptians could do in the way of mechan-

ics and engineering when you know that this obelisk is a single block of granite, that it was brought from the quarry miles and miles away, erected and inscribed in seven months. The next room was the sanctuary, the holy of holies, and is now a mass of rubbish requiring nimble feet to climb. You scramble over stones and sand until you come to what was the room where King Thothmes III., who lived sixteen centuries before Christ, was represented as giving offerings to fifty-six of his royal predecessors. The hall is a ruin, and some French Vandals carried off the tablet—one of the most valuable in Egypt—to Paris. Altogether the building stone was 1,108 feet long and about 300 wide, the circuit around the outside, according to a Roman historian who saw it in its glory, being about a mile and a half.



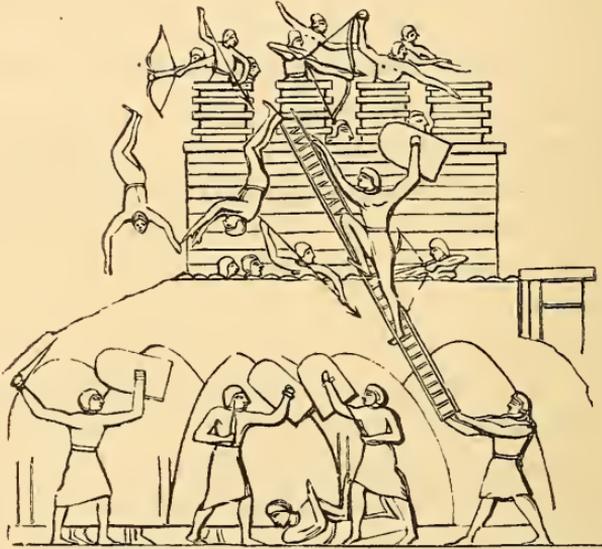
EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION—EGYPTIAN WARRIORS HASTENING TO BATTLE.

This is the temple, but the temple was only a part. There were three avenues leading from it to the other temples. These avenues were lined with statues, large and small, generally of the Sphinx. I saw numbers of them sitting in their ancient places slowly crumbling to ruin. There were two colossal statues at the door, now lying on

the earth an uncouth mass of granite. One of them was almost buried in the sand, the ear being exposed. You can fancy how large it must have been when you know this ear was a foot long at least. Near the obelisk, some distance from the temple, is a pool of water, on the banks of which black children are scampering and shouting "Bak-sheesh, howadji." This was the Sacred Lake. This lake had an important office in the religion of the old Egyptians. When an Egyptian died and was embalmed, his body was brought to the lake. The procession was a solemn one—mourners throwing dust on their heads, a priest sprinkling water from a brush dipped in a vase, very much as Catholic priests sprinkle holy water; attendants throwing palms on the ground, others carrying fruits and meats, incense and ostrich feathers. The coffin was borne on a sledge until it came to this lake. Here were forty-two judges, men who had known the deceased. Here was the boat, the sacred boat that was to carry the body to the other shore. If it could be shown to these judges that the deceased had been an ungodly man, that his life had been a scandal, then he was denied sepulture. If it was shown that he had lived worthily, and the judges so decided, then all weeping ceased, eulogies were pronounced upon his memory, the body was carried to the other shore, and from thence removed to the catacombs to rest in honor and peace—in peace, at least, until Arab peasants rummaged their graves and made merchandise of their coffins and grave clothes, their ornaments and tokens, their very bones, just as these greasy Arabs who swarm about our donkeys are doing at this very hour.

Wherever we find walls, we have inscriptions. The inscriptions are in hieroglyphic language—a language as clear to scholars now as the Latin or the Sanscrit. Brugsch reads them off to us as glibly as though he were reading

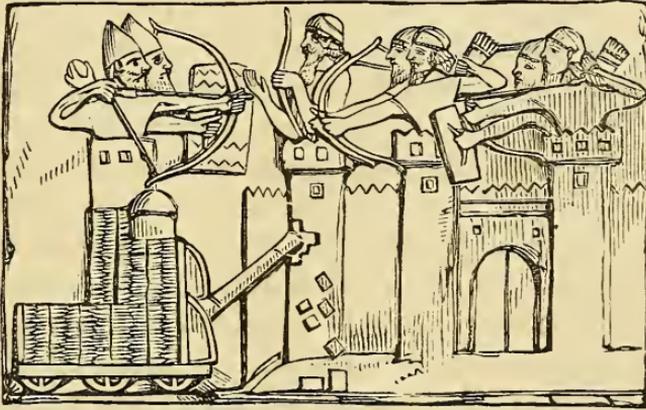
signs from a Bowery store. The stories will hardly bear repetition, for they are the same that we saw at Denderah, at Abydos, all through Egypt. They tell of battles and the glory of the King, Rameses, who is supposed to be the Sesostris of the Greeks. We have him leading his men to attack a fortified place. Again we see him leading foot soldiers and putting an enemy to the sword. We have him leading his captives as an offering to the gods—and offer-



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION—STORMING A CITY.

ing not only prisoners, but booty of great value. The groups of prisoners are rudely done, but you see the type of race clearly outlined. We know the Hebrew by the unmistakable cast of features—as marked as the face of Lord Beaconsfield. We trace the Phœnician, the Etruscan, as well as the negro types from Ethiopia, and thus learn of the warlike achievements of this thirty century monarch, whose fame is carved all over Egypt, and about whose name there is an interesting debate. Again and again these war themes are repeated, one king after another

reciting his conquests and his virtues, wars and treaties of peace. It seemed in the building of these temples that the intention was to make the walls monumental records of the achievements of various reigns. Thus, five centuries are covered by the reigns of Sethi and Sheshouk, and yet each king tells his own story side by side. When the walls were covered or a king wished to be especially gracious to the priests, or, as is more probable, desired to employ his soldiers, he would build a new wing or addition to the temple already existing, striving, if possible, to make his own addition more magnificent than those of his predeces-



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION—THE BESIEGED CITY.

sors. In this way came the Great Hall of Karnak, and in every temple we have visited this has been noticed. As a consequence these stupendous, inconceivable ruins were not the work of one prince and one generation, but of many princes and many generations. And, as there was always something to add and always a new ambition coming into play, we find these temples, tombs, pyramids, obelisks, all piled one upon the other, all inspired by the one sentiment and all telling the same story. It was because that Thebes was the centre of a rich and fertile province, sheltered from an enemy by a river and the

mountains, that she was allowed to grow from century to century in uninterrupted splendor. What that splendor must have been we cannot imagine. Here are the records and here are the ruins. If the record reads like a tale of enchantment, these ruins look like the work of gods. The world does not show, except where we have evidences of nature, a ruin as vast as that of Karnak. Imagine a city covering two banks of the Hudson, running as far as from the Battery to Yonkers, and back five, six or seven miles, all densely built, and you have an idea of the extent of Thebes. But this will only give you an idea of size. The buildings were not Broadways and Fifth avenues, but temples and colossal monuments and tombs, the greatness of which and the skill and patience necessary to build them excited our wonder to-day—yes, to-day, rich as we are with the achievements and possibilities of the nineteenth century. Thebes, in its day, must have been a wonder of the world, even of the ancient world, which knew Nineveh and Babylon. To-day all that remains are a few villages of mud huts, a few houses in stone flying consular flags, a plain here and there strewn with ruins, and under the sands ruins even more stupendous than those we now see, which have not yet become manifest.

We were told that we should see Karnak by moonlight, that the effect would be worth the journey, and there would be the chance of shooting a hyena. But the moon was not in season, and the only two of the party who cared about hyenas, Mr. Grant and Mr. Wilner, were saving themselves for the crocodiles, who were said to be in great force up the river waiting to be shot. What a comment upon the vanity of human wishes to see the sanctuary of Sesostris gravely pointed out to sportsmen as the lair of the wild beast! But Egypt is full of these suggestions. I should like to have seen Karnak by moonlight, but as this was not to be, we made the most of our morning visit.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO KENEH—EGYPTIAN INDUSTRY—LIFE AMONG THE EGYPTIAN FREEMEN — ASCENDING THE RIVER TO THE FIRST CATARACT AND THE NUBIAN FRONTIER — ASSOUAN — THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRESENTS — AN INTERESTING INCIDENT—A MAN WHO RIDES—SCENES IN ANCIENT BONDAGE — RETURNING — A VISIT TO MEMPHIS—THE SACRED BULLS—THEIR TOMBS—BACK TO CAIRO—EN ROUTE FOR THE HOLY LAND.

Continuing their journey up the Nile, one of the party writes, on the 31st of January, as follows:—

One visit worth noting was made to the town of Kenh. We tied up to the bank in our summary way, just as the wayfaring horseman dismounts and ties his horse to a tree. There is no question of wharves or quays or permission. When we tied, we all went ashore and picked out our donkeys. The boys had seen our smoke far down the river, and were there to meet us. The town was a mile or so off, and we rode over the plain. It was a *sâd* sight, and Sami Bey told us what a calamity this bad Nile meant to Egypt. When the Nile rises in its season and floods the fields, only departing when it leaves the richness that it brought all the way from Central Africa, then Egypt is rich. The ground teems with fatness, and I could well believe Sami Bey when he told us how he had ridden from the river bank to the town through fields of corn and sugar cane, through fields of waving, living, joyous green. To-day the fields are parched and brown and cracked. The irrigating ditches are dry. You see the stalk stumps of the last season's crop. But with the exception of a few

clusters of the castor bean and some weary, drooping date palms, the earth gives forth no fruit. A gust of sand blows over the plain and adds to the sombreness of the scene. Here are hundreds of thousands of acres which, in a good year, would give generous crops. Now they give nothing, and the people who till them must be fed. A bad Nile, therefore, means bad times for the people and bad times for the Government. For when there are no crops there are no taxes, and even an Egyptian taskmaster could not force barren fields to pay revenue to the Khedive's treasury. It is safe to say that a bad Nile costs Egypt millions and millions of dollars. The people must live on last year's grain, and instead of helping the Government, must be helped by the Government. When you remember that the Khedive is under many burdens—the burden of an enormous debt, the interest of which is in default; a burden of a contingent in the Turkish army which he must support, the burden of the annual tribute to the Sultan, over \$3,500,000 a year, you can understand the calamity of a bad Nile and why it is that most of the civil and military officers are in arrears for their salary—some of them for a year. Happily such a calamity as a bad Nile does not often occur. If it happened for two or three continuous years a famine would be the result. If the Nile ceased its office Egypt would have to be abandoned and these fertile plains given over to the desert. In fact, Egypt is only an annual struggle between the river and the desert. If ever the river surrenders, Egypt will become a barren, treeless plain of rocks and sand.

The sand was blowing heavily as we entered Keneh. We had not been expected, so there were no ceremonies, and we could wander as we pleased. We dismounted under a grove of trees and went on foot into the town, our donkeys and donkey boys following after. We strolled

through the bazaars, which meant that we crowded our way through narrow, dusty passages where the tradesman sold his wares. The assortment was not varied—beads, grain, cloths, dates, pipes and trinkets. We went into one house where the potter was busy over his wheel. In Keneh pottery is an industry. The clay makes a fragile, porous vessel, through which the water evaporates in summer, acting as a filter and a water cooler. These vessels are



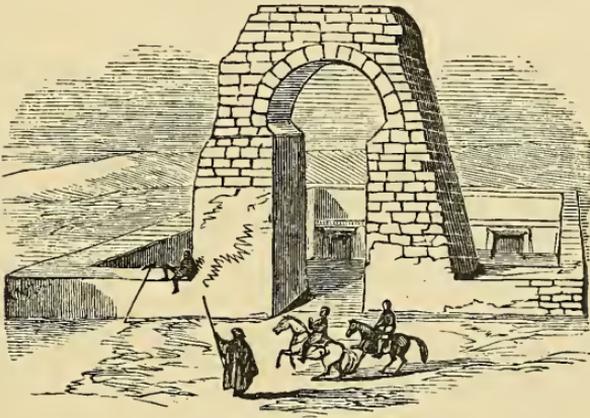
POTTER AT WORK.

grateful in the summer days, and there is quite a trade in them between Keneh and Lower Egypt. We had observed coming up rafts of stone jars, bound together with boughs, floating down the stream, very much as the old flatboats used to float down the Mississippi to New Orleans, laden with Western produce. The jars kept their own buoyancy, and one raft would require not more than three or four men to ply it. The potter was very skilful. His child moistened the clay, and with deft fingers he fashioned it into form—into graceful lines and curving shapes, showing artistic sense. The cheapness of the work when done

was amazing. The retail price was about eighty cents a hundred for small jars useful for the table. We went into a mill where the corn was grinding. It was the same process that we read about in the Bible—the horse going round and round, the grain crushing between an upper and nether stone and running into a pail. We went into one of the houses of the common people. Hassan led the way, and there was evidently no intrusion. A morsel of backsheesh would atone for any invasion of domestic privacy.

The house was a collection of rooms; the walls made of dried mud and bricks. It was one story high, thatched with straw. The floor was the ground. The walls were clay. In one room was the donkey, in another the cow—a queer kind of buffalo cow, that looked up at us as we went in. In another room slept the members of the family. There was neither bed nor chair nor table. They slept on the ground or on palm leaves, like the donkey. They sat on the ground for meals and ate out of the same dish. The woman was sitting over a fire on which she was roasting some kind of grain. The children were sprawling about her. The woman was a Copt and not doomed to Moslem seclusion. The father stood at the door grinning and waiting for baksheesh. The welcome was as cordial as possible, but I suppose there were not a thousand slaves in the South who were not better housed than these free Egyptian citizens. Their life was virtually that of a savage, but they all seemed happy and cheerful enough. In this land Nature is the friend of the poor. You can sleep on the ground every night of the year secure from rain. You can array yourself in the scantiest of raiment free from the cold. You can live on dates and sugar cane, and, as far as the real ailments that come from want and misery with us are concerned, they are not known in

Egypt. The people are well made, well formed, with unusual powers of endurance, and naturally light. I would like to see any of our laboring men at home run up and down the Pyramid of Cheops in eight minutes, as I saw an Arab do for a franc. And we have no damsels among our own dear, tender, lovely maidens at home who could run at your donkey's side for miles and miles, balancing a pitcher of water on their heads and showing no signs of fatigue.



AN ARCH NEAR KENEH.

We thought we had the town to ourselves to stroll and wander where we listed, when there came one to us in haste to say that the Pacha who governed this province had heard of our coming and would like to see us at the palace. And the General, who is as obliging a soul as one of the laden camels we are constantly passing, said he would call on the Pacha. We threaded our way to the palace, which was a low brick building, like a barracks. The messenger evidently did not expect so prompt an answer to his summons, as we saw him running ahead to tell his lord that we were coming—coming almost on his heels. We passed under a grateful row of trees, through

an open space where soldiers were lounging about, and into the cool, open rooms of the palace. We were shown into the reception chamber, and ranged on the divan. There was a long pause. The Governor was no doubt enjoying a siesta, and had to rub the sleep out of his eyes or don his uniform. In time he came, a stout, pleasant-looking, gray moustached soldier, in his full uniform as general. We had surprised him, of course, and he had to dress. He received the General with grave courtesy, and there was the usual exchange of compliments and talk about the weather. The General varied the conversation by expressing his regret that the bad Nile was on the people, and hoping for a good Nile. When this was translated, as the Pacha only spoke Arabic, he threw up his eyes with a gesture of devotion, saying, "If God wills it, and may He will it." Then came the coffee and the pipes, and we set forth. The Governor said he would accompany us in our walk, which he did. He directed that the state donkeys should be saddled, and they came after us. We then called upon the German Consul, who waylaid us and begged that we should honor his house. This officer lived in a style approaching splendor, and when we were served with pipes and coffee we noticed that the pipe stems were of amber, garnished with diamonds, and the coffee cups were of the finest porcelain, in cases of silver and gold. These ceremonies over, we came back to the boat through a gust of sand. The General rode one of the Pacha's donkeys.

Assouan was to be the end of our journey, the turning point of our Nile trip. Assouan is the frontier station of old Egypt, on the boundary of Nubia. All these days we had been pressing toward the Equator, and we began to see the change. Assouan is a pretty town—to my mind prettier than any I had seen on the Nile. It is difficult

to make any standard of comparison among towns which are nearly all hovels, and so far as scenery is concerned, Nature in Egypt is in so grand a phase that she is always winning. But there was something about Assouan that attracted me. It may have been the grateful trees that hung over the Governor's palace—you see I call every governor's house a palace—or it may have been the Governor himself. This gentleman was a Nubian—seacoal black—a tall, well formed, handsome man, in the latest Parisian dress. Our eyes had been feasting for so long upon man in various degrees of nakedness and rags, that this presence—this real presence of embodied clothes, kid gloves, cashmere and cloth, with the fez just tipping the left ear—was a sensation. It was like a breath from the boulevards, although our Governor seemed uneasy in his clothes, and evidently feared they would be soiled. These two early impressions—the trees and the garments—threw a glamour over Assouan, and now, in writing, with the memories of the trip floating before me, I find myself dwelling with comfort upon this frontier Nubian town.

Of Assouan, in the way of useful information, it is sufficient to say that it is a town of 4,000 inhabitants, 580 miles south of Cairo, 730 south of the Mediterranean. It used to be supposed that the town lay directly under the Equator. In the ancient days Assouan was a quarry, and here were found the stones which became obelisks, temples and tombs. Assouan's history is associated more with Arabian than Egyptian history. When Islam was marching to conquer the world, the Saracens made a town here and an outpost. When this glory departed, Assouan became, like most frontier towns in the wild days of men, the scene of constant strifes and schisms between the Nubians and Egyptians. There is a place called the Place of Martyrs, Moslem martyrs, and a mosque 800 years old

and many Turkish inscriptions:—"I bear witness that there is no God but God; that He has no rival, and that Mohammed is the prophet of God." We did not visit these places, and were, I am afraid, more interested in knowing that it was at Assouan that Juvenal lived in banishment. There was no house pointed out as Juvenal's house, and no tree as Juvenal's tree. All of which showed two things—lamentable lack of enterprise on the part of Assouan, and that the priests took no interest in Juvenal's character or deeds.

In these days Assouan flourishes as one of the depots of the desert trade. Here the caravans came from Ethiopia, and you find traces of desert merchandise among the bazaars. We visited the bazaars, Mrs. Grant and the writer doing some shopping, and Hassan going ahead with his stick, commanding all loyal subjects of the Khedive to fall back and make way for the pilgrims. There were no bones and no antiquities for sale at Assouan, a fact that I note with gratitude. But there was honest merchandise of a humble sort—ostrich feathers, ivory, gum arabic, skins, ebony clubs, silver rings, lances and crockery. What carried us to the bazaars was the ostrich feather. This consummate plume of our modern civilization is brought here in caravans from the desert. The best feathers are those which come from wild birds—those trained and tamed, as in Southern Africa giving out a flimsier and coarser fibred feather. I never knew there was so much in an ostrich feather until I found myself the silent partner of Mrs. Grant in the markets of Assouan. I also learned some valuable hints as to the way of doing business. In our prosy country you walk into a store, you pay your money, you pick up your handkerchief or New Testament, or whatever it may be, and walk away. You ask no questions, and it is very probable if you did you would have no

answers. The Arab sits in his cubbyhole smoking his pipe. His cubbyhole is about six feet square and two feet from the ground. He sits with his legs crossed, and sometimes he is reading the Koran. Here he sits for hours and hours, unconscious of the world, perhaps sustained by that fine Moslem precept which I submit to friends at home as a panacea for bankruptcy, that whatever is is the will of God, and if it is His holy will that no one comes and buys, then blessed be God, the only God, and Mohammed, the prophet of God.

You come and turn over his goods. He studies you over and over. He calculates your power of resistance as though you were a mechanical force. If you are alone you become an easy prey. The people were all so poor, so ragged, so naked, and what they asked was, after all, so small that she was always disposed to pay more than was asked. But in our bargains here we are thrown back upon Hassan's Arabic. You turn over your feathers and hold them to the light and turn them over and over again. Finally, you select a bunch and bid Hassan buy them. Hassan picks them up, lays them down and picks them up again, as though there might be worse feathers, but he had never seen them; that he was selecting a feather museum and wanted a few specimens of the worst in the world. The dealer calmly looked on at this pantomime. Hassan asks in a contemptuous tone the price. He murmurs the price—five or six Napoleons, let us say. "Five or six Napoleons!" cries Hassan, throwing up his hands and eyes, tossing the feathers at the feet of the cross-legged Moslem and turning towards us with an expression of rage and wonder at the exorbitance of the price, and calling upon all around to witness that he was being swindled. "Well, but, Hassan," says our lady, as she takes up the rejected feathers, New York price lists running in her

mind, "I don't think five or six Napoleons such an exorbitant price, for the feathers are good feathers." You see the poor merchant does look so poor, and he cannot sell many feathers in Assouan, and, of course, he has children and so—and so.

But this is the way trade is ruined, Hassan evidently thinks, but is too dutiful to say. So he explains that they always ask two prices, sometimes three or four; and that if we would all grow angry and throw down the feathers and walk away after him the merchant would follow us even to the boat and ask us to name our price. Well, we appreciate Hassan's motives, but we want to buy the feathers and not perform a comedy, and the trade goes on, Hassan laboring under the disadvantage of our not having acted as a proper chorus to his rage. I have no doubt that lack of proper support cost us in the end, for our Moslem tradesman evidently saw that it was God's will that we should buy the feathers. The trade proceeds. Hassan talks louder and louder and appeals to the crowd. As he talks in Arabic we only understand him as we would a pantomime. Finally the son of Islam asks what would the gracious lady give? "Well," says Mrs. Grant, "I want to give what is right." We name a price, say four Napoleons. Then the merchant breaks into a pantomime. He takes the feathers angrily out of our hands. He, too, addresses the audience—and by this time there is an audience—upon the feathers. He holds them up and droops them into a waving, dainty plume. "Look at them! See how they shine! Look at their tints—white and gray and black! Such feathers were never seen in Assouan; they came from the far desert; they would be cheap at a hundred Napoleons." We suggest to Hassan after this address that we might as well go elsewhere; that a faith so firmly fixed would not move. "Wait a little," Hassan says; "he

will take the four Napoleons, and would take three if we had offered them." So the debate goes on in fury, the anger increasing, until Hassan says four Napoleons will buy the feathers. We pay the money and go to the boat with our plumes. When we thank Hassan for his services, he intimates that if we had let him alone, he would have bought them for two Napoleons.

It was very warm when we gathered under the trees to make ready for our journey. Sami Bey had hurried us, and the General was, as he always is, the first at his post. The Governor was there, and there was a suspicion, his clothes looked so neat and without wrinkles, that he had sat up all night to keep them nice. He brought the General a despatch from Gordon Pacha, the famous English officer who has been made Governor-General of the Provinces of the Equator by the Khedive, and who is now at Khartoum. But we are just within his provinces, and he sends his message of welcome, one great soldier greeting another. The General returns his thanks and we mount. The General is in luck this morning. The Governor has provided him with an Arabian steed—one of the animals about which poets write. This horse was worthy of a poem, and the General expresses his admiration at its lines and paces, saying he had never seen a better horse. Its trappings are regal, and a smile of satisfaction breaks over the General's face as he gathers the reins in his hand and feels the beatings of his animal's flanks. Sami Bey suggests that perhaps the General should pace the horse up and down, with an attendant to hold him, to see if he is perfectly safe and comfortable.

Now, Sami Bey is as good a soul as ever lived, and always trying to make everything pleasant, and while he is sure about donkeys, has doubts about this splendid prancing steed. But our General is famous as a horseman

in a land famous for horsemanship, and smilingly says, "If I can mount a horse, I can ride him, and all the attendants can do is to keep away." We set out in procession, our little trailing army in the usual order of march, the General ahead, Mrs. Grant at his side or near him, securely mounted on her donkey, the Marquis and Hassan near her, should evil fall. We come after, taking the pace our donkey gives us, having learned how wise it is to have no controversy with that useful and wise being, especially upon a theme he knows so well, the holes and ditches and yielding sands of Egypt. "Now you will see," says Brugsch, "how beautiful the Island of Philæ is; how it nestles in the trees, and how the temple stands out amid the crags and hills, as though nature had been the architect, not man." Then he told us that Philæ was quite a modern place—that the ruins were not more than two thousand years old, and that much of the sculpture was the work of the later Roman emperors, when those slovenly princes were the masters of Egypt. This was all the history connected with Philæ, although, no doubt, a temple had been built in the early days and destroyed, and the one we were to visit was on its site. As Philæ was on the borders of Ethopia, and in the vicinity of the granite quarries which supplied the old monarchs with all the stone for their monuments, it must have always been an important point. It was the pass through which the old invading armies of the kings passed when they invaded Ethiopia and brought home the prisoners whose negro lineaments we have seen traced on the monuments elsewhere.

But very soon Brugsch came to us in sorrow, and said that we were not to see Philæ among the trees, nestling in the crags—to see from afar, and journey toward it as a temple of beauty. The Governor had gone on, and taken another

road among the abandoned quarries and tombs, and we saw nothing but rocks and hills, gigantic masses of granite heaped on the plain in the volcanic time. Well, we had been seeing so much sand and clay and limestone rock, we had become so weary—no, I will not say weary, but so accustomed to the low, sloping river that it was like a glimpse of home to have the granite boulders throwing their shadows over your path and sometimes losing it, so that you had to keep a wary eye to prevent your limbs being bruised by the jagged stones. It looked like a bit of New England tossed into this Nile plain. The sun was beating with his flaming fury, and all that was left to the jaded traveler was to draw the folds of the silk over his brow and face, and jog on. It was the warmest day we had known, in a land where we have known only summer days. To my mind the granite plain as we advanced to Philæ was full of interest. I thought of the ancient civilization of Egypt in its most repellant and selfish form. It was here that the Egyptians dragged, generation after generation, to dig out monster stones and move them down the river, to do honor to the kings. For centuries the work continued—the most selfish work, I take it, ever ordained by a king. For centuries it went on—Cheops this age, Abydos the age after; Karnak requiring twenty centuries alone. Here was the scene of their toil. Here the taskmasters carried out the orders of the king and forced the uncomplaining slave. I can well understand the horror with which the Israelites regarded Egyptian bondage if they ever came to Assouan to dig stones for a kingly tomb. I have no doubt they did their share of the work, and that over this sandy, rocky plain they trudged their weary road from year to year, their hearts fixed on Jerusalem, waiting for the hour when God would put it into Pharaoh's heart to send them out of the house

of bondage. The glory of that dead civilization quite faded away, and I thought only of its selfishness, of its barrenness, and it seemed only a fit retribution that the monuments which were to commemorate for ages the ever increasing glory of the kings, should be given over to the Arabs and the bats, should teach no lesson so plainly as the utter vanity of human pride and power.

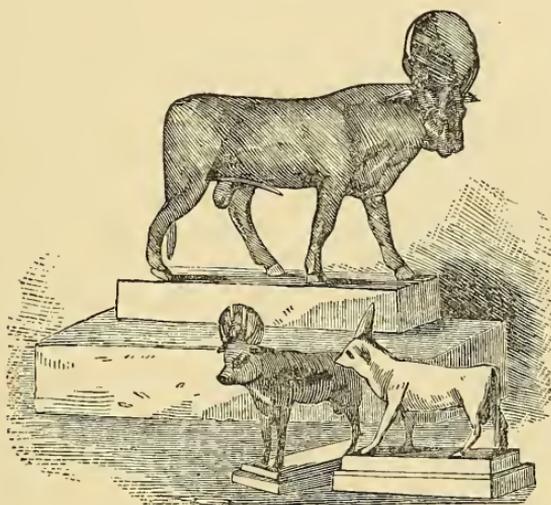
So we rode along the bank and dismounted, and embarked on a dahabeeah, which was to ferry us over. This dahabeeah is under the control of a sheik, whose duty is to carry vessels up and down the cataracts. For seventy years, man and boy, he has done this work, and as he stood by the rail looking on, his turbaned head, his swarthy face tinged with gray, and his flowing robes, he looked quite handsome and venerable. He had twenty-five of a crew, including the children. There was a minor character in baggy clothes who gave orders, but the old man was a moral influence, and he watched every phase and ripple of the stream. I should like to have interviewed the sheik. A man who has spent seventy years in these Nubian solitudes, striving with a mad, eccentric river, must have thought well on many grave problems. But my resources in strange tongues do not include Arabic; and so I am debarred. But we are now moving along the stream and wayward currents encompass us, and the sheik is no longer a mere moral influence, but an active power. He shouts and gesticulates and the crew all shout in a chorus, ending with an odd refrain, something like a prolonged moan. It is quite stirring, this strife with the currents; and, although the sun beats with all of his power upon us, we stand upon the deck and watch. The General greatly admired the seamanship of the Arabs—an admiration which is justified by the manner in which, surging through the perils of the stream, we nestle under the temple walls of Philæ.

We land, not without an effort, and climb into the ruin. Philæ is not specially interesting as a temple after you have seen Thebes and Abydos. I can think of nothing useful to say about it except that as a ruin it is picturesque. Nature comes as an aid. The temples we have been visiting have been mainly in the sand, on the desert. But here we are in volcanic regions. Around us are piles of granite rock. The island is green and the date palms salute us as we pass. There are flowers, and, instead of bulging and sliding through sand, step trippingly over stones and turf. In the sanctuary we note three young Germans eating lunch. We pass to the other bank to see the cataract. This is one of the features of the Nile. The river here spreads into various channels and runs over rocks. One channel is used for vessels ascending the stream, the other for vessels descending the stream. The one before us is not more than a quarter of a mile long. The river is narrow, the banks are steep, and the stream rolls and dashes like a sea, the waves lashing the banks and roaring. I should call the cataract simply a narrow, heavy sea. The danger in navigating is from the rocks and being dashed against the banks. It is a relief, fresh from five hundred miles of easy, placid sailing, the river as smooth as a pond, to see it in this angry mood. While we are here we note men swimming toward us, each man on a log, with a garment tied to the head. They are natives who propose to run the rapids for our amusement. They swim, or rather hold on to a log and propel themselves into the current. It is hazardous enough, for the current sweeps like a torrent, and the least want of nerve would dash the swimmer against the rocks. But they go through bravely enough and come out into the smooth water below. Each swimmer, carrying his log on his shoulder and drawing his single garment around his shiv-

ering loins, comes for baksheesh. Hassan makes the payments, but the crowd becomes so clamorous and aggressive, and would probably carry off Hassan, bag and all, but for the Governor, who restores order with his stick. We return to our donkeys, having had an interesting but rather wearying day. And in the morning, before we are up, our boat has turned its prow and we are going home.

On our way home we stopped long enough to allow all of the party but Sami Bey and your correspondent to visit the tombs of the kings. I had letters to write, and we were running swiftly toward mails and mailing distance from New York. We stopped over night at Keneh, and saw our old friend, the Governor, who came down on his donkey and drank a cup of coffee. We stopped an hour at Siout, and two of our missionary friends came on board and told us the news from the war and from home. We gathered around them in anxious wonder, hearing how Adrianople had fallen, how Derby had resigned and how England was to go armed into the European Conference. "I begin to think now," said the General, "for the first time that England may go in." Some one proposes laughingly that the General, who is on his way to Turkey, should offer the Sultan his services. "No," he said, "I have done all the fighting I care to do, and the only country I ever shall fight for is the United States." On the 3d of February we reached Memphis. The minarets of Cairo were in sight, and we found General Stone waiting for us with a relay of attendants and donkey boys from Cairo. We were all glad to see our amiable and accomplished friends, and we had another shower of news which came, to use a figure that is not quite original, like rain upon the sandy soil. We mounted for our last sight-seeing ride on the Nile to visit the ruins of Memphis and the tomb of the sacred bulls.

It was believed in the Egyptian mythology that the god Osiris came to the earth and allowed himself to be put to death in order that the souls of the people might be saved. After his death there was a resurrection, and the immortal part of him passed into a bull called Apis.



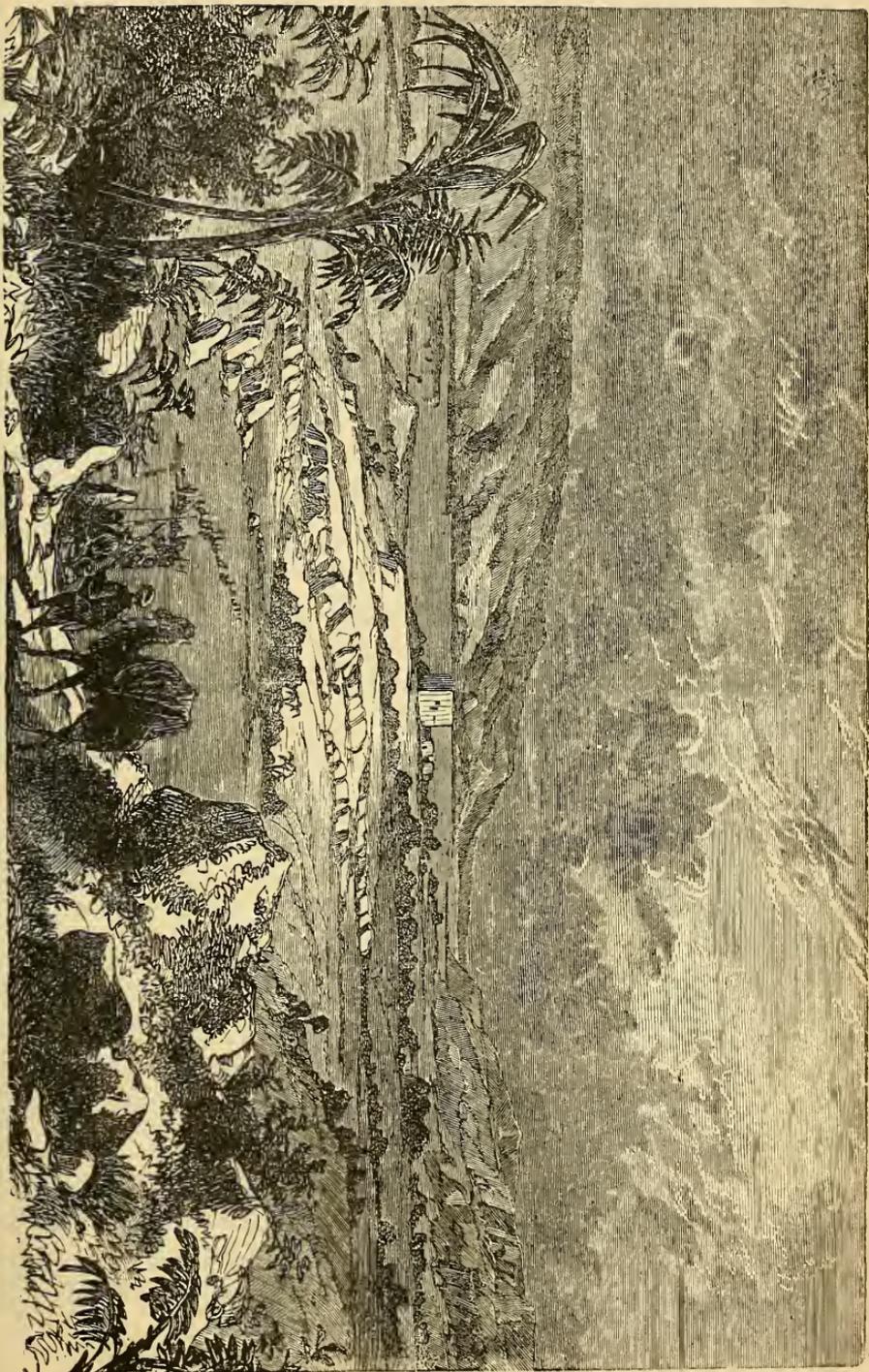
SACRED BULLS.

The bull could only be known by certain signs written in the sacred books and kept by tradition. These signs were known by the priests. When they found the calf bearing these marks, he was fed for four months on milk in a house facing the rising sun. He was then brought to Memphis and lodged in a palace, and worshiped with divine honors. The people came to him as an oracle. When he passed through the town, he was escorted with pomp, children singing hymns in his honor. The greatest care was taken of his life. At the end of twenty-five years, unless natural causes intervened, the reign of Apis to an end. Another calf was found bearing the sacred signs. The bull was marched to the fountain of the priests and drowned with ceremony. He was embalmed

and buried in the tombs which we visited at Memphis. Our ride to Memphis was a pleasant one, a part of it being through the desert. We passed close to the pyramid of Memphis, which is only an irregular, zig-zag mass of stones. Brugsch tells us it is very old, but with no especial historical virtue. The ruins of Memphis are two or three tombs and the serapeum or mausoleum of the sacred bulls. One of the tombs was open, and we went through it, noting, as we had so often before, the minuteness and care of the decoration. There were other tombs, but to prevent the modern travelers from breaking them to pieces they were covered with sand. What a comment upon our civilization that Egypt can only preserve her tombs and monuments from Christian Vandals by burying them!

We then made our way to the Serapeum. While on our journey we heard the story of the discovery of this remarkable monument. Mariette Bey, who still serves the Khedive, was directing excavations, and especially at Memphis. He had long believed that the tomb of the bulls could be found. So here he came and lived, working in the sand for two or three years, with a blind faith in his theory. You cannot imagine anything more unsatisfactory or discouraging than this digging in the sand. In an hour or a day a wind may come up and undo the work of months. Mariette Bey had his own discouragements, but he kept courageously on and was rewarded by the discovery of the most important of the Egyptian monuments. We heard this story as we groped our way down to the tombs. We entered a long arched passage with parallel passages. Candles had been placed at various points. On each side of this passage were the tombs. Each tomb was in its alcove. The bull was placed in a huge granite sarcophagus, the surface finely polished and covered with

THE PLAINS OF MEMPHIS.



inscriptions. These coffins were stupendous, and it is a marvel how such a mass of granite could have been moved through this narrow channel and into these arches. We lit a magnesium wire and examined one or two very carefully. The tombs had all been violated by the early conquerors, Persians and Arabs, to find gold and silver. In most cases the cover had been shoved aside enough to allow a man to enter. In others the sides had been broken in. The inside was so large that four of our party climbed up a ladder and descended. There was room for three or four more. There were tombs enough to show that the bull had been worshipped for centuries. When we finished this study we rode back to our boat. The sun was going down as we set out on our return, and as we were passing through a fertile bit of Egypt—a part not affected by the bad Nile—the journey was unusually pleasant. After the parched fields and sandy stretches of the Upper Nile, it was grateful to bathe in the greenery of this Memphis plain, to see the minarets of Cairo in the distance, to feel that we were coming back to our old civilization. The sky, lit up with the rosiest tints, one mass of the softest rose and pink—a vast dome glowing with color. Starless, cloudless, sunless it was that brief twilight hour, which we have seen so often on the Nile and the memory of which becomes a dream. I have seen no sky so beautiful as that which came to us when we bade farewell to Memphis. We reached our boat and gave the night to preparations for landing.

It is hard to do anything for the last time, and we all felt a little sad over this close of what had been a brief and joyous experience. We had seen the Nile much more rapidly than is the custom; as Sami Bey remarked, it had been the most rapid trip he had ever known. Now, when there was no help for it, we began to wish we had seen

more of Denderah, and had not been content with so hurried a visit to Karnak. But, you see, we have letters, and we have come to feel the world again, and we can think with more content of our experiences, now that our hunger for news has been appeased. So we pack up and in the morning we steam down to Cairo. The General sent for the captain and made him a handsome present. He also distributed presents to all on the boat, including the crew. About twelve we passed the bridge and moored at the wharf. Our Vandalia friends hurried to Alexandria to join their ships; those who had homes found them, while the General and party returned to the palace of Kasr el Noussa. Leaving this point, the party set out for Palestine.

CHAPTER XVII.

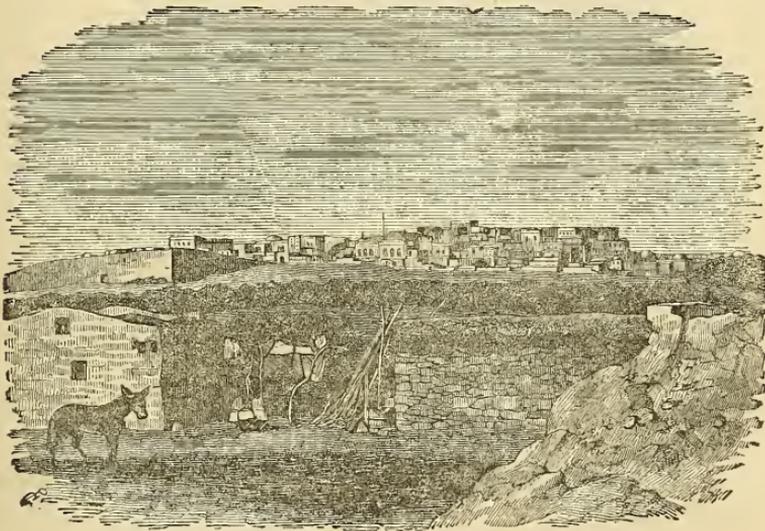
THE HOLY LAND—ITS SACRED ASSOCIATIONS—GENERAL GRANT'S VISIT—LANDING AT JAFFA—THROUGH THE HOLY LAND—VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF DORCAS—RIDE TO JERUSALEM—GRANT'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM—CEREMONIES AND HOSPITALITIES—A WALK OVER THE VIA DOLOROSA—A VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES—THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—BETHANY—MOUNT OLIVET—MOUNT ZION—CALVARY—TOUCHING REFLECTIONS.

Any journey in the East would be incomplete should the traveler forget or neglect to visit Jerusalem and its adjoining villages. The City of David, emblem of the New Jerusalem, and the places made sacred by the feet of Him who "spake as never man spake," are surely worthy of a visit by one journeying either for pleasure or profit. What hallowed, sacred memories cluster around the spot where once the Redeemer trod. Surely, if there be such a thing as "Hallowed Ground" it is here. Writes Mr. Young:—Of course, to feel Jerusalem, one must come with faith. And if there be heathen questionings in any of our company, for this day at least we give ourselves up to faith. When I was on the Nile I found how much easier it was to be in accord with the monuments and the tombs, to go from Memphis to Thebes, believing—humbly believing—in every stone. But Egypt was the house of bondage after all, and when I came to Suez and looked over the shallow water and the sandy stretches to the grove of palms where Moses rested after he had crossed the Red Sea, all my sympathies were with the Israelites who had

escaped, and not with the hosts upon whom the waters rolled in a desolating flood. That is a question upon which one takes sides early in life; and although you come to see and hear many things on the other side, and to wonder at the many cruel necessities of the early dispensation, your feelings are set—they are a part of your life—and no amount of reason or historical research can do away with the impressions that came in the fresh young hours of your Sunday-school existence. Egypt was always the house of bondage, and you looked at the records of Rameses and Sesostris with a cold, curious feeling—as you would look at any extraordinary work of man. It was only history after all. But you come to the Holy Land with something of the feeling that you come to your home. Somehow you always belonged here—for every name is a memory, and every step awakens the long-forgotten dreams and prayers of childhood, and over all, in the very air you breathe, is that supreme, that gracious, that holy presence—enfolding you, as it were, with incense—the presence of Jesus Christ. This was the city of great kings, of dynasties of kings, of prophets and judges—founded by Melchizedeck, governed by Solomon, conquered by Alexander—with annals surpassing in historic renown that of any city in the world. But all are forgotten in the presence of that one name which embodies the faith and the hope of Christendom.

General Grant and his party had decided to visit the Holy Land. Their visit is described as follows:—We came to Jaffa on the morning of Sunday, the 10th of February. The *Vandalia* was waiting for us at Port Said, and as soon as we embarked she put out to sea. We had been absent just one month on Nile and other excursions, and it was something like coming home to find ourselves on the old deck among the familiar faces of our navy

friends. The sea had been stormy, but the General is a fortunate traveller and it went down in honor of his coming. We ran over to Jaffa on a calm sea, and when we came to the town the sea was like a mill pond. This had not been before during the winter, and it was with a feeling of relief, amounting, perhaps, to thankfulness, that we shot through the jagged rocks, scrambled up the side into a crowd of greasy, howling Arabs, and walked into one of the dirtiest streets in the world. We were at last in the Holy Land. We went to our Vice Consul's (Mr. Hardegg), and there we found welcome and entertainment. There was a little



JAFFA.

archway of flowers and branches over the road, surmounted by the inscription, "Welcome, General Grant," and all the town was out to do us honor. The General, who moves immediately upon every point of interest, went to the house of Simon, the tanner, the house by the seaside, to which Peter came when he raised Tabitha from the dead, and preached that fine Gospel truth—the finest of all political truths—that God is no respecter of persons. The rain was

falling, but the wind was from the shore and kept down the sea. Our party for Jerusalem included four of the *Vandalia's* officers—Lieutenant Commander A. G. Cald-

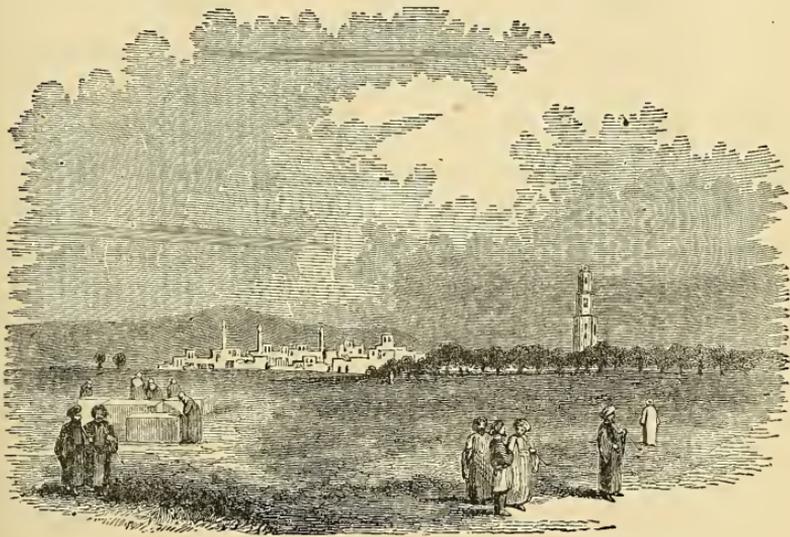


PEASANT WOMAN OF THE EAST.

well, Lieutenant T. W. Miller, Engineer D. M. Fulmer and Midshipman William S. Hogg. All that Jaffa contained worthy of interest had been seen, and we prepared for the Holy City. We had three clumsy open wagons, each drawn by three horses, and we drove out of the town into the plain of Sharon, at about four in the afternoon.

It was too early in the season to see Palestine in its glory; but the plain was rich and fertile, sparkling with lilies and scarlet anemones, with groves of orange trees

bending under their yellow fruitage, with almond trees coming into bloom. We had been these many days in Egypt with no forest companions but the drooping date palms, and we had been lamenting the parched and barren fields that came from the bad Nile. It was grateful to see Palestine, therefore, in its greenness, and even the rain was so homelike that we welcomed it and drove steadily through it until, when the sun went down, we were in the town of Ramleh, where we remained for the night. Our first lodging in the Holy Land was humble enough, and by the time we reached Ramleh the rain was pouring. Still



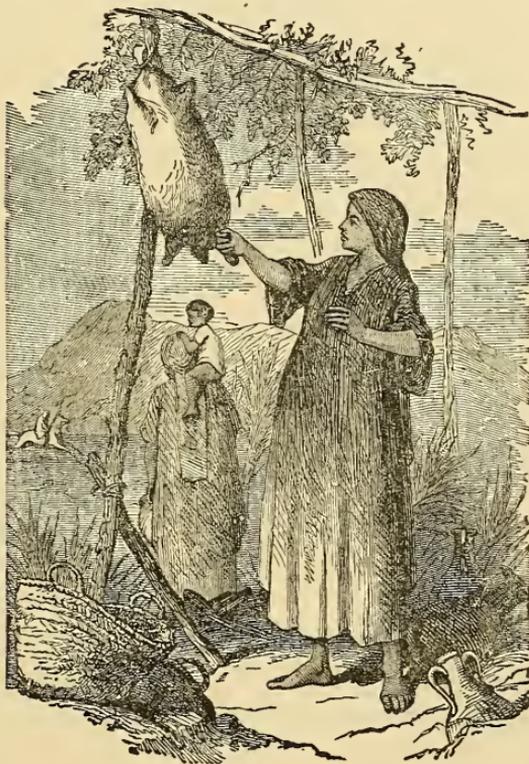
RAMLEH.

we were in the most cheerful humor, ready only to see the bright side. Even Caldwell—who had to put on his uniform and sword and go out into the mud, with an Arab, carrying a lantern, walking ahead, and two soldiers behind, and various dogs howling in escort—even Caldwell, who had to call on the Governor, seemed to think that there never was so jolly an errand. None of us volunteered to go along. We preferred to sit on the large benches in a

room partly dining-room, partly kitchen, partly parlor—eggs frying in one corner, servants eating in another and a huge lazy dog very much at home. Caldwell came back in a half hour and reported the Governor in a fine state of health and propriety, and we went to bed in one room, four bivouacking on beds, that were regarded with natural suspicion. Before retiring we had marching orders for six in the morning, and although six is an early hour we were all on duty. The General first at his post. It was seven before we parted from Ramleh and pushed on to Jerusalem.

There are no interesting facts about Ramleh, except that it was a Saracen production. The tradition that here lived Joseph of Arimathea is not accepted. So we hurried on, our eyes bent toward Jerusalem, and looking with quickened interest as Mr. Harding pointed out to us the blue mountains coming in view as the mountains of Judea. Our road is toward the southeast. The rain falls, but it is not an exacting shower. The General has found a horse, and when offered the affectation of an umbrella and urged to swathe his neck in silk, says it is only a mist, and gallops ahead. We are passing from the plain of Sharon into the country of Joshua and Samson. The road becomes rough and stony, and we who are in the carts go bumping, bumping, bumping along, over the very worst road, perhaps, in the world. But there is not one who, in the spare moments when he is not holding on to the sides of the cart lest there might be too precipitate an introduction to the Holy Land, does not feel that it is one of the most agreeable and most comfortable trips ever made. We are coming into the foothills. We are passing into the country of rocks. The summits of the hills glisten with the white, shining stone, which afar off looks like snow. In some of the valleys we note clusters of olive trees. The fertility of Palestine lies in the plain below. Around

and ahead is the beauty of Palestine—the beauty of Nature in her desolation—no houses, no farms, no trace of civilization but the telegraph poles. Now and then a swinging line of camels comes shambling along, led by a Bedouin. If we were to stop and pause, we might remember that until within a very recent period wild men dwelt in these fastnesses, and that we might have a visit from the



CHURNING IN THE EAST.

Bedouins. But I don't think it ever occurred to any one, and if they came, they would find no weapon more dangerous than a cigar-case or a New Testament, which some of were reading with diligence in order to get up our Jerusalem and know what we are really to see when we come within its sacred walls.

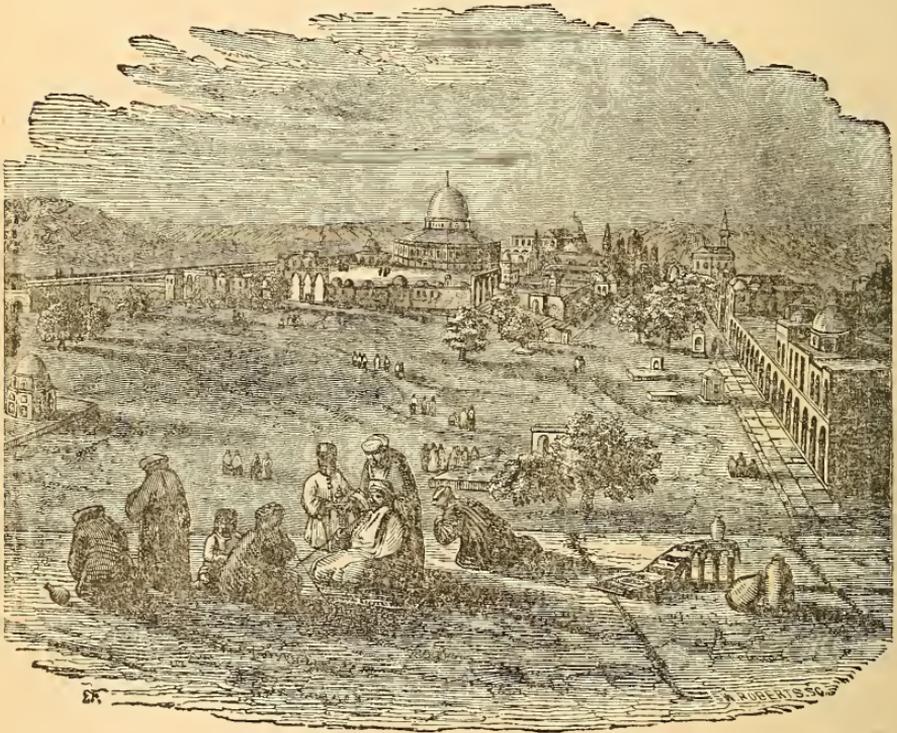
We have our first biblical view when we pass the ruins of Gezer, which Mr. Hardegg tells us was once a royal city of the land of Canaan—that an Egyptian monarch captured it and gave it to Solomon, when that wise king but widely disseminated husband married the conqueror's daughter. There is nothing worth pausing to see, especially in the rain, and Solomon somehow does not interest us, for our thoughts are all on Jerusalem and one greater than Solomon. At certain intervals we see a square stone guard-house, where soldiers once lived to watch the roads. But the houses are abandoned and the soldiers have gone to war upon the Muscovite, and the road must take care of itself. We stop about eleven at the only place of entertainment on the way and are shown into a gloomy, damp upper chamber. There we make our luncheon on a pine table in primitive fashion, the Marquis unburdening the baskets and each one helping the other. Some of us walk over the hills for a short tramp while the horses munch their grain, and come back bearing anemones and buttercups and daisies, which we lay at the feet of the lady of the expedition as an offering from the Holy Land. We are off an hour ahead of time, thanks to our illustrious commander. It had been calculated by experts that we should reach Jerusalem about sundown; but our captain had planned an earlier arrival and that we should enter the sacred city while the sun shone. So we went over hills that kept growing higher and over roads growing worse and worse. Some of us walked ahead and made short cuts to avoid the sinuous path. We pass a village some way off, which in latter years was the home of a bandit sheik. We are told that this is the village of Kirjath Jearim, about which you may read in the Bible, where, as Samuel informs us, the ark remained twenty years. If we stopped long enough we might see an interesting church,

but we are just now running a limited express to Jerusalem. We see beyond us Joshua's Valley of Ajalon, almost hidden in the mist, and remember how the Lord answered his prayer. We come to the scene of the great battle between David and Goliath. There were stones enough for the stripling's sling, as we can well see. The valley is deep and the brook still runs a swift course. We could well imagine the armies of the Jews on one side of the valley, and the armies of the Philistines on the other. It was the last ravine this side of the heights of Jerusalem, and one of the strongest natural defences of the Holy City.

We have little time to meditate on these military achievements, for a horseman comes galloping toward us and says that at Koleniyeh—on the banks of the very brook where David found his pebbles for Goliath—a large company awaits us. In a few moments we come in view of the group. We see a troop of cavalry in line, representatives from all the consulates, a body of Americans, delegations from the Jews, the Greeks, the Armenians; the representative of the Pacha—quite a small army. The dragoman of our consulate carries a large American flag. As we drive on the Consul, Mr. Wilson, and the Pacha's lieutenant ride toward us, and there is the most cordial welcome to Jerusalem.

We expected to enter Jerusalem in our quiet, plain way, pilgrims really coming to see the Holy City, filled with its renowned memories. But, lo and behold! here is an army with banners, and we are commanded to enter as conquerers, in a triumphal manner! Well, I know of one in that company who looked with sorrow upon the pageant, and he it was for whom it was intended. But there was no help for it. So we assembled and were in due form presented, and there were coffee and cigars. More than all, there were horses—for the General, the Pacha's

own white Arab steed in housings of gold. It was well that this courtesy had been prompted, for the bridge over the brook was gone and our carts would have had a sorry business crossing. We set out, the General thinking, no doubt, that his campaign to enter Jerusalem at four had been frustrated by an enemy upon whom he had not counted. He had considered the weather, the roads, the



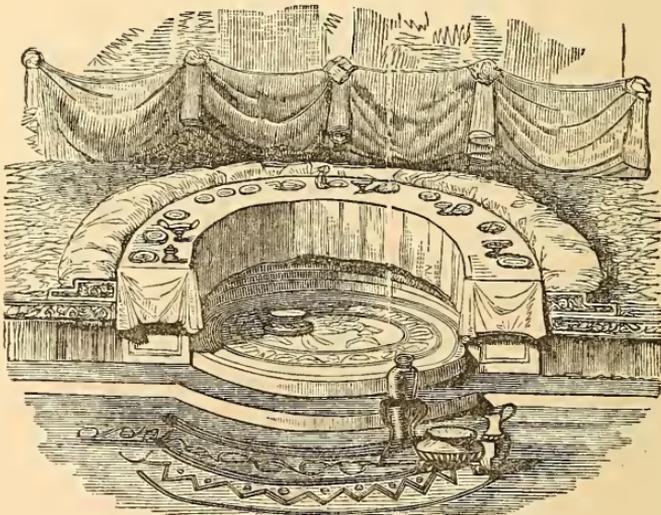
JERUSALEM ON THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

endurance of the horses; but he had not considered that the Pacha meant to honor him as though he were another Alexander coming into a conquered town. So we trailed up the winding ways of the hill—the hill which sheltered Jerusalem from the Canaanite and Philistine. Jerusalem is two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and even

then it lies beyond a hill that must be passed. So we wind around and around, up and around, steadily, patiently straining toward the summit. The mist and the clouds that had been hovering over our path finally enveloped us, and we could trace with difficulty the path over which we came. The view on a clear day must be wonderful for breadth and beauty, and even now, with the gray clouds about us and the rain falling in a mist, we looked down the mountain's dizzy side and saw hill after hill sweeping like billows on toward the sea. As a glimpse of nature there was beauty in the scene to be remembered in many a dream. But we were thinking of the valley below, as scenes of events which have stirred the souls of Christian men for centuries, as the path of conquering armies—of Joshua and David—of Alexander and Vespasian—of Godfrey and Saladin. And here we were coming with banners and armed men, and at our head, riding side by side with the Pacha's Turkish lieutenant, is one whose name will live with that of the greatest commander who ever preceded him over this rocky way. The valley passes away. We ride about a mile through a suburb, the highway lined with people. The General passes on, with bared head, for on both sides the assembled multitude do him honor. We see through the mist a mass of domes and towers, and the heart beats quickly, for we know they are the domes and towers of Jerusalem. There are ranks of soldiers drawn in line, the soldiers presenting arms, the band playing, the colors falling. We pass through a narrow gate, the gate that Tancred forced with his crusaders. We pass under the walls of the tower of David, and the flag that floats from the pole on the consulate tells us that our journey is at an end, and that we are within the walls of Jerusalem.

There were ceremonies to be paid and returned, which I will sum up and dismiss at once. The Pacha called in

state and spoke of the honor conferred upon Palestine by the coming of the General. The consuls came with compliments. The bishops and patriarchs all came and blessed the General and his house. The Pacha offered to send his band of fifty pieces and a guard to be in constant attendance. But visiting the holy places with a band of music and a military escort was so appalling an honor that it was declined with as much skill as possible to avoid offense. As a compromise, the General accepted the band for the hour in the evening when we dined. He could not avoid it, and it would be a pleasure to the people, who swarmed at his gates, and lay in wait for him with petitions. The Pacha gave a state dinner to which we all went—a dinner marked with the kindest hospitality. These ceremonies, or portions of them, quite used up our little time. The General intended to spend three days

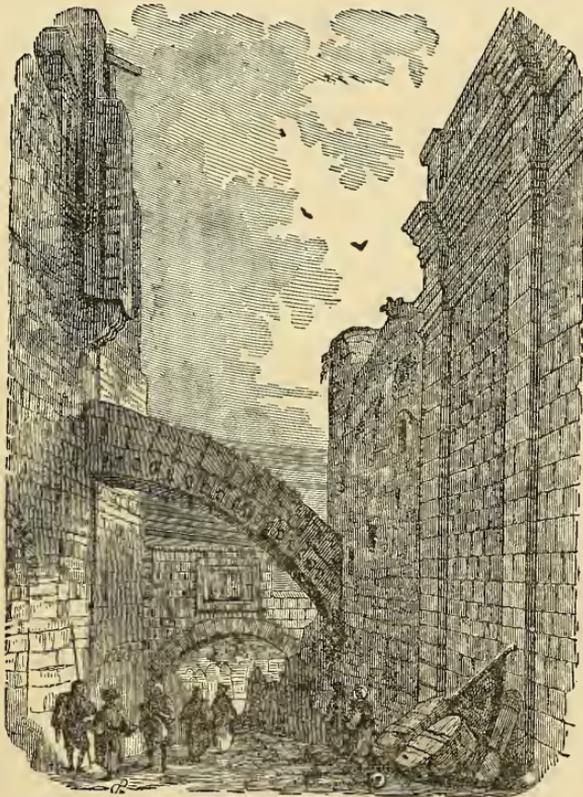


AN EASTERN DINING-ROOM.

only in Jerusalem, for already his eyes turn toward Rome, where he expects in March to meet some of his family, and we must in the meantime see Damascus, Beyrout, Smyrna,

Constantinople, Athens, Corinth and Syracuse. We sat out in the afternoon to walk over the sacred places, and our first walk was along the Via Dolorosa.

Some of us had stolen away in the morning before the ceremonies began, to walk over the street consecrated to Christianity, as the street over which Jesus Christ carried His cross. I am living within five minutes' walk of Calvary. I look at it in the morning from the terrace near my chamber door—a fair rounded dome, high in the air,

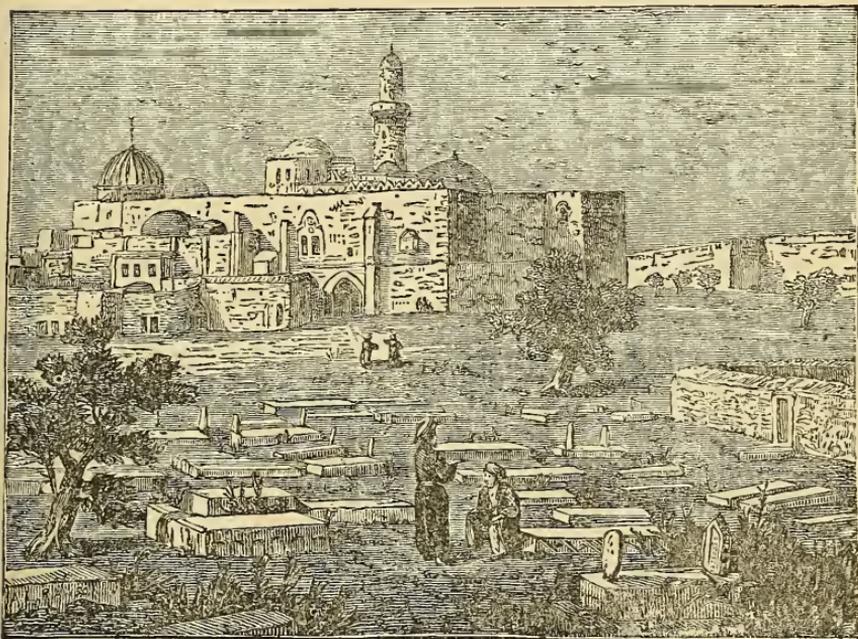


VIA DOLOROSA

covering the spot upon which our Saviour suffered. I do not enter into the question as to whether or not this was the real Calvary. Somehow one thinks it must have been

one of the hills beyond the city, of which there are many; that the cross would have been more imposing on the top of the Mount of Olives, for instance, than here within the walls near the market places, under a dome. But executions, we must remember, are not pageants, and it would have been a weary road over the valley and up the hill for any careful centurion to send his soldiers. It is known that in the time of Christ, Calvary was without any city walls, that it was about sixty feet above the lower streets of the city, as high as Mount Moriah and Mount Zion. So that any condition of place and convenience is satisfied. We pass from our hotel on Mount Zion through a narrow, dingy street paved with jagged cobble-stones. We make our way with some difficulty. We stumble and slide rather than walk. We pass beggars who cry for alms, workmen at various industries, merchants selling their wares, camels and asses and beasts of burden. We turn into a covered way and slide and stumble along, and we are on the Via Dolorosa. The first place pointed out is the Coptic Monastery. Here Christ sank under the weight of the cross. We are going down the hill which He ascended. We come to the ruins of the Hospice of the Knights of St. John, Here is where Jesus addressed the women who followed Him. We wind around the corner and follow the narrow, slippery way—beggars crawling about us for alms, and Alexander, of the Legation, fair young Syrian in Oriental costume, bearing a sword, leading the way. Alexander is in something of a hurry, the Via Dolorosa being of about as much interest to him as Broadway to a New York policeman. Here we are at the house where Jesus fell for the second time. A few steps further, and we are at the house and tomb of Veronica, who wiped the blood from His holy brow and left His image on her napkin. We descend a slippery path, and

at the corner is the house against which Christ leaned overcome by agony. You see a dent in the stone. This dent was made by the hand of our Lord as He stretched it out to support his burden. It is smooth and dark with the kisses of millions of believing lips. The next house is that of Dives, the rich man. At the cor-



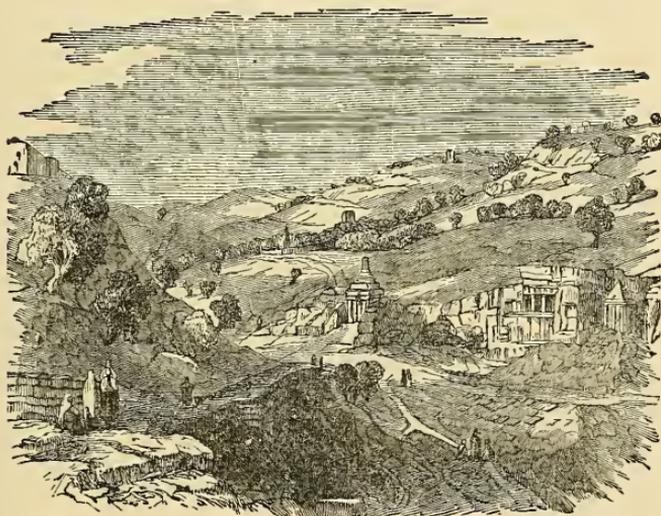
DAVID'S TOMB, MOUNT ZION.

ner, Simon of Cyrene took the cross and carried it a part of the way, for which good deed his name became immortal. In front of the house of Dives is a stone, and over it a hovel. The hovel was the house of the beggar, the stone is where he sat in quest of alms, and under this archway where we now stand and look at the rich man's house Jesus stood and pronounced the parable which you will find in the sixteenth chapter of Luke. Here the road makes another bend, and we pass a broken column that

must at one time have been a stately ornament. The column broke where Jesus sank upon it, and the fissure is clear and deep. We keep on until we come to a church, a bright new church, with an arch overhanging the street. This is the Church of *Ecce Homo*. It was here or hereabouts that the road to the cross began. There is a barracks on the site of Pilate's judgment hall. We go into the church, a sweet-faced sister opening the way. Behind the altar is an arch, and under this arch Pilate stood when he delivered over Jesus to the Jews and washed his hands of innocent blood. Here, in an enclosure, was the whipping, the crowning with thorns, the decoration with the purple robes, and here also Jesus took up the cross which He carried to Calvary. We can readily see, as we retrace our way up the *Via Dolorosa*, that it must have been a rough and weary road to one rent and torn and bleeding and crushed under the cruel burden of the cross. Even to us—free as we are—wayfarers, in full possession of our faculties, it is a tedious task to climb the hill of Calvary.

We descended the hill and ascended it again before we found ourselves in the company of the General. Mrs. Grant was vouchsafed the dispensation of a donkey, and we all followed after on foot. When we finished the *Via Dolorosa*, we kept on outside the gates and over the valley of Jehoshaphat. The brook below is the brook Kedron, of which it is written that Jesus, on the night before His betrayal, "went forth with His disciples over the brook Kedron, where there was a garden, to the which He entered, and His disciples." This is written in the eighteenth chapter of John, and we cross the very brook hallowed by His holy and sorrowful footsteps. We ascend the hill a short distance and come to a walled garden. A monk opens the gate and we descend. The garden blooms with flowers. The paths are neatly swept.

Around the walls are the pictures by which the Catholic represents the way to the cross. Over the flower-beds droops a cluster of olive trees, ancient, and gnarled, and bending. It is not difficult to believe, knowing what we do about trees in California, that these are twenty centuries old. The General says he does not doubt it, even from the random evidence of his own eyes. Under this tree Jesus Christ knelt and prayed, and made holy forever the Garden of Gethsemane. We looked at the tree called "The Tree of Agony." We pressed its knotted bark with



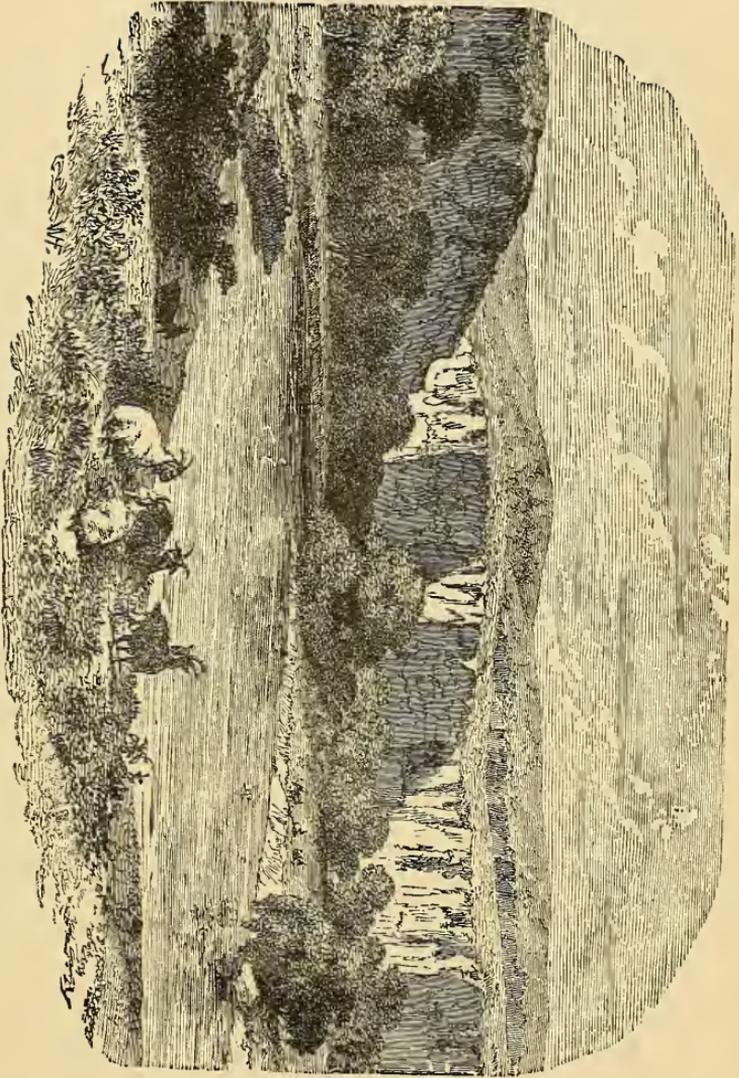
VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

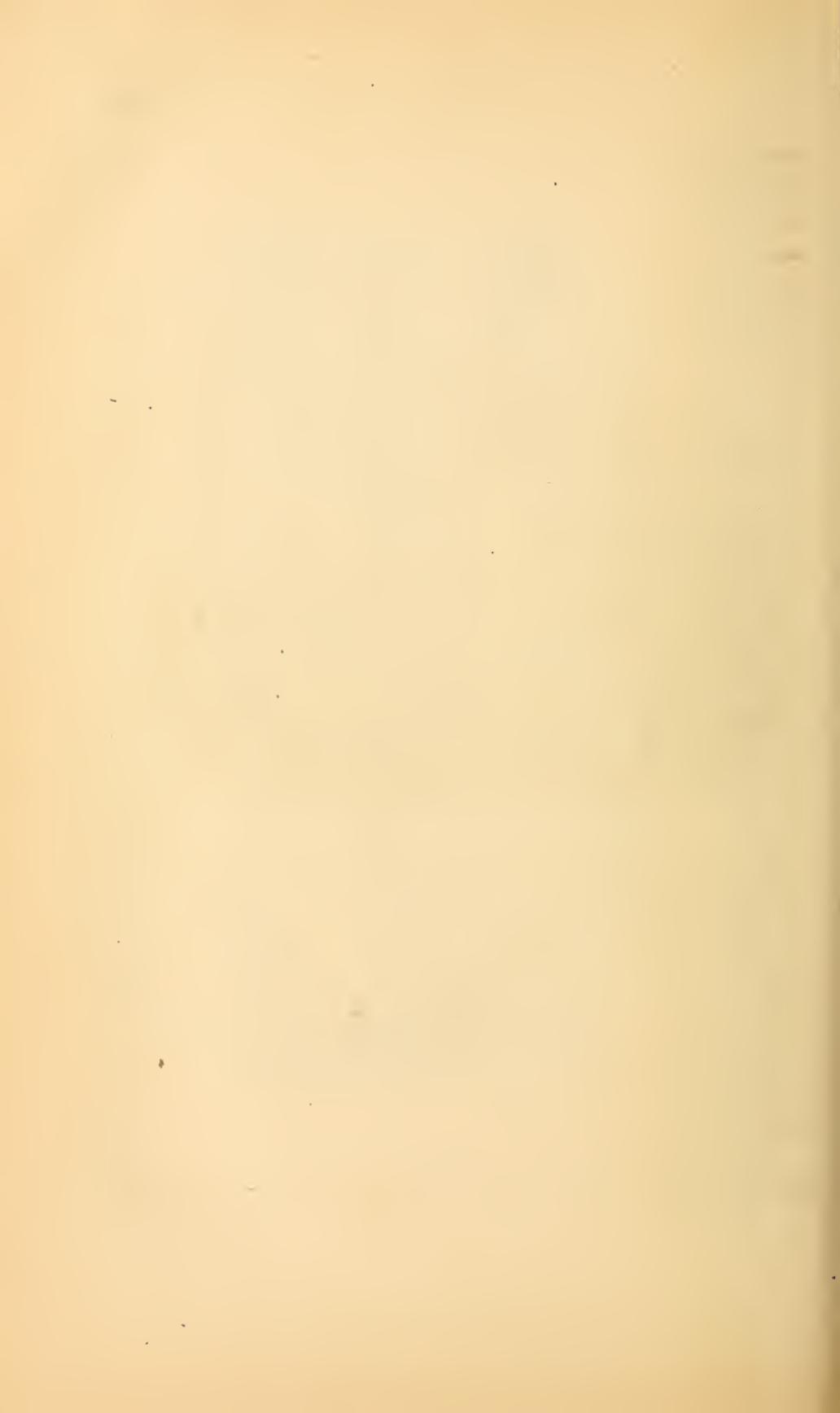
reverence and love, and though we were an idle, worldly group, fresh out of a busy, worldly world, there were few words spoken, and all thoughts turned to the sacred and sorrowful scenes which Christian men believe here took place. And if one could know the hearts of those who were about the tree, who stood around in silence, I have no doubt that he would know of many a silent prayer breathed to Heaven that in the hour of extremity the

grace there implored for sinning souls might be our portion, as it has been the portion of millions and millions who have gone before.

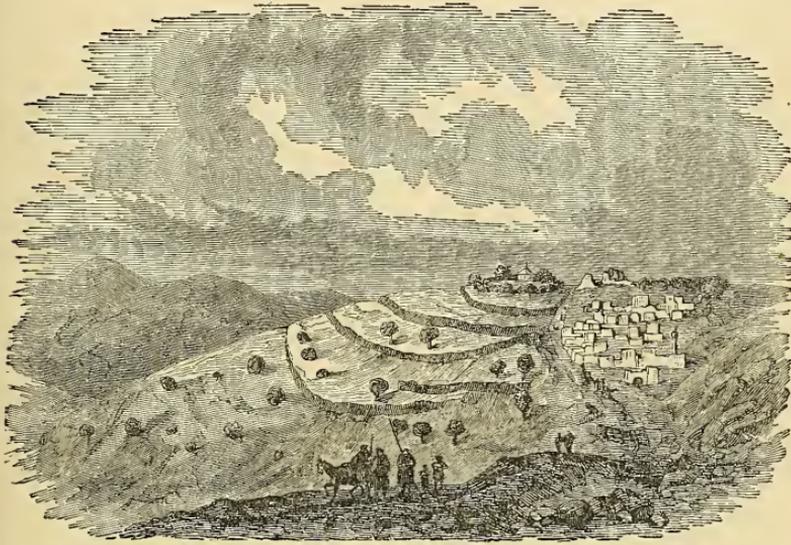
The good monk gathered some flowers for Mrs. Grant, and for the others twigs and leaves from the Tree of Agony. We climbed the Mount of Olives to the summit. We entered the chapel said to be the site of the ascension—now a Moslem mosque. We went to the top of one of the minarets and looked far beyond to the land of Moab, the Valley of the Jordan, and an edge of the Dead Sea. In the farthest distance, just touched by the sunlight, was a mountain. We were told it was Pisgah, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. We went on to the chapel which marks the spot where our Saviour taught the Lord's Prayer. We went into the magnificent chapel which a French princess has erected for her tomb, and around the walls of which is the Lord's Prayer in thirty-two different tongues. We kept on over the hill, over a fearful road, to the village of Bethany. It was here that Jesus lived when He preached in Jerusalem. Here was Lazarus, His friend, whom He called from the tomb. Here lived Martha and Mary, whom Jesus loved—Martha, who served Him at supper, and Mary, who chose the better part. We ride under the overhanging ruins of the dwelling in which Jesus found home, shelter, friendship, love; where He came for peace after the hard day's work in Jerusalem. We walked around Bethany—which is only a collection of ruins and hovels—passing over the graveyard where Lazarus was buried. We continue along the road that leads to Jerusalem again, not over mountain, but the one sloping near its base. It was over this road that Jesus rode when He entered Jerusalem on an ass. We are told also that here it was that David passed in

SCENE ON THE RIVER JORDAN.





sorrow when pursued by the ungrateful Absalom. But our thoughts are not with David, and we pause at the head of the hill, where Jerusalem comes in view. It was here that Jesus wept over Jerusalem and prophesied its destruction, and we can well imagine the beauty of the fair city as it nestled on the hillside—the temple dazzling all eyes

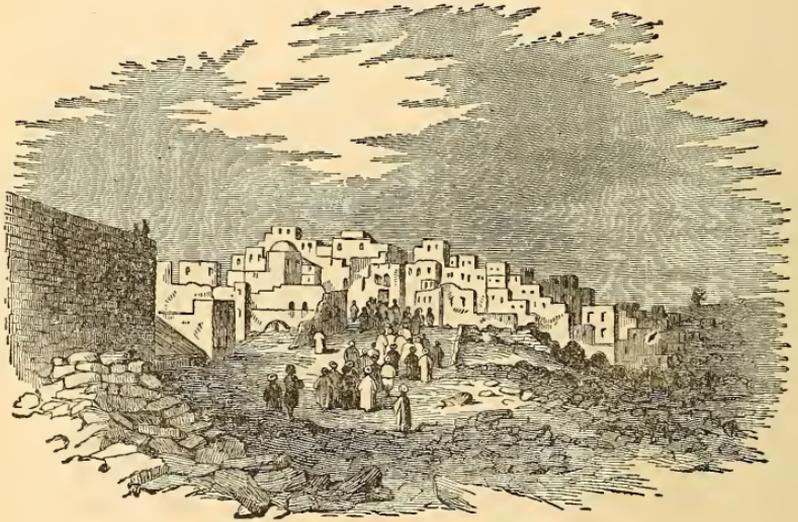


BETHANY.

with its glory, the battlements and walls menacing all men with their power. Then we kept on down the Valley of Jehoshaphat and over the brook and around the city to another entrance called the Damascus Gate. It was only from thence a short walk to our hotel. The walk had been a weary one, but no one felt weariness, for every memory it awakened was a memory of the noblest moments in our lives, and every step we had taken had been over hallowed ground.

I am living in a small hotel looking out upon an open street or market place where Arabs are selling fruits and

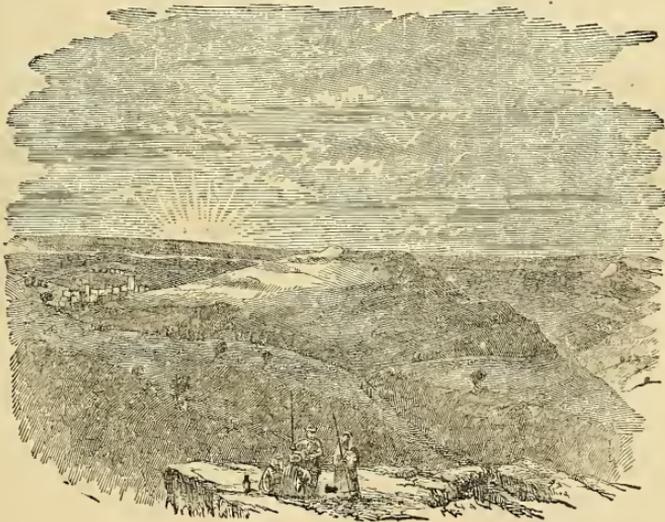
grain, and heavy laden peasants are bearing skins filled with water and wine. The market place swarms with Jews, Arabs, Moslems, Christians, and horsemen are prancing, and a comely young officer sits waiting in command and calmly smokes his cigarette. A group of beggars with petitions in their hands crowd the door of the hotel, waiting the coming of the man who, having ruled forty millions of people, can by a wave of the hand alleviate their woes. The General is putting on his gloves for the ride to Bethlehem, and this is the guard that will bear



BETHLEHEM.

him company. Mrs. Grant, by various friendly processes, is secure on her donkey, and once the General is in the saddle the rest of the party will be up and away. The market place is under the walls of a tower—a huge, weather-beaten mass—which overlooks on the other side a pool. The tower is called the Tower of David and the pool is that in which Bathsheba was bathing. It was here that the King walked when his eyes fell upon Uriah's one

ewe lamb. A step leads to a wall and a gate. Beyond the gate a camp of Bedouins are gathered over a fire, and you hear the sound of the forge, for they are striving to fashion a hammer into shape. This gate is the gate through which Simon Peter passed on his way to the seaside when he went out into the world to preach the Gospel of Jesus. If I go up a pair of narrow stone steps, as I did this morning about sunrise, I am on the roof, a roof of stone, with a barrier around it. In these Eastern houses the roof is the drawing-room, and I can well fancy as I pace over the honest floor what fine company one might have with the stars and the hills, and above all with the memories that rest upon these domes and roofs, these valleys and hills, this gray, sloping mass of houses and



MOUNT OF ASCENSION.

churches. You have for company all the memories that come to you from the pious hours of childhood, recalling the thrilling incidents related by Luke, how the man stricken with palsy was brought by his friends to be

healed of Christ, and "because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop and let him down through the tiling, with his couch, into the midst before Jesus." Passing into the deeper recesses of the memory, we marshal forth the long-treasured history how Samuel entertained Saul on the housetop, and related to him the fell necessity that was put upon him to make his guest King of Israel, and Samuel, the Seer and Prophet, "took a vial of oil and poured it upon his head, and kissed him, and said: Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over His inheritance?"

Thus passed away the hierarchical government to which the Hebrews were amenable, and which had become intolerable in consequence of the multiplied abuses to which they were subjected by their then *thousands* of rulers, the prolific fruition of a corrupted ovary. For your roof is on the crest of Mount Zion, and beneath you is Jerusalem.

The visit to Jerusalem and its surroundings extended from Monday, February 11, until the following Saturday. As he viewed those sacred scenes, no doubt, the leader of the armies of the Republic remembered how the "boys in blue" chanted as they marched:

"He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make them free."

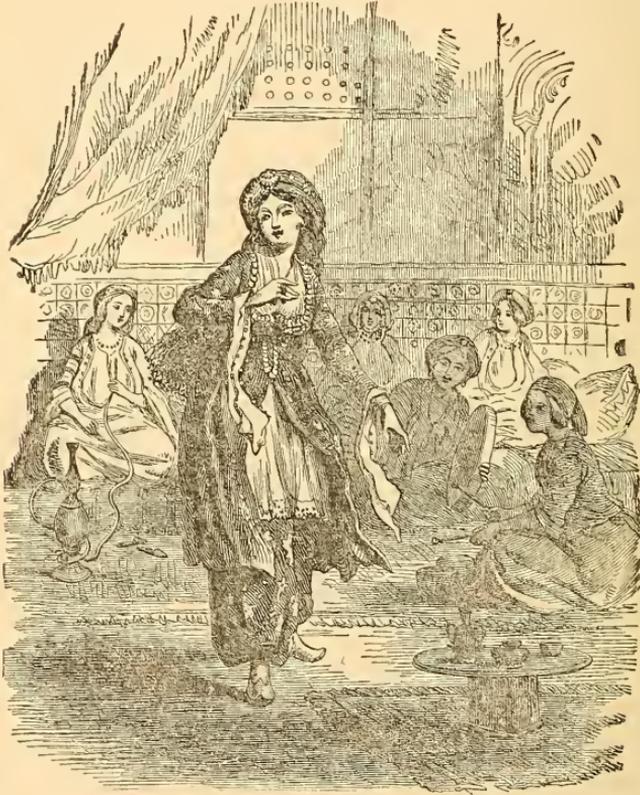
CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL GRANT AT DAMASCUS — BEYROUT — SMYRNA — A FAMOUS CITY — ITS ANTIQUITIES — A VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE — THE APPEARANCE OF THE CITY — A VISIT TO THE SULTAN — HE PRESENTS GENERAL GRANT WITH A PAIR OF HORSES — THEIR APPEARANCE — GRANT'S OTHER PRESENTS — THE SLAVE-MARKET — A VISIT TO THE BAZAARS — THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED — ATHENS — THE ACROPOLIS — MARS' HILL — CORINTH — SYRACUSE — EN ROUTE FOR ROME.

General Grant and his party next proceeded to the city of Damascus. This city lies on the east of anti-Lebanon, about 2,200 feet above the level of the sea, in a fertile plain near the desert. It is the oldest city known in history. The Barada River passes through it, giving it additional beauty. We find this city first mentioned in Genesis xiv. 15, where it is referred to as being the city of Abraham's steward. It was here that Naaman, the leper, lived. At the time of the Apostle Paul, the city was under the rule of the Romans, and Aretas, the Arabian, was its ruler.

As early as 800 B. C., the fine fabrics of Damascus had become famous. The damask-silk and sword-blades are still so. There are certain points pointed out to travellers as being historically connected with Paul and his time. The "street called Straight" now bears the name of Bazaars; there is also the house of Judas; the house of Ananias; the spot where Paul was converted, which is an open, green place, surrounded by trees, and at present used as a Christian burial-ground; the place where Paul was let down by the

wall in a basket ; and also several spots connected with the life of the prophet Elisha. The city is surrounded by a ruinous wall of ancient Roman foundations, "and a patchwork of all succeeding ages." Viewed from a distance, the city has a splendid appearance, which is not well sustained upon near approach. The houses are rudely constructed, the



A DANCING-GIRL OF DAMASCUS.

streets narrow, and paved with big, rough stones, or not at all, and portions of them are covered over with mats or withered branches. The bazaars are covered ways with a few stalls upon each side, and the different trades are placed by themselves. Although the streets present a somewhat rough appearance, yet the interior of the private

houses are very neat, the rooms opening from the court being decorated with carving, gilding, and all the adornments that wealth and taste can provide. The courts are neatly paved, and are ornamented with costly fountains and beautiful shade-trees. The modern name of the city is Esh Shaum. It has at present a population of 150,000 people, of whom 15,000 are Christians and 6,000 are Jews. The people are very fond of amusements, among which dancing occupies a prominent position.

From Damascus the party proceeded to Beyrout. Here a very pleasant time was past. A few days later they departed for Smyrna. In entering the harbor of Smyrna, the travellers passed very close to Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos —

“Where the burning Sappho loved and sung.”

The island of Scio was also in sight, where, in a few hours, Turkish cruelty and barbarism converted a land of flowers and civilization to a barren and desolate waste.

Smyrna lies at the bottom of a deep gulf, at the foot of a hill, upon which an ancient castle dominates the town. The present city was designed by Alexander the Great, and built by his successors, Antigonus and Lysimachus, near the site of the ancient city of the same name, which the Lydians had destroyed about four hundred years before. It is better built than most of the Eastern cities. The consulates are neat edifices of stone, and are arranged upon the quay fronting the harbor. It is a place of considerable trade, and there are many Frank merchants residents in it. Almost all the products and manufactures of the East may be found here — silks, Turkey carpets, wool, raisins, Greek wines, pearls, diamonds, figs, oranges, etc. The population is chiefly composed of Turks, Greeks, Franks, and Jews.

The Greek women of Smyrna are famous for their

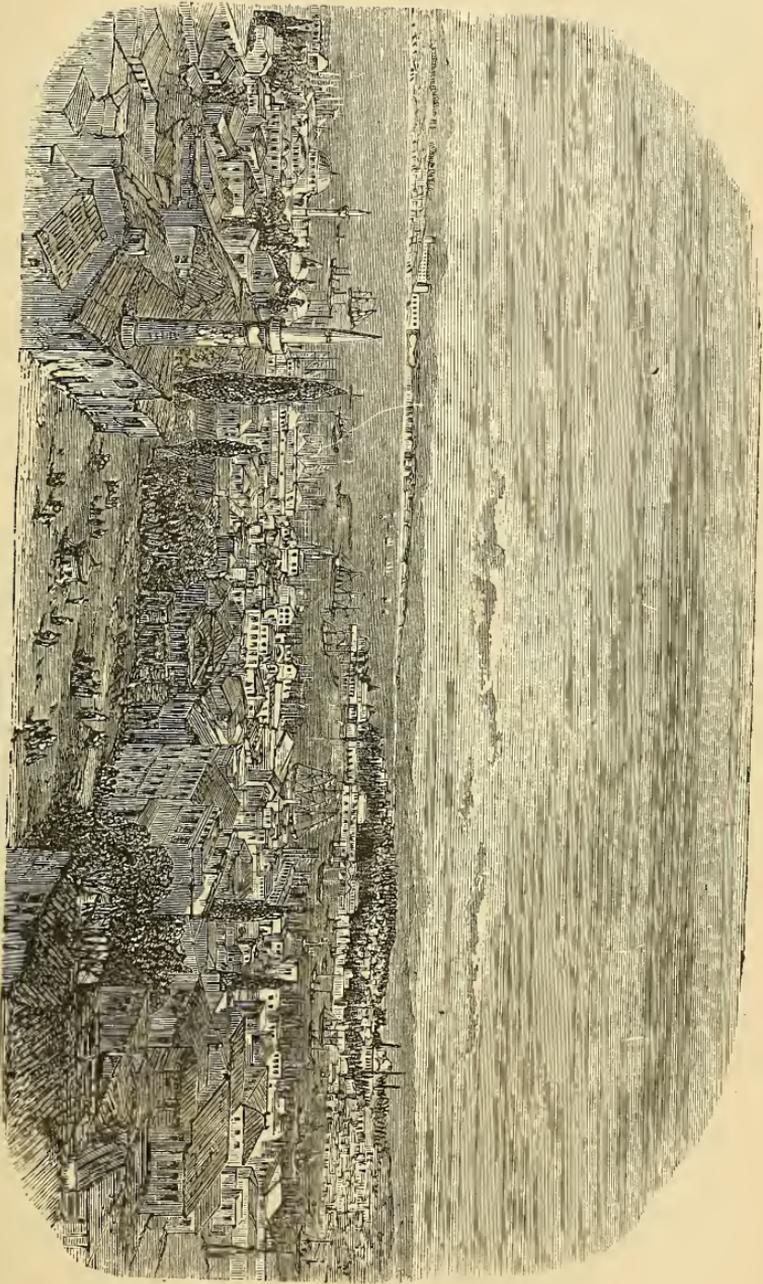
charms. Their dress is singularly picturesque, being the same costume as that of the better class of the Turkish women. It consists of loose, large trousers, falling to the ankle, and vests of velvet, bound round the waist by rich embroidered zones, confined with clasps of gold or silver. Their black tresses wave unconfined over their shoulders, or are bound round the head, intertwined with roses. The stature of the Greek women of Smyrna is rather below than above the ordinary height. Their beauty lies in the Grecian face, the coal-black eyes, that sparkle like diamonds set in a field of vermilion, and the combined expression of classically moulded features, fresh colors, and the soft, languid air, which the climate gives to the form and countenance.

The antiquities of Smyrna are few and uninteresting. A little stream, the Meles, flows back of the town; upon its banks Homer is said to have been born. The country around Smyrna is very poorly cultivated, and large portions of it are entirely neglected. The city contains a number of delightful gardens, in which the fig and orange grow with great luxuriance.

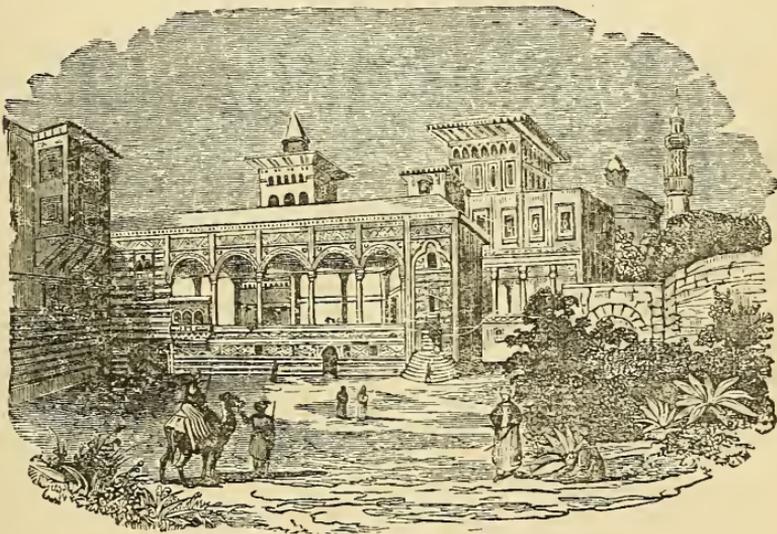
The next point visited by the travellers was Constantinople. The steamer rounded the Seraglio Point, and sweeping into the bold expanse which the Bosphorus forms opposite the city, dropped anchor off the mouth of the Golden Horn. The first step upon the shore reminds one that he is in the East. The costume is oriental, the language has nothing in its syllables or sounds that resemble the provençal tongues, and there appears to be an air of luxurious enjoyment and repose in all around, that contrasts strikingly with the anxious air of the busy populations of the cities of Western Europe.

Almost touching the water was a café, cooled by a fountain, and the umbrageous boughs of the wide-spreading

CONSTANTINOPLE.



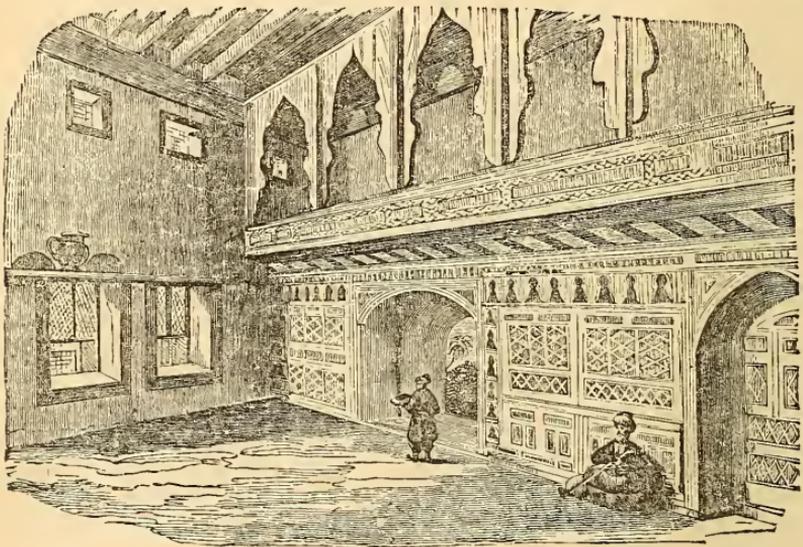
platanus tree. Lounging on divans were a number of Turks, with white turbans and long beards, smoking the nargile, or water-pipe, and seeking nervous excitement in frequent draughts of coffee, or in the inhalation of the intoxicating fumes of hashish. Near by was a beautiful fountain, erected by some kind Turk who was seeking entrance into the Mussulman heaven by doing good to man, and a mosque from the minarets of which the muezzin was calling the faithful to prayer. "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet," was the cry that was floating on the air as the travellers landed.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF A TURKISH HOUSE.

The interior of Constantinople by no means corresponds with the expectations which one is led to entertain from the splendor of its appearance as seen from the Bosphorus. The streets are narrow, and paved with stones which appear as though they had been scattered at random, simply to cover the nakedness of the earth. The houses are of wood, and so wretchedly built, that they afford but little shelter against the elements. Fires at Constantinople, where the

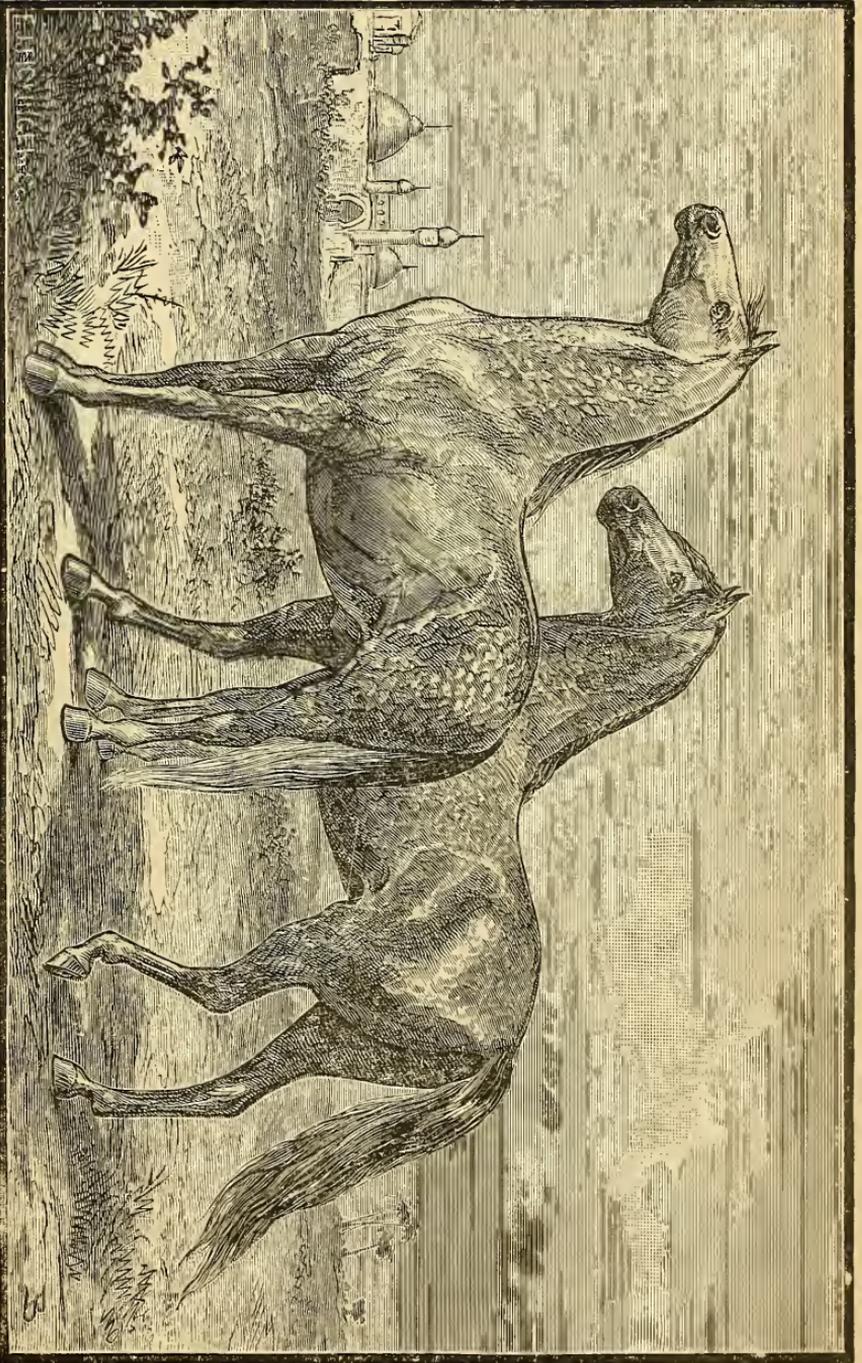
buildings are of frame, are, of course, very destructive, sometimes sweeping away squares of houses at a time. There are two lofty towers which overlook the city, where the watchmen are stationed night and day to sound the alarm of fire; but a conflagration rarely breaks out which does not destroy a square of buildings. The Turks will sometimes make an effort to arrest the flames, but if overmastered, they will quietly fold their arms, and exclaiming



INTERIOR VIEW OF A TURKISH HOUSE.

"*Allah kerim,*" "God is great," leave things to take their course.

After sunset, the city is enveloped in darkness, as there is not a single lamp in the streets to lighten the path of the wanderer with the glimmer of a friendly ray. If you do not wish to be devoured alive by the troops of savage dogs which infest the streets, you must carry a lantern; and if your light should happen to go out, you must make the best of it. A distinguished traveller says:—"For myself, in a desperate battle which I had with some canine ruffians,



DIETYAN (*The Panther*).

MISSIRLI (*London Tree*).

The Stallions presented to General U. S. Grant by the Sultan of Turkey. Drawn from life, by E. B. BENSEL, while on Exhibition at the Pennsylvania State Fair, September, 1879.

in passing through one of the cemeteries late at night, my light was not only extinguished, but being overpowered by fearful odds, I was obliged to take to my heels, priding myself more on my chances to escape from their fangs than upon the glory of vanquishing my foes."

The channel of the Golden Horn, which comes in from the Bosphorus, divides Constantinople in two parts. On the west side is Stamboul, Constantinople *proper*, where the Turks reside, and where the principal bazaars are. On the east side are the suburbs of Galata and Pera. Galata lies at the foot of the hill, and is the port to which all Frank vessels resort. It is the residence chiefly of Greeks, while higher up the hill you pass a kind of neutral ground, occupied by the bankers and large merchants of all nations; and continuing your walk higher up, you enter the precincts of Pera, which contains the private residences of the Frank merchants, and the offices of the European ambassadors. Most of the foreign ministers, however, live on the shores of the Bosphorus, at Therapia, or in the surrounding country, only resorting to Pera a few hours during the day. The hill is occupied with buildings from the water's edge to the summit, and it is somewhat puzzling to know where Galata ends or Pera begins.

When General Grant reached Constantinople his first visit was paid to the Sultan, who immediately ordered Munir Bey, the Master of Ceremonies, to present to the General an Arab horse from the imperial stables. One was chosen and set aside for him, but, owing to some misunderstanding, the gift horse was not sent, and the Vandalia sailed without him. Afterwards, the question having been revived, the steed in question was hunted up among the 570 horses which composed the imperial stud. He was found, and, accompanied by a second horse, transferred to the care of the officers of the American Legation, by whom

they were shipped on board the Norman Monarch. They were housed between the decks, provided with canvas belts to swing in in rough weather, and in every way treated as cabin passengers, a man being detailed to care for them. They are said to have endured the long voyage without showing any signs of discomfort or fatigue, and were described by one of the prominent horsemen at Suffolk Park as being in perfect trim and models of beauty. They are in many respects unlike the blooded American horse. They are about fifteen hands in height, and of a graceful and well-rounded, though wiry and strong, figure. Both the animals are of a beautiful dapple-gray color, with a soft skin and shiny coat. Their manes and tails are of a dark color and very long. A wide difference from the average European or American animal is said to be discernible in every feature, and the eye, ear, and nostril are indicative of some particular quality, such as shrewdness, quickness, and wonderful intelligence. The neck is arched and the head is held very high.

These beautiful creatures were consigned to the care of George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, who at once caused the old shoes to be removed and new ones put on. The shoes taken from their feet were very thin plates of iron, without corks of any kind. They covered all parts of the hoof except the frog. A circular hole was pierced for that. These specimens of Turkish handicraft were carefully preserved upon being removed, and will eventually appear on the walls of General Grant's billiard-room. They are to be brightened and decorated in fine style. One of them was given to Mr. Bishop, of the firm of horse-shoers. He refused \$6 for it. It is said that \$5 were offered for one of the shoe-nails. The horses' feet had to be trimmed. This as well as the subsequent shoeing was done under the supervision of a veterinary doctor.

The shoes were very light ones, made particularly for the purpose.

General Grant has also placed all the presents which he has received while abroad under the care of Mr. Childs. They were for a time on exhibition in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. There they proved one of the most attractive centres of interest and were visited by thousands of people. The gifts consist of twenty-four engrossed and illuminated scrolls, albums and portfolios, containing addresses of welcome from working-men and corporations, the freedom of cities and other expressions of esteem for General Grant. Some are in gold and some in silver caskets of very rich workmanship. In some instances the seals also are enclosed in gold cases. One of the most interesting souvenirs is a beautifully carved box made of mulberry wood from the tree at Stratford-on-Avon, planted by Shakespeare, and presented to General Grant by the corporation of the town.

One of the most interesting places in Constantinople is the Slave-Market. To this no Frank is allowed to enter without an authorized janissary of one of the embassies. The visitor upon entering is at once saluted with "Backshish! Backshish!" The area of the square was filled with groups of Nubian and Abyssinian slaves, mostly children, and in a state of almost perfect nudity. They were crouched together in groups, but seemed to be by no means disconsolate at their lot. They were cheerful and full of merriment. Around the court-yard, under the sheds, were compartments for the better order of slaves. These were chiefly African women. We saw only two white female slaves, and these were Georgians, destined for the harems of the rich. We were very solicitous to get a look at these Georgian beauties, but were only indulged with a glance through the bars of their cages. We saw

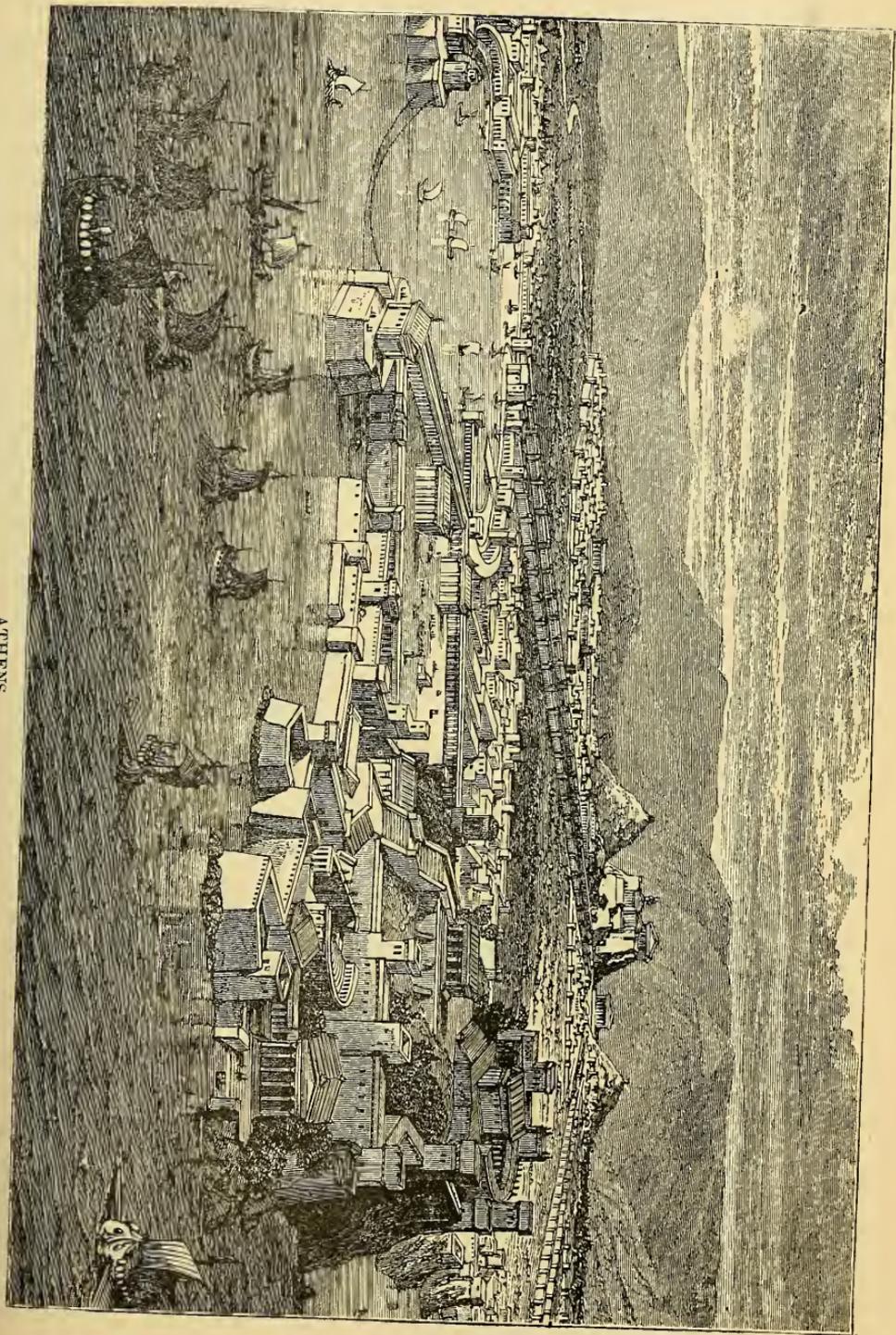
only the bright black eyes of these imprisoned ones; they were merry enough.

The slave-merchants were quietly reposing on carpets under the sheds, smoking, and answering with usual Turkish *nonchalance* the propositions of customers. Their stoical indifference to the condition of the slaves, and the manner in which they handled and spoke of them as mere merchandise, disgusted us, and we were glad to leave the place where humanity sinks to the level of the brute creation.

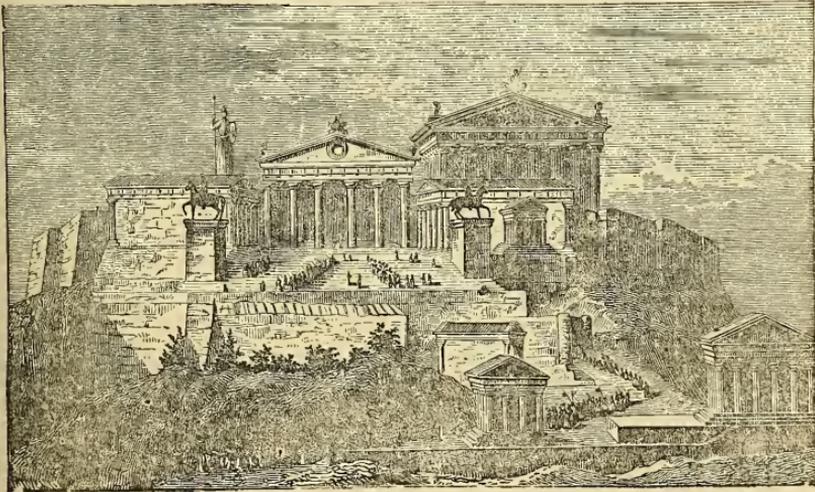
Our next visit was to the bazaars. These consist of a long range of shops running parallel with each other, with an intervening paved avenue dividing the two rows; the avenue is covered over. There are numerous bazaars, each division being appropriated to the sale of different objects. There is the silk bazaar, the provision bazaar, the arm bazaar, etc. The purchaser is not, therefore, obliged to wander through the whole range of bazaars to seek the object of his wants, but at once goes to a particular bazaar and finds it. The shops are very small, and contain but scanty stocks; but there is a great number of them, which may, in some degree, compensate for the lack of quantity in their stock.

The next point visited was the Mosque of the Sultan Ahmed. The exterior walls of this, as the walls of all other mosques, are painted white. From the centre rises a hemispherical dome, and at the four corners of the building shoot up tall minarets, the points of which, tipped with gold, appear lost in the air. Passing through an open court-yard, we came to the portal of the mosque. We pulled off our boots, slid our feet into yellow slippers, the color worn only by the faithful, removed our hats, and entered. The interior was very plain; the floor was spread with rich carpets, and variously-colored glass lamps, like

ATHENS.



those in public gardens, were suspended around the walls, with here and there an ostrich-egg, the offering of some pious devotee. A pulpit of carved wood faced the east. Several Turks were prostrating themselves in prayer upon the carpets, the countenance turned to the sacred east. From the floor to the ceiling the breadth and width of the great space beneath the roof was unbroken by a gallery or any other object. The roof rested upon arches which sprang from the walls. This great void, with the overhanging roof unsustained by a single pillar, had a most majestic effect, and I have rarely seen boldness and simplicity of architecture so happily combined as in this mosque. The walls were naked of ornaments, with the exception of a rude drawing of the Caaba at Mecca.

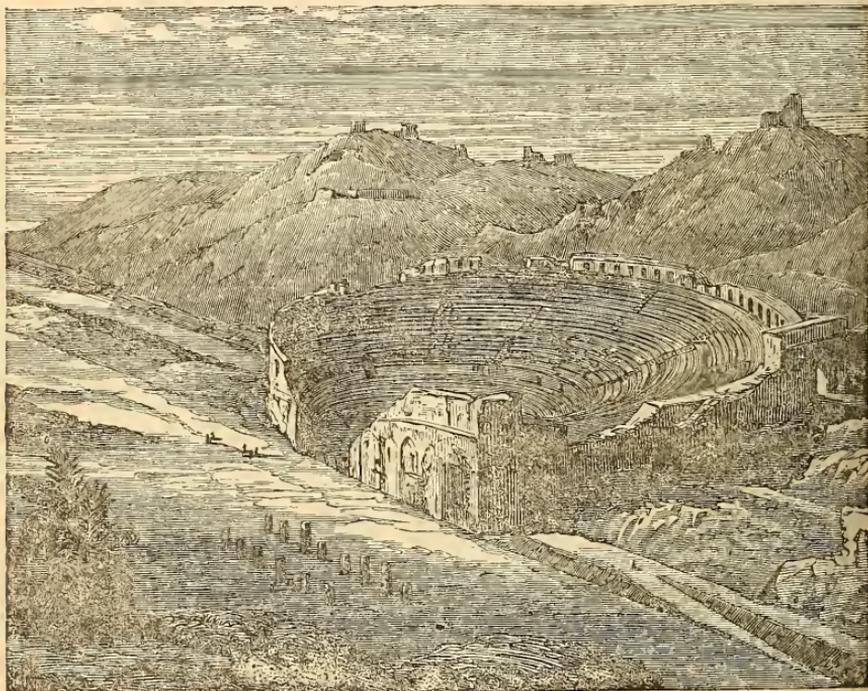


THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

In the centre of the court-yard of the mosque was a beautiful fountain, ornamented with that light tracery work which is characteristic of Saracenic architecture. An immense number of pigeons had assembled there at that time to be fed, as some kind Mussulman had left a legacy to procure grain for the daily feeding of the pigeons which

belonged to the mosque. They nearly covered the yard, and children were walking about in the midst of them; without causing them the least alarm. Such is the friendship between man and the brute creation in Mussulman countries.

The next point of interest was the city of Athens. Among the points visited by the travellers was the Acrop-

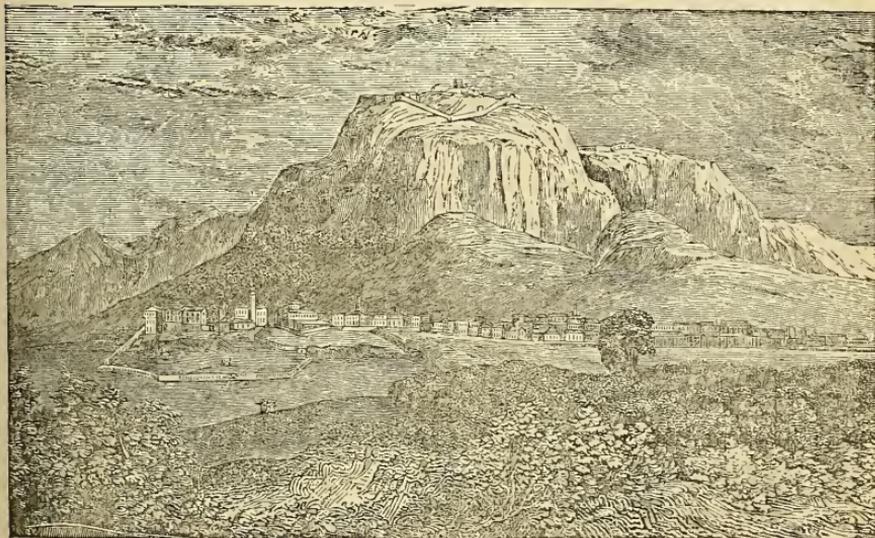


THE THEATRE OF BACCHUS.

olis. It is thus described:— Having obtained the necessary ticket of admission, we ascended it by a pathway that winds up the eastern side. On our way we passed the Theatre of Bacchus, which lies near the foot of the Acropolis, on the same side. Here were performed the tragedies of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides. The seats of the spectators and a part of the façade yet remain. The theatre was open to the air, and, like all the other Grecian

theatres, it was placed upon the side of a hill. The seats for the audience were cut out of the earth, and rose in amphitheatrical form from the scene, which lay at the foot of the hill. In this theatre Demosthenes received the crown of gold which was voted to him for his repair of the fortifications, and for other services.

The Acropolis is a precipitous hill of rock rising from the bosom of the Athenian plain. Like most of the other Greek towns, Athens was built around the base of the

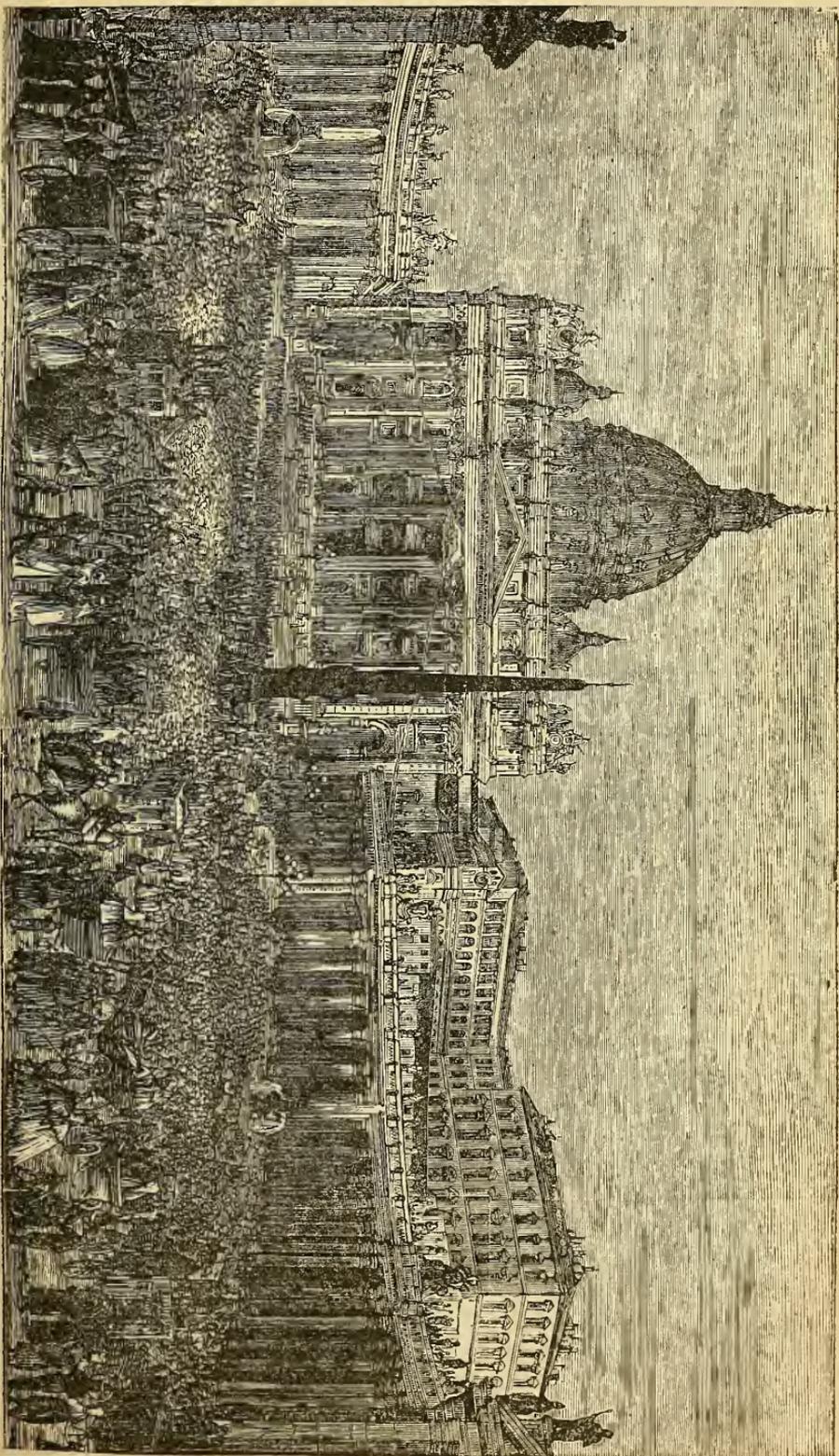


CORINTH.

Acropolis, which served as a citadel to dominate the country for leagues around. The Acropolis is about eight hundred feet high, and some four hundred broad. Its crowning glory was the Parthenon. This magnificent building, which, even in its present ruined condition, commanded the admiration of every beholder, was in its perfect state the finest piece of architecture in the ancient world. It was built of the purest Pentelican marble, which, to this day, though discolored by the dews and rains of more than ten centuries, yet contains most of its original purity.

A visit was also paid to Mars' Hill, where Paul preached to the people, declaring "unto them Him whom they ignorantly worshipped, the Lord of heaven and earth, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and whose Godhead was not like gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device."

From Athens the party proceeded to Corinth. The city is surrounded by a wall with embrasures for cannon. There were but few pieces of cannon on the walls. We observed, however, some long twenty-four-pounders, richly ornamented with the Venetian arms, which had remained in the fortress since its capture by the Turks. After a few days spent in rambling over the old historic grounds in the vicinity of the city, and viewing all places of interest in the city itself, the travellers departed for Syracuse. A short visit was made at the latter point, after which they proceeded to Rome, where they expected to meet certain friends who had promised to be there.



GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION AT ROME.

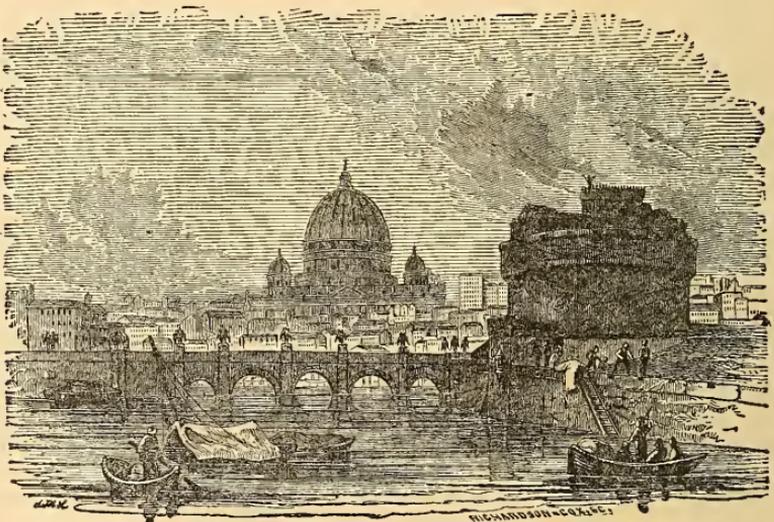
CHAPTER XIX.

GENERAL GRANT AT ROME—HONORS FROM KING HUMBERT — RECEPTION AT FLORENCE — ARRIVAL AT VENICE—THE CITY OF THE DOGE—AN INTERESTING HISTORY—THE “GOLDEN BOOK”—THE FOUR ORDERS — MICHELI STENO’S REVENGE — THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS—MILAN, THE ITALIAN PARIS—A BEAUTIFUL CITY—THE CORSO — THE CATHEDRAL — THE RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE CITY—THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY—THE CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE—THE IRON CROWN OF THE LOMBARD KINGS — LEONARDO DA VINCI’S “LAST SUPPER” — THE ARCH OF PEACE — THE TEMPLE OF CREMATION — AN INTERESTING MUSEUM.

Continuing his journey along the shores of the Mediterranean, General Grant visited the beautiful cities which dot the coast, beholding the beautiful works of art, and receiving honors from the high and the low. During his stay in Rome, King Humbert gave him a magnificent dinner, at which all the Italian Ministers were present. Speeches were made, toasts drank, and every one seemed determined that the General should enjoy himself. Florence was reached on the 16th of April. The party were received at the station by the municipal authorities, the American Consul, Mr. J. Schuyler Crosby, deputations of the Italian army, and the American residents. Here they remained several days, visiting places of interest and greatly enjoying themselves. During their stay they visited the art galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, and also attended the religious ceremonies of Holy Saturday.

They reached Venice on the 22d, and were received at the station by the officials of that city, Mr. John Harris, United States Consul, and several American residents.

The unlimited power wielded by a hereditary aristocracy, as that of the Republic of Venice, whose importance and splendor were due solely to the fortunate results of commerce and industry, is a novel and astonishing fact of the Middle Age. It is difficult, indeed, to explain why, in spite of prejudice, this mercantile and industrial aristocracy was considered by the feudal nobles and warriors of Europe as the most desirable and illustrious of them all.

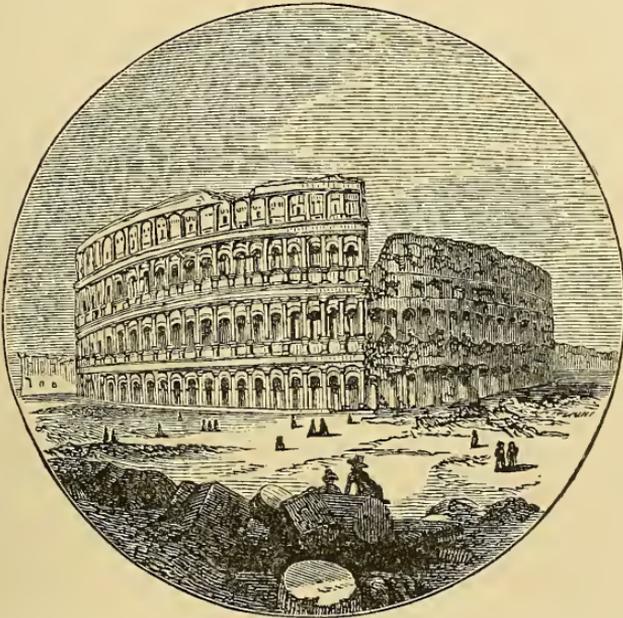


ST. PETER'S, ROME. SEATS 54,000 PEOPLE.

The origin of this power, and of the *éclat* of the Republic of Venice, does not extend much further back than the twelfth century. It was at about that period that the nobility gained over the Venetian democracy the first and perhaps the most important of its victories.

Padua, which had founded Venice, had at first put it under the authority of three consuls, who governed there about thirty years. About the year 453, when the fierce

Attila, defeated by Meroveus, fell back and filled Italy with terror, numbers of the flying people flocked to the island of Rialto (*il Rive Alto*, the deep stream), which the Paduan Senate had proclaimed a place of asylum, together with the adjacent islands of those lagoons which comprised the possessions now constituting the city of Venice. Tribunes were at first sent to govern them, who, however, erected each separate islet into a petty sovereignty, and thus reigned



OLD ROMAN COLISEUM.

until 697, when the people, disgusted with their little tyrannies, menaced their power, and the tribunes themselves confessed their governmental incapacity. Twelve of the principal ones consulted together, and having obtained the consent of the Pope and the Emperor, decided to change the form of the Executive, and confided it to one chief magistrate, who should be elected for life and bear the title of Doge, in the Venetian dialect meaning duke. Paolo

Luca Anafesto was chosen in March, 697, as the first Doge of Venice.

Although Venice was in substantiality at this time an independent city, it still acknowledged the sovereignty of Padua. The Doges were not tardy in elevating themselves into real kings with absolute power. They associated their relations with them in power, and designated their successors. But about the year 1172, a great change took place, being the victory of the nobility over the citizens; before



ROMAN GLADIATORS.

referred to. The nobility, which formerly had participated in all the measures of the government in exactly the same degree as the lowest class of citizens, combined to abolish the mode of election of the reigning Doge, which had been that of universal suffrage. A Grand Council was established, and charged with the duty of choosing the Doge.

This Council was composed of two hundred and forty citizens, taken indifferently from the nobility, the middle class, and the tradesmen. At the same time, in order to limit the ducal power, twelve tribunes were created, whose

duty it was to control the acts of the chief magistrate, and to oppose them should it become necessary.

This half-way measure, however, was not put into operation without creating great disorder. The nobility advanced rapidly towards their object. The people, driven back, reflected upon the rights which they had lost, murmured against the privileges which the nobility had arrogated to themselves, and forced them, in the dread of a future reaction, to the renunciation of that which they had acquired, or the affirmance of it by a last stroke of authority.



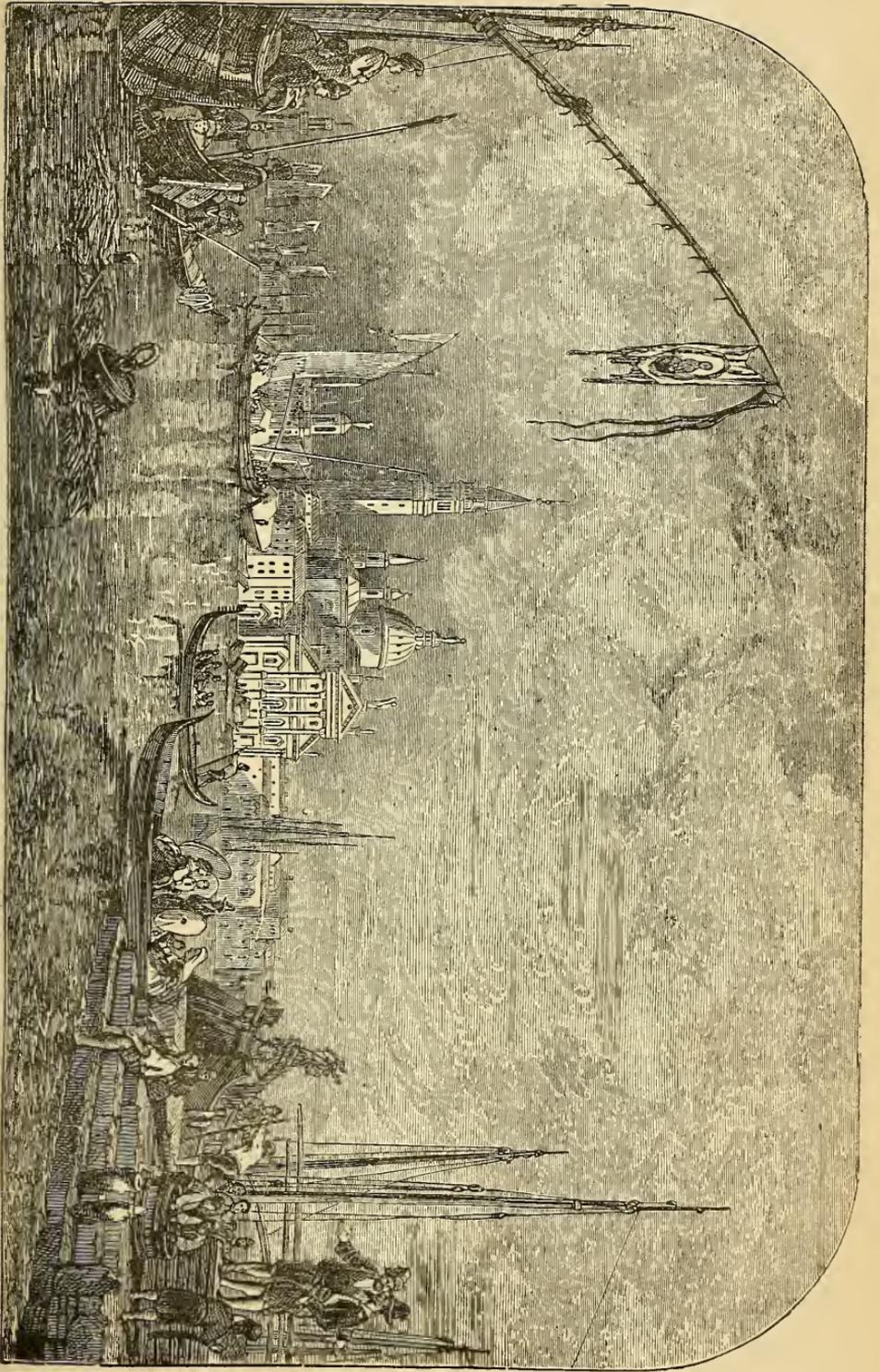
ROMAN GLADIATORS.

The Grand Council resolved to put an end to this crisis. Paolo Gradenigo seemed to be the only one to whom they could confide the interests of Venice, and on him they conferred the Dogeship. Soon after, in 1297, it was proposed to concentrate all the power in the hands of those who at that time exercised the magistracy, or who should have made part of it during the four preceding years, in order that all the members of the Grand Council should be perpetuated in their dignities, and that their descendants should inherit the same rights. This proposition, being

presented at the Council and sanctioned by the Prince, was adopted, and the government of Venice then became, in fact, an aristocratic one. The people found themselves finally excluded from the right to be employed in the public service, and from the right to be called upon to give their assent to any measure. All the functions and dignities were allotted to the patricians.

The "Golden Book," which was created about this time, and in which was given the registry of all the nobility, revealed an entirely new phase of character. In it was classified, categorically, this institution; it regulated the measure of consideration which was due to each of its members, implanted within them the spirit of caste in the highest degree, and formed of this phalanx of patricians, who soon came to recruit themselves from the kings and princes of the Continent, the most compact and most ambitious of aristocracies. The "Golden Book" divided the Venetian nobility into four distinct orders. First, the families of the tribunes; second, the nobles or descendants of the nobles who made part of the Grand Council of 1297; third, those who became ennobled during the wars against the Turks and Genoese; and fourth, those Venetian nobles who had been accepted from among the foreign princes and lords. These four orders were subdivided into different classes.

The first order, as has been said, was composed of "*nobili di case tribunicie*," descendants of the tribunes who governed the lagoons before the institution of the Doges, and the twelve who concurred in the nomination of the first Doge, Anafesto, in March, 697. With this was a list of twelve houses, the "*case vecchie elettorali*" (the old electoral houses). These were, the Contarini, the Morosini, the Badoeri, the Michieli, the Sacrandi, the Gradenighi, the Falieri, the Dandoli, the Mencini, the Tiepoli, the Polani, and the Barozzi.



VENICE.



The Contarini family gave eight Doges of their name. Under André Contarini, in 1739, the existence of the republic was menaced by the Genoese, commanded by Pierre Doria; the treasury was empty, and food was scarce. King Louis of Hungary besieged Treviso, the army of Francis of Carrare surrounded the lagoons, the fleet of the Gulf was destroyed, the rest of the galleys were in the Levant, and the city of Chiozza, inclosed in the circuit of the lagoons, was at the mercy of the Genoese. The Doge André supplied the place of all; the merchants armed thirty-four galleys, which he commanded, and on June 24th, 1380, he returned to Venice in triumph, after having recovered Chiozza, and captured the Genoese fleet and army.

There was also a Cardinal of this same name, Gaspar Contarini, who was sent as a legate to the Diet of Ratisbon, destined by the Emperor Charles V. for the reconciliation of the Protestants and Catholics. Cardinal Contarini had a high mission. His conduct was able, but a trifle ambiguous. He wrote many remarkable works, which reflected the philosophy of the age.

The Morosini family gave four Doges to Venice, and one King to Hungary. It also included a historian, André Morosini, who was born in 1558, and wrote the History of Venice from 1521 to 1615. One of the greatest commanders of the seventeenth century was also of this name, Francis Morosini. Among his great deeds, the most remarkable was the defense of Candia against the Turks, from 1667 to 1669. The Grand Vizier Kuproli directed the attack. This siege has been compared to that of Troy. Morosini prevented the capture of Candia for twenty-eight months. The highest gentlemen of France and Italy took part in the siege, and at last an honorable capitulation was made. The Turks lost 200,000 men.

The Badoeri family were descended from the Partici-

paccio. Angelo Participaccio organized the resistance of the Venetians to Pepin, King of the Lombards, son of Charlemagne. The ships of this prince had taken possession of many of the islands. Angelo drove them, by means of light shallops, to that part where, when the tide fell, they became stranded. Chosen Doge in 806, Angelo established the centre of government at Rialto, and ruled for eighteen years in peace. Under his rule, the body of St. Mark was taken from the church of Alexandria. Angelo might, perhaps, be considered one of the founders of Venice, and his family remained for a long time the most powerful of this city.

The Michieli family gave three Doges. Domenico Michieli, in 1124, took so great a part in the conquest of Tyre that Baldwin II. accorded to the Venetians the third of the sovereignty of that city.

The Sacrandi or Candieni are of a family so ancient that they take their origin from one of the seven consuls sent by Padua to build Venice. It was on this family that Henry, Emperor of Constantinople, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, conferred the Duchy of the Archipelago.

The Gradenighi have had four Doges, among them those who worked the revolution of 1297. They showed great vigor and ability, but they remained an object of hatred to the people.

Among the Falieri we find Marino Faliero, who was beheaded in 1355 for conspiring against the nobility. He was seventy-seven years old. The plebeians, who desired to avenge their defeat of 1297, were united with him and intended to kill all the patricians. This celebrated Doge was born in 1275. He became Doge on January 5th, 1355, and almost immediately a contest broke out in his palace which proved fatal to him.

A young nobleman of Venice, Micheli Steno, enamored of one of the Dogessa's maids of honor, on occasion of one of the balls given during the carnival, took liberties with her which, although excusable under the excitement of the season, gave umbrage to the Doge, who ordered Steno to leave the palace. The young man, exasperated at this treatment, avenged it by writing on the chair of the Doge the following words, "*Marino Faliero dalla bella moglie, altri la gode ed egli la mantiene.*"

The Doge's wrath knew no bounds, and as the Senate and Council refused to treat the affair as a question of state, and the criminal court sentenced Steno to only a brief imprisonment and a year's exile, Faliero determined to wreak vengeance by exterminating the whole body of the nobility, who were held by the populace as tyrants.

The day fixed for the consummation of his design was April 15, 1355, but the conspiracy was discovered on the day previous; the Doge was arrested, and, after a full confession of his guilt, he was sentenced to death and beheaded on the 17th, having reigned but three months and twelve days.

In the council-hall of the palace, where the portraits of the Doges of Venice are preserved, a black drapery covers the spot intended for that of Faliero, bearing this inscription, "*Spazio di Marino Faliero de Decapitato.*"

The Dandoli family recount their descent from one of the families of ancient Rome. This family gave four Doges and one Dogessa. Henry Dandolo rendered his name celebrated by a powerful co-operation in the Crusades, during which the Greek Empire at Constantinople was destroyed. This veteran was eighty-five years old, and, independently of his military courage, he was gifted with a boldness of idea still greater than the boldness of action of the princes and lords of the Cross. It is said that he

refused the crown given to Baldwin, Count of Flanders ; but he extended the dominion of Venice over a large part of the Archipelago, and many ports on the shores of Greece.

In addition to the twelve Electoral Houses, called sometimes the "Twelve Apostles," there were four families who were designated as the four Evangelists — the Giustiniani, the Bragadini, the Bembi, and the Cornari. A Bembo, cardinal, was one of the distinguished Italian authors who shone so brilliantly in the sixteenth century. Catharine, the last queen of Cyprus, belonged to the family of Cornaro. She had married Lusignan, king of that island, who died in 1475. The Venetians honored her with the title, "The Daughter of St. Mark," and consequently were declared her future heirs. Under the title of "heirs and protectors," they so much annoyed the unfortunate woman that she determined to abdicate the crown in their favor in 1489. She passed her last days at Venice, preserving her title of Queen and a little court.

Leaving Venice, the party proceeded to Milan, where they arrived on the 27th. They were cordially welcomed by the Prefect, Syndic, and American residents of the city. The city is described by one of its visitors as follows:— The Italian Paris certainly manages to deny its identity and hide its antiquity very successfully, and scarcely can the boulevards, except by their size, outdo the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, with its continuations leading to the public gardens ; while the Arc de l'Etoile is at least equalled by the Porta Sempione, or "Arch of Peace," begun by Napoleon as a termination to the Simplon route, and finished by the Austrians thirty years later.

The Corso is brilliant, crowded, busy, fashionable, bewildering ; the shops, with conspicuous glass cases rather than windows, are dazzling in their show, variety, and high

prices; Parisian toilets fill the English carriages, and Poole's costumes surmount the English horses, which crowd the middle of the street; flowers are sold at every corner, and *cafés*, where the ices are famous, are besieged about four o'clock by the most fastidiously elegant turn-outs that ever formed a barricade against dull care.

Anglomania is the badge of good society among the younger Milanese nobility; and to see the representatives of the old times, you must dive into the back streets, where huge *portes cochères* still admit you into solemn quadrangles, the homes of the old-fashioned, devout, severely dressed, and not too well-educated grandees.

A pleasanter view of some of the more unpretentious, but travelled people, is to be had by a country-visit, such as I remember. The villa was near Monza, a place made famous by the tragical history of Manzoni, "Nun of Monza," and was the property of Duke S——, a pleasant old nobleman whom I had known in Rome. The house was plain, square, and painted a light, neutral color; French windows led from the ground-floor rooms to a wide piazza overlooking English lawns and "grounds;" the floors are parquet or *scagliola*, and coolness and darkness reigned throughout the house, which was quite modern, and only intended for summer.

Milan itself is not oppressively hot in summer, and being so very anxious to announce itself as perfectly on the level of the times, and by no means a mere museum, such as the more picturesque and laggard cities of Italy, does not lay a burden on the tourist in the way of sight-seeing. After you have climbed the tower of the Cathedral, and admired the two thousand statues, representing the army of heaven, and the magnificent rampart of the Alps on the clear horizon; when you have examined the dried body of St. Charles in the subterranean chapel, where a

guide carries a torch to enable you to see the silver paneling of the walls and ceiling; and when you have wondered at the life-size silver statues of St. Charles and St. Ambrose, and the wealth of jewelry in the treasury or vestry of the church, you feel as if you might indulge in a saunter in the modern gardens, take a siesta at your comfortable hotel, or follow the lazy string of carriage-idlers round the chestnut-shaded drive that skirts the old ramparts.

Not but what a seeker after antiquities and curiosities can find more than enough to "run him off his feet" for a week at least, but it does not stare him in the face, or challenge him to "do" it, as elsewhere. You fall into the lazy bustle of the place; you think of the politics of the day instead of the history of the past; you are excited at the new opera prospects at La Scala, almost the largest theatre in the world, and where "l'Africaine" can be, as I saw it, better put on the stage than anywhere, except at the new Opera House in Paris. Though as to talent, Milan can no longer command a purse long enough to insure anything first-rate. You sit for hours eating ices and drinking sherbet by moonlight in the gardens, while the band plays the last *pot-pourri* out of the last opera-bouffe; or you stroll over to the new Zoological Department, and only then realize that the display denotes a provincial town instead of a capital.

But Milan has the modern spirit more fully developed than any of the successive capitals of her own land; and has an independent life of her own outside either the political or the foreign element, for she is the wealthiest manufacturing town in the kingdom, carrying on a brisk trade in silk and wool. Again, she is a perfect Paris in the line of art, having evolved a new school of painting, very French in its aspiration, and one of sculpture, rather wildly realistic, but nevertheless evidencing much crude talent in

its members, as well as considerable technical, imitative skill (the Cathedral roof and the new cemetery have been convenient places of exhibition for active sculptors of innovating tendencies); while in music, the *Conservatoire* of Milan is confessedly the headquarters of the art in Italy. Foreigners, especially singers, go there to study for operatic performing, and Italians go to learn music, though they learn but a local style, and that not the highest; but it is popular in their own country, and not unpopular in most others, except Germany and Belgium.

The Cathedral is still the public, commercial, social, and religious nucleus of Milan, though the Piazza is very different now from the former surroundings of the Church, where the merchants of old gathered, and the nobles marshalled themselves, and the people fought for bread during the famines that succeeded the plague in the sixteenth century, as is told in Manzour's novel of "The Betrothed."

Despite the first impression—some one has called this white-marble Cathedral a church of lace-work—the Church strikes the eye as defective after a few moments' observation, and I never could admire it so unreservedly as most travellers think themselves bound to do. It lacks height, as even its highest pinnacle is not worthy to be called a spire; and its heavy, square-topped, Renaissance portals, and indeed the whole façade, are distressingly out of keeping with the rest of the florid Gothic design. The ceiling is also another blemish and disappointment, being painted in imitation of stone-work, and the sham is very transparent.

Setting aside these details, there is much that is interesting, both in the way of monuments and pictures; but two of the most curious specialties, neither of which is mentioned in the latest guide-books, are the seven-branched, gilt-bronzed candelabrum, standing in the right transept,

on a sculptured pedestal of Sienna marble, with the Virgin and Child carved on the shaft, and the branches adorned with foliage and miniature statues; and the colossal statue of St. Bartholomew in the rear of the choir and high altar, representing the apostle as flayed alive. The sculptor, Marco Agrato, was so proud of his work, that he recorded his satisfaction in Latin inscription to this effect: "Not Praxiteles, but Marcus Agratus, designed and executed me."

Immediately in front of the choir-railings is a round opening, with lamps perpetually burning, an artistic railing encircling it; and through this we catch a glimpse of the subterranean shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan in 1557. The plague broke out in the city during his lifetime, and he exposed himself personally in the most fearless way, encouraging the clergy to do their duty likewise. His nephew, Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, was his successor in the See, and inherited the same virtues. Manzoni gives an admirable portrait of him in "The Betrothed," as a contrast to the wretched Don Abbondio, the country parish priest; both portraits being historical.

The body of St. Charles lies in a glass case — the face uncovered, the flesh dried and brown like a mummy's; the hands encased in episcopal embroidered gloves, and the body clothed in episcopal robes. The mitre and pillow under the head are one mass of gold and jewels, while scenes of the saint's life are chiselled on the silver lining of the walls, blackened by the torches constantly applied to them for the benefit of curious strangers.

Milan and its diocese still cling to certain old customs and privileges, some dating from the fourth century; others sheltering themselves under the same plea, for instance, the twelve days' prolongation of the carnival after Lent

begins—an indulgence actually ascribed, by popular belief, to St. Ambrose himself. The Ambrosian Rite is of undoubted antiquity, and is still in use in all the churches of the diocese. The ceremonies of the mass differ slightly from those in Rome, and wherever the Roman Rite prevails; and there is something Oriental in a few of the turnings, gestures, lifting of hands, and blessings, which occur during the mass. Also at the Cathedral, on certain days, an ancient custom is kept up by certain families, in which it is an hereditary privilege, of offering bread and wine in public, at what is called the “Offertory” of the mass, that is, immediately after the Creed is sung.

Outside these peculiarities, the same religious customs as elsewhere in Italy prevail in Milan. I remember visiting one of the ordinary churches on an evening devoted to a special service and sermon, where crowds stood and knelt—chairs are seldom used in Italy except at early morning services, when the church is not full, or during Lent and Advent sermons; and at other times are piled up out of sight in some recess, chapel, or lobby adjacent—and the altar alone, brilliantly and profusely lighted, blazed out against the dark background. Red and white drapery hung in alternate and interlacing festoons from the arches, and gold-braid was fancifully looped and trellised across the drapery. The people sang right willingly, but not very musically. Such scenes are common.

At another time I witnessed a curious religious ceremony, if not quite of a local nature, yet unusual—a sermon and some devotions in the vulgar tongue, commemorating the sorrow of the Mother of Christ, on the night of Good Friday, after the Crucifixion. If I remember right, there was some representative image in the church, prominently placed so as to remind the congregation of the object of the meeting, which took place at dusk. This

was not common to all the churches of the city, but was done here and there only.

At Venice, on Holy Saturday night, or Easter Eve, there is a custom peculiar to St. Mark's, of lighting an immense Greek cross which hangs in the nave, and which remains thus lighted, the rest of the church in deep darkness, until dawn on Easter Sunday, and is intended to commemorate the night of the Resurrection. The same custom used to prevail in one small church in Rome, on the same side of the Tiber as St. Peter's, in a little *piazza* half-way between the Vatican and the Bridge of St. Angelo.

Next to the Cathedral, the greatest boast of Milan is the Ambrosian Library, the work of Frederick Borromeo, and now consisting of 150,000 printed books, besides 20,000 very ancient and valuable manuscripts. There are pictures and statues, bronzes and gems, and miscellaneous curiosities as well. I do not remember anything distinctly of my hurried visit, except a lock of fair hair and a signature, both said to be authentic memorials of the much-maligned Lucrezia Borgia.

It often seems a pity, when we look back on visits to places that should have detained one for weeks, to remember that the visit was made at an age or a time when one had not read or studied enough to care for historically, and appreciate at their right value, these points of contact with the history of the past. Properly speaking, no one should travel through historical lands, and visit celebrated places, until he has prepared himself to understand as well as enjoy what he sees. Unluckily, I travelled at a time when only striking exceptions made much impression on a mind just let loose from school-tasks. Even at that time, however, the Church of St. Ambrose, the former cathedral of the city, and the scene of the great Bishop's defiance of

Theodosius, the emperor who had ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants of Thessalonica, in revenge for a slight offered to one of his officers, had a peculiar interest for me. You go in through an *atrium*, or quadrangle, surrounded by round arches with old tombstones and inscriptions, and half-effaced frescoes of the twelfth century (the court itself is said to be of the ninth), but if tradition is right it must be far older, for the massive church gates are believed to be the same which St. Ambrose closed on the excommunicated emperor, forbidding him to defile the house of God by his presence. The sovereign accepted the rebuke, and did canonical penance for his sin, besides giving large privileges and indemnities to the outraged city which he had so wantonly decimated.

This old church was formerly dedicated to the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, but after St. Ambrose's death, it was re-dedicated to him, and the spot where were the tombs of the former became forgotten. When I visited it, they had just been discovered, and alterations were going on in the modernized crypt, where St. Ambrose is also buried.

The coronation of the Lombard Kings, and subsequently of the German Emperors, with the Iron Crown, used to be performed in this ancient cathedral, which, like St. Mark's, at Venice, is not content with its own wealth of traditions, but actually claims to possess a Mosaic relic, in the shape of a brazen serpent on a short column in the nave. I do not know the date of this, but it probably came from Constantinople at the same time as the many Byzantine treasures and relics at Venice.

The Iron Crown is still preserved at Monza, in the treasury of the Cathedral, and was used as late as 1838, when the last of the titular sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire, Ferdinand I. of Austria, was crowned. It con-

sists of a broad band, or hoop, of gold, studded with jewels, and inclosing a thin strip of iron, said to have been made from a nail (one of the supposed relics of the Passion of Christ), brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. The Austrians carried off this national treasure in the war of 1859, but restored it after the peace of 1866.

The peculiar galleries of Romanesque form which distinguish St. Ambrose, and the carved marble and porphyry canopy or *baldacchino* over the high altar, which witnesses to the extreme antiquity of the church, strike one less than the extraordinary display of early goldsmiths' work which adorns the high altar itself. The latter is a square-bottom table, between three and four feet high, each side of which is covered with gold and silver, some of which is engraved in *relievo*, but mostly encrusted with uncut gems, and enriched with enamel; the work of a German artist contemporary with Charlemagne (ninth century).

This "golden portal" reminded me of the equally marvellous "golden screen," or reredos, of St. Mark's at Venice, a wall of jewelry standing behind the altar; but, like the "portal," only exposed on high days and holidays, unless when privately uncovered for the benefit of sight-seers.

Like most of the churches of the ante-mediæval time, St. Ambrose's is distinguished by a bishop's throne behind the altar, in the further end of the apse.

The most perfect specimen I ever saw of the earliest Italian arrangement of seats for the clergy in a cathedral, is at the obscure, deserted little island-town of Torcello, six miles from Venice, where the seventh century cathedral is a plain, rectangular basilica, supported by columns, and having the east end, or apse, filled by semicircular seats, rising in six tiers, and commanded by a lofty episcopal throne of rudely-carved stone in the centre. The present

Roman Catholic custom is for the bishop's throne to be on the right-hand side of the altar.

One of the religious pictures most popular and well-known throughout the world has its defaced and damaged original in the ancient refectory or dining-hall of the (suppressed) monastery connected with the abbey-church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. This is Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." It is almost unrecognizable, but some authentic copies and engravings exist, which prove that the popular representatives of the picture are very far from being faithful copies. The head of the Saviour, especially, has less of the usual defect of genuineness than its equivalent in most pictures of Christ, and far less of the conventionality given to it by repeated filtrations of this particular original, through careless engravings and photographs.

On driving through the rather bare *Piazza d'Armi*, or drilling-ground, the changed condition of the city of the Visconti, and then of the Sforza, is strikingly noticed, for the castle of the "tyrants" is now a barrack, and not far is an arena, or circus, for races, built by Napoleon; while opposite, the chief feature in the dreary surroundings, stands the Arch of Peace, with its goddess careering in a chariot with six horses, attended by four "victories" on horseback. River-gods and allegorical and historical bass-reliefs and inscriptions cover the rest of the space, which is intended to remind one of the Triumphal Arches in the Roman Forum, but usually carries the mind rather to Paris and the Champs Elysées. I confess I could not see the beauty of this gate, standing by itself in a miniature wilderness; it has some of the cold beauty of the Munich buildings, but equally with them leaves the spectator unimpressed and rather cheerless.

Does any one think Milan has, so far, vindicated its claim to being in the van of modern civilization? A sec-

tion of the inhabitants, at any rate, was determined to prove its "progression" by far more practical tests, one of which exists in the Temple of Cremation, erected for the proper burning of the dead, in the large new cemetery, one of the finest in Italy, whose monuments form absolutely a museum of modern Milanese sculpture, and whose space of 500 acres is inclosed by beautiful, classic colonnades.

The environs of Milan ought to be the subject of a separate sketch, so peculiar are their characteristics, so un-Italian, with their half-submerged rice-fields, and excellent roads on elevated causeways, often bordered with luxuriant hedges worthy of England, and hiding under their bushiness masses of brilliant wild-flowers. Well-cultivated farms, and well-kept farm-buildings, distinguish Lombardy from almost every other Italian agricultural region. As to scenery, there is not much, except in the distant view of the Alps—especially beautiful at sunrise and sunset.

CHAPTER XX.

GENOVA LA SUPERBA — ITS STANDING COMPARED WITH OTHER CITIES — GENOVA, PAST AND PRESENT — THE ARMOR-MAKER OF DORIA — THE “GOLD-WORKERS” — THE STRADA DEGLI OREFICI — THE DUOMO — THE CHURCH OF ST. MATTHEW — THE MONUMENT OF COLUMBUS — THE GARDENS OF ACQUA SOLA — THE VILLA DORIA — VILLA PALLAVICINI — ROSAZZA — THEATRE OF CARLO FELICE — AN INCIDENT — THE PORTO FRANCO.

General Grant and his party also visited Genoa, where they were received by the nobility of the city in a most cordial manner. A correspondent writes from this point as follows:—The surname which distinguished Venice’s princely rival in the struggle for supremacy in the Middle Ages did not signify so much the “magnificent” as the “proud.” *Genova la Superba* stood for independence and lofty self-confidence; it was the synonym of all that was haughty in politics, aristocratic in association, domineering in commerce.

Genoa was more thoroughly Italian than Venice; her position was more central; her policy, so to speak, more *national*. Venice stood in a more exceptional position, and was as much a world’s wonder as a working practical power among the family of nations. But both these cities, fallen as they now are from their independent sovereignty, have kept, more than any others, the outward form with which imagination not very inaccurately clothes their busy life of earlier days. Both of them abodes of luxury and homes of elegant and advanced civilization, they have kept

almost intact the outer shell of their old courtly life. Rome, torn by the internal broils of robber barons and occasional popular revolutions, had but a rude aspect, and contained within her bosom more fortresses than museums.

When the Popes returned from Avignon, and enlightened men, artists, and *litterati* began to gather round the throne of the Medici, the Roveri, the grand Sixtus V., and others of like renown, Rome took on the garment of a civilization which naturally borrowed much from the old classic times, the peculiar pride of her people. As centuries rolled on, the ecclesiastical nature of the government, blending with the artistic associations of classicism, produced a type unique in Italy, or, indeed, in Europe. Florence, a thoroughly stirring, progressive commonwealth, became, from a sovereign city, the capital of an important principality, and went gracefully and naturally with the current of innovation, till it became a kind of intellectual "sanctuary" — the neutral abode of exiles of all lands; the placid harbinger of every new idea, however impracticable; and the nucleus of a large foreign population. Naples, the least historical, because the least independent, of Italian States in the Middle Ages, drifted from one foreign ruler to the other, always a prize for the victor, but never herself a serious party to the transfer. Pleasure-loving and frivolous, like decrepid Imperial Rome in the days when the unthinking mob cried "*Panem et circenses!*" and willingly let even the semblance of autonomy drop from their hands, Naples was as wax in the grasp of her rulers, and never had that vigorous national life which alone can and does give a characteristic aspect to the outward form and buildings of a city. Milan, the Paris of Italy, has followed, especially of late, in the footsteps of her prototype, and gradually swept away all architectural signs of individualism. The city of St. Charles and St.

Ambrose is now, save for a few of its churches and religious establishments, little more than a modern town clustered round a fairy-like cathedral. Turin, the most dismal and precise of the principal towns of Italy, was burnt down within the last seventy or eighty years, and rebuilt on the rectangular plan, which, in an old, historical land, is so distressingly monotonous, and so typical of a buried individuality. The Royal Palace is like an exaggerated barrack, and the principal streets remind one of the paths of an immense cemetery, lined with gigantic mausoleums. Something of this dreary impression is made on the traveller's mind by the first view of Munich; but then, here the cold exterior is compensated by the quick throbbing of the artist-life which is the very heart's-blood of the German city.

Of all the capitals of old Italy, none have remained so outwardly unchanged as the two rival Republics, the marts of a world-wide commerce. Both kept their shadowy power until absorbed by Napoleon, and, though their supremacy had long been but nominal, still the charm lingered around the stately piles where dwelt the descendants of their merchant-princes and their former lordly patrons of art and letters. Both became only secondary seats of power, after their independence was taken from them. Milan was made the Austrian capital of Lombardo-Venetia, while Venice remained subordinate, and Genoa had to look to Turin as her mistress. Artistically speaking, this was no loss; for if, as a rule, capitals draw to themselves all the talent of a nation, yet their influence is often such as to desecrate the talent they reward—to vulgarize it by homage indiscriminately, and often carelessly, given, as a mere matter of course, and to lower art in the eyes of its own votaries by making success the only test of its worth. The official and political life of a capital corrupts the atmos-

phere and thickens the air, so that the calm needed for the true growth of art is not to be found therein; or else art itself is taken up, made a pet of, tied to the car of political and social triumph as an embellishment, a set-off, a favorite slave, sumptuously arrayed, yet carefully debarred from any independent aspirations. Art cannot breathe in this artificial condition; it may consent to be the friend and companion of princes, but never stoops to become their creation and their puppet. The moment its children accept this subordinate attitude they cease to be true worshippers of the beautiful, and become apostates from the traditions of their brotherhood. The expedient takes with them the place of the beautiful, and they are no longer shepherds, but hirelings.

It is, perhaps, a matter of discussion whether the two queen cities of northern Italy were better off as tributary than as capital towns; but it is nevertheless indisputable that their exclusion from the busy political life of disturbed Italy has given them an aspect of peace which they otherwise could not have worn, and which is peculiarly favorable to the illusions of the stranger and the traveller.

We can reconstruct for ourselves the picture of the past of the sovereign Republics, as we pace the narrow streets and look in at the solemn portals of their silent palaces; but how difficult it would be to bring back that past if we had to pierce the disguise of common, bustling, bureaucratic life in the nineteenth century! As it is, there is scarcely anything to shock one's sense of the fitness of things, on entering "Genoa the Superb." The splendid harbor is still full of shipping, the amphitheatre of hills that cradles the city is proudly crowned, partly by ramparts and bastions, partly by the natural defenses of rock and forest. The beauty of a summer sunrise glorifies the city

a hundred-fold, as seen from the deck of a vessel at sea. Every hour of the day lends some new and regal beauty to the Queen of the Mediterranean; but night also has its peculiar effect, and sheds a more mysterious charm over the great, silent, densely crowded harbor and the deserted wharves and streets.

It was at night and by sea that we reached Genoa, and the romance of our stay began in the very first hour of our landing. A boat came to take us off the ship, and, the usual Italian bustle being hushed, the descent down the steep sides of the vessel, and the crowding into an open boat with a large awning, was accomplished almost in silence. We were tired with the long journey, and among us was one whose health could stand but little in the way of fatigue; so there was nothing said on the way to the *mole*, or pier—none of the usual tourists' gossip and wondering, and eager, restless planning.

Noiselessly the boat threaded its way among the great, black hulls of the numerous merchant-vessels. Here and there gleamed the ray of a colored lantern; now and then a deep voice would shout a warning. Over our heads were the crossed bowsprits of many ships, lying close together, and once or twice we caught sight of a figure-head—a gorgeous mermaid with golden hair, or a flying Cupid holding a toy anchor.

We had not seen Venice then, but the thought of that beautiful sea-city came uppermost in our minds, as we glided through that throng of ships, and tried to picture to ourselves where the Bucentaur might be lying, getting ready for the coming bridal with the Adriatic. Long afterwards, when Venice became a present reality, the impression it left was far different to that of the busy port of Genoa, even in its temporary hush. Venice has no fleet of merchantmen whitening her lagoons with their sails;

still more than Genoa, she is a relic of the past, a museum-city, the Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

When we reached the dock, no noisy porters made their appearance, no officious custom-house men attacked us; and crossing a lonely *salle*, patrolled by a single military sentry, we walked a few paces further to the hotel. Dark, tall arcades shrouded the sea-view, and recrossed a street-railway running down the centre of the quay. On the other side was the large, silent palace, now turned into a modern hotel. The change is little apparent — one might dream one's self the guest of the Republic on entering this vast house, full of marble stairs, floors of coarse mosaic, frescoed walls, and carved and gilded ceilings. Save the marbles, the palace is as it was three — four — five hundred years ago. In one room, long, costly Chinese tapestries, embroidered in colored silks, on a thick, creamy, satin ground. Even the furniture here is antique, though it may not have been the heirlooms of the particular family to whom this palace once belonged. Even sales at auction here would furnish little that was not antique.

When things curious or valuable lose the value put upon them by fashion, they pass from the palace to the cottage, the dingy stall, or, perhaps, the public institutions; thence they may find their way to the pawnbroker's, and then back to the palace, as specimens of "our forefathers' strange taste."

Nowadays, they may be found in museums, or in hotels, or, again in curiosity shops, where half the "curiosities" are modern, though faithfully and skilfully copied from the genuine old relics. What *podestas* gave as marriage gifts to their daughters, what merchants brought to their brides from the sack of Byzantine cities or the plunder of Infidel ships, may be found in the fragments now offered for sale to the English, Russian, and

American connoisseurs, as collections of artistic *bric-à-brac*.

The ornaments of the olden time were so solid that they do not disappear like our own flimsier luxuries, or else the artistic spirit is stronger in all classes of this Italian land, and they respect a thing more for its intrinsic, even if faded, beauty, than for its present usefulness.

Right opposite the palace-hotel of the "Four Nations" runs the elevated promenade, which is one of the modern features of Genoa. One is apt to think of the fabled hanging-gardens of Babylon while climbing the endless stone steps leading to this promenade in mid-air. A solid wall of masonry, fifty feet high, divided the street from the wharves, and, affording a surface of at least twelve feet broad at the top, is a strange sight. Here and there the wall is pierced by arcades leading to the sea. From the top a magnificent view extends over the harbor and the blue sea beyond.

All along the broad flagged façade, protected by stone copings and ornamental railings, may be seen the many types of the Genoese population — women in the white muslin veil which is the national head-dress here, as the *mantilla* is in Spain; men in sailors' costumes; *bersaglieri*, with their glazed round hats, surmounted by an enormous bunch of dark green cocks' feathers; the officials of the Government in unpicturesque uniforms; ladies in Parisian toilets; men in coats of an unmistakably English cut; children selling flowers or begging *soldi*; many little, bare-footed urchins; strong, brawny, dark-skinned men from the country; artificers from the narrow, dingy workshops of the town — a motley throng, such as is usually met with in the seaports of the South.

Look over the parapet on one side and you will see the harbor — no longer voiceless like last night, but alive with

parrot-like screeching; the sea beyond the fort, so blue and glassy; and, perhaps, the distant column of smoke, that betokens the expected steamship from Marseilles. Look over the opposite side, and there, like a stream of ants, runs the busying crowd in the street by the railway; the low arcades at the end of the street are filled by humble customers jostling each other, and chaffering for cheap finery, gaudy handkerchiefs or tinsel jewelry; and the open hired carriages are taking the *forestieri* quickly through the old city to see the sights that have now so woefully dwindled in number.

Parallel with this street, through which the railway runs (between stout iron railings), is the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi—one roadway under two different names; the *new* part of the street having been new upwards of two hundred years ago. These, the principal arteries of the city, are lined on both sides with palaces. The two Balbi palaces stand opposite each other, and are called, respectively, the “Red” and the “White,” from the different marbles of which they are built. Both are full of pictures and objects of *virtu*; every hall a museum; the doors set in carved marble doorways; the floors of Florentine mosaic; the very hangings on the walls gorgeous with Eastern colors and classic figures cunningly embroidered.

Genoa herself was famous during the Middle Ages for her velvets and tapestries; now the looms are gone, and the tyrant Fashion has transferred this branch of Genoa's old commerce to other and newer centres.

The Royal Palace has a famous gallery of paintings, but as we only had Sunday to spare for it, and it happened to be closed on that day, we never saw it. What was visible and accessible to every one at any time, however, was a lovely view of the garden and court-yard of the palace. These gardens are the distinguishing traits of the Genoese

houses, and give the old piles quite a different aspect from those of Rome or Venice.

Very often you find yourself arrested by a long flight of broad steps, so that, instead of driving in through a great door into a side quadrangle, as in Rome, you have to alight at the house-door itself. As in Venice, a marble-floored hall, open at the opposite end, runs right back the breadth of the house, and leads into a court-yard of small dimensions, on the other side of which stands an iron railing. Behind that, orange and lemon trees, oleander and myrtle and ilex grow neglectedly round an untrimmed grass-plot with a classic fountain in the centre.

In Rome the gardens, if small, lie out of sight of the casual visitor, and, if large, surround the house very ostensibly, and are separated from the street by a high blank wall. In Venice, they are very often absent altogether, as a canal washes the steps on either side of the house, and so few houses have even a twelve-feet-square inclosure for trees and flowers, that the sight is more an exception than a feature.

In Genoa, however, no palace is without its garden, so temptingly revealed and so picturesquely situated that the visitor is very likely to forget the pictures which he came to see, and content himself with gazing at the oasis behind the railings. Genoa is a city of constant living pictures, so much has the old mediæval *sachet* remained stamped on its daily, common life. There is one peculiarity observable in many of the princely buildings, now deserted or empty, or tenanted only by a fraction of a once powerful family — they are built of alternate rows of blocks of white and black marble. So is the Duomo, or Cathedral, a Romanesque church, heavy and gorgeous in its ornaments as well as its architecture, and a fit emblem of the earnest phase of religion that preceded the gaudy age of the Renaissance. All

the streets, except three or four principal ones, are mere narrow lanes, where two wheelbarrows could scarcely pass each other, and across which two persons might shake hands out of their windows. None of these have been altered for hundreds of years; as they are to-day, so they were when rival families sallied out with all their gayly dressed men-at-arms and retainers, ready either to give the people a pageant, or each other a passage-at-arms.

The city being built on a steep slope, there are various breakneck ascents, tortuous streets, now and then helped out by rough and uneven steps, over which the poorer houses seem to hang or totter. These are called *sabite*, or ascents, and lead more directly than the fine winding drives, to the *acqua sola* or the new ramparts, or, again, to the new roadway — in Italian, the circumvallation road — which is really a splendid boulevard on the hills behind the town, leading along the slope, past the great hospital (holding 1,300 patients), and across a viaduct to the Piazza Manin, 329 feet above the sea, and ending near the beautiful gardens of the Pelazzo, or Villa Gropallo.

Republics in those days were not such as they are now; and, except in their relations to outsiders, they were as feudal as any dukedom or principality. A few families led the State, while the populace was divided into parties under their protection. The armor-maker of the Doria hated the draper of the Durazzo just as much as he did the draper's patron; the people had no real sense of their rights, and no idea of protecting them otherwise than by the interference of some great lord, whom they repaid by intense practical devotion to him in his personal quarrels.

Italy was very different in this respect from Flanders, where, although the name of republic was unknown until the sixteenth century, the principles of popular government were jealously kept up, in spite of sovereign, count,

or baron, or even bishop, as in the case of manly but turbulent Liege.

But as we look on these proud houses of Genoa, built for retinues, almost for armies, and now empty, save for some small remnant of their ancient owners, who are content with an apartment of half a dozen rooms on the third floor, we realize the terrible fall of these families, once the equals of kings, and then turn to the strange contrast presented by the descendants of their whilom clients among the people. *They* are still in the same position; they have neither fallen nor risen; they still depend mainly on others, and rely on any one rather than on themselves; the only difference being, that the Government, and especially the foreign visitors, are now their props—the former but a worthless one in time of real need, the latter a true Providence, amiably ready to be fleeced at any moment!

Among the many narrow streets, there is one which might well be called Fairy-land. It is that in which the jewellers' shops are grouped, and is called *Strada degli Orefici*, or "Street of the Gold-workers."

It takes many hours to walk down this dingy lane, for on each side are booths, dirty and carelessly guarded, but yet full of the loveliest treasures that woman can envy or artist admire. The famed Genoa filigree-work in gold and silver is still seen in its perfection in these little shops, in which the master sits in *negligé*, scarcely minding his exposed wares, and working at his beautiful trade with, perhaps, but little appreciation of its beauty. There is no show or display, scarcely even glass cases, except in a few more pretentious stalls; but the beautiful designs denote either that the workers in gold are born artists, or have kept the traditions of their craft well. To judge by their nonchalance and matter-of-fact way of disposing of their treasures, you would scarcely imagine the former to be the case.

The designers of jewelry, in the days when jewelry was a recognized art, were the equals of painters or sculptors; but in these days, though they may be artists still, they never earn a place in the Temple of Fame. In Genoa, many a poor man, crushed by the necessities of life, and perhaps by domestic circumstances, chooses this precarious way of getting his livelihood. He is poorly paid, and not over-well treated by the comfortable jeweller, who, though he has no ambition to make a show at his stall, has yet a very good trade and a prosperous outlook. It is to the poor drudge that we often owe the beautiful thoughts so delicately worked out in those wonderful ornaments which no modern skill has yet been able to imitate in other countries. True, this work is also done at Malta, and we know that in India similar specimens are often found; indeed, the industry came to Genoa from the East, and the delicate Italian imagination perfected the intricate work of Oriental fingers and brains.

Here in the *Strada degli Orefici*, one sees every variety of gold and silver crosses; bouquets of flowers, imitated with wonderful accuracy; horns of plenty; pens in the shape of palms or feathers; arrows, swords, and pins for the hair; hollow balls of marvellous workmanship, boxes and baskets; bells, card-cases, charms; models of Gothic churches, spires, and buttresses complete, looking like spiders' webs changed into gold threads; little ships, with every rope and spar distinctly copied; miniature chairs and tables, vases, cups and saucers, fans, and hand-screens—everything, useful or ornamental, that can be copied in filigree and look well in a bride's boudoir. Sometimes you will see rosaries,—not the least beautiful of these trifles,—every hollow bead of a different yet harmonious design, and the cross at the end more elaborate than all. Reliquaries,

too, are not infrequent, and bindings for missals and Psalters.

Among the objects of special attention, however, may sometimes be found things of doubtful taste, such as gold and silver filigree crowns for favorite statues of the Madonna, or other adornments to be placed flat upon the surface of a miraculous picture. Frames, of course, would be quite in keeping with good taste, as much as missal bindings or any other normal decoration of our religious symbols, but the devotion of the Italians sometimes leads them into deviations from strict artistic rules. The Genoese artificers share this tendency; but then their work, even if in bad taste as to the use to which it is put, is so exquisite in itself that we should be churlish to complain.

At the entrance of the *Strada degli Orefici*, the eye is caught by a door with a mediæval bass-relief representing the adoration of the magi, or wise men. This is said by artists to date from the middle of the fifteenth century, the days when Columbus was already searching for a patron and dreaming of the New World.

The Duomo, dedicated to St. Lawrence, whose martyrdom is sculptured in the archaic style of the thirteenth century, over the gallery, dates from 1100, and represents an older church from the same spot. The general effect is sombre and impressive, though later Renaissance taste has somewhat spoilt and blurred parts of the interior. The old lions guarding the wide flight of steps are in keeping with the huge doors bearing the sculptured story of Christ's infancy and earlier miracles, and the massive substructure of the towers beyond them forms a dark and suggestive vestibule to the nave, with its lighter columns and colored marbles. The carving everywhere, from the quaint choir-stalls to the marble statues of saints, is ingenious and elaborate. But perhaps the most interesting sight is the treas-

ury, with its marvellous collection of relics and jewels. In Italy these two are synonymous. Gems fit for the crown jewels are to be found even in obscure shrines, fitted into a relic-case, or some object connected with worship, such as bishops' croziers, chasubles, chalices, etc. The boast of Genoa's cathedral is the *vaso catino*, supposed to be a dish fashioned of a single emerald, which, says tradition, was used by our Lord at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea afterwards preserved a few drops of the Saviour's blood. As far as history goes, it is known that the Genoese captured this vessel, a glass of pure, transparent green color, but of uncertain date, at the taking of Cesarea, during one of the Crusades. It was this dish which gave rise to the beautiful mediæval legend of the Holy Grail, which Tennyson has clothed anew for us, and connected with the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Another church I remember among the many in Genoa is a small one, St. Matthew's, queerly enclosed in a narrow little square, and filled within with fine sculptures and funeral inscriptions relating to the Dorias. The great admiral's sword hangs above the high altar, and to the left is a specimen of those beautiful cloisters of which St. Paul's at Rome and St. John Lateran have such renowned remains. The double columns, twisted or curled, bound together, some like sheaves, some like fascces, some like petrified reeds, surround a silent quadrangle, where grave-stones make the pavement and rank grass grows among them. Opposite this church, the family sepulchre of the Dorias, and closing up this dark *piazzetta*, is the old Doria palace, the lower half built in courses of alternate black and yellow marble, and on the façade these words, in Latin: "The public gift of the Consular Senate to Andrew Doria, the liberator of his country."

The old city, however, contains many gorgeous, comparatively modern fanes, where gilding and show are quite in keeping with the original design of the builder. For instance, there is the dazzling Church of the Annunziata, about two hundred and fifty years old, with variegated marble floor; forests of columns, all of different marbles; chapels full of rich golden lamps, hanging from jewelled chains; a roof, or rather ceiling, of great richness, divided into numberless panels by the costliest of carved and gilt work, each panel being a fresco representing a scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the modern — indeed, one might say recent — glories of Genoa, is the beautiful monument to Columbus, at the western extremity of the town, in a piazza by the railroad-station and the gardens of the Villa Doria. This has existed upwards of ten or fifteen years, and is the work of Genoese artists. The great discoverer is represented standing in the costume of a scholar of his day; leaning with one hand on an anchor, and his other hand on the shoulder of a kneeling Indian, crowned with feathers, and carrying a cross in his hand. At the four corners of the pedestal are several allegorical figures, life-size, and above them a circle of ships' prows and laurel wreaths, set alternately. Four *bassi-relievi* give scenes from his life, and on the lowest base of the monument, two flying genii uphold the simple inscription, "*A Cristoforo Colombo, La Patria*" — "His Country to Christopher Columbus."

One cannot help thinking of what might have been the present position of Genoa, had she, as an independent State, listened to Columbus, and fitted out a fleet for him to explore the New World and conquer it in her name. The Italians of those days stood in the first rank among the nations of the world; by their side the Spaniards, the

Portuguese, the Germans, and the English were but unlettered barbarians. Her statesmen were acknowledged to be the masters of diplomacy; her merchants were wealthier and more enterprising than any, and, at the same time, they were not mere traders, but men of culture and education; generous patrons of art, competent critics of letters. Even the soldiers of Northern Italy were gaining a name that rivalled that of the fierce Spaniards, and her captains, at least, were known as skilful strategists, learned engineers, and men versed in the art of leading the minds, as well as directing the operations, of their mercenaries.

As yet no open discussion had taken place as to religious matters; the authority of the Church was undisputed by the governors of republics and princedoms; a magnificent, distant foreign conquest, such as that of Southern America, would have safely united the sympathies of the whole Genoese people in one healthy burst of excitement and interest; the Church would have sanctioned the undertaking; the nobles and merchants would have had a wider field in which to display a more generous rivalry than that of gaining the executive power for a few years, and ousting each other, within the limits of a very small territory. Genoa would very likely have sprung to the first place among Italian States, and would have carried civilization, commerce, and art to the shores of the newly-discovered continent, far better than could the Spaniards, ferocious by nature, and scarcely emerging from the state of barbarism which their frequent wars against the Saracens had made almost normal. The passions of the Italians were rather for power than for gold, and things might have been changed indeed, had they, instead of the Spaniards, visited the flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru.

But it was not so decreed; and after having seen the Indies slip from her grasp, and her son, courageous to the

last, die the victim of a foreign king, Genoa relapsed into carelessness for nearly four hundred years, and then sought to repair the wrong done to him, and the loss suffered by herself, by putting up a beautiful monument to her hero. Vain honors! The sceptre that has once fallen from the hands of any given race can never be recovered, and posthumous honors are powerless to increase the fame of one whom the world knows as the exile of Genoa. His native city wilfully lost all share in his glory, and cannot recall the decision by which she ignorantly stamped him as a visionary. America itself is his true monument, and were Genoa to sink into the Mediterranean to-morrow, the name of her daring but expelled son would still live in more triumphant remembrance than that of her own merchant-princes and naval heroes.

The gardens of the *Acqua Sola*, on the hill behind Genoa, are the public promenade of the city; they are not large, but are well laid out, and command a beautiful sea-view. Here, in the late afternoon, come the carriages of the wealthier people of Genoa, and hundreds of loungers on foot; plenty of soldiers beguiling white-veiled maidens with their traditional and ephemeral compliments; beggars looking for a harvest of coppers, and sometimes mountebanks of various kinds, who know that these shady gardens at sunset are the paradise of the idle and the *beau-ideal* of the wearied showman.

From this inclosure one can drive along the ramparts that skirt the crest of the hill, and along whose jutting edges lie piled cannon-balls and huge guns, like alligators lying in the sun. The peaceful sea beyond looks as if it had never been covered with hostile fleets, coming to attack or surprise the thriving, populous Genoa of old; and yet what a busy life old Neptune *has* seen at the mouth of that harbor! Not only warlike scenes, but naval pageants hail-

ing the return of the conqueror who had humbled Venice or stricken the Infidel; convoys of richly-laden ships from the marts of the East; captive vessels from Turkey and Barbary; corsair allies; French, English, Spanish visitors, whose colors, now flying gayly at the masthead, might denote hidden treachery in the future — many and many a sight and a scene, down to this day's prosaic steamer entering the port from Marseilles, or the humble fishing-smacks coming in to sell their prizes at the city markets. So we wind down again, through steep, abrupt streets, back into the "dim, rich city," with its many gardens and spots of greenery.

Another famous garden — a private one, but always open to the well-behaved, and kept by a not very formidable dragon, in the shape of a gossiping old portress, is that of the Villa Doria, a little outside the town on the western extremity. It faces the sea, and its marble parapets run down to meet the water. The villa, a large building, which would be called a palace if it were in a more central position, stands at the back. The garden is a kind of miniature Versailles, full of statues of nymphs and goddesses, satyrs and philosophers; some old and dug out of classic baths, or brought from Rome; some of the Renaissance school, with flying drapery and affected postures. Carved parapets, marble fountains, old stone seats, etc., complete this museum-garden, where there are more statues than trees, and more marble walls than evergreen hedges.

Further on, and quite out of town, is another garden — that of the Villa Pallavicini, at Pegli, and really a sight worth seeing, and kept in perfect order by the owners. Formal and old-fashioned, it is not neglected, and here and there a modern idea, patched on to the stately expanse, seems rather a surprise than a shock. One part is soberly

laid out in straight walks, hedged with grass, and leading to a little temple half hidden in a grove of evergreens. From this you stray into a more loosely arranged "English garden," with creepers and vines, smooth lawns and flower-beds, with the vista of a grotto in the distance. The grotto turns out to be a stalactite cave, full of unexpected sights; wonderful chambers hung with petrified icicles, or coated with glistening matter, shining like diamond dust (all this carefully imitated, or at least artificially produced), to represent the great cave of Adelsbürg, near Trieste.

After a walk of a few hundred yards under these archways and through those underground halls, you come to a sheet of water; the torches throw a red glare on the walls, to which, by iron rings and chains, are attached a few small boats. The guide deposits you in one of these skiffs, and intrusting the torches to your care, takes to the oars. A few windings bring you out through a tall, narrow archway, overhung with ivy, into a broad basin, where Fairyland seems to begin.

Swans are sailing up and down; but there are other inhabitants of this fair crystal port. In the centre of this sheet of water rises a snow-white temple, a cupola supported by marble pillars. Diana, with her bow, stands within, while just outside the steps that lead into the water, are four sea-horses, with human heads and shoulders and conchs in their hands, looking to the four quarters of the globe. They seem as though just about to start on a wild, frolicsome race, and to throw the spray in your face with their forked tails as you passed them in the boat. All around the shores of the miniature lake stretches the beautiful turf; but the promontories jut into the water. Yonder grove conceals the base of an arbor built pagoda fashion, and whose glittering colors and hanging bells carry your imagination far into the dreamy regions of Cathay.

There are few such gardens as these in all Italy; they belong to a lost state of things—the flavor of the sixteenth century hangs about them, and the least incongruous denizens would be those merry, witty, but scarcely moral disputants and minstrels who haunted the gardens of the courtly Medici at Fiesole.

A modern croquet-party would be out of place here, however animated the players and elaborate the costumes; the mere common intercourse of present social life would be an insult to the spirit of the place. The gray-clad soberness of this utilitarian age is but a sorry substitute for the artistic, if misdirected, enthusiasm of those times; and if we rejoice that the facile indecorum of by-gone days has disappeared, we cannot but be sorry that with it has gone all the grace, the culture, the social animation of the class that figured so largely in their pageants.

Genoa has many other villas, not quite so conspicuous or well kept, but still beautiful; for instance, the Villa Rosazza, with its formal *parterre*, and its marble fountain—the villa where Dickens lived for part of a year; and others often let to foreigners, to the resident consuls, or to rich merchants, whether native or foreign.

Returning to the city after this excursion into a sprightlier atmosphere, we pass by the large, gloomy theatre of Carlo Felice. It is almost as large as the San Carlo of Naples, and La Scala of Milan; but it is not often that one sees these magnificent houses properly filled, nor the stage properly tenanted. Genoa can no longer afford to lure to herself the great singers of the day, and the opera season is only second-rate, after all. Still, it is much the fashion, and, as everywhere else in Italy, it affords an excellent opportunity for informal visiting. Except during the well-known arias, no one minds the music; the opera is a social club where friends meet and chatter.

No one, except on State occasions, goes in full dress; every bright *demi-toilette* passes muster; every one chatters; the boxes fill and re-fill, as men pass from one to the other of their fair acquaintances; the stage is the last thing thought of. Presently the prima donna or tenor comes forward with great demonstrations of rage, love, or despair, and the whole house is hushed. While the aria lasts, not a word is spoken; but the moment it is over, and the customary applause has subsided, the spell is broken, and the stream of conversation flows on anew.

These theatre receptions are a cheap way of paying off social scores, as they involve no lights, no decorations, and no refreshments, save the occasional ices and wafers that are brought round to the boxes between the acts, and which, if paid for at all, are paid for by the gentlemen who happen to be the guests of the box for the time being.

I once heard rather a good story illustrative of this inexpensive system of seeing and entertaining your friends, but it did not refer to Genoa. Still, the system is carried on in most Italian cities, where there are large and beautiful theatres, and a comfortable box is a cheap luxury whereby fuel may be saved in the evening. The incident was this:—An English family hired an apartment in an old palace, the widowed owner having left it for the winter—so said the agent—fully stocked with fuel. This lady belonged to a very good old family, but her fortune was slender. After a few weeks the tenants found the fuel running short, and indignantly taxed the agent with deceiving them. He answered by a question as to how and when they used it.

“Why,” was the reply, “we keep a fire in every room all day.”

“And all the evening, too?” asked the agent.

“Of course.”

“No wonder!” he said, with a comical gesture of surprise. “Madame la Marquise only used a small fire in one room on very cold days, and a foot-warmer the rest of the time.”

“How did she manage at night, then? and did she never see visitors?”

“She spent her evenings in her box,” explained the agent, “and asked her friends there. If she chanced to be unwell, and not able to go out, she would sit at home, with her fur cloak on, and go to bed early.”

But though Genoa, like all other Italian towns, has many decayed noble families, proud and poor, she has also a few rich old families, such as the Durazzo, whose magnificent palace is fitted up with more modern luxuries than it contains antique treasures; and many comfortable, unassuming families of less pedigree, but progressive, educated, enterprising, and successful, both in commerce and in learning. There are art societies, and scientific meetings, and boards of education; a great activity in politics and the press, and a public feeling which is wisely and patriotically directed rather towards the national advancement of the country as a whole, than towards the glorification of the local part. The secret societies were once very strong in Genoa, and even at present those nurseries of Socialism are not inactive; but, on the whole, the city has too much at stake to be able to affect red republicanism. Northern and central Italy — that is, the living Italy of the Middle Ages — is still the backbone of the new nation.

One more thing a stranger, however cursory his visit, will notice in Genoa, and that is the guttural dialect, harsh as the ruggedest German. The conventional beauty of Italian is practically a scarce thing. The popular talk of most provinces is either mincing, as near Milan, soft and slurring, as at Venice — where, but for the tone, one would

think the very hucksters were coaxing babies to sleep — harsh, as at and near Genoa, hammer-like, as at Naples, where the tone is also ear-piercing; and even at Florence, where the purest grammar is common to the highest and lowest alike, the pronunciation and frequent aspirations — replacing the *c* by the *h* sound — render the language affected. The broad Roman accent sounds grand in the mouth of an educated person, and reminds you, somehow, of the roll of the Latin, as probably spoken by the senators and jurists of the Republic; but it turns to something very like “mouthing” when used by the people in general; however, I think, as an accent, it is far preferable to any in Italy. The voice of Italians is also generally a drawback to beauty of diction. Even cultivated persons, and women no less than men, have loud, strident voices; and in the traditional “land of song” you find far more of what we should call a vulgar intonation than you will discover among persons of corresponding station and education in English-speaking communities. On the other hand, you will meet with natural courtesy far greater than that attending the best-bred people of our race; for centuries of polish and traditions of elegance in manner have done their work, and left the Italian beggar less of a barbarian than the Anglo-Saxon millionaire.

There is more business done in Genoa than in any other town in Italy, and a large part of its trade is with the United States. Roughly speaking, the yearly imports and exports average, the former nearly \$60,000,000, the latter \$40,000,000.

Among the wealthy and public-spirited men who have lately died, was the Duke of Galliera, who left the city \$4,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor, on condition that the municipal government should advance the rest of the sum required to carry out the improvements. A large

new mole is being built, and the present new mole lengthened, so that it will still continue to be the outer pier. In addition to this, quays by rails with the main line are projected, with a view to enable the largest ships to unload without lighters.

The inclosed *Porto Franco*, with its extensive bonded warehouses, is another of the works which, even at present, show how Genoa, while proud of her artistic relics, is not content to rest on her mediæval laurels. If the inner parts of the city are wonderfully unchanged, its sea-edge, on the contrary, is changing for the better every day; and, while the former picturesqueness is untouched, the visitor need not grudge the less beautiful but healthy signs of activity about the quays.

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK TO PARIS — THE EXPOSITION — ENJOYING PARIS LIFE — GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES WITNESS A GAME OF POLO — A VISIT TO HOLLAND — EN ROUTE FOR GERMANY — AT BERLIN — THE PLENIPOS — INTERVIEW WITH BISMARCK — REMINISCENCES OF “LITTLE PHIL” — THEY DISCUSS AMERICA, EUROPE, AND THE WAR — MOTLEY’S PROPHECY — THE CROWN PRINCE GIVES THE GENERAL A REVIEW IN THE RAIN — BISMARCK CALLS ON MRS. GRANT — HIS DINNER TO GRANT — AMERICAN AND GERMAN FRIENDSHIP PLEDGED OVER A GLASS OF SCHNAPPS.

Leaving Genoa, General Grant and his party returned to Paris, which point was reached on the 7th of May. At that time the Paris Exhibition was the uppermost topic of the city. On the 11th, General Grant accompanied by his wife and son visited the Exposition. He was received by Chief Commissioner McCormick and staff and by the Commissioners from the various States of the Union, Minister Noyes, Consul-General Torbert and wife, and the leading ladies and gentlemen of the American colony in Paris. The American marines were drawn up in military array and gave the party a military salute on their arrival at the American section. The General and his party then examined the whole American department in detail. They spent a good deal of time among Tiffany’s exhibit, where Bonanza Mackay’s gorgeous service of silver plate, which cost \$150,000, is exhibited. Then they proceeded to the machinery department, where the General was placed upon a square American platform—that of the Howe scale.

Grant, in fact, was weighed, and for the first time in his life "found wanting," having lost seventeen pounds by his Egyptian trip. Mr. Cunliffe Owen did the honors in the Prince of Wales' pavilion to the General and his party. A handsome collation was served in the Alimentation group, No. 17, of the American department, after which the party proceeded to visit the other sections.

During their stay in Paris, General Grant and his family appeared to enjoy the amenities of Paris life in full. Visits were paid to President MacMahon, the Prince of Wales, the Duc d'Aosta, the Duc Saxe-Coburg, Don Francisco d'Assis, the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, and the English, Turkish, Swedish, and Japanese Ministers.

One of the pleasant things of his stay in Paris was his visit to the polo grounds in the Bois de Boulogne. The Prince of Wales visited the grounds at the same time, and they witnessed a very interesting game. The General was accompanied by his family and ex-Minister Beale. The General remarked that he thought that the game might be introduced with great effect into the cavalry regiments and West Point as a good school of horsemanship for young soldiers.

From Paris, Mr. Young writes under date of June 1st:— General Grant is the hardest-worked man I know of. What between dinners, soirées, marriages, and christenings, he is busier than ever he was at the White House. He is growing visibly thinner upon it, and unless he goes away soon, there will be nothing left of him for a third Presidential campaign.

Having remained in Paris little more than a month, General Grant and his party left the city for Holland, "to recuperate in a series of mild Dutch festivities from the mad whirl of festive Paris." Before his departure from Paris, General Grant took leave of President MacMahon.

The meeting between the two soldiers was most interesting. The Marshal was very cordial, saying "France was honored by the presence of so illustrious a general." The Marshal further stated that he had arranged to give a dinner and *fête* in honor of General Grant on the following Monday. This the General was compelled to decline because of his engagements at the Hague. The Marshal hoped that General Grant would return in September, when he would give a special *fête* for him. The interview throughout was marked by the kindest of feeling.

When he was about to leave Paris, Mr. Young wrote:— He will tarry seven days in the land of the Dutch, and study it with uncommon interest. He will look for the children of the race of the Knickerbockers in their native wilds, and catch them smoking as only a contemplative Dutchman can smoke.

The Dutch government, which had made extensive arrangements for his reception, warmly welcomed him to the land of Schiedam Schnapps, and the visit was a very pleasant one. From Holland the party went to Germany.

Berlin was reached Wednesday, the 26th of June. The late Bayard Taylor, at that time our Minister to Germany, met them at Stendahl, which was sixty miles distant, and escorted them to the German capital.

Concerning the visit, a correspondent of the New York *Herald* says:— On the evening of his coming he walked along the Unter den Linden, and his Berlin visit may be summed up in this sentence — that he walked the greater part of each day. I do not think there is a quarter of Berlin which he has not explored on foot with an energy as sight-seer which no amount of exertion seems to diminish.

There was an interview with Prince Gortschakoff, the General, in company with Mr. Taylor, calling at the Prince's request, as the gout prevented the Prince calling

on the General. Gortschakoff said that Russia would be glad to see and welcome the General, and he seemed delighted with the visit. Of the members of the Congress, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, M. Waddington, and Count Corti were known to the General. Mehemet Ali he had met in Turkey. Visits were exchanged with these gentlemen, and with the other members of the Congress.

Among the first calls left on the General was that of Prince Bismarck, and as it did not find him at home it was left again. As the General was anxious to see the Prince, for whose character and services he had so high an admiration, he returned these calls at once, and sent His Highness a message, saying that he would make his visit at any time that would suit the Prince, whom he knew to be a busy and an ill man.

The afternoon at four was the hour named for the visit, and as the General lives within a few moments' walk of the Bismarck palace, at five minutes to four he slowly sauntered through the Frederick place. The Frederick place is a small square, with roads and flowers and some famous old trees, laid out in memory of the great Frederick. It is decorated with statues of his leading generals. You know that everything runs to war in Germany, and that the prevailing religion is swordsmanship. In this park are bronze statues of Ziethen, Seidlitz, Winterfeldt, Keith, Schwerin, and the Prince of Dessau.

Passing out of the park, you see on your right a building, or rather a range of buildings, forming three sides of a square. An iron railing separates it from the street. Two sentinels are on guard. From the roof the flag of the German Empire floats languidly in the sun. The afternoon is warm, and it is pleasant to hear the birds singing. The buildings are low, straggling, and you note that one range of windows is hung with lace curtains. You note

also that passers-by moderate their pace as they come to it, and gaze curiously. For this building now happens to be the most interesting place in the political world, because in that room, screened by the curtains of lace, sits the Berlin Congress, and the building itself is the palace and home of the famous Prince Bismarck.

The General saunters into the court-yard, and the sentinels eye him a moment curiously and then present arms. His visit had been expected, but certainly an ex-President of the United States would come in a carriage and six and not quietly on foot; throwing away a half-smoked cigar as he raises his hat in honor of the salute, he advances to the door, but before he has time to ring, two servants throw them open, and he passes into an open marble hall. Of all princes now living this is, perhaps, the most renowned — this of Bismarck-Schönhausen — who comes with a swinging, bending gait through the opened and opening doors with both hands extended to meet the General. You note that time has borne heavily on the Prince these past few years. The iron-gray hair and moustache are almost white; there is weariness in the gait, a tired look in the face. But all the lines are there that are associates with Bismarck; for if ever manhood, courage, intellect are written on a man's face by his Creator, they are written on this face of the German Chancellor. There is the lofty station, which seems to belong to the Bismarck stamp of men, the bold outlines of the brain, under which empires have found their fate — the frank, intrepid, penetrating eye, and in that firmly-knit mouth the courage of the Saxon race. The Prince wears an officer's uniform, and on taking the General's hand, he says, "Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany."

The General answered that there was no incident in his German tour that more interested him than this oppor-

tunity of meeting the Prince. Bismarck expressed surprise at seeing the General so young a man, but on a comparison of ages it was found that Bismarck was only seven years the General's senior.

"That," said the Prince, "shows the value of a military life; for here you have the frame of a young man, while I feel like an old man."

The General, smiling, announced that he was at that period of life when he could have no higher compliment than being called a young man. By this time the Prince had escorted the General to a chair.

It was his library or study, and an open window looked out upon a beautiful park, upon which the warm June sun was shining. This is the private park of the Radziwill Palace, which is now Bismarck's Berlin home. The library is a large, spacious room, the walls a gray marble, and the furniture plain. In one corner is a large and high writing-desk, where the Chancellor works, and on the varnished floors a few rugs are thrown. The Prince speaks English with precision, but slowly, as though lacking in practice, now and then taking refuge in a French word, but showing a thorough command of the language.

One of the Prince's first questions was about General Sheridan.

"The General and I," said the Prince, "were fellow-campaigners in France, and we became great friends."

General Grant said that he had had letters from Sheridan recently, and he was quite well.

"Sheridan," said the Prince, "seemed to be a man of great ability."

"Yes," answered the General; "I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of our war, but one of the great soldiers of the world — as a man who is fit for

the highest commands. No better General ever lived than Sheridan."

"I observed," said the Prince, "that he had a wonderfully quick eye. On one occasion, I remember, the Emperor and his staff took up a position to observe a battle. The Emperor himself was never near enough to the front, was always impatient to be as near the fighting as possible. 'Well,' said Sheridan to me, as we rode along, 'we shall never stay here, the enemy will, in a short time, make this so untenable that we shall all be leaving in a hurry. Then while the men are advancing they will see us retreating.' Sure enough, in an hour or so the cannon-shot began to plunge this way and that way, and we saw we must leave. It was difficult to move the Emperor, however; but we all had to go, and," said the Prince, with a hearty laugh, "we went rapidly. Sheridan had seen it from the beginning. I wish I had so quick an eye."

The Prince then asked about Sheridan's command—his exact rank, his age, how long he held the command, and remarked that he was about the same age as the Crown Prince.

The General made a reference to the deliberations of the Congress, and hoped there would be a peaceful result.

"That is my hope and belief," said the Prince. "That is all our interest in the matter. We have no business with the Congress whatever, and are attending to the business of others by calling a Congress. But Germany wants peace, and Europe wants peace, and all our labors are to that end. In the settlement of the questions arising out of the San Stefano Treaty, Germany has no interest of a selfish character. I suppose," said the Prince, "the whole situation may be summed up in this phrase, in making the treaty Russia ate more than she could digest, and the main business of the Congress is to relieve her. The

war has been severe upon Russia, and of course she wants peace."

The General asked how long the Congress would probably sit, and the Prince answered that he thought seven or eight more sittings would close the business. "I wish it was over," he said, "for Berlin is warm, and I want to leave it."

The Prince said that another reason why he was sorry the Congress was in session was that he could not take General Grant around and show him Berlin. He said also that the Emperor himself was disappointed in not being able to see the General.

"His Majesty," said the Prince, "has been expecting you, and has the greatest interest in your character and history and in your visit to Germany. He commands me to say that nothing but his doctor's orders that he shall see no one prevents his seeing you."

The General said, "I am sorry that I cannot have that honor, but I am far more sorry for the cause, and hope the Emperor is recovering."

"All the indications are of the best," answered the Prince, "for the Emperor has a fine constitution and great courage and endurance; but you know he is a very old man."

"That," said the General, "adds to the horror one feels for the crime."

"It is so strange, so strange and so sad," answered the Prince, with marked feeling. "Here is an old man — one of the kindest old gentlemen in the world — and yet they must try and shoot him! There never was a more simple, more genuine, more — what shall I say — more humane character than the Emperor's. He is totally unlike men born in his station, or many of them at least. You know that men who come into the world in his rank, born

princes, are apt to think themselves of another race and another world. They are apt to take small account of the wishes and feelings of others. All their education tends to deaden the human side. But this Emperor is so much of a man in all things! He never did any one a wrong in his life. He never wounded any one's feelings; never imposed a hardship! He is the most genial and winning of men — thinking always, anxious always, for the comfort and welfare of his people — of those around him. You cannot conceive a finer type of the noble, courteous, charitable old gentleman, with every high quality of a prince, as well as every virtue of a man. I should have supposed that the Emperor could have walked alone all over the Empire without harm, and yet they must try and shoot him.

“In some respects,” said the Prince, continuing as if in half a reverie, and as if speaking of a subject upon which he had been thinking a great deal, “in some respects the Emperor resembles his ancestor, Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great. The difference between the two is that the old king would be severe and harsh at times to those around him, while the Emperor is never harsh to any one. But the old king had so much simplicity of character, lived an austere, home-loving, domestic life; had all the republican qualities. So with this king; he is so republican in all things that even the most extreme republican, if he did his character justice, would admire him.”

Prince Bismarck then said the Emperor was especially sorry that he could not in person show General Grant a review, and that the Crown Prince would give him one. “But,” said the Prince, “the old gentleman is so much of a soldier and so fond of his army that nothing would give

him more pleasure than to display it to so great a soldier as yourself."

The General said that he had accepted the Crown Prince's invitation to a review for next morning, but with a smile continued:—"The truth is I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, although I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young lieutenant, and later, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure."

"You are so happily placed," said the Prince, "in America that you need fear no wars. What always seemed so sad to me about your last great war was that you were fighting your own people. That is always so terrible in wars, so very hard."

"But it had to be done," said the General.

"Yes," said the Prince; "you had to save the Union just as we had to save Germany."

"Not only save the Union, but destroy slavery," answered the General.

"I suppose, however, the Union was the real sentiment—the dominant sentiment," said the Prince.

"In the beginning, yes," said the General; "but as soon as slavery fired upon the flag, it was felt—we all felt, even those who did not object to slaves—that slavery must be destroyed. We felt that it was a stain to the Union that men should be bought and sold like cattle."

"I had an old and good friend, an American, Motley," said the Prince, "who used to write me now and then. Well, when your war broke out he wrote me. He said, 'I will make a prophecy, and please take this letter and put it in a tree or box for ten years, then open it and see if I am not a prophet. I prophesy that when this war ends, the Union will be established, and we shall not lose a

village or a hamlet.' This was Motley's prophecy," said the Prince, with a smile, "and it was true."

"Yes," said the General, "it was true."

"I suppose if you had had a large army at the beginning of the war, it would have ended in a much shorter time."

"We might have had no war at all," said the General; "but we cannot tell. Our war had many strange features — many things which seemed odd enough at the time, but which now seem providential. If we had had a large regular army, as it was then constituted, it might have gone with the South. In fact, the Southern feeling in the army among high officers was so strong, that when the war broke out the army dissolved. We had no army; then we had to organize one. A great commander like Sherman or Sheridan even then might have organized an army and put down the rebellion in six months or a year, or, at the furthest, two years. But that would have saved slavery, perhaps, and slavery meant the germs of new rebellion. There had to be an end of slavery. Then we were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him. No convention, no treaty, was possible — only destruction."

"It was a long war," said the Prince, "and a great work well done; and I suppose it means a long peace."

"I believe so," said the General.

The Prince asked the General when he might have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Grant. The General answered that she would receive him at any convenient hour.

"Then," said the Prince, "I will come to-morrow before the Congress meets."

Both gentlemen arose, and the General renewed the expression of his pleasure at having seen a man who was so well known and so highly esteemed in America.

"General," answered the Prince, "the pleasure and the honor are mine. Germany and America have always been in so friendly a relation, that nothing delights us more than to meet Americans, and especially an American who has done so much for his country, and whose name is so much honored in Germany as your own."

The Prince and the General walked side by side to the door, and after shaking hands the General passed into the square. The guard presented arms, and the General lit a fresh cigar and slowly strolled home.

"I am glad I have seen Bismarck," he remarked. "He is a man whose manner and bearing fully justify the opinions one forms of him. What he says about the Emperor was beautifully said, and should be known to all the Germans and those who esteem Germany."

Prominent among the events of the visit to Berlin was a quiet, informal reception given the General by Mr. Taylor, our American Minister. The evening was passed in an enjoyable and interesting manner. On the following day there was a small dinner-party at the Embassy. The remainder of the day was spent in sight-seeing.

The Crown Prince sent word to General Grant asking him to name an hour when he would review some troops in all arms. The General answered that any hour most convenient for the troops would be pleasant to him. So it was arranged at half-past seven in the morning. The General asked Mr. Coleman, of the Legation, to be one of his company. It had rained all night, a heavy, pitching, blowing rain, and when the morning came, the prayers which Mr. Coleman had been offering up all night for better weather were found to have availed not. The General himself had a severe cold and a chill, which had been hanging over him for two days, and when he arose, he could scarcely speak. There was a suggestion that the re-

view might be postponed. But the troops were under way, as we learned, and the General would not hear of the suggestion. He only hoped, he said, when the Crown Prince's officer came to attend him, that the display would be as brief as possible, and not severe upon the men. The place selected was the Templehof, a large, open field outside of Berlin. When General Grant drove on the ground, in a palace carriage, he was met by the General commanding the Berlin troops, and a large staff. A horse from the royal stables was waiting, but the General was suffering so much that he would not mount. The rain kept its wild way, and the wind swept it in gusts across the open field, so much so, that in a few moments, even with the protection of a carriage, we were all thoroughly drenched.

The manœuvres went on all the same. There was a sham fight with infantry, all the incidents of a real battle — moving on the flank, in skirmish line, firing and retreating, firing and advancing. Then came the order to fix bayonets and charge at double quick, the soldiers shouting and cheering as they advanced, with that ringing cheer which, somehow, no one hears but in Saxon lands, and which stirs the blood like a trumpet. The General was attended by Major Igel, an intelligent officer. The General complimented the movement of the troops highly, but said he questioned very much whether in modern war the sabre or bayonet were of use.

After the manœuvres and the sham fight, there was a march past, the General reviewing the line with bared head, to which the pitiless rain showed no mercy.

"These are fine soldiers," he said, and thanked the commander for his courtesy.

Then came the artillery practice, the guns firing and sweeping over the field in a whirling, mad pace. This was followed by an artillery march past, which the General re-

viewed on foot, the rain beating down. Then came cavalry. This was the most interesting phase of the display, especially one movement where the battalion broke into disorder and rallied again.

"This," said the Major, "we do to accustom our men to the contingency of disorder on the field, and enable every man to know how to take care of himself." The movement was effective and beautiful, and showed, said the General, the highest state of discipline. It was followed by a charge and a march past, the General on foot reviewing, and the rain whirling like a gust.

After this we all drove to a military hospital and inspected it. Then to the quarters of a cavalry regiment under the command of the Prince of Hohenzollern. The General was received by the officers, and went carefully through the quarters. He observed that the mare was more used in the Prussian than in the American cavalry service, which, he said, "I think to be an advantage." He thought the soldiers, in their exercises, used the spur too much. After inspection, there was a quiet mess-room lunch, and a good deal of military talk, which showed that the General had not forgotten his trade.

The General, at the close of the lunch, asked permission to propose the prosperity of the regiment, and the health of the colonel. It was a regiment of which any army would be proud, and he hoped a day of trial would never come; but if it did, he was sure it would do its part to maintain the ancient success of the Prussian army. He also desired to express his thanks to the Crown Prince for the pains that have been taken to show him this sample of his magnificent army. The Prince answered in German, which Major Igel translated, that he was much complimented by the General's toast, and that the annals of his regiment would always record the pride they felt in having

had at their mess and as their guest so illustrious a leader. This closed the military services of the day, and we drove home. On our way home, the skies relented and the sun began to shine.

On reaching the hotel about noon, a rustle in the crowd that never leaves the pavement in front of the Kaiserhof, watching Grant, Beaconsfield, and the famous men who live here, showed that something special was on foot. The General went to his apartment, and a few minutes later a coupé was seen driving around the square, people were seen running after, the guard presented arms, passers-by stopped and saluted, waiters and café idlers came rushing out, holding napkins and mugs of beer. Then came that whisper that somehow gets into the air when any unusual event is happening. "Bismarck's coming." In a moment the coupé stopped, and the Prince descended and touched his hat to the crowd. He wore a full military uniform, a gilded helmet covering his brows, and was conducted to the apartments of the General.

The General presented the Prince to his wife and Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the Minister. The Prince expressed again his satisfaction at seeing General Grant and his wife in Germany, and hoped Mrs. Grant would carry home the best impressions of the country. It had been raining, and the skies were heavy with clouds, and the General himself, suffering from a cold, had been sitting in a carriage for two hours, the rain beating on his face, watching horsemen, artillery, and infantry march and countermarch over the Templehof grounds. Altogether it had been a trying day, and everybody felt cheerless and damp. But Mrs. Grant has a nature that would see as much sunshine in Alaska as in Italy, on whose temper rain or snow never makes an impression, and she told His Highness how delighted she was with Germany, with Potsdam and the Crown Prince,

and more especially the Crown Princess, whose motherly, womanly ways had won quite a place in her womanly, motherly heart. They had had pleasant talks about children, and households, and wedding anniversaries, and domestic manners in Germany, and had, no doubt, exchanged a world of that sweet and sacred information which ladies like to bestow on one another in the confidence of friendly conversation. Moreover, she was pleased to see Prince Bismarck, and expressed that pleasure, and there was a half-hour of the pleasantest talk, not about politics or wars or statesmanship, but on very human themes.

The gentler side of the Prince came into play, and one who was present formed the opinion that there was a very sunny side to the man of blood and iron. As two o'clock drew near the Prince arose, and said, "I must go to my Congress, for, you see, although the business does not concern us greatly, it is business that must be attended to." The General escorted the Prince, and as he descended the crowd had become dense, for Bismarck rarely appears in public now, and all Berlin honors him as foremost among German men.

The dinner given by Bismarck to General Grant was a splendid affair. The invitation card was in German, not French — a large, plain card, as follows :

Fuerst von Bismarck

beehrt sich General U. S. Grant zum Diner am Montag, den 1. Juli, um 6 Uhr, ganz ergebenst einzuladen.

U. A. w. g.

The *menu* was in French, and as I have one before me

which belonged to a guest whose fancy is the collection of *menus*, I will copy it:

MENU.

Lundi, le 1er juillet.
 Potage Mulligatawny.
 Pâtés à la financière.
 Turbot d'Ostende a l'Anglaise.
 Quartier de bœuf à la Holsteinaise.
 Canetons aux olives.
 Ris de veau à la Milanaise.
 Punch romain.
 Poulardes de Bruxelles.
 Salade. Compotes.
 Fonds d'artichauts à la Hollandaise.
 Pain de fraises à la Chantilly.
 Glaces.
 Desert.

The General, with his military habits of promptness, entered the palace at six precisely, accompanied by his wife, Mr. Bayard Taylor, the Minister, and Mrs. Taylor, and H. Sidney Everett, the Secretary of Legation. The Prince and Princess Bismarck and the Countess Marie Grafyn Von Bismarck, accompanied by the Prince's two sons, met the General at the door of the *salon*, and presented him to the various guests. There was a hearty greeting for the Minister and his party, and the Princess and Mrs. Grant were soon on the waves of an animated conversation. The company was about thirty, and a few moments after the General's arrival, dinner was announced. The Prince led the way, escorting Mrs. Grant, who sat on his right, with Mrs. Taylor on his left, the General and the Princess *vis-a-vis*, with Mr. Von Schlözer, the German Minister at Washington, between. The remainder of the

company were members of the Cabinet and high persons in Berlin. The dinner you can judge of for yourself, and about half-past seven or later it was over, and the company adjourned to another room.

In order to reach this apartment, the company passed through the room devoted to the Congress. It seemed like coming into some awful presence to be in the very chamber where the ruling minds of Europe, the masters of legions, the men who govern the world, daily meet to determine the destiny of millions — to determine peace or war.

We came to an antechamber. The General and Bismarck sat on a small sofa near the window, looking out upon the glorious swaying trees in the park. The ladies clustered into another group around the Princess, who, by the way, has one of the best and kindest faces I have ever seen. The remainder of the party broke into groups, wandering about the balcony to talk about the weather, the trees, the rain, the Congress, the Kaiser, and the other themes that seem to float about in every Berlin conversation.

The General was made comfortable by his cigar, but the Prince would not smoke a cigar. His doctors, who had been bothering him about many things, had even undertaken to interfere with his tobacco, and all they would allow him was a pipe. Just such a pipe as the American mind associates with a Hollander or German — a pipe with a black heavy bowl, a smoking machine about two feet long, which the Prince nursed beneath his knees, with his head bent forward in the full tide of an animated conversation.

If I had any skill in drawing, I should like to sketch the scene between Grant and Bismarck. The Chancellor had lying stretched before him one faithful friend, a black Danish dog of the hound species. This dog has made a place for himself in the affections of Berlin. He has full

run of the palace, and took as much pains as the Prince to make himself agreeable to his guests. He and the Prince are inseparable companions, and there is a story that when Prince Gortschakoff came one day to see Bismarck, the dog made an anti-Russian demonstration against the Russian's legs. All Berlin laughed over the story, which is too good to be denied. But on this occasion the Danish hound was in the most gracious mood, and while the General and the Prince were in conversation—the General tugging his cigar, which he is sure to allow to go out if the theme becomes an interesting one, and the Prince patting his pipe as if he loved it—the dog lay at their feet in placid acquiescence, with one eye now and then wandering over the guests to see that order was respected. The scene between the soldier and the statesman was worthy of remembrance.

The General and the Prince talked mainly upon the resources of the two countries; and this is a theme upon which the General never tires, and which, so far as America is concerned, he knows as well as any man in the world. The contrast between the two faces was a study; for I take it no two faces, of this generation, at least, have been more widely drawn. In expression Bismarck has what might be called an intense face, a moving, restless eye, that might flame in an instant. His conversation is irregular, rapid, audacious, with gleams of humor, saying the oddest and frankest things, and enjoying anything that amuses him so much that frequently he will not, cannot, finish the sentence for laughing. Grant, whose enjoyment of humor is keen, never passes beyond a smile. In conversation he talks his theme directly out with care, avoiding no detail, correcting himself if he slips in a detail, exceedingly accurate in statement, and who always talks well, because he never talks about what he does not know. You note, in

comparing the two faces, how much more youth there is in that of Grant than of Bismarck. Grant's face was tired enough a year ago, when he came here fresh from that witches' dame of an Electoral Commission; it had that weary look which you see in Bismarck's, but it has gone, and of the two men you would certainly deem Grant the junior by twenty years.

Mr. Taylor, the American Minister, was evidently impressed with the historical value of the meeting of Grant and Bismarck. He remembered a German custom — that you can never cement a friendship without a glass of old-fashioned schnapps. There was a bottle of a famous schnapps cordial among other bottles. I am afraid to say how old it was, and the Minister said, "General, no patriotic German will believe that there can ever be lasting friendship between Germany and the United States, unless yourself and the Prince pledge eternal amity between all Germans and Americans over a glass of this schnapps." The Prince laughed, and thanked the Minister for the suggestion. The schnapps was poured out, the General and Prince touched glasses, the vows were exchanged in hearty fashion, and the Prince, rising, led Mrs. Grant through the hall.

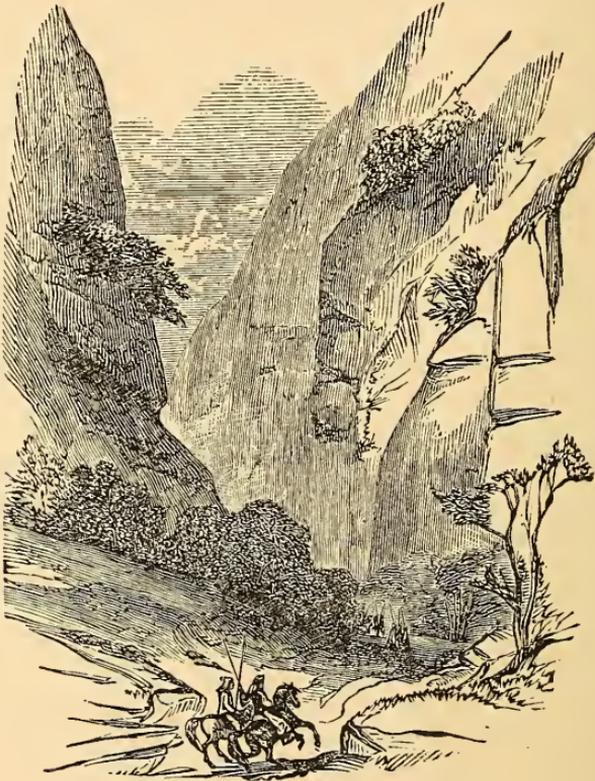
As the party passed into the room where the Congress meets, the Prince explained the position of the members, and made some comments on the manner of doing business. "We do not get on rapidly, for one reason," he said, "because nearly every member, when he speaks, does it in so low a voice that he has to say it all over again." At the head of the stairs the party separated, the Prince kissing the hand of Mrs. Grant in knightly German fashion.

CHAPTER XXII.

EN ROUTE FOR COPENHAGEN — FOURTH OF JULY AT HAMBURG — GENERAL GRANT'S ORATION — THE BLACK FOREST — COPENHAGEN REACHED — AT GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN — CHRISTIANIA — WELCOME BY THE KING — ARRIVAL AT STOCKHOLM — ST. PETERSBURG — AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CZAR — GRAND DINNER AND REVIEW — ON TO MOSCOW — WARSAW — VIENNA — DINING WITH THE EMPEROR — RETURN TO PARIS — OFF FOR SPAIN.

Leaving Berlin, General Grant and his party set out for Copenhagen by the way of Hamburg. The latter place was reached on July 2d. A correspondent writing from this place says: There were strong temptations to remain in Berlin, especially as Mr. Taylor seemed to make each hour of the stay more and more pleasant. But rumors were in the air of an unusual Fourth of July celebration, in which all the Americans were to take part, and the eagle was to have a glorious time screaming. I am afraid these rumors, and the apprehension on the General's part that he would be called upon to do his part in the glorification of our venerable bird, alarmed him, and he fled, to the disappointment of the orators, who were in severe training to entertain their guest. Hamburg was reached in due season, and the General dined quietly with the Consul, Mr. J. M. Wilson. There was the usual evening tramp about the city, and next morning a deputation of the Hamburg Senate called and welcomed the General. You know Hamburg, as one of the members of the old Hanseatic Confederation, is a free city, and governed by a Senate and a Burgomaster. Although a part of the mod-

ern machine of the German Empire, it retains its municipal privileges, being, to all intents and purposes, a republic, as it has been for a thousand years. Hamburg is a very beautiful city, in some respects one of the most beau-



A MOUNTAIN-PASS IN GERMANY.

tiful and best governed in Europe. There did not seem to be a stone out of place or a tree untrimmed. There was a quaint blending of the mediæval with the modern, which you find nowhere else in so marked a degree. You pass from rows of streets with the old-fashioned red brick, the overhanging eaves, and comfortable, clumsy gables which you see in the pictures of Teniers, at once into rows of streets that remind you of Chicago. There was a large fire some time since which scooped out an important frag-

ment of the city, and it is in this fragment that you find the resemblance to Chicago. The General admired Hamburg, and was especially pleased with its order and perfection. Nothing interfered with the trip but the rain. If, however, you would enjoy God's gifts on this north-western coast of Europe, you must take them with rain.

Hamburg gave itself up to the entertainment of the General with hearty good-will. On the morning after his arrival, he was taken by the Senators on board a small steamer, and made a tour of the docks and basins, and a small run into the Elbe. The ships had their bunting up in the friendliest manner, some English and American ships showing all their flags. The trip was pleasant, notwithstanding the rain, which came and went like the temper of a capricious woman. In the evening there was a dinner given by the Senate, at the Zoological Gardens, the Burgomaster, Dr. Kirchenssauer, in the chair. Among the Senators present were Senators Oswald, Stamer, Moring, and Hertze. The Burgomaster proposed the General's health in the kindest terms, speaking of the honor Hamburg received from his visit. The next day, being the Fourth of July, the General went down to the shooting-box of James R. McDonald, the Vice-Consul, and spent the afternoon walking about the woods and talking with American friends. Then came a dinner at a country hotel near by, about thirty Americans, ladies and gentlemen, present, and the Consul presiding. Mr. Wilson proposed the General's health as "the man who had saved the country." This toast was drank with cheers. The General made a speech in answer, to the following effect:

"MR. CONSUL AND FRIENDS.—I am much obliged to you for the kind manner in which you drink my health. I share with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far from home should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent

from one remark of our Consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not be now celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command; if I had fallen; if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a mistake, and a reflection upon the people, to attribute to me, or to any number of us who held high commands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, and so did hundreds of thousands of others. We deserve no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union."

This was the essential speech at the dinner, which I have reported from memory as faithfully as possible. Among those present — for the company was almost entirely American — were J. M. Wilson, the Consul; J. R. MacDonald, the Vice-Consul; Mr. Glick, Mr. and Mrs. Danna, Mr. and Mrs. Warburg, Mr. and Mrs. Slattery, Mr. and Mrs. Politz, Miss Politz, Miss Gibson, and Miss Wolff. There was some dancing in a quiet way, and as we rode to the railway-station there were fireworks in the woods at various points. The next day the General lunched at the house of Baron von Ohlendorf, one of the merchant princes. The house of the Baron is a palace,

and the entertainment was regal. The company embraced the Prussian Minister to Hamburg, the commander of the Prussian garrison, Senators Godefroy, Moring, and others. The company was mainly composed of merchant princes. The Consul told me how many millions there were around the table, but I have forgotten, and will not dare to guess. Hamburg, however, has reason to be proud of these masters of her prosperity. The General was carried off to the races; he went so reluctantly that he had almost to be carried. But the Hamburgers were quite bent on his seeing their track, and they had been so kind to him that he could not refuse. It rained, however, and, after seeing one spin around the turf, the General returned to his hotel. Among other incidents of the visit was the appearance of a Prussian military band in front of the General's hotel window, at eight o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, and a serenade. I send you the programme, so that if any of your readers come to Hamburg they may know what to expect in the way of music:

1. "Hail Columbia."
2. Overture, 2. d. op. "Die Stümme von Portici," von Auber.
3. Chor der Biester a. d. op. "Die Zauberflöte," von Mozart.
4. Entre act und Brautchor a. d. oper. "Lohengrin,"
von Wagner.

As they passed along, the Black Forest was seen in the distance. The Black Forest covers an area of about twelve hundred square miles, being at the base of a triangle some forty miles broad. Although boasting many snow-clad peaks, it is not in its mountains, but rather in its valleys, that the grand charm of the district must be sought. In "their romantic seclusion, in their wild and lonely grandeur, in their pastoral richness, the trout-stream watered valleys of the Black Forest present as beautiful and varied gems of nature as the world, or at least Europe, can offer."

A few days' stay in Copenhagen, and he embarked for Sweden and Norway. His first touching-place was Gothenburg, Sweden, and here, after a short trip across the Cattegat, he made his first acquaintance with the fiords of the old Norse peninsula. When he landed he was met by a crowd of over five thousand people, who cheered loudly for him of whom they had heard so much. The Swedes, who have emigrated in such large numbers to the United States, have spread his fame among their countrymen at home. The ships in the harbor were all decorated in his honor. He passed the day in Gothenburg, and then continued his journey to Christiania. All the villages along the route were decorated, and his coming was made the occasion of a gala-day.

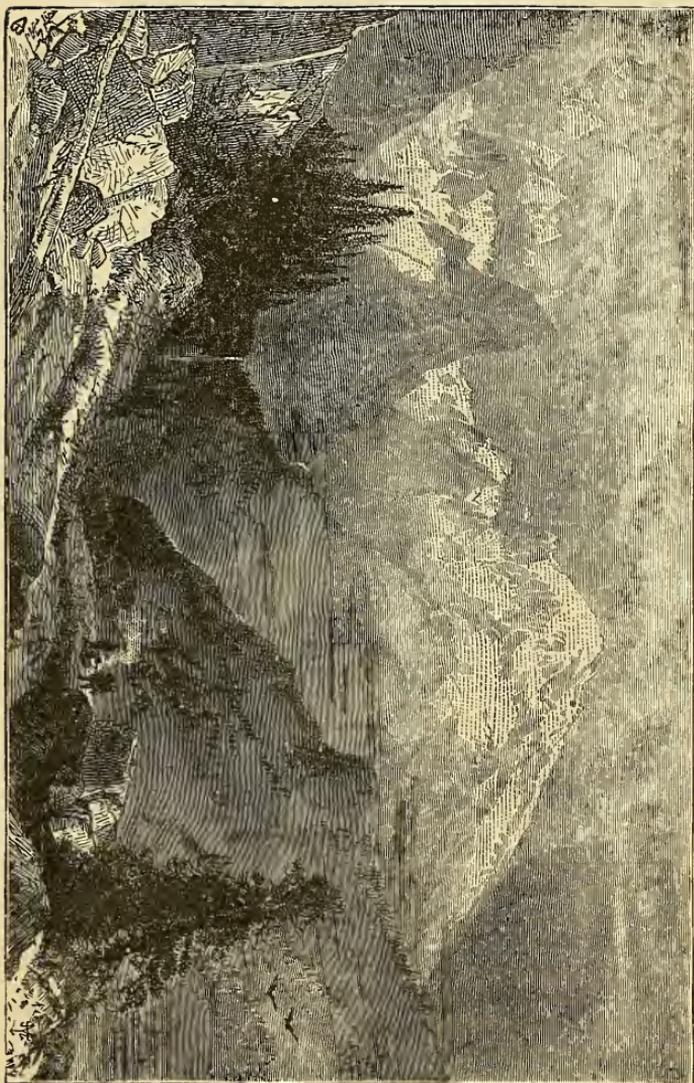
He landed at Christiania on the 13th, and was received with great ceremony. Ten thousand people flocked to greet him. King Oscar II. came to Christiania from Stockholm to meet the General, and gave him a hearty welcome. The General set out sight-seeing, and was conducted to the old castle of Aggershuus, with its citadel and church, on the brow of a point jutting out into the fiord, over whose winding shore-line and smooth waters, broken by wooded islands, it gives a fine view.

He accompanied the King to Stockholm, where he was received with enthusiastic orations. Here he was tendered with a grand dinner at the Embassy, and in the evening was serenaded. Shortly after he started by way of the Baltic for St. Petersburg. A large crowd assembled and cheered him as he embarked.

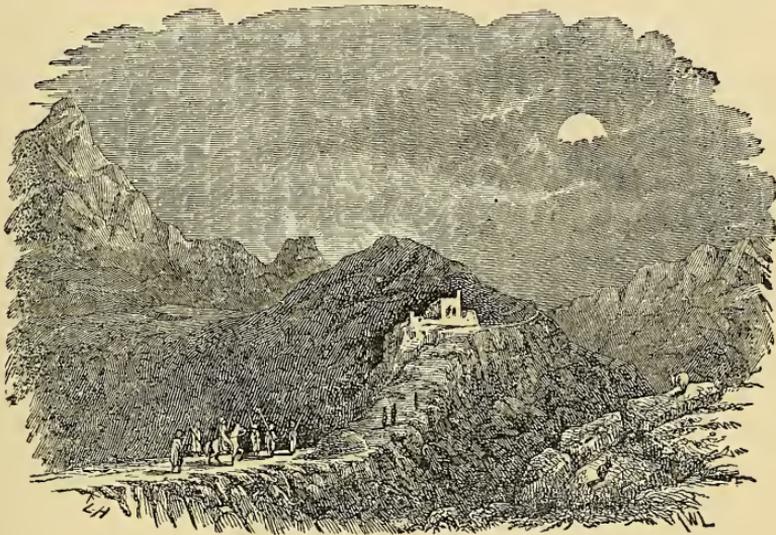
He reached St. Petersburg on the morning of July 30th. On arriving in the Russian capital he was met by Minister Stoughton, whose wonderful coronal of snowy locks never shone more magnificently over his rosy cheeks.

The Emperor's aide-de-camp, Prince Gortschakoff, and

SCENE IN THE BLACK FOREST.



other high officials of the Imperial Court, called immediately, welcoming the ex-President in the name of the Czar. On the following day General Grant had an audience with the Emperor Alexander, which was of a pleasant nature. The imperial yacht conveyed the General to Peterhof, the Versailles of St. Petersburg. It is fifteen miles from the



A MOUNTAIN-PASS IN NORWAY.

capital, but it has one advantage over the old French royal extra-mural residence in that the imperial palace there has almost unrivalled views over Cronstadt and the Gulf of Finland, and of the capital itself. The fountains were played in honor of the visit. Subsequently, General Grant visited the great Russian man-of-war Peter the Great. The band played American airs and a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The imperial yacht then steamed slowly among the Russian fleet lying off Cronstadt, the ships running out American colors and the sailors cheering.

During his visit to St. Petersburg, General Grant had an interview with the Czar. The Emperor manifested

great cordiality. The General was presented by Prince Gortschakoff. His Majesty talked of his health and the General's travels. He seemed greatly interested in our national wards, the Indians, and made several inquiries as to their mode of warfare. At the close of the interview the Emperor accompanied General Grant to the door, saying :

"Since the foundation of your government, the relations between Russia and America have been of the friendliest character, and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue that friendship."

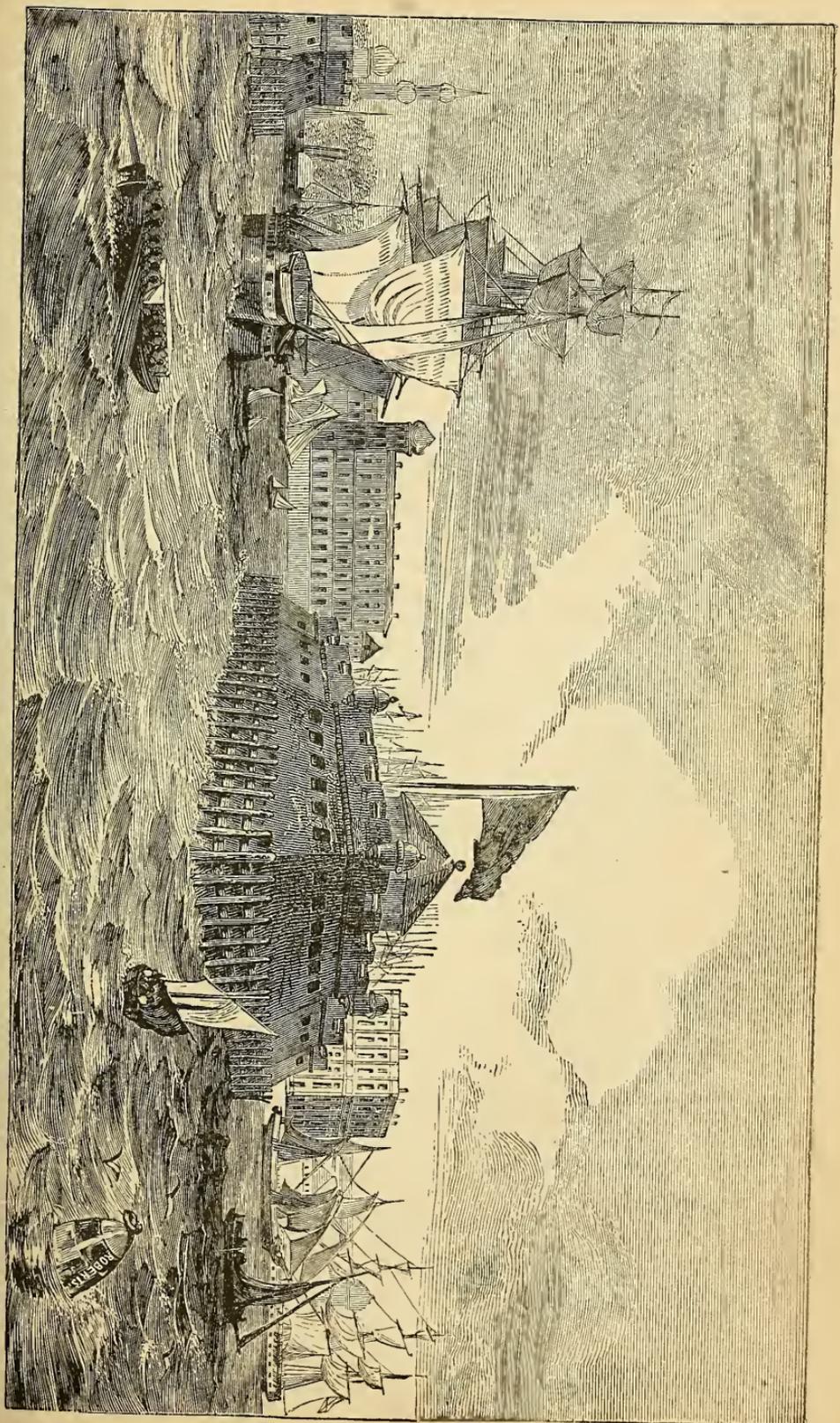
The General answered that, although the two governments were directly opposite in character, the great majority of the American people were in sympathy with Russia, and would, he hoped, so continue.

At the station General Grant met the Grand Duke Alexis, who was very cordial, recalling with pleasure his visits to America. A visit was also made to the great Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff, with whom the General spent some hours smoking and discussing American and European affairs.

The Czarowitz also received General Grant at special audience. The French Ambassador gave a dinner to the General, and there was a special review of the fire-brigade in his honor. The attentions of the Emperor and the authorities were so marked, that he prolonged his stay several days.

On the 8th, he left for Moscow, and reached the ancient capital on the 9th. He dined with Prince Dogoroff on the 10th. A visit was paid to the Cathedral of St. Basil, which is said to be the nicest "building the ingenuity of man could devote to the service of his Maker. There are no less than twenty towers and domes, all of different shapes and sizes, and painted in every possible color; some are covered with a network of green over a surface

KRONSTADT, THE PORT OF PETERSBURG.



of yellow, another dome is a bright red with broad white stripes, and a third is gilded! Some historians affirm that it was built to commemorate the capture of Kazan; others, that it was a whim of Ivan the Terrible, to try how many distinct chapels could be erected under one roof, on a given extent of ground, in such a manner that Divine service could be performed in all simultaneously without any in-



CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW.

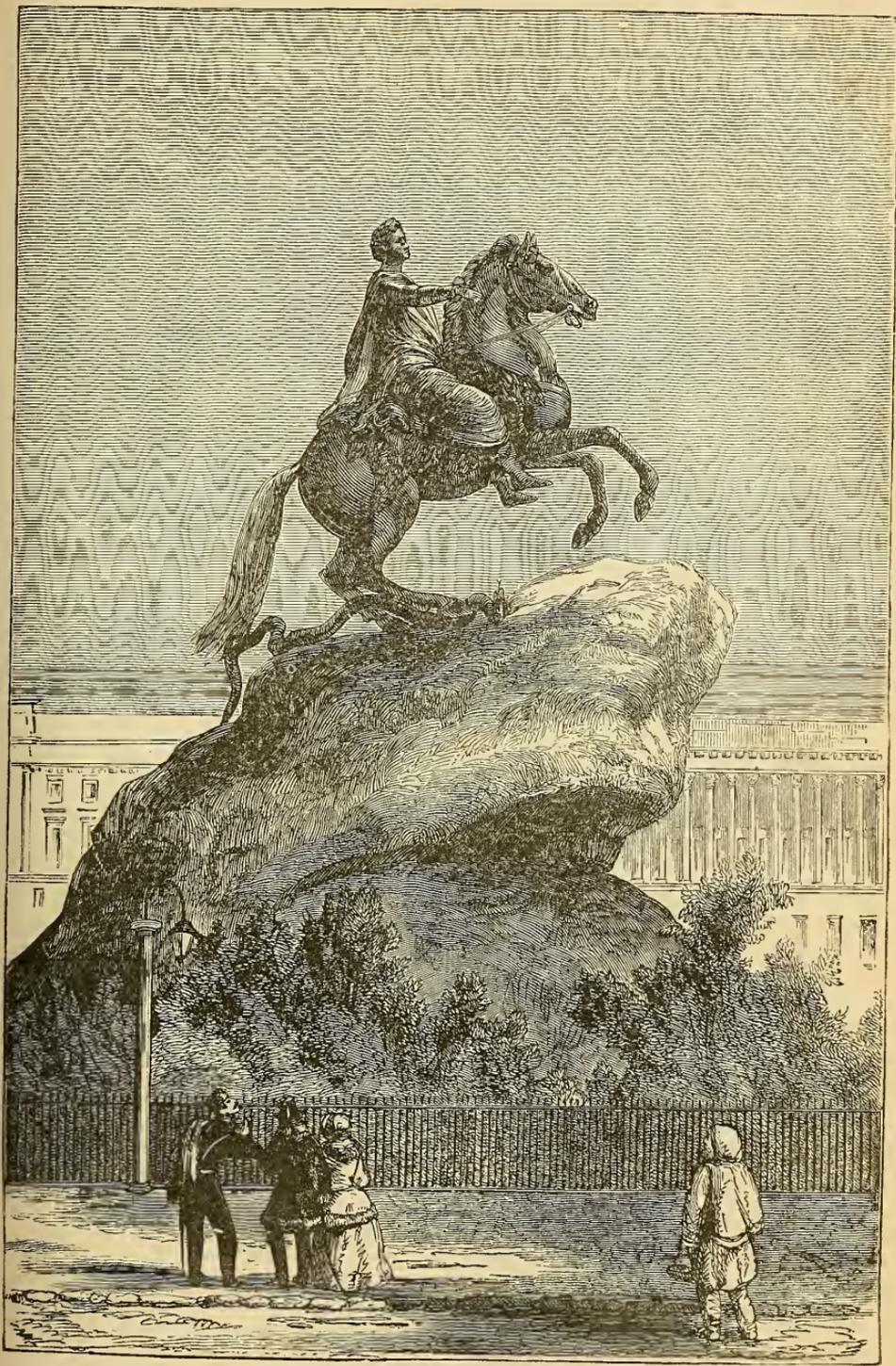
terference one with another. It is also said that the Czar was so delighted with the architect, an Italian, who had thus admirably gratified his wishes, that when the edifice was finished he sent for him, pronounced a warm panegyric on his work, and then had his eyes put out, in order that he might never build such another! A strange caprice of cruelty, if true—punishing the man, not for failing, but succeeding, in gratifying his employer.

“The entire structure is far from forming a whole, for no main building is discoverable in this architectural maze; in every one of the towers or domes lurks a separate church, in every excrescence a chapel; or they may be likened to chimneys expanded to temples. One tower stands forth prominently amid the confusion, yet it is not in the centre, for there is, in fact, neither centre nor side, neither beginning nor end; it is all here and there. Strictly speaking, this tower is no tower at all, but a church, and the chief one in the knot of churches, the ‘Church of the Protection of Holy Mary.’ This tower is one hundred and fifty feet in height.”



GENERAL VIEW OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

Another important place beheld by the visitors was the Kremlin. It is said that while in the process of building, the builders sought the shelter of one of its gates, and thus sheltered, the Tartars passed them by. “Even the presence of the ‘temple-plundering Gauls,’ according to the Russians, only served to increase the renown of this gate. They thought the frame of the picture was of gold, and



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, ADMIRALTY SQUARE, ST. PETERSBURG.

endeavored to remove it. But every ladder they planted broke in the middle! This enraged the French, who then brought a cannon to batter down door and picture together; but, do what they would, the dry powder was possessed by the devil of water, who was too much for the devil of fire, and would not explode! At last they made a great fire with coals over the touch-hole: the powder was now subdued, but it exploded the wrong way, blowing the cannon into a thousand pieces, and some of the French artillerymen into the bargain, while gate and picture remained unharmed! The spoilers, now overmastered by dread, withdrew, acknowledging the miraculous power. Such is the story told by the taper-seller at the gate. The origin of the custom of uncapping at the 'Holy Gate' is unknown; several traditions are extant, yet the authenticity of any fact is lost in the darkness of ages; but the feelings of devotion are still fresh and powerful, and it is a question how weighty a bribe would be sufficient to induce a Russian to pass this archway, by either day or night, without uncovering his head. The Emperor himself bares his imperial brow as he approaches the *Spaskoi*; the officer and soldier in all the pomp and circumstance of war do the same; and thus tradition says it has been since the wooden walls of the first Kremlin were raised. The greatest care is taken not to allow dogs to enter by the Saviour's gate — a proof that in a religious point of view the Russians look upon this animal as unclean."

General Grant reached Warsaw on the 13th. After a brief stay here, he passed on to Vienna, where he arrived on Sunday, August 18th. At the railroad station he was met by Minister Kasson, the secretaries and members of the American Legation, and a large number of the American residents. He was loudly cheered as he stepped out of the railway-carriage.

On the 19th, the General was visited at the Legation of the United States by Count Andrassy, the First Minister of the Council, and several colleagues. In the evening, he dined with the Countess and Mrs. Grant at Post's. On the 20th, he had an audience of His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph at the lovely palace of Schoenbrunn, spending the remainder of the day driving about the imperial grounds and forests, and visiting points of interest in that romantic and historic neighborhood.

On the 21st, General and Mrs. Grant were entertained by the imperial family, and dined with the Emperor in the evening. During the morning, Baron Steinberg accompanied the Emperor's American guests to the Arsenal.

On the 22d, Minister Kasson gave a diplomatic dinner in honor of our ex-President, at which nearly all the foreign Ambassadors were present. The members of the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet attended the reception in the evening, and added to the attractiveness and brilliancy of the occasion. The General expressed himself greatly pleased with Vienna; thinks it a charming city. He was gratified also at the marked attentions of the Emperor's household, and the earnest endeavor shown to honor him as a citizen of the United States.

On the following Monday he left for Steirmart. After a short stop here, and a ramble through other Austrian cities and towns, he returned to Paris on the 25th of September. He was met at the station by Minister Noyes, ex-Governor Fairchild, ex-Governor McCormick, and other American officials. The General was in excellent health and spirits, and had experienced so little fatigue during his journey that, after dining *en famille*, he strolled along the boulevards for more than two hours.

Among the many fêtes given in honor of General Grant's return to Paris, none is more important than the dinner

given by Mr. Edward F. Noyes, the United States Minister, at the Legation. Among the invited guests were the following distinguished Americans:—General and Mrs. Grant, John Welsh, Minister to England; John A. Kasson, Minister to Austria; J. Meredith Read, Chargé d'Affaires to Greece; General Hazen, United States Army; General Lucius Fairchild, Consul-General at Paris; ex-Governor McCormick, Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition; ex-Governor Smith, of New Hampshire, and Miss Waite, daughter of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

On the 10th of October, General Grant left Paris for Spain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MESSAGE FROM THE KING OF SPAIN—GLIMPSES OF SPANISH LIFE—CASTELAR'S GREETING—AMONG THE PYRENEES—ARRIVAL AT VITTORIA—MEETING THE KING—CONVERSATION WITH GENERAL GRANT—AT MADRID—WELCOME BY MR. LOWELL—RECOLLECTIONS OF MADRID—NEW LIFE IN THE CAPITAL—LOTTERIES IN SPAIN—HOW THEY ARE MANAGED—WHAT BECOMES OF THE SPANIARDS' MONEY—EXPENSES OF STATE—THE REAL POSITION OF THE KING.

It was the intention of General Grant, when he left Paris, to make a short visit to the Pyrenees, and especially Pau. But when he came to Bordeaux he was met by a message from the King of Spain, who was at the time at Vittoria, directing the manœuvres of his troops, and who especially requested that the General would honor him with a visit. If there is one thing the General dislikes it is reviewing troops; but the message from the King was so cordial that it could hardly be declined. Accordingly Pau was postponed, and the General went on as far as Biarritz, meaning to rest over night and cross the frontier next day. Resuming their journey, the little town of Irun, which is just over the frontier, afforded the first glimpse of Spanish life and character. Its neat railway-station was draped with flags and bunting, and on the platform was a group of officers of the Royal Guard, standing apart from those privileged citizens who had been admitted within the barriers. Beyond, clearly seen through the gates and station windows, struggling for a view of the distinguished visitor, were the villagers and the country people, who, denied

admission to the yard, were none the less active in their demonstrations of curiosity.

As the train drew up at the platform, General Grant alighted from his carriage. The ranking officer of the delegation, a general on the staff of Alfonso XII., advanced and, saluting the visitor, welcomed him, in the King's name, to the Iberian peninsula. He stated that he was directed by His Majesty to place at the General's disposal the special railway-carriage of the King, and to beg an acceptance of the same. General Grant expressed his thanks in a few words and accepted the proffered courtesy. The train moved out of the little village towards the war-begrimed city of San Sebastian—the last stronghold of the Carlists.

At San Sebastian General Grant was received by Emilio Castelar, ex-President of the Spanish Republic. To the well-known statesman and journalist, General Grant was exceedingly cordial. He concluded his remarks by saying: "Believe me, sir, the name of Castelar is especially honored in America." Here, as at Irun, were gathered many people to see General Grant, and he was presented to the town officials and the distinguished citizens. The contracted harbor reflected the green of the tree-covered hills that encircle it so nearly, and beyond the cone-like isle at its mouth was the sheen of the noonday sun on the Bay of Biscay.

Leaving this place the road leads southward towards Tolosa and Vergara. At both of these stations a squad of soldiers was stationed. The usual military guard had been doubled in honor of the American General. After winding about the hills beyond the station of Tolosa the train suddenly leaves the defiles behind and smoothly skirts the side of a great hill, giving the occupants of the carriages a grand view to the southward. Near at hand are seen the

peaks of the Pyrenees — only the extreme western spur of the range, to be sure, but very formidable-looking barriers to railway engineering. Altogether the journey is a charming, Swiss-like ride, creeping, as the traveller does, through what were once dangerous mountain paths, and where, even yet, the railway-coaches are alternately in the wildest forests of scraggy pine and the long-leaved chestnut.

Mr. Young thus describes their arrival at Vittoria:— A slight rain is falling, but all Vittoria is in a glow. The open space in front of our hotel is filled with booths and dealers in grains and other merchandise. The traders sit over their heaps of beans, peppers, melons, and potatoes. They are mainly women, who wear a quaint Basque costume; the men in red and blue bonnets, with blue blouses, mostly faded, and red sashes swathed about the waist. These cavaliers spend most of their time smoking cigarettes, watching their wives at work. Now and then a swarthy citizen in a Spanish cloak saunters by, having been to mass or to coffee, and eager to breathe the morning air. A farmer drives over the primitive stony street. His team is a box resting on two clumsy wooden wheels. When you remember that it has taken two thousand years of Basque civilization — the most ancient, perhaps, in Europe — to produce this wheel, you may guess how far the people have advanced. The team is drawn by two oxen, with their horns locked together, and their heads covered by a fleece. In the cart is a pig, ready for the last and highest office a pig can pay to humanity. Other carts come laden with hay drawn by the slow, shambling oxen, all seeking a market. You hear drums and trumpets and army calls. The town is a camp, and ladies are thronging the lattice windows, and soldiers come swarming out of the narrow streets into the market-place. This is the season of the manœuvres. A crowd of citizens stand in the street, about

a hundred paces from our hotel, quiet, expectant, staring into an open gateway. This gateway leads into a long, irregular, low range of buildings of yellowish stone and red tiles. Over the gate clings the flag of Spain, its damp folds clustering the pole. A black streamer blends with the yellow and crimson folds, mourning the death of the



A GROUP OF SPANISH LADIES.

Queen. Natty young officers trip about, their breasts blazoned with decorations, telling of victories in Carlist and Cuban wars, all wearing mourning on their arms for the poor young Mercedes. The sentinels present arms, a group of elderly officers come streaming out of the gateway. At their head is a stripling with a slight moustache, and thin, dark side whiskers. In this group are the first generals in Spain — Concha, Quesada — captain-generals, noblemen, helmeted, spurred, braided with gold lace, old men with gray hairs. The stripling they follow, dressed

in captain-general's uniform, and touching his cap to the crowd as it uncovers, is Alfonso XII., King of Spain.

When General Grant reached Vittoria, there were all the authorities out to see him, and he was informed that in the morning the King would meet him. Ten o'clock was the hour, and the place was a small city hall or palace, where the King resides when he comes into his capital. At ten the General called, and was escorted into an ante-room, where were several aids and generals in attendance. He passed into a small room, and was greeted by the King. The room was a library, with books, and a writing-table covered with papers, as though His Majesty had been hard at work. His Majesty is a young man, twenty past, with a frank, open face, side whiskers and moustache like down. He was in the undress uniform of a captain-general, and had a buoyant, boyish way about him which made one sorrow to think that on these young shoulders should rest the burdens of sovereignty. How much he would have given to have gone into the green fields for a romp and a ramble — those green fields that look so winsome from the window. It was only yesterday that he was among his toys and velocipedes, and here he is a real king, with a uniform showing that he ranks with the great generals of the world, heavily braided with bullion. Alfonso speaks French as though it was his own tongue, German and Spanish fluently, but not so well, and English with good accent, but a limited vocabulary. When the General entered, the King gave him a seat, and they entered into conversation. There was a little fencing as to whether the conversation should be in English or Spanish. The General said he knew Spanish in Mexico, but thirty-five years had passed since it was familiar to him, and he would not venture upon it now. The King was anxious to speak Spanish, but English and French were the only tongues used.

The King said he was honored by the visit of General Grant, and especially because the General had come to see him in Vittoria; otherwise he would have missed the visit, which would have been a regret to him. He was very curious to see the General, as he had read all about him, his campaigns and his Presidency, and admired his genius and his character. To this the General answered that he would have been sorry to have visited Europe without seeing Spain. The two countries—Spain and the United States—were so near each other in America that their interests were those of neighbors. The General then spoke of the sympathy which was felt throughout the United States for the King in the loss of his wife. The King said he had learned this, had seen its evidence in many American newspapers, and it touched him very nearly. He then spoke of the Queen. His marriage had been one of love, not of policy. He had been engaged to his wife almost from childhood—for five years, at least. He had made the marriage in spite of many difficulties, and their union, although brief, was happy. No one knew what a help she had been in combatting the difficulties of the situation, for it was no pleasure to be an executive—no easy task. The General had seen something of it, and knew what it was. To this the General answered that he had had eight years of it, and they were the most difficult and burdensome of his life. The King continued to dwell on the burdens of his office. Spain was tranquil and prosperous, and he believed she was entering upon a career of prosperity; and from all parts of his kingdom came assurances of contentment and loyalty. There were no internecine wars like the Carlists' in the North or the Communists' in the South, and Cuba was pacified. All this was a pleasure to him. But there were difficulties inseparable from the royal office. While his wife lived, together they

met them, and now she was gone. His only solace, he continued, was activity, incessant labor. He described his way of living—rising early in the morning, visiting barracks, reviewing troops, and going from town to town.

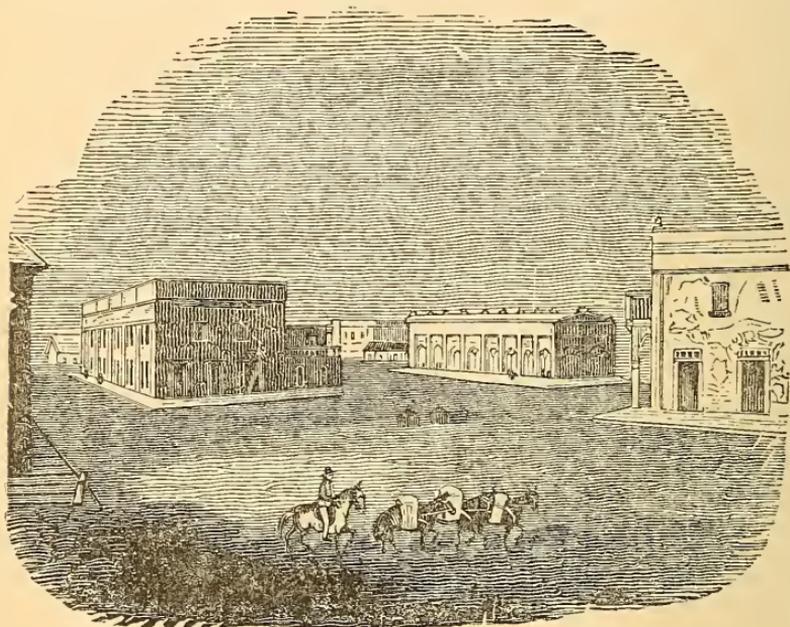
All this was said in the frankest manner—the young King leaning forward in his chair, pleased, apparently, at having some one to whom he could talk, some one who had been in the same path of perplexity, who could feel as he felt. The General entered into the spirit of the young man's responsibilities, and the talk ran upon what men gain and lose in exalted stations. There was such a contrast between the two men—Alfonso, in his general's uniform, the President in plain black dress, fumbling an opera hat in his hand. In one face were all the joy and expectancy of youth—of beaming, fruitful youth—just touched by the shadow of a great duty and a heart-searing sorrow. Behind him the memory of his love, his dear love, torn from his arms almost before he had crowned their lives with the nuptial sacrament—before him all the burdens of the throne of Spain. In the other face were the marks of battles won and hardships endured and triumphs achieved—and rest at last. One face was young and fair, the skin as soft as satin, youth and effort streaming from the dark, bounding eyes. The other showed labor. There were lines on the brow, gray hairs mantling the forehead, the beard gray and brown, the stooping shoulders showing that Time's hand was bearing upon them. One was twenty years of age, the other fifty-six; but in feeling, at least, it seemed that the younger of the two was the ex-President. Care and sorrow had stamped themselves on the young King's face.

Leaving Vittoria, General Grant proceeded to Madrid. James Russell Lowell, our Minister, met him at the station, when the General was welcomed on behalf of the King by

the civil authorities, and especially by Colonel Noeli, a Spanish officer of distinction, who was detailed to attend him. The King had not arrived, but was in the north visiting Espartero, and reviewing his conscripts. Mr. Lowell gave the General a dinner and a reception, where men of all parties came to pay their respects to the ex-President. It seemed like a truce in the heat of Spanish politics to see Canovas and Castelar in Mr. Lowell's saloons, in long and friendly converse; but I presume there is a life behind the scenes in Spanish politics as in our own, and that patriots and national enemies may talk opera over cakes and ale. There was a dinner at the Presidency of the Council, the only State dinner given since the poor Queen died. There were arsenals to be inspected, and picture galleries, the royal palace, and the royal stables. There were long walks about Madrid, and long talks with Mr. Lowell, whom General Grant had never met before, but for whom he conceived a sincere attachment and esteem. There were calls from all manner of public men, especially from Captain-General Jovellar, with whom the General had satisfying talks about Cuba, and one from Castelar, whom the General was most anxious to see. Castelar had been so friendly to the North in our war, and he had been also a constitutional President of the Republic, and the General was anxious to do him honor. He contemplated a dinner to Castelar. But Spanish politics are full of torpedoes, and the General was in some sort a guest of the nation, and it was feared that the dinner might be construed into a republican demonstration — an interference in other people's affairs — and it was abandoned.

What impressed those of the travellers who had previously been in Madrid, were the changes that had taken place within the last few years. It seemed, says one of them, to have become transformed from a Spanish into a

French town. New stores had sprung up on the Alcala, and new hotels advised you that they gave meat and entertainment in the French fashion. Street railways traverse the narrow highways, and it seemed a desecration, almost, to hear jangling car-bells in the drowsy old alleys along which I used to pad my way to the street of Isabel the



PUBLIC SQUARE, ANCIENT MADRID.

Catholic, to hear from Sickles or Adee what had happened to Spain during the night. For poor Spain was then in an interesting condition, and the strangest births were then coming to light. And when we had nothing else to do, we used to go out and join the people when they went to demonstrate before the public offices, generally before the palace of the Interior, on the Puerta del Sol, where there was room to shout and hustle and carry our banners, and where, moreover, Pi y Margall was in power. Pi, being a friend of the people, was sure to give us a welcome, and tell us to be patient and we should have bread and work.

Sometimes we used to go down to the Cortes, and demonstrate in favor of more radical measures and more speed in making the Republic, and wait until Castelar and Salmeron and Garrido came out, that we might hail them as friends of liberty and saviours of Spain. Pi was arrested the other day as a revolutionist, and Garrido is in exile, and Castelar, almost alone among republicans, is tolerated in the Cortes because of his marvellous eloquence, and because, as Canovas said when he sent word to the government agents not to oppose his return, "A Spanish Cortes would be nothing without Emilio Castelar." And so in five years the world wags its curious course.

In those days Madrid was a Spanish town, and it was pleasant to walk in the streets and see the quaint, picturesque life so new to Saxon eyes; to see the varied costumes of the provinces, to hear the odd cries, to visit the cafés, with their curious drinks of almond and pomegranate and orange, temperate and tasteless, and see damsels and wrinkled women gorging ices, and grave men smoking cigarettes. Pleasant was the Prado when the evening shadows came, and all Madrid was out to take the air and see the wonderful beauty of the skies, which have a beauty of their own in this captivating Spain. Pleasant it was to stroll up and down the Prado and see the maidens, with veils and mantillas, grouped in couples, with demure, gazelle-like eyes that looked at you so shyly, and if they spoke at all it was with a glance or with the fan, which, in the hand of a Spanish lady, is an organ of speech. Pleasant it was to see the nurses, in Andalusian peasant costumes, their brown faces and ripe, bonny bosoms, which children were draining, ranged in chairs, and watching the swaying world in unconscious, innocent wonder. Pleasant were the dancing groups which you met in the public squares or the denser parts of the town, dancing their slow, measured

step to the music of a guitar or the time of a castanet. And the bull-fighters on Sunday afternoon! Was anything more pleasant than to stroll up the Alcala and study the hurrying crowd, hurrying on to the arena to see the bulls, to be there in time for the procession? Maidens, duchesses, beggars, statesmen, priests, workingmen, and soldiers, parents and their children, are hurrying to the ring. Pleasant were the evenings at Café Fornos, with old Dr. Mackeehan, the oldest American resident in Madrid, at the head of the table, and telling his recollections of a generation of Spanish life, especially his recollections of the dynasty of American Ministers under whom he had served, from Barringer to Cushing, and how he had seen Soulé fight his duel, and how he hated a certain secretary of legation. I have never, by the way, seen an expatriated American who did not have some cherished hatred which he nourished and worshipped—as the Hindoos do idols of evil import—and generally it was another American. But there was no kindlier or friendlier soul than the old Doctor, and nothing pleased him more than to celebrate the Fourth of July. Pleasant were the dinners Adee and I were wont to have with our mysterious friend, who lived in an upper story—our mysterious friend, whose business every one was seeking to know, and no one could discover—and who always roasted his partridges himself after we had arrived. Pleasant were the brisk walks with Forbes over the windy plains around Madrid, and the strolls with Austin in the narrow streets of the old town. Pleasant it was to hear the Minister throw his leg over his crutch and preach about Spain and the Republic, and marvellous preaching it was, for he knew Spain well and believed in the Republic. But how changed! Cold winds drive maidens and nurses from the Prado. The Fornos table, with the good Doctor at the head, has vanished in the

State Department, and Forbes is in Afghanistan and Austin in India, and a new Minister reigns in the stead of the Seventy, and as I passed the old legation on Isabel the Catholic street, I was informed by public placard that if I wished to rent the building I had only to say the word and take possession.

Even the bull-ring has gone—the clumsy, old bull-ring, with its narrow entrances and dingy boxes and strangest smells, and blocks upon blocks of imposing houses occupy its site. There is a new bull-ring a half mile further out—a spick-and-span affair of brick, which does not look like a bull-ring, but a Moody and Sankey tabernacle of the Chicago order of architecture. New avenues stretch in all directions, paved with curbstones, and young trees; and buildings, everywhere artisans at work—new buildings in every part of the town. The aspect of the city has wholly changed. There is the Calle Mayor and the old Plaza. I always visit that antique enclosure, because it reminds me of the days when Spain was really governed by kings. Plaza Mayor was where the heretics were tried and sentenced to be burned—and there was the balcony where those sovereigns of sainted memory Charles II., Philip III., and other divinely-vouchsafed princes were wont to perch themselves and see the trials go on and hear monks denounce heresy, and applaud with tingling fingers as the poor wretches, in their costumes of degradation, were led to the stake. It was here, too, that Charles I. of England, also of blessed memory, came to witness a bull-fight—one of the most famous exhibitions ever given—the fighters being gentlemen of quality, and one of them a young woman, who attacked a bull singly and killed it with her dagger. This Plaza Mayor seemed to have outlived any fear of change, and it was pleasant to wander under its arches and look at the trees and study Philip III.

on horseback, and summon back the phantoms who once made it their holiday. But even the plaza is changed and has become a mere market, with shops, where you can buy cheap jewelry and clothes, and prominent are placards in eulogy of American machines and canned meats. All the color and repose of the old plaza have vanished. The sewing-machine has taken the place of the *auto de fé*, and, as an antiquity, Plaza Mayor has no more interest than the Fulton Market or Tweed's ancient Court-House opposite the City Hall.

I had gone the other morning to pay my devotions to the Virgin, not our Lady of Atocha (the Virgin from Antioch), nor any of the manifest virgins in brocade before whom candles burn in Madrid churches, but our Lady of Raphael, as you see her on the walls of the Madrid Gallery, in the picture called "La Perla." This gallery is one of the glories of modern civilization, and whenever my mind in the years of absence reverted to Spain I found that it rested on the Museum in the Prado. I have friends on those walls whom I could not miss seeing without feeling that I had transgressed the sacred rights of friendship — "La Perla," "The Meninas," "The Surrender of Breda" — all the works of the incomparable Velasquez. I am afraid I worship there more than in the churches, for there really are no churches in Madrid, no more than in New York or Boston. I had made my devotions, and was strolling home through the Calle San Geronimo, when an unusual bustle attracted my attention. Newsboys were shouting extra newspapers and loungers were running out of the cafés and wayfarers stopped to read — to read with strained and breathless attention. I thought the King had been shot, or the Ministry had resigned, or the favorite bull-fighter had died, or that there was some other incident of a transcendent character. So I purchased an extra and

stopped to read, and found it was only columns of figures, and that these figures recited the prizes in the lottery. The lottery had been drawn that morning, and all Madrid, all Spain, was palpitating over it.

If I were asked to name the first evil in Spain, the first that should attract the reformer's eyes, I would say the lottery. The government manages it. I asked a Spanish friend whether the management was perfectly honest. "Yes," he answered, "it is the most honest thing in Spain." As I had no interest in the lottery, I took my paper home and studied it. I discovered that lotteries were frequently held in Spain. In this special drawing there were 1,894 prizes, and the value of the money distributed was \$166,440. There was one principal prize of \$16,000, and three others, respectively, \$10,000, \$4,000, and \$2,000. There were three of \$1,000 each, two of \$810 each, and 1,847 of \$60 each. The paper did not say how many tickets were sold, but there were numbers on my prize list running as high as 38,000. Each ticket is divided into ten parts, each part costing sixty cents, making the value of a complete ticket \$6. If, therefore, 38,000 tickets were sold at \$6 apiece, there would be a revenue to the government from this lottery alone, after paying all the prizes, of \$61,500. I observed that the first prize, No. 959, had been drawn in Cadiz, and that of the other great prizes, one was drawn in Seville, two in Madrid, and one in Getafe, a little country town on the way to Andalusia. This, however, was only a small lottery; the great one comes at Christmas. The first prize in this is \$500,000, and the price of each ticket is \$100. The government gives the great lottery once a year as a Christmas present to Spain. As you cannot buy one-tenth of a chance in this grand prize for less than \$10, and as \$10 is a good deal of money in Spain, many a Spaniard will have a dinnerless and supperless Christmas

in his daring venture for fortune. One hates to think of the moral effect of a venture like this upon the character of a people. Wherever you go — to the café, the church, or the railway-station — you are pursued by cripples; children, women — all vending their lottery tickets. The night before the drawing the streets ring with their cries, as Broadway during the war was wont to ring with the cries of newsboys shouting tidings of a battle. There is, however, an awakened sentiment on the subject of gambling in Spain. When I was here in the time of Amadeus there were gambling shops over every café, and gambling was an established industry, which even revolutions could not disturb. The gambling houses have been closed; I suppose the lottery would go also, except that the government feels on that subject as Napoleon did about his revenue from brandy, or England about her revenue from opium. It is a profitable vice. In the national budget I find that out of an estimated revenue of 657,000,000f., 55,000,000f. are expected from lotteries.

Speaking of the many conspiracies against the Spanish republic, the writer says:— Let us see what Spanish rulers do with Spanish money. Spain is poor. She only pays a fraction of the interest on her debt. She has had wars in Cuba, wars among the Carlists, cantonal insurrections — all a serious drain upon the treasury. It was financial trouble that led to the French Revolution, and when the treasury is empty discontent is sure to follow. I have been studying the financial estimates, as printed in the official *Gazette*, and presented to the Cortes. Take first the royal house. Spain has a king who was born in 1857. She pays him \$1,400,000 a year, or, Sundays excepted, nearly \$4,500 a day. Alfonso costs every two weeks more than Mr. Hayes in a year. Spain has also the services of the Princess of Asturias, a young widow

lady, born in 1861. She lives with the King, presides over his household, and is, I hear, an estimable person, given to charity and visiting hospitals. Spain pays this princess \$100,000 a year, or twice as much as you annually paid General Grant when President. Spain also enjoys the services of Doña Maria del Pilar Besenguela. This maiden was born in 1861, and is the King's sister. She lives mostly in Paris, goes to church, and reads pious books. Spain pays her \$30,000 a year, which no Congress would ever dream of giving to Chief-Justice Waite. Spain has two other princesses, Doña Maria de le Paz Juana and Eulalie Francisca de Asis. These maidens are respectively sixteen and fourteen. They live in Paris to comfort an exiled mother, and dress their dolls. I have no doubt they are model children, and will be one day the best of princesses. Spain pays them each \$30,000 a year. I wonder what Congress would say if we proposed to pay General Sherman as much. The exiled mother, known in history as Isabella II., lives in Paris on the Rue Roi de Rome. Spain pays for her services \$150,000 a year. She is so poor that the other day she put her jewels up at auction, and I do not know how many millions of francs they brought her. The Queen has a sister, wife of the Duke of Montpensier, mother of poor Mercedes. Her husband, the Duke, is one of the richest men in Europe, and so Spain pays his wife the beggarly salary of \$50,000 a year. Queen Isabella has a husband, who does not live on the Rue Roi de Rome, but on the Champs Elysées. I used to see him pottering about under the trees of the avenue, a dapper little man, that I was wont to fancy a teacher of dance-music until I learned that he was an illustrious prince and King Consort of Spain. Spain pays him \$60,000 a year. Not long since the grandmother of the King, Queen Christina, who spent her last years in a

palace on the Champs Elysées, was gathered to her fathers, and now is at peace in the Escorial. While this estimable princess lived — and she lived to an advanced age—Spain valued her services at \$50,000 a year. If you ask me what special services these princes and princesses have rendered to Spain, that out of her impoverished treasury, she should pay them annually \$1,900,000, I am afraid I can give you no better answer than the barber in Beaumarchais' "Figaro," who, when he asks what the noble lord had done to enjoy so many blessings, could only respond, "*Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître*"—(they have taken the trouble to be born.)

In addition to this, you find charges for pensions and payments which even as rich a country as England quarters on her civil list. You find one item of \$80,000 for repairing that gloomy monastery of the Escorial, that the ashes of the kings may have a roof over their tombs. Then we come to the Church. More than \$8,500,000 annually are given to the Church. About one-half of this money is paid to clergymen direct. The sanctuary and house of St. Theresa, in Avila, requires \$4,500, while, as an offering to St. Jago, the patron saint of Spain, \$2,460 is paid. What St. Jago does with this money is not apparent, but it was voted and paid. For repairing bishops' palaces, supporting institutions of priestly learning, and other clerical wants, large sums are given. Yet, in Spain, the Church is richer than in any other country in the world. Every church is a treasure-house of gold and silver and gems, notwithstanding what the French carried away. There is a constant demand for money in all private ways—subscriptions, alms, collections, special lotteries, revenues from indulgences, bull-fights, masquerades—always money, money—in addition to the vast sum voted by the State. Justice in Spain, as far as I can make it

out, costs a little less than \$2,000,000 a year; public instruction about the same. The Church, notwithstanding its large private revenues, demands and receives more than twice as much as both departments combined.

Then the army! Spain is a peaceful nation, so far as the outer world is concerned. She has had to fight none but Spaniards, and each of those wars may be attributed directly to some vice in her form of government. With fields to cultivate — fair and rich fields, none richer on this teeming globe — with mines to work, mines which would add incalculable wealth to her people — with resources surpassing those of any nation in Europe, one would think that the wisest thing that Alfonso could say to his subjects would be, “Stay at home, plough, sow, reap, dig, search out the mines that were the glory of ancient Tarshish and the envy of Carthage and Rome; make the earth give its fruits and the caverns of the earth their treasures; cover those blooming Andalusian hills with the olive, the orange, the pomegranate, and the vine; bring the corn again to the desolate plains of Estramadura; let Catalonia be another Lancashire; cover these stripped hills with trees, and make my Spain as God created it — a fair, blooming, rich, and beautiful land.” But, no — the King must have an army and a navy! If there were real war in Europe, calling for Spain to take part, how long could her army withstand the armies of France or Germany? How long could her navy exist under the guns of England? But in this age of blood and iron armies and navies are the fashion, and Spain follows at a full run. For her army she pays in round numbers \$23,976,000 per annum, and for her navy about \$6,000,000 a year. And yet she cannot pay her debts, and the country complains of poverty, and the richest fields in Europe are abandoned to the woodcock and the rabbit, and she must nurse the pernicious system

of lotteries, to the enervation and degradation of her people.

I am not writing this in any spirit of reproach to Spain. God forbid. There is much to admire in Spain, and opportunities for a glorious future, even more glorious than the past, which was, as we now see it, a false prosperity, flashing and feverish while it lasted. God forbid that an American should reproach any other people for their shortcomings. Until the mote of slavery is well out of his own eye, let him not be too curious about the eyes of his neighbors. But in seeking out the causes of present discontent in Spain, the unsettled state of affairs — ministries living from hand to mouth — a king tolerated, not accepted, uneasiness here, there, and all over the land, we go first to the finances. As sovereigns go, there is no one more attractive or more promising than Alfonso XII. But he is only a boy, a nominal king ruling by the will of one man — Antonio Canovas del Castillo. Why should Spain pay him and his family nearly two millions of dollars a year? Well, royalty is a sentiment, grateful to Spanish pride, and it ennobles a nation to have one supreme source of majesty and power, and to feel that he came from a long line of ancestors. But why not transfer this sentiment to something less expensive? Why not make a king of gold or silver or bronze, and wind it up like a clock, and carry it around on holy days, as the priests do statues and candles on Easter and Corpus Christi? People are devout enough to kneel to an imaged Virgin. Why should they not in time become loyal enough to uncap to an imaged king? Such an image rules over Spain and other countries. A king like Charles the Emperor or Philip II., one can comprehend. He was king, lord, master, his own cabinet and Cortes, and all the land was his; likewise the treasure and the lives of those who tilled the land and amassed the

treasure. But those days have gone, and why should the kings not go with them? You can never have in Spain any sovereign but one in name. Why for that name pay \$10,000,000 a year? A king of metal, even if silver with a gold crown on the head, would cost less money, would be as loyally accepted by the people, and have as much power in governing Spain as its present sovereign.

Spain is rich in picturesque mendicants — richer even than Ireland, where the beggar is less fitted to the brush of the artist, though graceful enough in his dirt, squalor, and rags. A Spanish beggar whines, rolling out prayers and ejaculations, the majestic word *Dios* coming to the front in a superb way. More loathsome creatures than some of them it is scarcely possible to conceive; while any deformity, any ulcer, any chastisement which it has pleased *Dios* to bestow upon them, is used as a talisman and a trademark, paraded and exhibited until one sickens, as the bleared, palsied, and reeking army of martyrs stand as if on parade. It is worthy of remark that a large number of Spanish mendicants are blind. It is alleged that the reflection of the sun from the plains of the white sand brings on loss of vision. These unfortunate beings crowd round every church door, at the corner of every street, and literally besiege people who ride in carriages. To miss a carriage along the road is to lose a meal — to starve — since it is to the charity of travellers that the beggars owe their ghastly existence — a charity which stands between them and death from hunger.

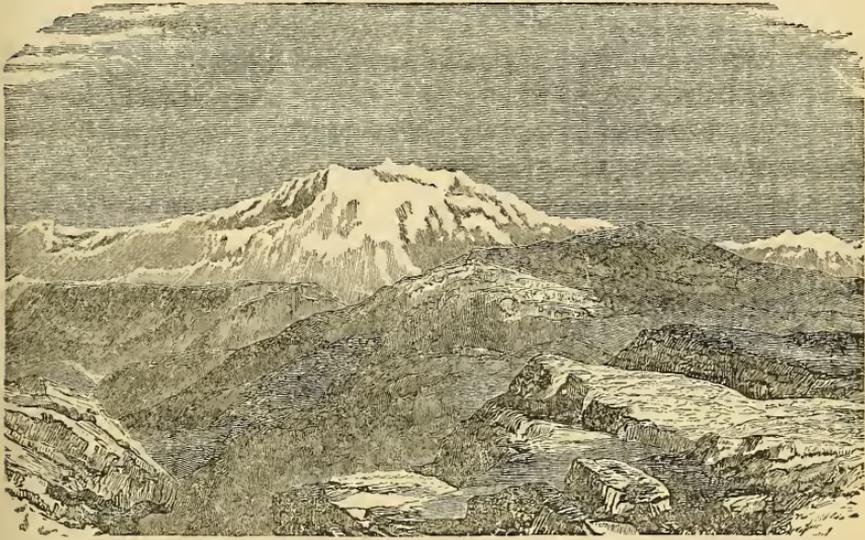
CHAPTER XXIV.

A VISIT TO THE ESCURIAL — A DREARY ROAD — HISTORY OF THE PLACE — IN THE ROYAL APARTMENTS — THE LIBRARY — A GLOOMY PLACE — THE COURT OF THE KINGS — THE ESCURIAL CHURCH — THE SANCTUARY OF RELICS — THE TOMB OF THE KINGS — THE GRANDEUR OF THE CHURCH — MERCEDES, BRIDE AND QUEEN — THE GRAND, GLOOMY HOME AND GRAVE OF PHILIP II.

A visit to Spain without seeing the Escorial would certainly be incomplete. Regarding it thus, General Grant resolved to pay it a visit. The road from Madrid to the Escorial is somewhat dreary and desolate. It is described as follows:—Rocks rise above rocks in broken, fissured masses over a barren, stony plain. Stones, mountains of stones, break and fall in the most fantastic, gloomy shapes. In all directions they rise and sweep and fall, and you seem to be tugging through a world of desolation — a world of silence and death. Rocks, granite rocks, ridge heaped on ridge, corrugated, flowing irregular, stern. Deep fissures show now and then a shapeless shrub, craving the dew and the sunshine, striving to justify its forlorn existence. No life, no sign of life, no beast, or bird, or buzzing insect — only the rocks that tumble over the horizon — only the rocks and a cold wind that blows from the snow-wreathed hills. Suddenly there is a vast gray building, with a high dome and turrets — a prodigious building that frowns upon you, as it were, it is so cold and vast.

There, in its vastness and grandness, its solitude and loneliness, stands the Escorial. It seems, he continues,

to leap out of the desolation and array itself against the range of cruel towering crags which hover over it—a child of the nature which surrounds it, an epitome of the wild, harsh, lonely land through which we have been tugging—a gigantic hill, severe, without beauty or majesty, with strength and purpose.



THE MOUNTAINS THROUGH WHICH THE ROAD TO THE ESCURIAL LIES.

The Escorial was built by Philip II., of Spain, and is, indeed, one of the most striking and wonderful monuments of the world. It was originally intended for a convent and a palace, but more especially as a convent. The first stone of the structure was laid on April 23, 1563, and on September 13, 1584, the building was completed. The last stone placed in the building is marked by a cross, and is always pointed out to visitors by their guides. Its subsequent history is thus graphically given. The King came to live here in 1584, as soon as the building was habitable, and here he lived until his death in 1598. The site of the palace is 2,700 feet above the sea-level, and its form is a rectangular parallelogram—seven hundred and

forty-four feet from the north to the south and five hundred and eighty from east to west. There are courts and windows, with turrets. A tradition has grown up that these are made to represent the gridiron on which St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom—that, if you were to go up in a balloon and look down on the Escorial, it would resemble a huge gridiron, with the feet turned upward. I would rather believe this story than not, for there is something charming in the idea of a great king taking a gridiron as an emblem of architectural beauty, and building therefrom one of the most wonderful monuments in the world. There was so much of the gridiron in the character of this lamented sovereign—the desire to roast people for the glory of God and the grandeur of Spain—that one hates to abandon the fable, and I rather fancy that tradition is right, and that, whether the King intended it or not, his nature asserted itself, and we have a gridiron after all. A statue as you enter is that of St. Lawrence, for whom this convent is named and in whose honor it was built. The saint has a gridiron in his hand as a token of his martyrdom. The steel knob that opens the door of the church is in the form of a gridiron. In one of the rooms which we shall soon see is a picture of the martyrdom of the saint, by Titian—a tremendous picture, full of gloom and power; one of the few martyrdoms which attract and do not repel, so great is the genius of the artist. You observe, therefore, that the gridiron has much to do with the Escorial. In 1557, in the earliest days of the King's reign—before his father had died, in fact—although he was among the monks in Estramadura, Philip fought the French at St. Quentin. The battle going badly with him, he called on St. Lawrence. This saint was a Spaniard, born in the Aragon country, near the Pyrenees, and was broiled on a gridiron over a slow fire by one of the Roman emperors in 261.

So Philip called to Lawrence, and vowed that if he were only made free of the French or strengthened to defeat them he would build a monument to the saint so vast that the world would ever hold it in awe. So the saint took a hand in the fight and destroyed the French, and Philip could have taken Paris had he been so minded. But out of this came the Escorial and the tradition of the gridiron. I do not see how one can resist the story. It is the whim of a king, and what should we hold more in reverence than the whims of kings? So were the Pyramids—the only monument that reminds you of the Escorial. It was the whim of Frederick's father to have tall soldiers, of Louis XVI. to file locks, of George IV. to work over the buttons and trousers of his soldiers. Let us reverence the whims of the kings! How much more of a king, this Philip, to put away soldiers and locks and trousers, and, rising to the dignity of his gridiron, make it the emblem of beauty—make it, even as you now see it, a monument of the superstition, the tyranny, the grandeur and the gloomy pride of an age when the cloister swayed his sceptre and his sceptre ruled the world! We are told, and I repeat the information as a mathematical fact, that the building covers a half a million square feet; that there are eighty-eight fountains, fifteen cloisters, eighty-six staircases, sixteen court-yards, and three thousand feet of fresco.

The party visiting the building at this time consisted of General and Mrs. Grant, James Russell Lowell, our Minister, and his wife; Colonel Noeli, the Spanish soldier and gentleman-in-waiting on the General, and Mr. Young.

A visitor describes the visit to the Escorial in the following words:—You come to the Escorial station, and descend. We come under the shadow of the monastery, and walk over a stony esplanade to the gate. A courteous officer of the royal household awaits us, and attendants in a

portentous royal livery—grave, elderly men, with staves—greet us as we enter. The door clangs back, and we are in a wide, square court-yard of stone. Walls, window-facings, arches, eaves, pavements, columns, cloistered ways, all stone. As the door closes and we tramp along over the resounding slabs, we feel that the world has closed behind us; that we have left the nineteenth century and its follies behind us, and are now back in the seventeenth century, when Spain ruled the world; when heretics were burned; when saints blessed this goodly land; when we had for our master a sovereign worthy of the name, who hated Jews and Moors and Englishmen—who lived a king and died the most devout and penitent of sinners.

We were escorted into the royal apartments, for kings have lived here, although not as in Philip's day. What we see are a series of rooms, rooms running into rooms, plainly furnished, with some exceptions. The tapestry is worth studying, and perhaps we should study it, but General Grant, who has no eye for tapestry, would be quite as well pleased with wall-paper, and pushes on to the windows, where he can see something growing, and beyond which you may not only see the rocky hills, but a garden that has been ravaged from the rocks. As you look from the window, up against the hill, you are shown a recess—two or three rocks formed like a chair—where Philip was wont to sit and brood over his gridiron as it grew into shape. We are reminded that it would be well worth climbing up the hill and sitting in Philip's seat. But the way is long and the ascent is rough, and a cold wind is blowing, and one can see as much of the Escorial as he wants without encountering pneumonia. The tapestry represents pictures of Goya and Teniers, and goes back to the time of Charles III. and Charles IV. Charles III. was almost good enough, as king, to have been a President

of the United States, and he is, perhaps, the only one since Charles V. who could have stood the tests of a candidature, and he did many things to improve Spain, to restore her palaces, and add to her prosperity. The only rooms that rise to royal value are a suite of four chambers in a corner, which were occupied by Isabella. I do not think there are four more beautiful rooms in the world. The walls are inlaid with rare woods; the floors, the window-sills, every portion, has been as carefully decorated as though they had been the masterpieces of Cellini. There was a table, on which Isabella was wont to write her letters and proclamations, a gem of decoration, as perfect as a picture. The whole is in exquisite taste, and shows lavish expense and extreme care in workmanship. The cost of the rooms alone is set down at \$1,400,000. I did not learn under which king this was done, but presume it was Charles IV. Philip never spent so much money on wood-carving. He kept it for relics and stone.

We were then taken to the library. A polite attendant escorted us into the room, which looked warm and cosy, really the only living room in the Escorial. There were pictures — Philip with his snake eyes, Charles with his drooling, drooping jowl; Charles I. in armor, and one of the third Philip, almost as great a fool as Charles II., with a weak but human face. The floors of this library are marble, and the walls are gayly colored, and you observe that the edges of the books are turned towards you, and not the backs. There seemed to be no reason for this, but it had always been the custom in the Escorial. You observed, however, that the names of the books were printed on the edges in light letters, and so for all useful purposes the books are as accessible as if the backs were towards you. The library has shifted backward and forward, and during one of the shiftings, when the later Fer-

dinand was king, about ten thousand volumes were lost. What became of them no one knows. It is not polite to ask questions of a king. It must have been a rare library in its day, especially in works of chivalry and theology. I ran along some of the shelves, as our party was pattering about the room, but they seemed mostly works of fathers' and commentaries on the faith. We were shown some prayer-books and missals—the real book from which Philip sang and prayed—well thumbed, and the prayer-books of others of the family. There were also some Arabic manuscripts, said to be of great value, but not attractive to any of our party.

We strolled about the corridors and looked at some curious wall paintings in a room where the guards assembled to wait on majesty and protect it. These were curious frescoes, showing the Moors at war with the Christians. They are not in the best preservation. Frenchmen have been here—so the guides assert—and the palace has been neglected; and rain and damp, and the fearful storms that sometimes come down from the mountains, have affected them. As types of mediæval civilization, of war as it was before America was discovered, these frescoes are valuable. The painter was sincere, and never gave the Moor a chance at the Christian, but made his work an encouragement to faithful Christians. There were other battle-pieces—Lepanto and San Quentin, where St. Lawrence came down with his gridiron and whipped the French—leading, among other consequences, to this convent. As we stroll through the corridors, and hear our guides humming over their narratives—having our own thoughts, and feeling, at times, as if we would like to murder the guides for intruding upon them—as we walk through these stern cloisters, and look out into the court-yards at fountains which do not play, and trace the magnitude and useless-

ness of this stupendous pile, we hear the voices of children — of lads scampering and at play. They come upon you with a peculiar import, these laughing, joyous sounds ringing through these vaulted corridors. Why should they disturb the well-earned gloom which rests on the ashes of Philip? But alas for the decadence of the age! We learn that here, even in the Escorial, a school has been opened, and that the boys have broken from their lessons and are at play. So sad are the inroads of this iconoclastic age, when even the schoolmaster invades the Escorial.

In its days of glory the Escorial was the home of monks. We are shown the cells, their refectory, where they prayed and washed and waited for dinner. The monks have vanished, although the few priests who remain might have served. One priest showed us his quarters, which were cosy and pleasant, with a good outlook upon the gardens and the rocks, so that the holy man might turn his thoughts to nature when he wearied over the Psalms. There was not much hardship in the cells, if all were as pleasant as this, although early prayers in the chapter-house must have been a test of piety. We pass along other corridors towards the church. If you visit these cloisters, you will see how severe and plain they are. There is no Gothic waggishness, no grotesque carvings, no semblance of fruits and flowers to divert the worshipper from his books. All is stone — heavy, well-clamped, arched stone, with a few lines at the top of the columns — plain, straight lines — no more. No imagination, no poetry, no harmony — simple strength. The builder had no time to waste on the beautiful. One idea pervaded the whole design — the idea of stern, remorseless strength. I can think of nothing more wearisome in time, than life in these sombre, pitiless walls, through which you wander and wander until there

would seem to be no end. How grateful it is to hear the shouts of the children at play!

This court-yard, over which we are passing, is the court of the kings. It leads to the church, which is surmounted by four of the kings of Judah. I have forgotten their names, but remember Melchizedek and Solomon. These statues are seventeen feet high, cut out of granite, the heads and hands of marble, the crowns of bronze. There is nothing striking about them, except their size. In fact, you are not allowed to escape from the impression that came upon you as you were toiling along the railway over the stone bridges. It is all stone — cold, sombre, and oppressive. It breathes the spirit of Philip, and falls upon you like a burden. But we have reached the church; let us enter.

We open a door, the handle of which is of steel, shaped like a gridiron, and we pause a moment to note how well the workman did that bit of work. But for that matter and this, let it be said, in passing, all the work in the Escorial has been well done—well hammered, well paved, well joined. It seems as if the workmen had only left it; and yet for one hundred and eighty years the storms have beaten on these walls. But the eye of the master was upon the workmen, and whoever labored under that eye did honest work. We open a door and come into the church, the heart of the Escorial, from which the building draws its life. There is not much in the church, and the impression at first is one of disappointment. We have heard so much of it—and is this all? We pass into the enclosure, and see only space. A few worshippers are kneeling on the stone floor. We hear the voices of priests chanting their offices. The bell tinkles, and we know that the mass is saying—a late mass at a side altar for tardy Christians. In a few minutes the priest passes us, carrying the sacred

vessels in his hand, a couple of boys in surplices tugging after. The priest has his eyes partly shut, and mutters a prayer. A group of assisting priests follow, also muttering prayers. The mass is over, and they are hurrying to breakfast. The congregation, not more than a dozen, dissolves, one or two of them as they pass stopping to know if any of us would, for the sake of God and the Virgin and the saints, give them alms. All of this as we wander into the church and try to work out the problem of its beauty. It is vast enough—in fact, the impression is of space. There seems room to have done so much more. We are told by our guide that these aisles are three hundred and twenty feet long, two hundred and thirty feet wide, and three hundred and twenty high, and that there are three of them. But the mind has become so accustomed to other things in the way of churches, to the Gothic magnificence of Burgos and Seville and Toledo, to the marvellous sweep of St. Paul's; we are so familiar with Italian and other schools, to the high, vaulted arch and the groined columns, that something seems wanting. So, as we are bidden, we go up to the grand altar and study that. Note those broad marble steps that you are ascending. That screen, which is nearly a hundred feet high, was the work of an Italian, who gave seven years to its fulfilment. There are columns of jasper and bronze, medallions and statues. The bronze tabernacle that was once a wonder of the world has gone, and what we see is wood. Some French soldiers came here, and they were very much in the position of Bismarck when before Paris—they wanted money. Bismarck got his money out of the authorities, but the Frenchmen had only their axes. So they hammered at the bronze tabernacle, supposing it to be silver, and now only the fragments remain. It is a pity some one did not tell

the Frenchmen that they were hammering down bronze. We might have the tabernacle to-day.

Somehow the church is not what we expected. It is only space. We note as we are standing on the altar step that above us, on the right and the left, are two groups of statues, effigies in bronze and gilt, which look so precious that we wonder the Frenchmen did not try their hammers upon them. On the left side, looking towards the altar, kneeling, with hands clasped in prayer and eyes fixed on the crucifix, is Charles V. His wife, daughter, and two sisters kneel with him. Opposite is Philip II., also kneeling, his hands clasped in prayer. Philip has three of his wives with him and one of his children, the unhappy Don Carlos. One wife is missing — Mary of England. After the Armada and the strange lapses that England was then making from the holy faith, I presume Mary was not worthy, even though she had been the spouse of so mighty a king, to be admitted into these holy precincts. This is the nearest approach that the makers of the Escorial permitted in the way of human pride. I suppose it is hardly fair to call it pride, for certainly there is a moral in these effigies, a moral to all who worship — that no king is so mighty but that he must kneel before God; kneel and plead for his soul like the meanest beggar who sprawls on the clay.

You will remember that this gracious King, who now rests with God, and whose bones are now mouldering in the vaults beneath our feet, had a passion for relics. The bone of a saint delighted him more than the capture of a citadel, and he felt more joy over the possession of a remnant of the cross than over the victory of Lepanto. Kings must have their whims, and after building this church to the glory of St. Lawrence and his gridiron, Philip resolved to have a museum of the most precious relics in the world. In those days the way to royal favor was the bone of a

saint, and Spaniards who wished to rise in Philip's grace possessed themselves with holy things. The relic closet was shown us, and many were the objects of interest. But it is not what Philip left. The French were here, wanting money like Bismarck before Paris, and nothing was available but Philip's relic collection and enriched by his pious successors. To show his respect for the relics, Philip encased them in gold and silver. If he had sheathed them in lead or iron they would have lost none of their value as mementoes; but only gold and silver would do. And so when the French treasure-seekers came with their axes the irresistible logic of events took them into this relic closet. No one knows what havoc they made. There were a hundred sacred vessels in gold and silver. All were taken. There was a special statue of the Virgin in silver — an object precious to the faithful; but it was precious to the French because of the silver and the gems. It was melted into ingots, and the gems found a place on profane bosoms. Mournful, too, was the fate of the statue of St. Lawrence — a full-length figure, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds — of pure silver. The hand of the image held one of the real bars of the gridiron on which the saint suffered. This bar was set in gold. All have vanished, all but the iron. Silver and gold went into the melting-pots, the iron was saved by some miracle and still remains at the Escorial, a comfort to believers. It is said that fourteen wagons were required to carry off relic plunder to Madrid. It was sad enough to lose all this gold and silver, but the relics lost their value. The bones became mixed, for the rapacious French, intent only on the gold and silver and gems, gave no heed to the holy remnants. So, when the heart-broken priests came to their own again, nothing remained but the bones, all heaped and strewn. Some were saved — among them the precious bar

of the gridiron, which, once it had shed its gold casings, was of no value to French eyes. As a collection of relics the treasure of Philip was no more, and the sense of the loss still remains in the Escorial. All of which should be taken as a lesson, that when you have a relic, keep it free from the dross of the money-craving world. Philip lost his relics because he debased them with silver and gold.

The Escorial is something more than a palace. It is a school, a church, and a tomb. When Charles V. was about to leave his throne, he charged his son to build a royal tomb worthy of the kings of Spain. So Philip combined two vows, one to his father and the other to St. Lawrence of the Gridiron, and the result is the Escorial. Under the church — directly under the altar, so that when the priest raises the host, at the moment of elevation, he stands immediately over the sepulchre — this tomb was built. Our way down was over smooth steps of marble and jasper, so smooth that we were warned to walk warily. The room is dark, and the attendants carry tapers, which throw a glimmering light. It was Philip's idea to have the tomb severely plain, in keeping with the Escorial, but his son added marbles and bronzes and other decorations, and you note that the room is one of splendor. It is an octagon, thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight feet high. There is a chandelier, bronze angels, a large crucifix, quite life-size, and an altar before which a lamp burns. The monarchs rest in shelves, four shelves in a row one over the other, each range separated from the other by double columns in bass-relief, with Corinthian caps. The decorations are elaborate, out of keeping with the Escorial, and not seemly in a tomb. There were twenty-six compartments, all of them filled with coffins, but many of the coffins wanting in occupants. The coffins are ready, and if the monarchy lasts there are enough for generations of kings

unborn. Kings and queens reigning and the mothers of reigning sovereigns alone are admitted. The coffins are of black marble, with spaces hollowed out for the shells of the dead sovereigns. The first is Charles V. His name is engraved on his coffin in plain Roman letters. He rests in the top compartment, on the left of the crucifix. The queens are ranged in order on the left. Here repose the ashes of all the Spanish sovereigns since Charles, with the exception of Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. They preferred to sleep elsewhere, not caring to have the company, even in death, of the Austrian sovereigns. The remains are not brought here until some years after decease. They are kept in another part of the Escorial known as the place of putrefaction. In this place, which we passed as we came down, are the remains of Don Carlos, of whom Schiller wrote; Don John of Austria, who was famous in his day, and the Duke of Vendôme, whose name is given to the Napoleon square in Paris. Within the present year two have died, whose place will be in this Pantheon — Christina, queen of Ferdinand VII., grandmother of the King, and grandmother, too, of the hapless young Mercedes, queen of Alfonso, who sleeps up-stairs in peace after a brief honeymoon. During the Republic a commission opened the coffin of Charles V. The body had been dead for over three centuries, but it was so well preserved that even in its decay you could trace the features which the pencil of Titian has made immortal. This coffin had been opened once before, nearly a hundred years after death. Philip IV. was prompted to hold ghastly intercourse with his great ancestor. He found the body well preserved — so I found the story in print — and, after looking for some time, turned to his courtiers, “Don Luis, a great man?” “Yes, my lord, very great.” It was here that Charles II. came after he lost his fair young queen. He looked at her fixed

and fading form, and rushed out in tears, exclaiming, "She is gone, and I shall soon be with her." Very soon he was brought down the marble and jasper steps, and idle sight-seers tap his coffin with a cane, the very coffin where he has slept for a hundred and eighty years. Not long since, says one of our attendants, a Spaniard came in and knelt at the altar, asking to be alone a little while that he might pray for the repose of the illustrious dead about him. In a few minutes the attendants returned, and found that he had shot himself with a pistol. He had a mad fancy to die in royal society.

We are glad enough to see sunshine and to leave the tomb, even although it were not unprofitable to linger and meditate upon the lessons of human vanity which are nowhere so sternly taught as in the Escorial. Some practical soul proposes breakfast, and that done, some one of the party, not quite so practical, proposes that we return, and wander through the church and look at the relics. As a special honor to the General, we are to be shown a fragment of the true cross, and the gridiron-bar which was miraculously saved from the French. But the General has seen enough of the Escorial, and prefers to walk under the trees, and see things grow, and smoke his cigar. His mind is not receptive as to relics, and he is willing to take them for granted, especially the true cross, which he has seen in various European places. So he wanders down the road, and we return to the convent. A young priest with an ascetic face, such a one as you see on some canvases of Raphael, attends us, and we are led once more into the depository of the most sacred emblems of the Catholic faith.

I suspect it was the cigar and the inviting sunshine, and the desire to stroll along the street of Escorial village, that deprived the General of the only chance he will ever have of seeing these holy treasures. Our young priest led us to

them with reverence. To him, whatever they may have been to us, they were the embodiments of his faith. When he looked at them he bent his head in adoration. When he took them in his hands it was to press them reverently to his lips, as a son might revere the form of a dead parent. He believed it all in complete humility, and it was beautiful, coming as we did out of the icy, cynical world, our minds filled with Eastern questions and Spanish politics, and tavern charges and Tammany Hall elections — it was beautiful to see the loyal acceptance our friend gave to his treasures. This little glass tube, for instance; it might be a vial from the pharmacy, with drops, but it contains a fragment of the purple robe that was thrown over our Saviour. You can see that the robe retains its color, although there is not enough to cover a button on your waistcoat. That fragment, no larger than the tip of your little finger, is a fragment of the cross on which our blessed Lord was nailed, and this that you can dimly see through the darkened glass is one of the thorns that pierced His gracious brows. This bone, which, if you smell, gives out a fragrance like musk or incense, was a bone of some saint — Lawrence, if I remember; while the faded altar-cloth covered with glass was used by Becket when he served the mass in Canterbury. There are iron weapons which were used in early days to torture the Christians, and more interesting than all are some manuscripts of St. Teresa — “Theresa of Jesus,” as she signs herself. St. Teresa has always been a favorite saint. The motive of her life was so beautiful — self-denial, self-sacrifice, doing her work in humble ways, without pretence, without ambition. Your saints who did extravagant things are very good in their way, and God forbid that I, a mere sinner, wandering in dark and wicked ways, should dare to criticise those whom a church has deemed holy. If St. Denis carried his head

under his arm, and St. Ignatius made religion a battle and lived in constant war with his enemies, it was their way of devotion. St. Teresa lived her life for the good she could do—like the field flower that blooms under the rock, blooms from the felicity of blooming, and after doing its part fades into the darkness and the dew. If I ever build a church, it will be to St. Teresa. Building churches, however, is a thing which many a well-meaning person means to do some day without ever doing it, like joining the Masons, or owning a yacht, or subscribing for the *North American Review*, or becoming a reform candidate for Congress. So I give St. Teresa my benediction, and thanking the priest for opening his treasures, we wander out into the corridors.

There are pictures to be seen, although the best of them are down at the Madrid Museum. I remember the "Last Supper" of Titian, among the greatest of his works. Last Suppers have never been a satisfactory theme in art. You might call them anything. The motive does not appear. I can understand how Titian's men might have been apostles, fishers of men, saviours of men; I can understand that the man Jesus looked even so when He was with us. So much strength, so much purity, so much resignation—the painter with his brush telling the story of man's redemption. The scene is the moment when Christ announces His betrayal and His departure. John leans on the table in an agony of grief, while Jesus, with loving touch, rests one hand on his shoulder. The other hand rests on the table, the fingers extended in the act of conversation. The hand tells the story, and as a study of hands alone—of expression as found in the hand—this picture is a marvel. Note, for instance, the group at the extreme left of the picture. A Jew—some follower or friend of the apostles—comes in hastily and whispers his

message. The grief, the horror of the message, are expressed in the hands, one of which falls on the breast in despair, while the other inadvertently clutches a fragment of bread on the table, as though it would dare Fate. Sorrow, grief, anger, fear, even remorse, are written on the varying faces, while over all the holy presence falls like a benediction, and you can almost hear the words of hope and resignation from Divine lips. How well this work is done! How the colors glow, as though they had been painted only yesterday! And yet three centuries have passed since they were flushed on the canvas. There is a Jacob and his children, from Velasquez, which shows the character, but not the strength, of that great master. Even as a gallery of art the Escorial would be worth studying, were it not that all galleries in Spain are thrown into the shade by the unrivalled collection in the museum at Madrid.

But the church! Somehow it disappoints us; and yet we delight to stroll about it; and it grows, and in time the idea of the builder, the idea of space, simple space, becomes impressive. You have something of the feeling with which St. Peter's impresses you — disappointment at first, and in the end awe. The Escorial church does not compare with St. Peter's in magnitude or in splendor of conception. But it is a noble thought, and grows upon you more and more. The mind is not carried away by decorations and perplexities of moulding and stone carving, as in some of the modern churches. You miss the majesty of the Gothic art, in which every line seems an aspiration for a better life, and where the devotion of generations finds expression in stone. But the simplicity of it, the repose, the subordination of everything to the idea of worship, make the church of the Escorial memorable among religious monuments. We went up into the choir, where the monks sat

in monkish days and chanted their prayers. There were the rows of seats, in hard wood, plainly carved, well worn and tawny with generations of devotees. In the corner was the seat of Philip. The King came with his monks and said his prayers. Here he sat chanting his *misereres*, like a cowed friar. You sit in the royal seat, and look out upon the vast space, and trace the decorations of the altar, and think of the gaudy tomb, where rests so much greatness and ambition, and try to comprehend this Escorial, which falls upon you with a sense of oppression, it is so gloomy and sombre and strange, and to trace out the mind of the unhappy tyrant who vainly sought refuge from himself. All have vanished—the monks with their cowls, the king with his crown, the armies he commanded, the princes who feared him, the majesty that was omnipotent—all have vanished. The church remains, and priests still recite their offices, and pray that the glory of Philip's days may return to Spain. His sceptre and his crown remain; but, alas! under what conditions. They are but shadows of what he left behind him, and so fickle is the world that any moment a storm may come, and even the shadows will depart.

Here for a moment let us pause at an altar, before which lamps are burning, overladen with flowers and immortelles and beads and every form of decoration. This is the resting-place of the young Queen Mercedes—her temporary resting-place before she is gathered into the Pantheon to sleep with her ancestors. In January she was a bride, in June she was a corpse—all in this year. Spain is in mourning for her. She was so young, so beautiful, such a winning little thing. In January she was married in San Autocha, Montpensier leading her to the altar, and never was such a pageant known in Spain. The King, so young, bounding with freshness and ambition; the Queen, all grace, beauty, kindness. Surely no monarchy ever set out

under happier auspices. The King a Spaniard, the Queen a Spaniard — why not look forward to the longest and happiest of reigns? I was looking at a picture-book the other day — an annual almanac, with illustrations telling the events of the year — a Christmas publication which newsboys hawk around Madrid. There was one full page engraving of the marriage — the King and the Queen making their vows, the Archbishop pouring a plate of coin into the royal hands, lords in waiting sustaining the long train, attending priests following the service, and in the background the beauty, the grandeur, the nobility of Spain come to smile upon the nuptials. This was the 22d of January. A few pages on and there was another picture. It is a room in the royal palace. The body of the poor Queen is lying in state, her head in a nun's cap, in her hand a cross. Huge torches surround the bier. Men at arms are on guard. In front is a crucifix, life-size; lords in waiting, in full apparel, attend Her Majesty — one of them, his face buried in his handkerchief, weeping. A barrier keeps off the streaming crowd coming to take farewell of the Queen. By the side is a standard bearing the arms of her house. This was on June 27, 1878. And this is the end of it all — a corner in the Escorial chapel, overladen with flowers and decorations, a priest kneeling at prayer, and a group of idle travellers who see this among other sights and pass on.

But before we say farewell to the Escorial, let us pay a visit to the home of the great King who founded it. We pass up a stairway and enter a small cell paved with brick. There is a larger room adjoining. In one of the cells Philip lived and died, in the other attendants awaited his will. A window of the cell opens into the church, and the King, as he lay on his pallet, could fix his eyes on the priest at mass, on the Sacred Host as it typified the act of expiation, on the kneeling statue of his father. This is

what it all came to — this ruler of many continents — nothing but this dingy cell, into which no light comes, an old man, in agony and fear and self-reproach, dreading, wondering, trembling, over the brink of his fate, hoping that prayer and song and sorrow and priestly intercessions may save his soul. The rooms are as Philip left them, if we except the necessary cleaning and scrubbing. There is a faded tapestry on the wall, in which you trace the royal arms of Austria — his father's arms. There is a monk's chair on which Philip sat to receive ambassadors and ministers; two plain, stuffed, wooden chairs, where they could sit in his royal presence if he so willed. The floors are of plain brick, trampled and worn. Here was the end of his royalty and pomp. Here he died in misery, and with him the greatness of Spain, if it can be called greatness, which I much question. Philip was the last of the Spanish kings. In him was embodied all that went to make a king — divine right, absolute power, indifference to human suffering, fanaticism, bigotry, subserviency to the darkest forms of mediæval superstition. He was the last of the kings, and it seems poetic in its justice that he should die as he did — that he should leave behind him this stupendous trophy of his character and his name. Grateful is the sunshine, grateful the growing elms under which we walk back to our stopping-place. It is like coming out of the seventeenth into the nineteenth century. And as the train tugs back to Madrid — and we cast a last look at the Escorial through the gray, deepening shadows of the coming night — the wonder that we have felt at a work so unique and stupendous gives place to gratitude that the age which made it possible has passed away — that the power which it embodied has gone into the depths, with the crimes and follies of antecedent generations, and that its only value now is as the monument of a dreary, cruel, and degrading age.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENERAL GRANT AT TOLEDO—THE CITY OF THE ROMAN, THE GOTH, AND THE MOOR—MEDIÆVAL MEMORIES—MONUMENTS OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY—THE CATHEDRAL—HEBREW MEMORIES—THE TREASURES OF THE CATHEDRAL—FAREWELL TO TOLEDO—A VISIT TO PAU—A GRAND HUNTING-GROUND—A MEET ON A FROSTY DAY—THE FINISH—A SHORT HUNT—A HAPPY OCCASION.

During their sojourn in Spain, General Grant and his party visited Toledo. A correspondent thus describes the place and the visit:—Toledo is a graveyard, where are funeral monuments of all the civilizations of Spain. You walk through its streets with the melancholy interest which death inspires. All is so still and dead and hushed. Clinging to its rocky steep, looking out over the stripped hills of Castile, its turrets seen from afar, it seems to have been forgotten by the world, to be a decoration or a gem fastened to the world's bosom, and not a tangible, living part of earth. It is on the banks of a river whose waters might carry merchandise to the sea. It has an outlook upon a noble valley, and the view from its castle-turrets is one of the finest in Spain. It is the centre of a rich district. But Madrid on the one side, and Seville on the other, have drained the currents of its prosperity, and it lies stranded, interesting only because of the memorable events that have occurred within its walls. If you seek out its history, you must go back to the time of the Hebrews, and learn that, when the Jews were driven out of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, they came to Toledo. I do not vouch for this

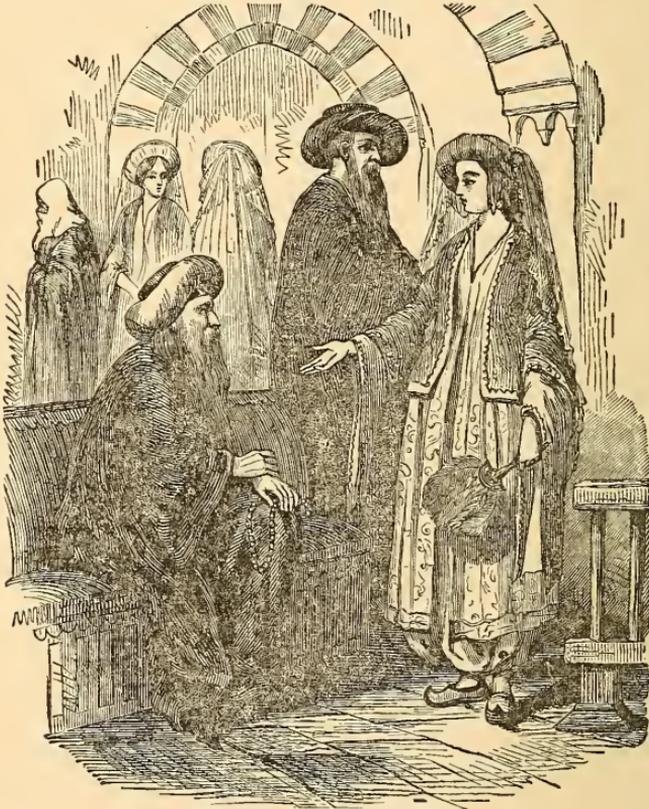
story. When old Nebuchadnezzar comes in there is always reason for debate. It is as well worth believing as any other. Toledo was in Tarshish. We know the Jews, when driven out by their granivorous conqueror, went anywhere; and no city in Spain, even now, has more Jewish remains than Toledo. My impression is that if the Jews had settled in Toledo and gone home again, it would have not been simply a legend, but the theme of psalms and prophecies, and orthodox churchmen at home would be singing how they sat by Tagus' stream and hung their harps on the trees and wept. It is easy to trace Jewish progress, because the Jews have had the ear of the civilized world, allowing us to forget nothing that could be preserved in prose or verse. We know that the Goths made Toledo their capital, probably their strongest city. The Moors never regarded it as more than a border city, an outpost. The seat of their empire was kept in Andalusia. They liked the orange-ripening sun. Toledo, high up on a mountain ascent, two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, was cold. Grenada was warmer and more preferable. But the Goths, coming from snow lands, found Toledo grateful, and here they planned their stronghold. When the Christians came they took Toledo. This was four centuries before Grenada fell. It was in its splendor the century before America was discovered. In the thirteenth century was built the great cathedral, and fresh from its sublime influence I can well understand the monks saying and the people believing that it so pleased the Virgin that she came down to see it, and brought with her to show them its glory various saintly friends, among them St. Peter and St. Paul.

If Charles V. had not been morbid in his later years, Madrid would never have come into being, and Toledo would now be the capital of Spain. But Charles had gout

or some such trouble, and craved a dry air, and so pitched upon Madrid, and ordered his capital to be there built. Then Madrid was the exact centre of Spain, and that gave a mathematical reason for the whim. In the early days, Madrid was simply an outpost; no one ever dreamed of living on a plain where nature now and then plays such heart-torturing pranks; where summers are too warm and winters too cold; and there is not a monumental stick or stone to recall Spain's pious mediæval past. Toledo had every tie — wealth, population, loyalty, a society in high culture, and a ripe and memorable past. But the royal nerves were tender, and so Madrid was conceived and Toledo was doomed. All that remains of her is the past, and you enter her gates with reverent and mournful steps, as you would enter the gates of a graveyard.

You climb up a winding road and pass under arches and over moats and through fortified walls and into the town. This is the road the old knights came, and you recall the pictures and the story-books — my lady watching from the battlements for her lord, and my lord coming, seen from afar, his casque decked with trophies of war, his sword at rest, and my lady waving a joyous, streaming, tearful welcome. For my lord has been out to fight the Moors, or he comes weary from the unavailing field of Roncesvalles, or, like a chivalrous knight, he may have been championing distress all over Spain, or perhaps he has been to the Holy Land. Many a knight has climbed this hill, and ridden proudly under this arch, for the days of chivalry were the days of Toledo's fame. Nor would it surprise me to see my old friend Don Quixote sallying forth with his Mambrino helmet, for Toledo was a place known to Cervantes, and these very walls that look down on us so blindly, have often beheld his wise, grave, royal brow. There are no carriages here. There is no traffic.

There are no voices in clatter and trade. The streets are so narrow that with outstretched hands you can touch the walls. It is consequently warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Then it was such a protection against the Moor, who found it difficult to make his way into the towns with narrow streets. It was so friendly to talk socially, to sit



THE JEWS OF TOLEDO.

at your window, or lean over your balcony and chat across the streets and up and down the streets, and be all, as it were, one pleasant family. And as for carriages—what knight or cavalier ever wanted a carriage? It was effeminate. In those days every gentleman rode on horseback, as your true gentleman should. And if you look at the

houses as you pass, you will note that the knockers are very high — so high that no footman could reach them without a ladder. This was for the convenience of the cavaliers, who could make their signals as they sat on horseback, and as the gates swung open, they rode in.

What repose, what quietude! What a tremendous row it would make to see a street fight, or a fire-engine at full run, or a shoal of ragged newsboys crying the *Toledo Herald*, with King Ferdinand's great victory over the Moors. Don't you remember that beautiful incident in Ferdinand's life? I do not know how true it is, but it ought to be true, which is about the same thing, talking of matters that happened so long ago. King Ferdinand went out to fight the Moors, and won a famous victory — the renowned battle of Toro — and Isabella, his wife, remained at home. To surprise her lord, and show what a good wife she was, and how she prayed for him, and thought about him as he was away slashing the infidels, she called her workmen and said, — "Build me a church, and let it be as beautiful as art can devise, and have it ready when my lord returns." And it was done, and this is the church in which we are now entering, General Grant and the civil authorities, and Mr. Reed, the Secretary of Legation, who has come down to Madrid for a holiday. This is the Church St. John of the Kings, and its chief attraction is the legend I have written, a legend told me in 1873 by my old friend Adolpho, so well known to Americans who have visited Spain, and who had as many stories and aphorisms as Sancho Panza. Adolpho has given up the dissemination of information to tourists, and is in the wholesale beer trade, and believes in an established government, and taxpayers going to the front, although when I knew him he was a republican, and I half suspected had been out on a barricade. The church

is a good specimen of what we might call overdone Gothic, odd to see, but not as edifying for prayer. The good Isabella found comfort here, as they show you her oratory, or kneeling-place, a niche in the wall, high up, where, with her maids of honor, she came and prayed. They show you the chains with which the Moors bound their Christian captives and martyrs. When the captives came home they hung up these chains as an offering to the Virgin, and here they have been hanging, for how long do you suppose? Why, ever since America was discovered. That seems to have happened so long ago, when looked at from Brooklyn bridge or the dome of the Capitol; but in gray, crumbling, venerable Toledo, where you step from a civilization two thousand years old to one a thousand as you cross the street, where the wall which you pass was the glory of a Gothic architect, and the stones over which you pick your way were laid by the Romans, such an event as the discovery of America is hardly old enough to be interesting. In Toledo it is only news, not history.

I presume the last work Toledo did was to fight the Moors. Then she paused, and, sitting placidly on her Castilian hills, she has rejoiced over that achievement ever since, and allowed the world to hurry past. This old person who carries the keys — how old he is! Somehow you feel that he must have been here in Isabella's time, and I am sure, if we were to fall into talk, he would ask me if I had met any Moors on the way, and whether their Catholic Majesties were holding their own in Grenada. This church is the newest thing in the place, and as a modern improvement — as an indication that Toledo holds her own, and real estate is looking up — the old man is very proud of it. You see what Toledo can do when she has a mind. Only how much more beautiful it might be if the French had not come and put it under contribution, and turned their

horses into it as a stable. Yes, they came, the ruffians, and hacked away some of the convent walls, and carried away much gold and silver. But, praise be to the Virgin, whose miraculous intercession never fails, the chains were saved, and there they hang. The gold can be replaced, but the chains never. They encompassed the limbs of saintly men, martyred for the faith, and have ever since been a comfort to believers. It is only by a miracle that they escaped the French, and the memory of their preservation brings tears to believing hearts, to whom St. John of the Kings would be nothing if these relics of mediæval martyrdom had been stolen. Is there anything in this revolving world as beautiful as faith?

But we want to see some antiquities — something old. Here, as we pass, is a monument to a saint, Eugenio by name, who was sent here as bishop just 1,813 years ago. This good Eugenio made an errand to France and was murdered. A thousand years later a French archbishop discovered his body, and brought the right arm to Spain. And the second Philip, to whom a relic was more than a battle, made interest with Charles IX. — Massacre of Bartholomew Charles — and the whole body was restored to Spain. These precious relics were also miraculously preserved from the French.

Or you may trace the remains of a Roman circus or coliseum, where, in imperial days, the gladiators fought. It will require some patience and fancy to realize the circus. More apparent is a church, which was the continuation of a Roman temple, and, having done its duty to the gods, is now the house of God. Here is a monument to St. Lacadia, patroness of Toledo, who died in faith 1,572 years ago. More than three centuries after her death she appeared to comfort a monk who had written a book in defence of the Virgin. She was wrapped in a mantle when she came —

an industrial fact in connection with the future life worth remembering. Her body was discovered in 1500, and Philip II., by the exercise of kingly power, had it brought to Toledo, and came, like a Christian king, to receive it in person. Here they rest—saved from the ravenous French.

Or pass on your way to the Jewish synagogue, a most interesting monument. Spain in those days was not kind to the Jews. They had teeth and they had money, and as



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Christian kings needed money, there was only one way for Jews to save their teeth. This synagogue is believed to be seven hundred years old, and although converted into a church, and afterwards—by Spaniards, not by French—turned into a barracks, there is enough left to show it was beautiful. There are the remains of another synagogue, even more pretentious, built by that good Hebrew, Samuel

Levi, who had so much money that Don Pedro tortured him and took his life, and devoted Levi's money to the dissemination of comfort in the household of his Catholic Majesty. What one admires about these old kings, and which makes you wish you could be a monarch or a monarchist of the twelfth or thirteenth century, was their frankness. There were no constitutions, no prime ministers, no diplomats to turn your purpose. They were kings by God's grace. God had given them the world to rule and enjoy. All that was belonged to them. And if any unbelieving Jew or Moor had diamonds or gold, it was their duty as Christian kings to see that this money was not applied to planting heresy or weakening faith; to see that it contributed to the glory of God, and especially of those divinely appointed men whom God had given the world as king. And as I walked through Samuel Levi's synagogue, and thought of the shifts and cark and care his money cost him, and how in the end he had to go to the rack, and have his joints wrenched, and die in agony, it seemed very hard. But it was the logic of the situation, for no true king who respected his faith and his office would be in want while a Jew was in reach and the crunching irons at hand.

How drowsy is the town. What repose! what peace! One might make this a lotus land, and if he could only be accustomed to garlic, dream the hours away. We shift through the narrow streets and pass into a side-enclosed yard. Before us is a cloister, over which vines are growing. A group of crooning women ask us to bestow something upon them, as we hope to have Jesus and Mary with us at the last day. How your true beggar always goes into partnership with the Supreme Being! We turn into a high Gothic doorway, and from the gloom, through which at first we cannot see, so strong is the light from without,

we hear priests chanting a vesper service. The gloom resolves itself into pillars and arches and vases, and around us are kneeling men and women, and capped priests shuffling to and fro. The incense burdens the air, and tinted lights come from the windows. This is the Cathedral of Toledo.

I never weary of a cathedral, and have often, in the fulness of gratitude, thanked the men who found the Gothic form the most suitable for the worship of God. I look back on the cathedrals I have seen as so many poems—Canterbury, York, Notre-Dame, Strasburg, Burgos, Seville, Cologne—each separate, distinct, sublime; but all inspired by the same holy thought. There is no one more beautiful than Toledo's. It is so simple, and yet so stately and magnificent. One could not help worshipping God here, for every line of architecture is instinct with worship. It was two hundred and sixty-six years between the laying of the first stone by St. Ferdinand and its completion. The year of its completion was the year when America was discovered. They say it was very rich before the French came and levied contributions upon its sacristy. But we have evidence that it is rich to-day. In the days of its glory the bishops of this church were soldiers, and you will learn at Gibraltar how archbishops of Toledo did not fear to go out with axe and sword and smite the Moor. This looks like the church of warrior-priests, and you can well imagine how its walls could be made a fortress strong enough to laugh many a siege to scorn.

But it is not to reverence the soldier-priest that we come to so grand a church. Can we forget that Jesus had no higher attribute than peacemaker, that He came to heal and not to wound? And let us be content with the softer aspects of the Cathedral. The expression of cathedrals is about the same. The best points to note are what pecu-

liarly belong to the church itself. Observe the tomb of Cardinal Mendoza. He was the almost royal coadjutor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here lies Porto Carrero. He was the Bishop and Minister under that idiot Charles II., and really governed Spain. You will remember him as a proud, daring prelate, full of intrigue and craft, to whom Spain owes Philip V., the War of the Succession, and Europe that long, fierce, Marlborough war. His was the loftiest head of Spain, but it lies here very low, and on his tomb he commanded that there should be no name, simply the sentence, "Here lies ashes." Tombs succeeding tombs, chapels in profuse decoration—six centuries of Spanish history are enshrined. How strange the contrast—this living, glorious church, that was the embodiment of the greatness of Spain, that was to be a nation's cathedral, the centre of its power, the exponent of its religious pre-eminence—this vast and breathing church, every line instinct with imperial purpose, should now be in a dead, abandoned town! The only living thing in Toledo is the Cathedral. It lives in the spirit of the fourteenth century. All the rest is dead.

This smooth stone, worn by the salutations of generations of worshippers, is a sacred spot. Here the Virgin came in person, even as she had lived, and her feet pressed this slab, now encased with red marble. It was in St. Ildefonso's time, and she came to see this saint. You can see the stone where she alighted, and kiss it, as millions have kissed it before you. It seemed a pity that a fountain did not spring up, with healing in its waters, as at Lourdes, and added to the revenues of the town. A good shrine with paying qualities might have saved Toledo. But this was not to be. Here is the rock, which you may kiss, and as for the rest, let us not question too curiously these manifestations of a most holy faith; for

nothing is more beautiful than faith in this pitching, teeming world.

The General was shown an accumulation of silver and gold as altar ornaments. They were saved from the French and carried to Cadiz. There was a cross, which was made of gold, brought over by Columbus from the West Indies — the cross that was planted on the towers of Grenada



THE BATTLE OF TOLEDO.

when taken from the Moors — and the sword with which the sixth Alonzo drove the Moors out of Toledo. There is a famous Virgin, with enough pearls and gold upon her dress to ransom a city. In 1868, some robbers came into the sacristy and carried off this Virgin. A priest managed to raise an alarm, and the blessed image was saved. It is eleven centuries old. Since the attempted robbery, the Virgin, with all valuable things, is kept guarded, and it was only as a special honor to General Grant that we were allowed to see them. Even then we were admitted into the

room with the utmost precaution, and attendant priests kept watchful eyes, lest the temptation to walk off with a handful of pearls would be too strong. There were vestments which we looked at until we grew weary and yearned for the sunshine. Nothing is more grateful than to wander into a cathedral, to lose yourself as it were in its recesses, to study out the old inscriptions, to drink in the inspiration of the pious men who reared it; to think of the eternity it represents, standing for ages—unchanged, unchanging—the temple of the same God, the home of the same undying faith. How the world sinks from you, and you are in the presence of God! Nothing could be more grateful. But to be shown a cathedral, to be handed about by priests and vergers, poking a braid or a bone or a faded cloth at you, mumbling legend after legend, in a mechanical, auctioneer fashion—nothing can be more distressing. And it was with something of the spirit of men in flight that we escaped into the grateful air.

Nothing could have been better meant than the attentions of our friends the priests, who opened every treasure and showered us with the blessings of every relic. Toledo is not to be seen in a day or in a procession, as you see an agricultural show. The interest of the town is in her repose, her illustrious past. Toledo is a legend in stone. She has no relation to this age. She is the remnant of a city that was glorious in the days of Columbus. And yet her decay is not distressing. There is no gloom about the town, no misery, no gaping sources of poverty and crime. The world has gone beyond her, that is all; and she sits on her hillside in cheerful, contented old age, thinking of the days when kings came to her lap and princes did her bidding—thinking of the Roman and the Goth, the Moor and the Christian. They have all bowed down to her and worshipped her. Why should she care for the world of Jo-

vellar and Martinez-Campos? God forbid! There were knights in her day, knights and warriors, who brought her gold from the Indies, and precious woods from Lebanon, and trophies of knightly prowess from the Holy Sepulchre. Let this sordid world rage and splutter. Serene Toledo sits, serene on her hillside, beautiful in her years and decrepitude, content with the glory she has known, disdain- ing this world of commerce and uproar that rolls in the far distance. Thus she seemed to us as we whirled away in an evening train. The long rays of the setting sun slanted and flashed from her towers, typifying the splen- dor that once rested on her castled walls—a splendor rivalling, if not surpassing, that of any city in our modern civilization.

It will be remembered that General Grant was intend- ing to visit Pau, but an invitation from the Spanish king caused him to abandon his visit at that time. He, how- ever, did visit that ancient city, a description of which is given by the *Herald* correspondent in the following lan- guage:—Pau, so far as the weather is concerned, is not to be trusted. This morning there was a burst of sunshine, and a walk to the environs was inviting. The snow had fallen during the night—just enough to be tantalizing, not enough for enjoyment and too much for comfort, which is about the way you generally find snow in this latitude. But the sun gave promise of open fields, with possibilities for the hounds in the way of finding a fox. Then Pau misbehaved itself in a weather-way so badly when General Grant came that all who cared for the good name of the old town of Henry of Navarre rejoiced in the sun. But the rejoicing was temporary, for almost before the morning shadows had thrown themselves over the peaks, black, heavy clouds came up from the sea. The snow came in feathery flakes and a strong wind blew it against your win-

dow-pane, and soon the mountains were hidden under a fleecy canopy, and the green hillsides became brown and gray, and the sparkling waters of the Gave were confused and blended with the falling snow. There was no refuge but what one would find at home on a bleak December day — a fire, a cigar, and a novel, or the writing of letters. As you looked down on the terrace an occasional phantom glided along, and you knew by the stride — the lunging, tramping stride — that some of our English friends were off for a jaunt through the valley, eager for the air and caring nothing for the snow or the rain. But capricious is Pau! For as you study the storm — and there are few forms of natural beauty better worth studying — you look out over the hills and pale rifts of light appear, and the black clouds become pearl, and roll and melt and break and become blue. Then you know that the sun asserts its power, for the skies come out clear and bright, the snow vanishes and the sunshine pours over the valley, and the Pyrenean summits once more mass themselves against the horizon, brighter and more radiant because of the snow that has fallen and the sun that has come to irradiate the snow.

It is well understood that English civilization is imperfect without hounds. So when the English invaded Pau and planted a colony the hounds were a necessary sequence. The country is favorable for hunting; there are pleasant stretches across the valley, with ditches and fences. I suppose there are foxes enough, if huntsmen really wanted to find them in cover as they do in England, but this would be subject to many inconveniences. In England, hunting is a national amusement, and all classes accept it, and for generations hunting-men have roamed over the shires and found the foxes where they could. They were always at home. But in France it is a foreign amusement, and is

well enough around Pau, where the people understand it, and the keen Bearnaise accepts it because it keeps Englishmen and Americans in Pau and brings him money. But if a hunting-party were to roam over the country as in the shires, the peasants would be apt to regard it as an invasion, and the gentlemen in pink and scarlet as Communists or Spaniards come to ravage their fields. The hunt, therefore, is always a bag-hunt. A half-hour before the time a fox is carried in a bag over a route laid down by the Master of the Hounds and set free at a given point. This gives the fox time to hide or to make for Spain or return to Pau if so minded. It enables the Master of the Hounds to select a route that will be convenient to the hunters and to the farmers, who are sensitive about having growing fields ridden over. He can make the hunt a long one or a short one, as he pleases, also a matter to be considered in days when the weather is capricious. Even when there is frost on the ground, unless the frost is hard and binding, which does not often happen at Pau, a fair hunt may be assured.

Pau is so much an English colony that fox-hunting has become an institution. Our beloved cousins wander over the world and seek out congenial places—air and scenery and sea. They bring their comforts with them, and you mark the site of an English camping-ground as readily as the site of a camp on one of our prairies. Tea, pale ale, Tauchnitz's translations, Cheshire cheese, bacon, hounds, and horses—with some corner where you can worship according to the Established Church. The shopmen adapt themselves to their invaders. As you wander about Pau, and look in at the windows, you see all kinds of traps baited with English "novelties." A blazing handbill tells you that the last London paper has arrived, with Beaconfield's speech, and a full report of the latest

"mystery." Signs tell you that "English is spoken" within, although the quality of English is not specified. Woollen goods abound, the Pau shopmen believing that English comfort demands a large amount of wool. National vanity is flattered by the names of the stores, one establishment near our hotel, given to gloves and hosiery, being named "The Prince of Wales." While these comforts are spread out by the shopmen, the colonist must bring his amusements and his religion. If the colonist is a Catholic, Pau will be especially attractive. It seems, so far as I can learn, that the Virgin has a fancy for coming down to the Pyrenees. Her last appearance was at Lourdes, only forty minutes off. But I find that the Church has many traditions of such appearances at various points in this glorious mountain range. There are no amusements in France, except sitting at a café, playing dominoes, and talking politics. Then the Englishman is a home-loving, gregarious being. He cannot enjoy his dinner unless he can have a friend to whom he can talk about it; how he enjoyed it, how he finds his digestion, and how strange it is that no one can cook a mutton chop on this side of the Channel, and although this is the land of the vine, all wine is beastly compared with what you drink in England.

The Pau hunt is under the mastership of the Earl of Howth. This gentleman comes to Pau for reasons of health, and has taken the mastership, to the great satisfaction of all the residents. Lord Howth has presented two packs of hounds to the hunt, and gives great attention to all the details of the meeting. The presence in Pau of so distinguished a nobleman, famous for his intelligent interest in manly sports, has added greatly to the value of the hunt. What makes Pau difficult as a hunting-place is that it is, to use an English phrase, a "blind country." The agri-

cultural necessities are so various and minute that no one can tell when he takes to the fields where or when he may strike a ditch. There are innumerable obstacles, severe obstacles for the hunter—a great deal of bank jumping. The *chevaux de pays* are skilled in this, and they frequently have incidents of an amusing, but, I am glad to say, not as yet of a serious, kind. Sometimes a half-dozen riderless horses will be seen careering on their own hook. The best horses for hunting, and especially for such a country as Pau, are the Irish hunters, as there is bank hunting in Ireland as here. The coming of General Grant to Pau was welcomed by the hunt, and a meet was arranged to do him honor. A good deal had been heard of the General's horsemanship, and people were curious to see how he would follow the hounds. A severe frost prevented the meeting, and the General missed what would have been the most brilliant turnout of the season. He attended one hunt, however—the one that took place the day of his arrival, and after witnessing the start rode around to the finish. As the route had been made by a bag, there was no trouble in being in at the death. The General had never taken part in a hunt—had, I believe, never seen one. In his earlier days hunting was not the fashion at home. He was amused and interested. One of his friends asked him how he would like a ride across the country. "Well," he said, "I would not care to jump all those ditches and fences, but I suppose if I was in the hunt I could not resist the temptation. When I was younger I used to go out of my way for the purpose of finding a bit of a wall or fence, merely for the pleasure of jumping it. I do not know how it would be now, crossing the country. I suppose I would go with the rest." He was interested in the intelligence shown by the horses, who, before leaping a fence, would look over and see what was beyond. I

think the General would have imitated Squire Western, and followed the cry, had he been well mounted. As it was he rode to the finish. The finish was an easy one, as the fox, when freed from his bag, instead of making tracks for the Pyrenees, as it would have been wise for him to have done, quietly slipped into a hole, and waited for the hounds to drag him out. I suppose the animal had become disheartened with his bag treatment, and, not knowing the country, preferred to meet his fate in the fields rather than incur one equally as terrible in the hills.

I am afraid I have not seen a hunt at its best, even in Pau, but the meeting at Morles was worth seeing. The hour for the hunt was noon, but afterwards changed to one o'clock, so as to allow the sun full play upon the frosty ground. In the morning, as I walked around the castle, the ground was hard and resonant. I took council with my Swiss mentor. "Would there be a hunt or not?" I found that my friend had great confidence in Lord Howth, and if his lordship had fixed on a hunt, it was pretty sure to come off. Then he had private information. It is due to my Swiss friend to say that his ideas of fox-hunting were hazy, and that he believed that most Englishmen carried foxes with them as part of their retinue, and that all that his lordship had to do, in an emergency, was to hand a fox out of his saddle-bags, and throw it among the hounds. At noon we started for the meet. It was very cold, and a keen wind came down from the Pyrenees. On our way out the question always was, "Would there be a hunt?" The attendance was quite large, but not so large as it would have been had the ground been free from frost. The colony, American and English, was well represented, and it seemed as if the meet was composed of Saxons, as all spoke English. A carriage, containing four French army officers, was among the first to come; but the officers

took no part. The meet was about four miles from Pau, under an avenue of overhanging trees, forming a Gothic arch over our heads. There were carriages, coupés — groups constantly arriving and forming — ladies in riding-habit, with their full, clear, bonny English faces reddening in the cold, keen air; gentlemen of the hunt in scarlet, and gentlemen guests of the hunt in brown Melton. The question whether the hounds will go is debated in cheery fashion as we walk up and down the road and look out over the low, rough fields, tipped with tufts of snow. The air is clear, as you can see by following the honeycomb ridges of the mountains, and tracing the varying forms of the rocks. Now the excitement increases as we hear the baying of the dogs, and in a few moments two scarlet-decked huntsmen come riding, surrounded by the hounds. One of the huntsmen rides ahead to lead the way, and another remains in the rear to watch for straggling hounds, and see that no Towser or Ponto goes off on a little fox-catching or sheep-stealing expedition of his own. The hounds are eager for the start, and sniff every token of animal life, an uneasy, restless, moving mass, held under complete control by the huntsman, who addresses them in a dialect of his own, which I could not understand. But it was effective, and as he was always addressing them, I suppose he found it necessary to preserve discipline.

Lord Howth rides up in a canter, wearing a scarlet coat, and everybody seems pleased to welcome his frank, open face. His lordship looks at the sky and the ground anxiously, and is not sure whether it will be worth while making the run. Then, leaping over a ditch into a ploughed field, he is followed by the hounds and two or three of the huntsmen, who ride about and study the ground in a deprecating way, while the dogs run hither and thither, sniffing at every twig and stone, eager to be

away, and the huntsman always calling and commanding, just as if he were John Kelly addressing a Tammany convention. In the meantime, we gather on the road and watch the sky and ground. Some of our party are well mounted, and their horses, trained to the chase, are impatient for the horn.

We do not wait long, for in a few minutes Lord Howth returns, riding rapidly over the field, crosses the road and enters another field. In a moment the hounds are after him, the scent is found, and with tails in air, noses on the ground, every nerve attuned, panting, straining, eager, the whole pack is away. Huntsmen brace themselves in their saddles and are off. Over a ditch into a rough field. The hounds straining and eager — every one pressing to the front. Over a hedge covered by shrubbery. The hounds dart, as it were, like arrows out of a bow, and the horsemen after. Some look about for an easy place, a gap or a gate, but the most of them go plunging straight after the hounds, his lordship well to the front. One horse misses his footing, throws his rider and makes down the road for his stable, having no interest in the hounds. Happily, the rider — a lady — is not injured. The horse is caught, and she returns to the chase. Now let our friends get to the front as well as they can — the front is a half-mile away, the hounds in full cry. Hunting is like human life, and has a great deal of human nature in it. Some tumble, some fall in a ditch, some are thrown — the hunt keeps on, for the race must be run and the goal must be won, and if we fall or are passed it is destiny.

Away over field and slope, over ground torn by the plough, over ditches, over pasture lands where homely cattle are feeding and wondering what means this rude invasion; past cottages, all the household assembled, the men wearing their blue Basque bonnets, something like what

you see worn in Scotland, traversing stony highways; again over ditches, into a morass, in which we plunge and flounder and rush out as best we can. How keen the air, and how much better this joyous communion with nature than cottoned away in the close nursery of civilization, every faculty alive and bracing and the spirit of emulation in every breast! Who shall be first? Which of us will jump the most fences? Who shall carry off the brush? How like the great hunt in which we are all engaged, and which we call existence! And what wins in the world wins in the hunting field — nerve, coolness, resolution, honest, steady riding to the goal, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but following the path of duty wherever it leads, whether into smooth ways or rough fields or over venture-some walls.

Well, we ride three-quarters of an hour, perhaps an hour, and the cry ahead tells us that the hunt is over. Reynard did not take to the hills when his chance was given him, but sought a covert, away from the cold, perhaps, not dreaming that his freedom was really his doom, and the hounds have found him. And all that remains of poor Reynard is his brush, which Lord Howth presents to the English lady who was in at the death, and we all straggle home. The hunt has not been a long one, but, considering that we expected none at all, everybody feels an agreeable disappointment, and we come back into the town feeling that the day has not been altogether an idle one.

The advantages of Pau, as far as I can sum them up, are the air and the scenery. You are in the centre of a beautiful region, and if your eye craves beauty here it will always be satisfied. To men of science there is an endless field of study in the geology of the Pyrenees. Invalids are within an easy range of famous baths and springs. Lou

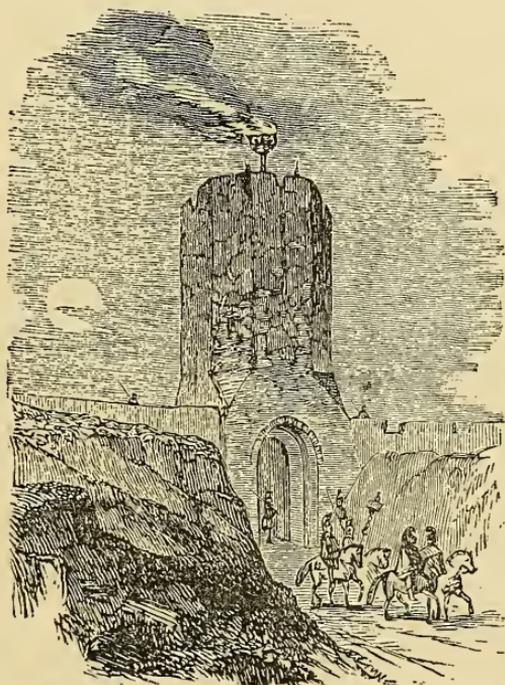
can run down to Biarritz in three hours, and bathe in the sea. If you like walking, the roads are fine, and there is unvarying interest in the scenery, the manners and customs of the people. If you are adventurous, you may climb Balaturs, and see on one side the sunny plains of France, on the other the stripped and desolate hills of Aragon. If you are devout, and believe in manifestations of holy presences on earth, you are within an hour of the most famous sanctuary in the world, even the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. In winter the weather is, as a general thing, dry, and the sun is sure to be about some part of the day. Medical men speak highly of Pau, but that evidence you must take with all caution, as medical men speak highly of every place I have ever known, except the Jersey flats. Still there is a good deal of sound evidence in favor of Pau. The soil is gravelly, and absorbs rain. The air is influenced by the Pyrenees, by the sea breezes, by the odors of the pine forests that cover the Landes. It is a dry air, and you are told that for weeks the leaves are motionless, so still is the atmosphere.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL GRANT IN LISBON — INTERVIEW WITH THE KING — THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE — LISBON AS IT IS — THE KING AS A SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR — BEAUTIFUL CINTRA — THE CONTRAST BETWEEN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN — THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT — HOW BULL-FIGHTS ARE CONDUCTED IN PORTUGAL — GENTLER ASPECTS OF THE SHOW.

From Pau the travellers went to Lisbon, where they arrived on the last day of October. From this point, one of the party writes as follows:—Lisbon is a city built as it were on billows. The view from the river is very beautiful, recalling, in some degree, the view of Constantinople from the Bosphorous. The skies were gracious to our coming, and the air was as warm as a Virginia spring. There are so many stories about the foundation of Lisbon that the reader may take his choice. Ulysses is said to have made this one of his wanderings, and to have, in the words of Camoens, bidden “the eternal walls of Lisbon rise.” There is a legend to the effect that Lisus, friend of Bacchus, was the founder, while other authorities say that it was the great-grandson of Noah, a person named Elisa, and the date they fix at two thousand one hundred and fifty years before Christ, or two hundred and seventy-eight years after the Deluge. The value of these legends is that there is no way of contradicting them, and one is about as good as another. I find it easier to believe the narratives I hear, and to fancy, as I walk up and down the steep, descending streets, that I am really in classical society. It is due to Elisa’s claim to say that the time is fixed, and that

it was only four thousand and twenty-eight years ago. As we come into more attainable chronology, we find that Lisbon was once a part of the Carthaginian dominions, and supported Hannibal. That astute commander had such hard luck in the world, that I have always been disposed to take his part, and Lisbon has a friendlier look now that

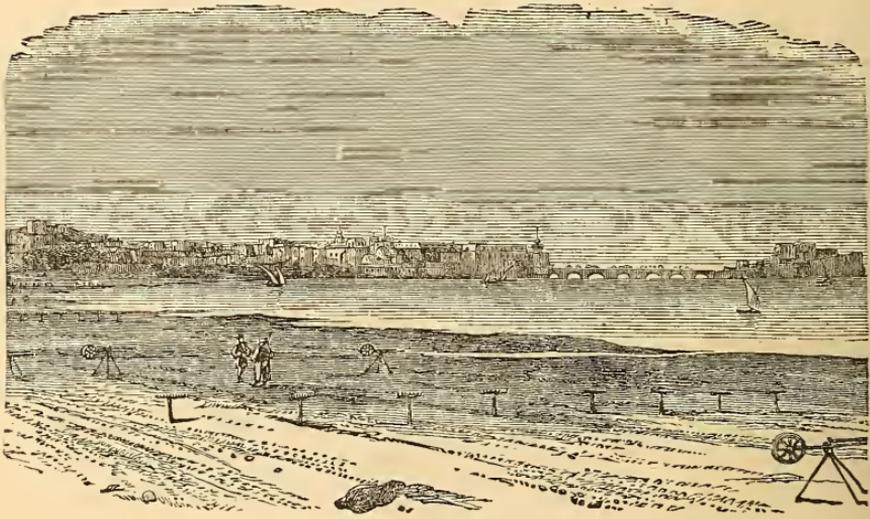


ROMAN WATCH-TOWER OVERLOOKING LISBON.

I know she stood by the Carthaginian captain against the power of Rome. It shows a lack of enterprise in the Lisbon people that they have not found out the house in which Hannibal lived, or the trees under which he prayed, as all well-regulated towns in the United States do concerning Washington. There was no trace of Hannibal in Lisbon. The people seemed to be under the impression that the only great commanders who had ever been in Lisbon were Don Sebastian and the Duke of Wellington. They show the

very quay from which Don Sebastian embarked on the journey from which he has not returned, and the relics of Torres Vedras are in the suburbs, where the Duke began his sentimental errand of delivering Europe.

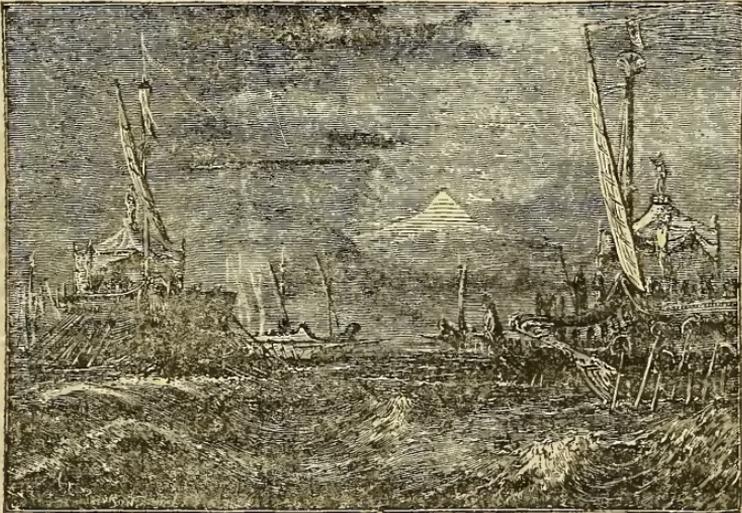
Julius Cæsar was kind to Lisbon, although the people — such is the ingratitude of modern times — seem to have forgotten it. Then came the Goths, who took it from the Romans and plundered it. The Goths, who seem to have been an uninteresting people, well deserving their fate, were driven out by the Moors more than eleven centuries



LISBON.

ago. The Moors never had much peace in Lisbon, and the chronicles of their reign are chronicles of assaults and counter-assaults — now Christian ahead and now the infidel — for centuries, so that real estate must have been as bad an investment during their day as in New York since the panic. But there came a prince of the house of Burgundy, about seven centuries ago, and he whipped the Moors in a pitched battle. The chief incident in this transaction was the appearance of our Saviour to the king

on the morning of the battle, with a bright halo around his head, who assured the prince of victory. This sovereign is called the founder of the present kingdom of Portugal. He was known as Alfonso the Conqueror, and his remains are in a magnificent sepulchre at Coimbra. He flourished about the time of Henry II., who had the fatal quarrel with Becket. For two centuries Lisbon remained under her kings, until a king of Castile came over and burned a greater part of the town. It seems that there was a woman in the case, for Camoens tells of the beau-



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

teous Leonore, who was torn from her husband's widowed arms against the law and commandments. In 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed from Lisbon on the expedition which was to result in the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope to the Indies. This was the beginning of a career of commercial splendor. For two centuries the wealth of the Indies was poured into her coffers. In 1580 Philip II. of Spain took the town and annexed Portugal. During his reign the Spanish Armada was fitted out at

Lisbon and sailed from here to conquer England. If Philip had made Lisbon his capital, and transferred the government of the whole peninsula hither, there is little doubt that Spain and Portugal would be one country still, with advantage to the two nations and the world. Lisbon is the natural site for such a capital. But Philip was infatuated with his monkish career at the Escorial, and his successors did not think much of Portugal except as a good province to tax, and so in 1640 the people arose one December night and drove the Spaniards out, and from that time it has been in the hands of its own people.

The most memorable event in Lisbon history was the earthquake of 1755, traces of which you can see to-day, and about which people converse—as the people of Chicago do about their fire—as though it happened the other day. It was on the feast of All Saints, in the early morning, when Christians were at mass praying for the repose of the souls of the dear ones gone. A noise was heard as of thunder, the buildings tossed like a ship on the billows, darkness fell upon the earth, and, as all the churches were crowded, hundreds were crushed to death at the altar's foot by the falling timbers. Nearly every church in the town was destroyed. Then the people rushed to the water-side and to the higher places of the town, mainly to a church called St. Catherine's. Surely there was safety on the high places and on the banks of the river. But a second shock came. St. Catherine's church fell with a crash. The river became a sea, and there rolled over the banks a mountainous wave, sweeping the lower streets and all that lived on them, and the earth opened and the ships went down, likewise a magnificent marble quay, on which people had assembled—all went down, down into the depths, and when the wave receded it was found that all had been swallowed up. The river rose and fell three

fathoms in an instant. The ships' anchors were thrown up to the surface. A third shock came, and vessels that had been riding in seven fathoms of water were stranded. Then a fire broke out and raged for six days. Never since cities were founded was any one so sorely smitten as beautiful Lisbon.

The best authorities say that the loss to Lisbon was \$300,000,000 in money. Of 20,000 houses only 3,000 remained. Thirty thousand lives were lost. Then the robbers came and plundered the ruined town, and it was given over to plunder until the resolute Marquis Pombal, ancestor of the recently deceased Soldanba, came, and, building gallows in various parts of Lisbon, hanged every one who could not give a clear explanation of how he came by his property. In all, 350 were hanged. It seems that the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon was felt all over the world—as far north as the Orkney Islands and in Jamaica. The culmination was in Lisbon. But the people, under the lead of the brave Pombal and the King Joseph I. — who is called “The Most Faithful,” — rebuilt the town, and you see how well that work was done. You see rows of houses that remind you of Paris, fine squares and a newness in certain quarters, as though it was the rebuilt section of Boston. One hundred and twenty-three years have passed since the earthquake, but no event is so well known. People show you where the quay stood which sank into the depths. I strolled over it this morning with General Grant and saw the barefooted fishwomen hawking fish. They point out the magnificent improvements carried out by Pombal. They show you with pride the equestrian statue of Don José, erected by a grateful people in commemoration of his services in that awful time. And if you climb up to the fort for a view of the lovely scenery which encloses Lisbon, the first object pointed out

is the ruin of the Carmelite church destroyed in the earthquake.

The King of Portugal, Don Luis I., is a young man in the fortieth year of his age, second cousin to the Prince of Wales, who is three years his junior, and between whom there is a marked resemblance. The Queen is the youngest sister of the present King of Italy. The King's father is Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, cousin of the late Prince Consort of England. His first wife, the mother of the King, died many years since. His second wife, now living, is an American lady from Boston, named Henzler, and is called the Countess d'Edla. One of the King's sisters is wife to the second son of the King of Saxony, the other, wife to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, whose election to the throne of Spain by Prim was one of the causes of the war between Germany and France. In the way of revenue the King is paid \$405,000 a year and the Queen \$66,600. The eldest son, heir-apparent, is now fifteen years old, and \$22,200 is his salary. The second son is only thirteen years old, and receives \$11,100. The King's father is paid \$111,000 annually, and his brother, a young man of thirty-one, is general in the army and has a salary of \$17,750 per annum. When you add the King's great aunt, an old lady of seventy-seven, who is paid \$22,200, you have the whole royal family, with their incomes, amounting in the aggregate to something over \$650,000 a year.

The King, on learning that General Grant had arrived in Lisbon, came to the city to meet him. There was an audience at the palace, the General and his wife meeting the King and Queen. The King, after greeting the General in the splendid audience chamber, led him into an inner apartment, away from the Ministers and courtiers who were in attendance on the ceremony. They had a

long conversation relative to Portugal and the United States, the resources of the two countries, and the means, if means were possible, to promote the commercial relations between Portugal and America. Portugal was, above all things, a commercial nation, and her history was a history of discovery and extending civilization. Lisbon, in a direct line, was the nearest port for ships leaving New York. It was on the lines of latitude south of the icebergs, and a pleasanter part of the ocean than the routes to Liverpool. There was a harbor large enough to hold any fleet, and the King believed that, when the new lines of railway through Portugal and Spain were built, the route would be seventeen miles shorter than over the present many-winding way of the Salamanca road. The advantages of such a port as Lisbon would be many for travellers, and the King had no doubt that markets for American produce and manufactures would be found in the countries around Lisbon. The King had been a naval officer, and the conversation ran into ships of war and naval warfare. There were other meetings between the King and the General. The day after the palace reception was the King's birthday, and there was a gala-night at the opera. The King and royal family came in state, and during the interludes the General had a long conversation with His Majesty. The next evening there was a dinner at the palace in honor of the General, the Ministry and the leading men of the court in attendance. The King conversed with the General about other themes — wanted him to go with him and shoot. It seems the King is a famous shot. But the General's arrangements left him no time to accept this courtesy.

It seems the King is a literary man, and having translated "Hamlet" into Portuguese, the conversation ran into literary themes. The King said he hoped to finish Shake-

speare, and make a complete translation into Portuguese. He had finished four of the plays — “Hamlet,” “Merchant of Venice,” “Macbeth,” and “Richard III.” “Othello” was under way, and already he had finished the first act. The question was asked as to whether His Majesty did not find it difficult to translate such scenes as that between Hamlet and the grave-diggers — almost dialect conversations — into Portuguese. The King said he thought this was, perhaps, the easiest part. It was more difficult to render into Portuguese the grander portions, where the poetry attained its highest flight. “The Merchant of Venice” he liked extremely, and “Richard III.” was, in some respects, as fine as any of Shakespeare’s plays. “What political insight!” said the King; “what insight into motives and character this play contains!” The King asked the General to accept a copy of “Hamlet,” which His Majesty presented with an autograph inscription. As the time came to leave, the King asked the General to allow him to mark his appreciation of the honor the General had done Portugal by visiting it by giving him the grand Cross of the Tower and Sword. The General said he was very much obliged, but that, having been President of the United States, and there being a law against officials accepting decorations, he would rather, although no longer in office, respect a law which it had been his duty to administer. At the same time, he appreciated the compliment implied in the King’s offer, and would always remember it with gratitude.

Don Fernando, the King Consort and father to the King, was also exceedingly courteous to the General. His Majesty is sixty years of age, and is a tall, stately gentleman, resembling somewhat his relative, Leopold I. of Belgium. Don Fernando is one of the Coburg house of princes, who are spreading over Europe. He belongs to the Catholic

wing of the family — these great houses having Catholic and Protestant wings, to suit the exigencies of royal alliances. He came to Portugal forty-two years ago as the husband of Doña Maria II., Queen of Portugal, and sister to Dom Pedro of Brazil. Doña Maria died in 1853, and Don Fernando became regent until his first son, Dom Pedro V., was of age. Dom Pedro reigned six years, and was succeeded by his brother, the present sovereign. Americans will be pleased to know that His Majesty, on his second marriage, selected a Boston lady. The marriage is morganatic — that is to say, the Church blesses it, but the lady not being royal, the law will not recognize her as Queen. Countess d'Edla, as she is called, is much respected in Lisbon. When the General called, she escorted him through the various treasure-rooms of the palace, and seemed delighted to meet one of her countrymen, and especially one who had ruled her country. Countess d'Edla seems to have had a romantic career. She studied music, and came to sing in Lisbon. Here Don Fernando made an acquaintance which ripened in love, and in 1869 she became his wife. Don Fernando, like his son, the King, is an accomplished man, skilled in languages and literature, with an especial interest in America. He talked to General Grant about California and the Pacific coast, and expressed a desire to visit it. His Majesty has a curious and wonderful collection of pictures, bric-à-brac, old armor, and old furniture — one of the most curious and interesting houses in Europe. He is fond of painting, and showed us with pride some of his painting on porcelain.

Finally, Don Fernando gave us a pressing invitation to visit his palace at Cintra. A visit to Cintra was down in our programme, but the King's invitation put the palace at our disposal, a privilege rarely given. Cintra is about fifteen miles from Lisbon, and we were compelled to go

early in the morning. Our party included the General and his wife, Mr. Dimon, our Consul; Viscount Pernes and Mr. Cunha de Maier, formerly Portuguese Consul-General in the United States, and author of a history of the United States in Portuguese. Mr. Moran, our Minister, was unable to join us on account of indisposition. The drive was attractive, through a rolling, picturesque country, with cool breezes coming in from the sea that made overcoats pleasant. Cintra is one of the famous spots in Europe, but when one speaks of it he turns almost by instinct to "Childe Harold." You will find Byron's majestic stanzas describing Cintra in the first canto:—

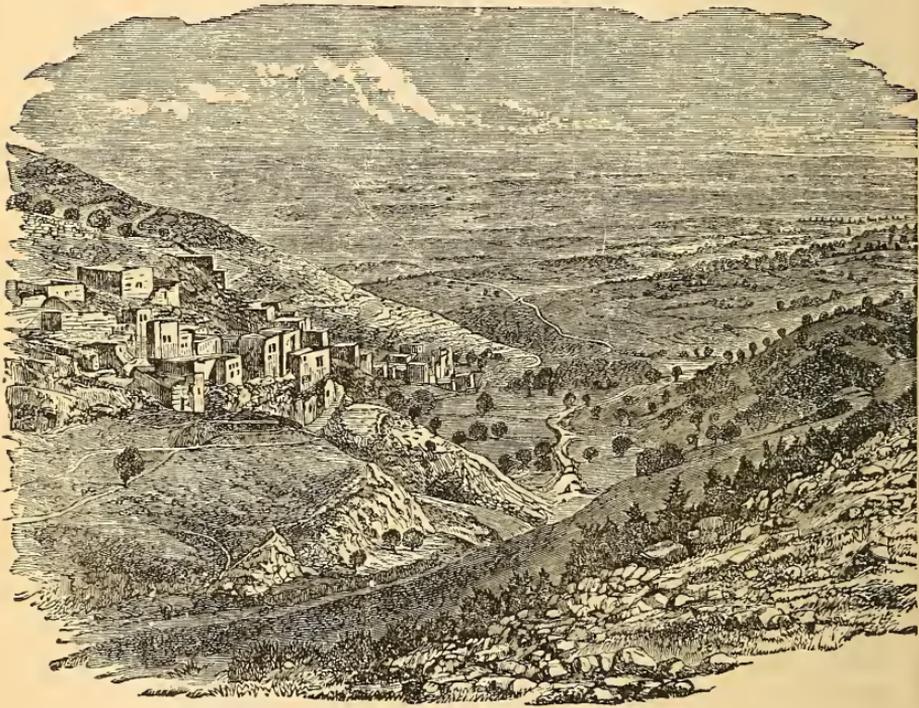
The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must creep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough;
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at "Our Lady's House of Woe,"
 Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell;
 Here impious men have punished been, and lo!
 Deep in yon cave Honorias long did dwell,
 In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

Nearly seventy years have passed since Byron visited Cintra, and the picture is as perfect now as when drawn. There was some difficulty in finding the cork-trees, and General Grant began to be skeptical as to their existence,

and was thinking of offering a reward to Mr. Dimon to find one. But the Consul redeemed Byron's veracity as a painter of scenery by bringing us to a small cork grove on the side of the mountain. Many changes have taken place since Byron was here. The "toppling convent" was seized by the government, and in time became the property of Don Fernando, and at a vast expense he has rebuilt it into a *château* or palace, one of the most beautiful in the world. The "horrid crags" are traversed by good roads, and we ride upon our donkeys as easily as we could ride up Fifth Avenue. The mountain moss and the sunken glens have all been covered with a rich vegetation, notably of the camelia, which is rarely seen in this latitude, but which His Majesty has made to grow in profusion. Our Lady's House of Woe is the palace of a prince, and as we ride under the overarching door-way attendants in royal livery are waiting. The house is in Norman-Gothic style, and the rooms are what you might see in other palaces. There is a small chapel of rare beauty, with exquisite carvings in marble and jasper illustrating the passion of our Lord. The beauty of Cintra is seen in its fulness as you stand on the lofty turrets. It is built on the summit of a rocky hill three thousand feet high. The descent on one side to the village is a triumph of exquisite gardening. On the other side the descent is almost precipitous. You look from the giddy height at the trees and the tumbled masses of rock, tossed and heaped in some volcanic age. You see the landscape rise and swell in undulating beauty, and the lengthening shadows rippling over it. Far off are the lines of Torres Vedras, built by Wellington's armies to defend Lisbon from the French. Beyond is the sea, gleaming like amber and pearl. It was over that sea that Vasco de Gama sailed, and from this lofty summit King Manuel watched his coming, and in time saw him come,

bringing tribute and empire from the Indies. You can see, if you look carefully, the outlines of Mafra palace, built to rival the Escorial. You see the Tagus spreading out to the sea, forcing its way through forests and hills and valleys until it falls into the ocean's arms. Lisbon lies under the Monsanto hills, but the view sweeps far beyond Lisbon until it is lost in the ocean. There was a fascination in



THE VICINITY OF CINTRA, AS SEEN FROM A LOFTY TOWER.

this view that made us loth to leave it, and for a long time we lingered, watching every tint and shadow of the picture under the changing sunlight. It is indeed "the glorious Eden" of Byron's verse.

There was a long ride through the gardens and the woods on our donkeys until we came to Montserrat. It was here that Beckford, author of "Vathek," whom Byron

calls "England's wealthiest son," built a *château*. The view is almost as beautiful as that from the towers of Don Fernando's palace. Beckford's house came into the possession of a wealthy English merchant named Cook, but upon whom the King has lately conferred the title of Viscount of Montserrat. Mr. Cook has spent a vast sum of money upon the house and grounds. The house is in the Oriental style — a long parallelogram in the centre, with two oval wings, and all surrounded with columns and balconies from which you can look out upon the valley, the plains that sweep towards the sea, the sea alone breaking the horizon. The grounds, however, are among the finest in Europe for the value and rarity of the plants, and the care with which all is preserved. Notwithstanding its beauty Mr. Cook only spends two months of the year at Montserrat. His other months are spent in England managing his affairs. There is an old royal palace to be seen, which was the Alhambra of the Moors in their day of triumph. The kings of Portugal lived here before the discovery of America, and one of the legends goes back to a century before that time. The palace is a large, straggling building, with many chambers, and as it is no longer used as a royal residence, the General was curious to know why it could not be rented as a summer boarding-house, and made to contribute to the revenues of the King. In its day it was, no doubt, a pleasant home; but with the three or four vast palaces in Lisbon and its suburbs, palaces with modern comforts, the old Moorish castle can well be kept as one of the monuments of the nation.

We walked and drove around Cintra village. General Grant was so charmed with the place that he regretted he could not remain longer. There was a royal engagement bidding him to Lisbon. So we dined at Victor's Hotel, and as the night shadows came down bundled into our

carriages for the long drive home. The air was clear, the skies were bright, and it was pleasant to bound over the stony roads and watch the brown fields; to pass the taverns, where peasants were laughing and chatting over their wine; to roll into the city and feel the breezes from the river as we came to our hotel. We had made a long journey, and the hills we climbed made it fatiguing. But no one spoke of fatigue, only of the rapturous beauty which we had seen. Cintra itself is worth a long journey to see, and to be remembered, when seen, as a dream of Paradise.

Contrasting Portugal with Spain, one of the travellers says:—The contrasts between the Portuguese and Spanish character are more marked than would be supposed. And yet it is difficult to select a type of the Spanish character as described in the romances. There is no such thing as Spain. The differences between the provinces of Spain, in language, character, tradition, origin, are greater than between the Spaniard and the Englishman. Spain is composed of various provinces—Biscay, Galicia, Navarre, the Asturias, Leon, Castile, Aragon, Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia, La Mancha, Estramadura, and Andalusia. The Basque is a type totally distinct from every other in Spain—distinct in every sense. The difference between the blue-eyed, industrious Catalan, and the dark-eyed, luxurious, sun-craving Andalusian is almost as great. The effect of a central government and one language has been to break down most of the barriers and bring the people together under the generic name of Spanish. But although for centuries this process has been at work, the differences are great. The Basque does not assimilate, and a very ordinary knowledge of Spanish types and character would enable you to designate, in a body like the Cortes, for instance, the province from which most of the members spring.

In reference to the freedom of the two countries, he says:—There is every hope that the Federal Republic will revive. Even the demagogues will see that the idea of weakening the body because you strengthen the limbs, of disintegrating a State by reviving its provinces and giving each section a strong government, is absurd. As to the differences of character between the Spanish and Portuguese, they are not nearly so great as between Biscay and Andalusia. At the same time, there are differences which you can attribute partly to the government and partly to the communication with the outside world through her sea-ports. No influence is so decisive and salutary. Spain, so far as the outer world is concerned, is hidden by a stone wall. She has the Mediterranean, but the breezes that come from the Mediterranean are enervating compared with what come from the Atlantic. Cervantes speaks of the Portuguese as a thick-witted, dull people, and in the comedies you find frequent jokes at their expense, as in our comedies you find jokes about the Yankee and the Canadian. But it seemed to me, coming to Portugal from Spain, that a freer air was blowing. The manners of the people were gentler. That reserve which never leaves the Spaniard—their conscious, published pride—had vanished. There is a higher standard in Portugal. The press has complete freedom, and the editors have pride in their work. Take the visit of General Grant to the Peninsula as an example. Few events in Spain have apparently attracted more attention than the coming of the ex-President. Yet the Spanish journals seem not to have heard of his presence, or they dismissed his movements in a paragraph announcing his arrival in a town, as a general thing, about the time he was leaving. In Portugal, the journals snuffed his coming, and published wood engravings and biographies. The wood engravings might have

done for many other persons, but the biographies were as accurate as such accounts generally are. Here in Lisbon we came upon that beneficent influence of modern journalism—the reporter. I don't think a Spanish newspaper ever heard of a reporter. As soon as the General arrived in Lisbon, the reporters appeared and took possession of the approaches to the hotel and opened relations with the servants, and every morning we had columns of choice information in the good, old-fashioned, homely style. Our reporter was not quite up to the New York style, which heaven forbid, and did not interview the General as to what he thought of the world. We cannot expect everything in a strange land. But he did well, and told Lisbon how the General looked, and when he walked, and what he had for breakfast, and how he liked his eggs cooked, and the hour of his rising and retiring—all in the old-fashioned style. In Madrid, if a newspaper neglected to say in any issue, "God save the King and guard His Majesty many years," it would be constructive disloyalty, and would incur suppression. In Lisbon, there are journals of the Miguelite faith, who will not speak of the King except as a private prince, and who write of Don Miguel as though he were on the throne. Such an idea as suppressing these journals never occurs to the authorities. They do as they please, and do no harm.

A correspondent who accompanied the party thinks that in morals Portugal has a higher standard than Spain, and after referring to the cruelty of the Spanish as demonstrated in the massacre of the Jews in 1506, he passes on to speak of the difference between the taste displayed by the nations in the manner in which they conduct their national game—the bull-fight. He says:—I have been twice to a bull-fight in Spain. The first time I went to see the men kill the bulls. The second time I was drawn

by the hope that I might see the bulls kill the men. My experiences at a bull-fight were like those of Lord Byron. The whole spectacle was so brutal that I could not remain. Looked at as a question of mere humanity, the Spaniard will demonstrate that there is no more cruelty in slaying a bull than in slaying a foe. He will point out that the bull has no higher mission in God's kingdom than to reduce himself to beef, and that since that is his destiny, why is it more cruel to kill him in one way than another? Englishmen kill foxes and give them to the hounds. Their sport is cruelty unredeemed. The Spaniard kills bulls and gives them for food. Their sport is useful, and serves a necessary purpose — the giving of food to the hungry.

What revolts you in the bull-fight is the absence of all hope for the bull. That wounds our sense of fair play. The fox may find a hole, the plover may take wing, the antelope has the fields and forests; in our sports we do not take an undue advantage. But for the bull there is no hope. The tragedy always ends in death. Let him fight never so well, his valor only stimulates the excitement of the crowd. He has no possible hope. If he is wary or sluggish, and will not fight, the dogs are put upon him, or fire-crackers are exploded in his skin. If he is fierce, and so brave that the swordsman cannot do his office, then they creep behind and hamstring him, and put him to death in a cowardly fashion. The horses are killed in wantonness, and the more horses the bull gores and rends and tears to pieces, the more enthusiasm in the crowd. If even the horse had a chance! But his eyes are bound. He is generally so old and lame that his work is done. He has served his master in every way — pulling, hauling, starving, submitting to blows — and now, when the whip and spur have no control of his worn-out constitution, he is doomed to the bull-goring. The whole display is the re-

finement of cruelty. There were all kind of inducements held out to the General to visit the bull-fight. But he could not be persuaded.

A bull-fight is described as follows:—The arena is like the old Roman Coliseum, a circle of benches and boxes under the open sky. There is the multitude—ten thousand sometimes rising tier on tier—comprising the wealth, the beauty, the nobility, the poverty of the town. Perfect freedom reigns, and the aspect of such a laughing, chaffing, smiling multitude in high glee is imposing. The bull-fighters have national fame, and a good swordsman is as much esteemed as a great actor, and as eagerly looked for as Mr. Booth on our tragic stage. It used to be said in England that every duke found it necessary to have a ballet-dancer as a mistress to sustain the dignity of his rank. In Spain they used to say that every duchess had a bull-fighter for a lover. You must not believe all that is said about dukes and duchesses, but if you go to the gallery, you see that Goya paints a famous duchess attending a rendezvous with two bull-fighters at the same time. The picture is so famous that it is repeated in tapestry. But this belongs to the era when prize-fighters were the companions of noblemen, and in England and Spain public taste has changed. At the same time the favorite swordsman, if the favorite appears at the fight, is always welcomed. He comes in the rear of a grand procession. Horsemen in picturesque dresses, attendants in orange and crimson cloaks, the swordsmen in the rear—lithe, active men, all eyes and nerves, in closely-fitting, brocaded clothes, fantastically shaped; their hair twisted into a small cue; clean-limbed, active, their lives at their sword's point, for they must in the end face and kill the bull. As they march around the ring there are acclamations, the liveliest clatter of comment and gossip, speculations on the

bulls, on the performers, ever increasing interest until the tragedy begins.

The trumpet sounds. All unnecessary people, musicians and so on, depart. The arena is cleared. The horsemen stand at the gate, lances in hand. They are in no danger beyond a fall or a bruise, for they are in leather and iron armor. The cloak-bearers and swordsmen take their places near the barriers, to jump over in case of emergency. The door opens and out of the dark pen the bull comes bounding into the light, amid the buzz and roar of the multitude. If he is a good bull, he will probably justify the description in the Moorish ballad of the famous bull-fight of Sanzul :

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
 And the dun hide glows as if on fire as he paws to the turmoil.
 His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow,
 But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.
 Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near ;
 From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear.
 His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
 Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.
 His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hocks are black as night ;
 Like a strong flail he holds his tail, in fierceness of his might ;
 Like something molten out of iron or hewn forth from the rock.

If the bull is sluggish or indifferent, the horsemen spear him and put themselves in his way that he may turn and gore the horses. The more horses he kills the more entertainment. This scene over, and it is too cruel and offensive to be described, the horses are dragged out, the horsemen retire and the bull encounters another enemy. Darts are thrown into his neck—darts with ribbons or decorations. There is some danger in this. The performer stands in the middle of the ring with the dart in either hand. As the bull rushes towards him and bends his head to strike,

the performer throws the darts into the shoulder. The pain makes the poor beast jump and turn and seek elsewhere his tormentor. If he does not turn, or if the darts should fail, then the performer has an interesting problem. He must escape the bull. Sometimes he takes the horns and leaps over him. Generally he makes for the barrier and leaps over it. Occasionally the bull leaps after, and the excitement reaches to fever heat. The crowd prod him with sticks and call him all kind of names. The performer leaps back into the arena, and a gate is opened through which the bull is compelled to return to his doom.

Panting, tortured, bleeding, dripping from the wounds of the horsemen and the darts, foaming, angry, pawing the earth in pain and rage, the bull comes back to the arena to die. This is the last act. The *espada*, the leading actor, the Hamlet of the company, comes out alone. He bows to the Mayor if he is in authority, to the King if in his box, and says in high sonorous fashion that for the glory of Spain and in the honor of this high company he will kill the bull. If he is a great actor, the crowd by this time is exultant. He advances alone to the centre of the arena, his sword in his hand, gesturing and posturing and waving his sword and testing his arm, just as you see our Hamlets at home when they meet Laertes. This is the crisis of the play, the one thing which redeems the bull-fight. This slight, agile man, alone in presence of a tortured, angry bull. He awaits the onslaught, and if he is a skilled actor drives the sword into the animal's neck so that it dies at once. But as a general thing he makes several attempts before succeeding, and in the event of failure he must also take to the barriers. Even then there is not much danger. For the moment the bull pursues he is set upon by a cloud of attendants, who throw cloaks in his face, decoying him this way or that, and leading him a crazy dance around the

ring until the *espada* is in position again ready for another trial. Sometimes, however, the bull is clear-minded and not to be deceived by cloaks, or the *espada* is not nimble enough, and the bull drives a horn into him and sends him over the barrier in lofty, passive fashion. This now and then happens. If the wound is fatal, the *espada* is carried to a small room, where there is a priest in waiting with the holy sacrament. And if he dies he dies in grace, while the multitude, maddened with enthusiasm over the show, scream for another bull. Such a thing as the killing of a performer does not often happen. The hope that one may be slain is a piquant sauce for the entertainment.

Contrast the bull-ring in Spain with what it is in Portugal, and you will see more clearly what I meant when I called attention to the more humane qualities of the Portuguese. The bull-ring is as much of an institution here as in Spain. But all the conditions change. It is a comedy, not a tragedy; sometimes a negro minstrel farce. The arena is the same; the bulls are wild. On going into their pens, wooden balls are tied to their horns. Connoisseurs divide the bulls into classes. There is the wild, harum-scarum bull, which rushes at everything, and whom it requires only moderate skill to fight. There is the impetuous bull, quick to attack, but with sense enough to turn around and await the assault. There is the logical bull, which does not waste time on the cloaks. There is the bull which, instead of trying to toss the performer, chases him out of the ring by sheer running power. There is the timid bull, which runs away and gives a great deal of trouble, and the near-sighted bull, which is worse than none at all. Finally, there is the cunning bull, which has been in the ring before, and with whom there must be no trifling.

There is quite as much parade in the Portuguese as in the Spanish bull-ring, but the purpose of the show is to

fight the bull, and not slay him. The horsemen ride good horses, not abandoned beasts—horses trained to fight bulls, and not simply to be gored and torn. The foot performers are of two classes—those who throw darts, and another class of lively, active, young men, who seize the bull by main force, and play antics over him. Sometimes colored gentlemen offer themselves as tossing material for the bull, and then the fun is screaming. The performers are quaintly dressed in costumes of past generations; the dart-throwers' a natty costume, like Italian opera singers, short and embroidered velvet jackets, and breeches gaudily tinted, white stockings, and red sashes. When the bull comes pawing and prancing into the arena, instead of iron- and leather-clad horsemen on broken-down omnibus horses to prod him with spears, the foot performers in Italian opera costumes, throw the darts into his shoulder. This is an exciting feat, but bulls have a way of lowering their heads and taking their time before tossing, and it is in this instant that the performer throws his darts and skips over the barrier. It is a question of nerve and suppleness reduced into seconds. The pain of the wound sends the bull capering around the arena, and other agile dart-throwers have their chance. In the meantime red capes and scarfs are thrown before his eyes to excite him. After the bull has been worried by the dart-throwers and cape-danglers, the horsemen attack him. The duty of the horseman is to throw a dart about four feet long into the bull's neck, and so manage his horse as to keep him from harm. Horses are trained to these experiences, just as in the West they are trained to hunt buffalo, and it is a disgrace for a cavalier to allow his horse to come to harm. As a closing act, some daring fellows attack the bull, jump over his horns, seize his tail, and overpower him. This done, and the bull thoroughly beaten, a half-dozen trained oxen with bells around their

necks are driven in. The bull welcomes them as friends, and goes out in their company. The darts are removed, the sore parts rubbed with salt and vinegar. It is not often that a bull goes twice into the ring. He learns the trick the first time, and if called upon for a second performance, stolidly takes his place in the corner, and watches his enemies skip around without budging.

This is cruel enough to our Anglo-Saxon eyes, and we would be sorry to see even Portuguese bull-fighting introduced into New York. But how humane, compared with the bull-fight in Spain! The two forms of amusement show one essential point of variance between the two countries, for in nothing can you read a people so clearly as in their amusements. Alike in so many things—shoots from the same tree—contiguous in territory, the languages in affinity, more closely allied in all respects than any other two neighboring nations in Europe. In one you see progress in thought, public freedom, manners, and morals—an effort to keep abreast of the century. The best friends of Spain rejoice if they can see that she is not more than a century in the rear. The influences that have affected Portugal, however, will in time awaken in Spain the better sentiment of her people.

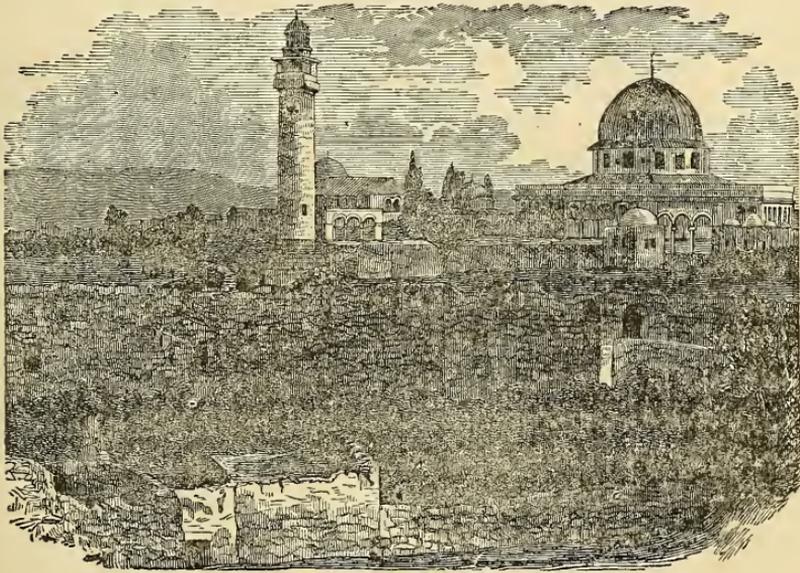
CHAPTER XXVII.

GENERAL GRANT RETURNS TO SPAIN — A VISIT TO CORDOVA — THE FAMOUS MOSQUE — THE HISTORY OF THE CITY — SEVILLE — A CHAT WITH MONTPENSIER — MEMORIES OF SEVILLE — MODERN LIFE IN THE CITY — CADIZ — DREAM-LIFE — LAND AND SEA — THE BEAUTIFUL CITY — THE ANGELUS BELLS.

From Portugal General Grant and his party returned to Spain. The first place visited was Cordova. A correspondent to the *New York Herald* writes: — It was late in the evening, and a heavy rain was falling, when General Grant and his party reached Cordova. The Governor of the city and the authorities were waiting at the station. After the long ride from Lisbon it was pleasant to rest, even in the indifferent condition of comfort provided in a Spanish inn. There was a visit to the theatre, a ramble about the streets, which is General Grant's modern fashion of taking possession of a town; there was a stroll up the Roman bridge, the arches of which are as stout and fresh as if the workmen had just laid down their tools. There was a visit to a Moorish mill in which the millers were grinding wheat. There was the casino, and the ascent of a tower from which Andalusia is seen spreading out before us green and smiling. And this sums up Cordova. What you read of its ancient Roman and Moorish splendor, all traces of it have vanished, and you feel, as you wind and unwind yourself through the tortuous streets, that you are in a forgotten remnant of Spain; that civilization has changed its course, as rivers at home sometimes do, and

run into a new channel, leaving Cordova to one side. The only evidence of modern life is the railway-station.

It was pleasant while at Cordova to meet Mr. Hett, the American Secretary of Legation at Paris, and his wife, who were returning to France from a holiday in the Peninsula. In the morning the mosque was visited. We had thought that it might be better to visit the mosque alone, without state or ceremony, but the authorities of Cordova were in an advanced stage of courtesy, and our visit was in state. It seemed almost like a desecration — this dress



MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

and parade within these unique and venerable walls. The mosque is even now among the wonders of Europe. It stands on the site of an ancient temple of Janus. Eleven centuries ago, the Moors resolved to build a temple to the worship of God and Mohammed His prophet, which should surpass all other temples in the world. Out of this resolution came this building. You can see even now the mosque in its day justified the extravagant commendations

of the Arabian historians. There was an enclosed courtyard, in which orange-trees were growing, and priests walking up and down, taking the morning air. This enclosure seemed to be a bit out of Islam, and it looked almost like a profanation of Moslem rites to see men in attendance wearing the garb of Rome — so cool, so quiet, so retired, so sheltered from the outer world that one could well imagine it to have been the place of refuge and rest which Mohammed intended as the special purpose of every mosque. As you enter, the first impression is as of a wilderness of low columns that run in all directions. These columns were formerly whitewashed by the Christians, after the taking of Cordova, but under Isabella's government the whitewash was removed, and you now see the ancient red and white brick walls and precious stones of which they are made. There is a tradition that most of these columns were made out of the materials of the ancient Roman temple which stood on this site, and that some were sent from the temples of Carthage. It was easy to see that they were not the work of any one mind, but rather represent the enterprise of the builders in rummaging among other ruins, or the generosity of priests and rulers, who showed their desire to stand well with the Governor of Cordova by sending a quantity of columns for the mosque. In this way it happens that some of the columns are of jasper, others of porphyry, others of choice marbles. Some, you notice, are short, and have had to be supplemented by mechanical contrivances. But although a close examination of the mosque shows these differences and really adds to its interest, the general effect is unique and imposing. You note with impatience that the governors under Charles V. had a large part of this incomparable series of arches removed to build a modern chapel, and, although the chapel was not without interest in respect to woodwork and tapestry, its presence here

seems a violence to all the laws of art, and one can understand the chagrin of Charles V., who, when he examined the mosque for the first time in 1526, and saw what had been done in the building of this chapel, said, "You have built here what any one might have built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

It is difficult to give an exact description of the mosque. Its value lies in the impression it makes on you, and in the fact that it is an almost perfect monument of Moslem civilization in Spain. There is the ever-recurring Oriental arch, the inventor of which you sometimes think must have found his type in the orange. There are elaborate and gorgeous decorations of the sacred places of the mosque, where the Koran was kept, where the guilty ones sought refuge and unfortunate ones succor, where justice was administered and the laws of the Koran expounded. It all seems as clear and fresh—so genial is this Andalusian atmosphere—as it came from the hand of the faithful kings who built it. As one strolls through the arches, studying each varying phase of Oriental taste, the voices of the priests chanting the morning service and the odor of incense are borne upon the air. It is startling to find Christians in the performance of their sacred office within the walls of a building consecrated by the patience and devotion of the unfortunate Moors. The lesson you always learn in Spain is what you see to-day, and what you admire as the work of destiny, are only phases of changing and vanishing civilizations. The Moor may have mused over the ruins of Roman splendor even as we are musing over the monuments of the Moor's pride; and even after we are gone others may look with wondering eyes upon that monument of Christian art and fanaticism—the Escurial.

Of its early history, Mr. Young says:—I have been reading an account of Cordova as it flourished long before Columbus discovered America. I read that it was built by the Phœnicians, and that when Hannibal invaded Italy Cordova followed his standard. Here are the very words from the Latin historian relating that adventure, "*Nec decus auriferræ—cessavit Corduba terræ.*" Seneca and Lucan were born at Cordova. The Romans founded a celebrated university here. After Roman and Goth had had their empire, it became a Moorish town, and under the Moors attained the height of its splendor. If you can believe the Moorish chronicles, you could travel ten miles from the centre of Cordova, the lights from the dwellings illuminating the way. Buildings ran twenty-six miles in one direction and six in another. The country dependent on it supported 3,000 towns and villages. The people in those days were proud of their dress, the university, the wine-shops, and especially gloried in their mosque. It is all that remains of their forgotten splendor. There were pleasure-gardens with all kinds of fruits, among them the luscious peach, the very taste of which has gone from memory. There was a palace, of which not a stone can be discovered, which, according to the chronicles, must have surpassed any achievement of modern royalty. In this palace were more than four thousand columns, and doors of varied decoration to the number of 15,000. The Romans came and razed it to the ground, and there is no remnant of its glory, nor any vestige of its ancient or mediæval splendor, but the stone bridges across the river built by the Romans, and the famous mosque, now called a cathedral, built by the Moors.

From Cordova the party proceeded to Seville. Our correspondent writes:—Our stay in Seville was marked by one incident of a personal character worthy of veneration.

tion — the visit of General Grant to the Duke of Montpensier. The day after General Grant arrived in Seville the Duke called on him, and the next day was spent by the General and his party in the hospitable halls and gardens of St. Telmo. The Duke regretted that, his house being in mourning on account of the death of his daughter, Queen Mercedes, he could not give General Grant a more formal welcome than a quiet luncheon party. The Duke, the Duchess and their daughter were present, and after luncheon the General and Duke spent an hour or two strolling through the gardens, which are among the most beautiful in Europe. The Duke spoke a great deal of his relations with America, and especially of the part which his nephews had played in the war against the South. At the close of the reception the General drove back to the hotel and the next morning left for Cadiz.

In no part of the peninsula does a traveller returning to Spain see so many changes as in Seville. You are reminded of the transformation that has been wrought over Washington, — dear, dirty, drowsy old Washington, as it was before the war, — a sprawling village of mud and marble, and what it is now, among the most beautiful of cities. In the olden days Seville was a beggars' opera. The streets seemed to have been neglected since the Moorish surrender. The principal occupation was dozing in the sun. You could not walk to the church without going through a swarm of beggars. It was beggary militant, almost brigandage. The beggars held the town, and there was nothing but surrender or fight. If you came from the outside world you were their lawful prey, and sight-seeing was, as a general thing, leading a procession of men, women, and children in all conditions of misery — cripples, dwarfs, blind. A shrewd friend of mine, then resident in Seville, told me that his plan was to hire a beggar, and pay him

three or four francs a week, on condition that the others did not disturb him. His plan was a success. The moment it was known that he had capitulated, and made himself a subject and tribute-payer, he was unmolested. That is changed. There are a few beggars in Seville, but not one-half as many as in Dublin.

In those days Seville seemed a city in which to dream. It was so Spanish — I mean in the sense in which the world understands Spanish. It was Spanish as we see the type in comedies. The whole town was so quaint, so unlike anything in our own world. The streets ran in all directions. There were no sidewalks. Men, women, donkeys, water-carriers, all streamed along in friendly fashion over narrow, winding ways paved in stone. You saw the warm tints and the glowing color of the South, the beauty of Andalusia. The men wore costumes appertaining to the province, and had not fallen into French ways. The damsels wore the veil and mantilla. They had not learned the vanity of bonnets. It was like stepping back two centuries — back to the world of Cervantes — to walk along the street called Sierpes. This was the Broadway of Seville, or, to be more exact, the Broadway and Fifth Avenue combined; for here people came to shop as well as stroll. It was the oldest street, only a few feet wide, with the strangest mingling of costumes and decorations. Soldiers in their jaunty uniforms, bull-fighters with their cues of hair, and jackets trimmed with braid, peasants with pork-pie hats a century old, faded woollen jackets and breeches; peasant lasses with gaudy, jaunty costumes; bakers serving bread from donkeys, the donkey decorated in the Alhambra style, the hair on his hide carved into shapes as curious as the dome in the Alcazar; singing-girls with guitars, the hair falling over the shoulders, and no adornment beyond a rose or a ribbon; shovel-hatted priests, with long, black robes, an

important feature of the society. There were the religious processions, some imaged saint or Virgin held aloft, with a swarm of priests and attendants; incense-bearers, canopy-bearers, priests chanting their offices, and all the world hurrying to its knees as it elbowed its way along.

Something of this you may still see on the street called Sierpes, but it is only memory. The priests are there, but not so many of them. The beggars have gone, let us hope into better employments. The donkeys hold their place, but the decorated donkey is not so familiar. There are fewer stores in which you can buy scapula and rosary. The sewing-machine has come and the walls are covered with placards telling how each machine has won more medals than the other—puzzling, no doubt, to the credulous Spanish mind. The hotel has assumed Continental airs, especially in charges for coffee in the morning and candles. The narrow streets along which you could stroll and dream and feel the drowsy *insouciance* of the place and summon up the legends and poems of Seville—the wandering, tortuous streets in which you went around and about, sure to lose your way and never to regain it until you found the Cathedral tower and worked your way back as though you were working out an observation in navigation—are now given over to hurried business, people and groups talking politics. Down by the river it was pleasant to stroll and see the beggars loll in the sun, watching their fellow-beings pack oranges. If one person were really at work over his oranges there were a dozen standing by and looking on, smoking cigarettes, telling him about the bulls that came in the evening, what fun it was sitting up all night that they might see the bulls and poke them with sticks, idling and talking politics. Seville was a republican town in those days. But the republican sentiment has chilled since it has been discovered that even

republicans must work. An illusion of this kind was fatal to a missionary enterprise. A clergyman came to Spain and organized a church upon good Presbyterian ideas, the people to rule the church and the pastor be a servant. The church succeeded at first, because the socialists joined it under the impression that this principle of church government, so unlike the absolute, imperial sway of Rome, was socialism in a new form. But when they



SCENE NEAR SEVILLE.

found they had to abandon the Virgin and purgatory and the saints, and the other comforts of faith, and come down to the dry head of Presbyterianism, with eternal damnation thrown in, the church vanished. The Spaniard is a gambler. Even in his religion he does not want a lottery in which there are no prizes.

As I was saying, you stroll down by the river and see ships in Seville — steamships and sailing-vessels — some of them, as you note with quickening heart-throb, under the American flag. And the bridge over which the beg-

gars used to crouch and watch the Guadalquivir is now a stream of industry — such as it is — not a New York stream, mad, furious, dangerous, rushing, but wonderful for Seville. Chimneys adorn the horizon — chimneys with smoke from furnaces, where men work, and which were not here five years ago. Avenues and gardens are laid out and the trees are young. The new town is enclosing the old one, and Seville — no longer the dreamy Seville of Figaro and Don Juan — is an old town surrounded by a new one — the fourteenth century encompassed by the nineteenth. It seems like losing a familiar friend or the passing away of early associations, the change that has come upon Seville. It is a violation of all poesy to see a real smoking chimney and people at work. It was almost with a pang that I heard of an express-train between Madrid and Seville — one a week, and soon to be two a week. Why could it not live on forever in this humming, droning fashion — a picturesque, inviting town for idle men to visit and dream the hours away in wandering through the naves of St. Griselda and the gardens of the Alcazar? But the clock moves on and on, and you cannot turn back the hands, and the clock of nineteenth century civilization is striking every hour in Spain.

Cadiz is the next point visited, and one of the party thus refers to it: — It is as you saunter along the streets that you see the outside life of Spain. As the afternoon lengthens, and the white houses become tawny in the shadows of the descending sun, it is pleasant to stroll out to the Battery. You have no care as to your road, for in this mazy town the first corner into any road will lead to the Battery. All the world is going with you — grave, stately señors to smoke their cigarettes in the cooling, wholesome air, and gracious señoras in their bewitching Spanish costumes, who glance at you with their deep, black,

Oriental eyes, and float along. My best authority on the ladies of Cadiz is that of Lord Byron. But his lordship pays tribute to this beauty at the expense of higher qualities when he pays Cadiz a "sweeter though ignoble praise," and tells how Aphrodite made her shrive within these white walls. Lord Byron was more of a poet than a historian in these criticisms. You can trust his lordship in his descriptions of scenery, but not in historical or moral reflections. And as you float on this ripple of beauty that wafts on towards the Battery and the sea, you feel that so much beauty must have a higher purpose than revelry and crime, and that the sweeping lines in "Childe Harold" were applied to Cadiz because they happened to fit, and might as well have been written about Cowes or Hamburg. In the evening every one goes to the Battery. The air is warm with the sunshine, with airs that come from Africa, yet tempered with the ever-soothing influence of the sea. The gardens are in bloom — the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, and the palm. You stroll along the Battery wall, and look out on the sea. The waves ripple on the shore with the faintest murmur. A fleet of fishing-boats is at anchor, and their graceful bending masts recall the lateen masts of the Nile. A couple of boats have just come in, and are beached above the receding tide, and the fishermen, up to their knees in water, are scrubbing the sides and the keel. The work is pleasant, and the sea has been good, I hope, in its offerings, for they sing a graceful song to lighten their labors. The tinkling bells denote the patient, heavy-laden donkeys, which pace their slow way along the beach, laden with fish or fruit or water or wine. The city is on your right, the white walls rising on the terraced hills, glowing with white as they are seen against this deep blue sky. There are Moorish domes and Arabian turrets, that show all the meaning of their graceful out-

lines as you see them now massed into a picture, warmed with the richer hues of the descending sun. How beautiful is Cadiz, seen as you see her now, looking out like a sentinel upon the sea! And thus she has stood, a sentinel between contending civilizations, for ages. I am almost afraid to say how many ages; but the books will tell you that Hercules founded Cadiz more than three centuries before Rome was born, eleven centuries before our Saviour died. Here where the oceans meet, the southernmost point of Continental Europe, teeming Africa only a step beyond — here for ages, and through so many civilizations, the city whose glowing towers grow pink and purple in the sun's passing rays has stood guard. You think of the tides that have rolled and receded over the Mediterranean world, of cities that once ruled the world with their enterprise and splendor; of envious Babylon and forgotten Tyre, and remember that modest Cadiz, who never sought empire, never challenged the cupidity of the bandit, has passed through the storms that destroyed her splendid rivals, and seems good for centuries more. Just over this smooth sea, where you might run in a few hours with one of these fishing-boats, is a sandy seaside plain where Arabs grow corn and dates, and loll in the noonday sun. This was Carthage, and how she looked down upon poor little Cadiz in her day, with her fleets proudly sweeping around these shores and promontories, with her armies striding over mountain and valley, with her captains resolved to conquer the world! Yet of Carthage only the name remains, only a shadow, and modest Cadiz keeps her guard here, watching the splendors of London and New York and Paris, seeing all the world carry them tribute, seeing the flags of the Englishman sweep past her shores as proudly as the fleets of Hannibal and Cæsar in other days. I wonder if beautiful Cadiz has patience in recalling this,

and is content with her modest work, and feels that she will keep guard, perhaps, when the glory that now environs her has passed like that which once came from Carthage and Rome, and the sceptre of a world's supremacy will have passed to other hands.

You think of these things as you lean over this Battery wall, and look at the beautiful city, growing more beautiful in the purple and pearl of the descending sun. A freshening breeze comes over the sea, and the waves purr and play as they gambol on the rough, stony beach. A ship comes hurrying in, hugging the coast, scudding on at full sail. How beautiful she looks! Every sail set, her flag sending signals to the shore, her prow bent forward like a strong man running his race, anxious for the goal. In a few minutes the evening gun will fire, and the port will close. So she flies along, firm in her purpose, eager diving, laden with the purposes and achievements of another world, minister and messenger of peace. I remember an idle discussion—perhaps I read it in some forgotten book, perhaps I heard it in some foolish dinner debate—as to which was the most beautiful object in the world, a maiden in the fulness of her years, a race-horse at his highest speed, or a ship in full sail. I have forgotten what my own views may have been; perhaps it was a subject on which I had not taken definite sides. But looking over this sea-wall at the ship, with every sail bent, wooing the winds and striving for the haven, I can well see that the beauty it implies is of the highest and noblest type. There is the beauty of form, the snugly set keel breasting the waves, the lines that bend and curve, the lines that tower into the air. There is the beauty of purpose—which really is the soul of all beauty—the purpose being to win the race, to carry her treasure, to make a true and good voyage, to do something, to defy wind and waves and relentless seas, and come

into this harbor and strew the wharf with corn, cotton, or oil. There is the beauty of nature, for the sea is before us, and long lines of hills crest the horizon ; and just over the crisp and curling blue a light tint of silver falls, and you look into the heavens, and there, coming out of the skies, you see the outlines of a full-orbed moon, that will soon throw a new radiance over these towers and hills and waves. You watch yon ship as she moves in, and feel that, for this moment at least, there is nothing more beautiful, and you are content to see that fortune favors her, and that she comes into her refuge before the port is closed.

As we stand leaning over this sea-wall and follow every tint of the changing scene, we note the long bronze cannon that look through the embrasures, pointing to the sea. They seem out of place in Cadiz. Surely she has lived all these ages, triumphant over so many civilizations, who would still be living if cannon could assure life. They are poor, foolish cannon, too, long, narrow bronze affairs, that look puny beside those mighty engines which now secure the prowess of England and Germany. But even Cadiz has human nature, and if other people wear cannon, she must needs have cannon. I suppose the instinct which prompts these expenses and performances is like the instinct which prompts those we love, protect, and cherish to run into crinoline in one season and into the reverse another. Cadiz wears her cannon like crinoline. It is the custom, and her sons and daughters look proudly upon these lean, lank, crouching guns, and feel that they bar out the opposing world, when, as a matter of fact, the opposing world, if it came behind the guns of England, would fear those cannon no more than if they were bamboo tissues.

But we cannot quarrel with the vanities of the beautiful city, and hope she deems her cannon becoming. The

light starts up from various points—a light here and there, giving token of the coming night. The ringing of bells falls on the ear—of many bells—that ring as though it were a summons or an admonition. They come from all parts of the city, and their jangling is tempered into a kind of music by the distance and the clearness of the air. This is the angelus. In this Catholic country it is the custom, when the sun goes down, for the priest to go to his prayers, and for all Christian souls to cease whatever calling may employ them and for a few moments to join him in his prayer, thanking the Virgin for having given them the blessing of another day, thanking the saints for having watched over them, praying our Saviour to be with them alway, and give them at the end the grace of a happy death. As the bells ring out, you know that all Cadiz turns by instinct and for a few moments joins the praying priest in his supplications. From this point of view what a beauty you find in those angelus bells as you lean over the sea-wall—the cool breezes fanning your cheek and hear them jangle in the evening air. Stately Spanish gentlemen pause and their cloaks fall from the shoulder—for the Spanish gentleman always uncloaks himself when he greets you—and now he is greeting supremacy and looks out towards the sea and follows the distant priest in his prayer. My lady with the glowing eyes pauses and the head drops a moment, and making the sign of the cross, she passes on. For a few minutes the jangling bells ring out and all the world is at prayer. He would be a poor Spaniard, whatever his creed or ways, who could allow those bells to pass without answering their invocation. They ring for him now as they did for his infancy, as they rang for his ancestors, as they ring every day of his life. Whatever the world may do in the way of temptation or duty, for one moment the Church comes

and absorbs his soul, and he is one with the thousands around him, and his heart goes in reverence to its Maker; and as you hear these jangling bells, you feel how fond and vast and supreme is this religion, whose command falls upon a people from a hundred turret bells.

There is not a more happy-go-lucky piece of humanity than your Spanish peasant. Give him his *vino tinto*, his *olla*, his cigarette, and his dance, and he's as happy as a king. If he can earn in the morning as much as will supply his wants, it never enters his head to work during the day. He knocks off, repairs to the nearest *venta* or wine-shop, and there enjoys himself after his sweet, wild will. If he can earn a *peseta*, well and good; if not, he gaily succumbs to *reales*; and if *reales* are not in the market, he puts up with *cuartos* and — an onion.

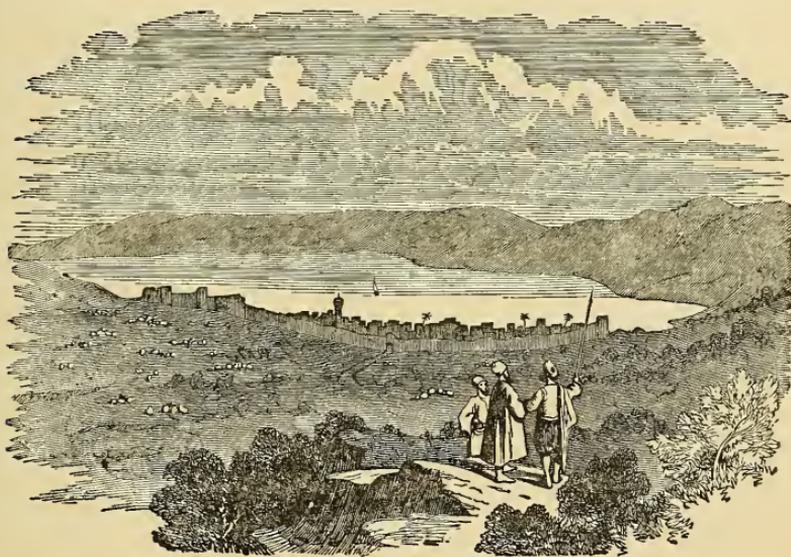
To see that man sitting astride his donkey on his road to market, is a rare treat to the observant traveller. The patient animal — laden, as to panniers, with wine, olives, or every conceivable description of vegetables — still finds room for its lazy master, who perches himself in the midst of the *impedimenta*, running his feet into a leathern strap fastened round the donkey's neck, close to the poor brute's head. He smokes and sings — such droning! and stops to gossip, or to let his dapple graze, or upon any excuse that may offer; and, his cargo once disposed of, becomes a man upon town. He is good-humored, civil, but languid. There is no "go" in him; his vim would seem to have deserted him, leaving nothing but the outward semblance of a man.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL GRANT VISITS GIBRALTAR—SAILING OVER MEMORABLE TRAFALGAR—GIBRALTAR AS A CLASSIC AND MODERN TOWN—ANCIENT MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR—HOW THE MOOR, SPANIARD, AND ENGLISHMAN HAVE STRUGGLED FOR THE ROCK—GENERAL GRANT AND LORD NAPIER—AN AMERICAN WELCOME—A REVIEW AND SHAM BATTLE—THE AMERICAN GENERAL'S OPINION OF THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

General Grant and his party left Cadiz, on the morning of November 17th, for Gibraltar. Our correspondent thus relates the subsequent events:—We left Cadiz in the early morning, and the sea was in her gentlest mood. General Duffie, our gallant and genial Consul, was with us. The run from Gibraltar carries you past some of the famous cities of the world. It is the thin line that divides two continents, the barrier over which civilizations have dashed and fallen. So much of the romance of European travel is embraced in these historic memories, that you find yourself, even in the presence of Nature in her most gracious and resplendent moods, diverted from the contemplation of her beauty into a revery upon forgotten ages and the great men who lived then. This city we are leaving, for instance, whose towers are glowing in the morning sun, was founded by Hercules. The city we left the other day, Lisbon, was founded by Ulysses. The city to which we are steering was the Calpe of the classic age. These rocks, over which the sunny waves are breaking in smooth, idle fashion, and along which grimy peasants are groping for oysters and sea-weeds, were the Ultima Thule of the an-

cient days. Beyond was the dark unknown. This strait was the gate of the Mediterranean, and we feel, as we are steaming towards it, as we see the enclosing hills that almost seem to touch and to mark for us the two continents, we feel that we leave behind us the modern and come into the ancient world. It was through this strait that Columbus sailed when he discovered America. Can you fancy what he felt as he pushed into the sea and left behind him his gentle Mediterranean? And as if Providence, in the marking out of the globe, had determined the battle-fields



THE MEDITERRANEAN FROM A DISTANCE.

of the giants, you are reminded that in all the struggles for the mastery of empires this narrow strait has borne her part. Cadiz vanishes away. It is a long time before we lose sight of her, as for a long time she remains glowing on the horizon, like a radiant gem in azure setting. We pass a jetting promontory and enter a bay, and we know that here giants have contended, for in this bay was fought the battle of Trafalgar seventy-six years ago, and the might of England was permitted to grapple with the might

of France. I suppose no event, for centuries, at least, was more decisive of the fate of the European world, than the battle which took place in these smooth waters over which our small bark merrily courses, and which we, a party of idle, gossiping tourists, are studying, not without an impatient feeling towards the Spanish cooks who are behind with breakfast. There is scarcely a breeze to disturb its fair surface, so rent and torn on that fateful day. If Nelson had been defeated here, I suppose England would have been invaded by Napoleon, and, when we see what great armies have been able to do with the most civilized of nations, is there any limit to what might have been done to England by the army which conquered at Austerlitz? But it was not to be. The fates had decreed that here, on this fishing-ground, the ambition of Napoleon should be stayed and England saved.

It is not a long journey from Cadiz to Gibraltar, and after passing Trafalgar all eyes look for the teeming rock on which England holds guard over the highway to India. Gibraltar is one in a line of posts which English policy is compelled to retain for the defence of her empire. Oddly enough, the impartial observer cannot help noting that this England, the most inoffensive of nations, always craving peace, wishing to molest no one, always selects for these posts a position of menace to other Powers. From Aden she menaces Egypt; Hong Kong is a guard upon China; from Heligoland she observes Germany; Malta is the outpost of Italy and France and Austria, and to draw nearer to Russia she took Cyprus. Rather than surrender Malta she went to war with Napoleon. On our own coasts the Bahamas are a menace to the United States. I have heard it estimated, by those who can form a good opinion, that the possession of the Bahama Islands by the English during our war with the South, entailed upon the North an

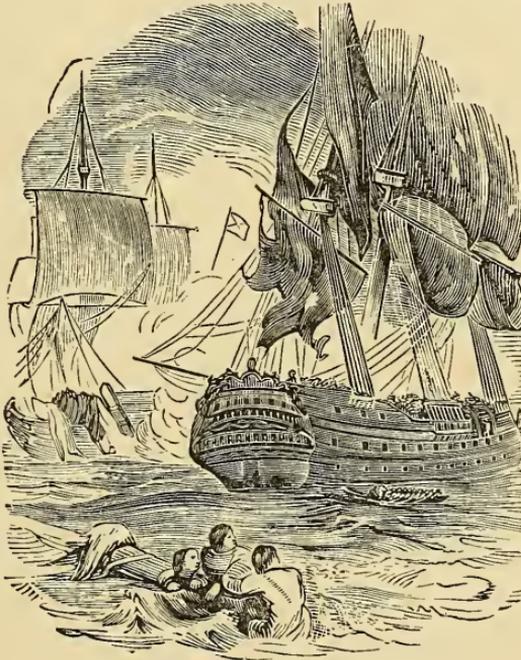
expense of millions that otherwise would have been saved. This neutral outpost of the British Empire really became a port of supply for the Southern Confederacy, and we were compelled to submit to it or incur a fearful trial. This is one of the aspects of the imperial policy of England which makes it a thorn in the side of other nations. I know how Americans felt about it not long since, and I am, therefore, prepared to sympathize with the emotions of the Spaniards, who never think of Gibraltar in Spanish hands without deep emotion.

The history of Gibraltar is a romance. It was the Mons Calpe of the ancients, one of the pillars of Hercules that you find stamped on modern heraldry. The Roman writers tell of its wonderful caves and cliffs. It was Ptolemy's column of the inner sea. When Islam swept over the Mediterranean in that marvellous invasion which was to give it empire in Spain, which was to threaten Christian supremacy in Europe, and change the march of civilization, it was at Gibraltar that Islam's flag was first unfurled. For eight centuries it was a Moorish fortress, and even now the first object you note as you come in from the sea is the Moorish tower, whose gray walls looked down upon Columbus, when, with his frail pinnaces, he passed through this strait into the Atlantic. The poets say it was because Roderic, the Gothic king, carried away the daughter of a Spanish nobleman who governed Ceuta, that this nobleman, in revenge, planned the invasion of Gothic Spain. But the poets from Homer's time find woman's beauty at the bottom of all achievements, and history gives graver reasons. The time was ripe for the fertile host of Islam to invade Spain, and it came. It vanquished the Goth, even as the Roman had vanquished the Carthaginian, to be driven by the Christian. It is believed that the Moslems were tempted to come, because Andalus, as Andalusian

Spain was then called, was a winning land, with springs, gardens, and rivers, giving fruits and plants, and with men and women who would make handsome slaves. But they came, more than eleven hundred years ago, within the century succeeding the Hegira. Tarik, a Persian, was the commander of the expedition, and the point at which he landed was called Gebal-Tarik, which means Tarik's mountain, in his honor—a name which soon came to be known, in our modern way of handling names, as Gibraltar.

So long as the Moslems remained in Spain — more than seven centuries — they held Gibraltar. One of the Spanish kings captured it, a Seville archbishop leading the columns of attack, but it was retaken. Here the Moslems made their first landing; here was their point of departure. The bishops were famous fighters in those days. Gibraltar seemed to be the rock, in the whirlpool of mediæval wars, around which the currents of contending armies were ever seething. It was here that the great Alphonso died, his army menaced by the plague which swept over Europe. His body rests in quaint old Cordova. It is pleasant to read that many Moors came unarmed to do homage to his remains, and that his foe gave orders that the army which accompanied his remains should not be disturbed. Alphonso had a noticeable tint of green in his eyes. In 1436, artillery was first used by the famous De Guzman; but the Moors defeated and slew De Guzman, and suspended the coffin containing his remains from one of the turrets of the old Moorish castle, where idle travellers go now to look out upon the African hills and the plains of Andalusia. All this time matters were going badly with the Moslem. The tide of war, which had flowed on until it almost reached the Pyrenees, was ebbing. The Duke of Medino-Sidonia, son of Guzman, in the latter part of the fifteenth century made a dash at the fortress. The spirit of Islam was faint,

indeed, for the town fell after a spiritless struggle. The wise policy of Queen Isabella confirmed the possession. When Charles V. came in, he took pains to strengthen the fortress, especially against Turkish pirates, who infested the coasts of the Mediterranean. Dashes were made upon the fort and town, from which it suffered. The crown also made a penal settlement of the place, which was not calculated to improve its tone. In the reign of Charles were



THE ASSAULT UPON GIBALTAR.

begun those series of works which are now among the wonders of the world. Philip II. and his son continued these defenses. In the Spanish war of the succession, England began to extend her dominions in the Mediterranean, and this purpose led to another and decisive change in the fortunes of the city.

Marlborough was sent out to fight the French by land and Admiral Rooke by sea. In 1704, Rooke made up his

mind to assail Gibraltar. On the 21st of July, in that year, in command of an English fleet, embracing sixty-three vessels, carrying 4,450 guns, and over twenty thousand men, he made an assault on the fort, which surrendered after a gallant defense, and the flag of England has ever since floated from its battlements. In October of the same year, a French fleet of twenty-two vessels came into the bay and besieged the fort. The siege lasted until April 18, 1705, causing the garrison much suffering. But reinforcements came from England and drove the French away. In the Treaty of Utrecht, a clause was inserted giving Gibraltar to England — England promising that no Jews or Moors should have their residence in Gibraltar. The surrender was always a sore point to the proud Spaniard. In that day, writes Lord Maben, there was scarcely a Spanish statesman “who might not have applied to himself the saying of Queen Mary, and declared that when he died the word Gibraltar would be found engraved on his heart.”

At one time it was proposed to give up Gibraltar for Florida or St. Domingo, but Spain declined. In 1727 the discontent in Spain over the English occupation was one impelling cause of the war and of what is known as the great siege of Gibraltar. The Spaniards had a large army, and they made a prolonged attack. Some Moors and Jews within the town entered into a conspiracy to surrender. They were detected. Two of the Moors were executed and afterwards flayed and their skins nailed to the town gates. In 1757, Chatham offered to give up Gibraltar to Spain as a condition of her not joining the coalition against England and restoring Minorca. The offer came too late. Gibraltar remained with England, and was governed with a rapacity and shamelessness that would delight the old masters of New York under Tammany Hall. Then came the American Rebellion and the alliances between the Amer-

icans and the French. Oddly enough, one of the incidents of that war was the siege of Gibraltar in 1779. England was busy with her own colonies, and Spain made another attempt to take the town. There was a blockade, during which the people lived on fish and flour, "small fish, not larger than sprats, selling for two shillings." When the garrison were almost starved into a surrender, an assault was made. The fort fired red-hot balls on the ships, destroying one of the largest armaments that had ever been sent out by Spain. Elliot, who made this defence one of the noblest in military annals, became Lord Heathfield. For four years the gates were closed, and only opened in 1783, when the general peace was concluded. King Charles of Spain had staked the resources of his nation on the attack, and had failed. In the negotiations that led to a peace and the recognition of American independence, Franklin suggested and the French urged the restoration of Gibraltar to Spain. He argued that Portsmouth could be as justly claimed by Spain as Gibraltar by England. The question reached Parliament, and Fox in his speech showed what he thought of this town when he said that the American colonies might have been saved to England had a fleet been stationed at Gibraltar to intercept the passage of d'Estaing. Burke added in the debate that "as a post of war, a post of power, a post of commerce and a post which made England valuable to her friends and dreadful to her enemies," Gibraltar was invaluable. Then England declared that no conditions whatever would induce the British nation to cede the fortress to Spain. So the discussion ended, and with it the superhuman efforts which Spain for a century had made to win back her darling rock.

Gibraltar has been in the possession of the English since 1704. That is a very long time, as sovereignties

shift nowadays, for any country to hold a foreign possession. It was taken in war and has been held ever since as a citadel of English strength in the Mediterranean. The Spaniard has never been content with the occupation of Gibraltar by a foreigner, and yet there is so little in the island intrinsically that the only object of its being held by another nation is a sentimental one. If Gibraltar were sold as a piece of real estate to the highest bidder, it would not bring so much as the wild headlands on the western coasts of North America. It is a rock jutting suddenly out of the sea, habitable only on its rim or edge, useful only as a fortress. The English hold nothing scarcely but the rock. There is a little patch of ground just behind, where the troops manœuvre, and then you cross into Spain.

The sea was very calm as we came from Cadiz, but as we entered Gibraltar Bay it began to roughen. The first thing to welcome us was the American flag flying from one of our men-of-war. There was some difficulty in distinguishing the vessel until we came nearer, when we recognized Captain Robeson and several other officers, our old friends and shipmates of the steamship *Vandalia*. The General directed his vessel to steam around the *Vandalia*, and cordial greetings were exchanged between the two ships. As we headed into port the *Vandalia* mounted the yards, and Captain Robeson came in his barge to take the General on shore. The American Consul, Mr. Sprague, and two officers of Lord Napier's staff, met the General and welcomed him to Gibraltar in the name of the general commanding. Amid a high sea, which threw its spray over most of the party, we pulled ashore. On landing, a guard of honor presented arms, and the General drove at once to the house of Mr. Sprague, on the hill.

Mr. Sprague has lived many years at Gibraltar, and, I believe, is the oldest consular officer in the service of the

United States. General Grant is the third ex-President he has entertained at his house. Lord Napier of Magdala, the commander at Gibraltar, had telegraphed to Cadiz, asking the General to dinner on the evening of his arrival. At seven o'clock the General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the Consul, went to the palace of the Governor, called the Convent, and were received in the most hospitable manner by Lord Napier. His lordship had expressed a great desire to meet General Grant, and relations of courtesy had passed between them before, Lord Napier, who commanded the expeditionary force in Abyssinia, having sent General Grant King Theodore's Bible. The visit to Gibraltar may be summed up in a series of dinners—first, at the Governor's palace; second, with the mess of the Royal Artillery; again, at the Consul's. Then there were one or two private and informal dinners at Lord Napier's, and, in fact, most of General Grant's time at Gibraltar was spent in the company of this distinguished commander—a stroll round the batteries, a ride over the hills, a gallop along the beach, a review of troops, and taking part in a sham battle. Lord Napier was anxious to show General Grant his troops, and although, as those who know General Grant can testify, he has a special aversion to military display, he spent an afternoon in witnessing a march past of the British garrison, and afterwards a sham battle. It was a beautiful day for the manœuvres. General Grant rode to the field accompanied by Lord Napier, General Conolly, and others of the staff. Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the Consul and the ladies of the Consul's family, followed and took up her station by the reviewing post. The English bands all played American airs out of compliment to the General, and the review was given in his honor. Lord Napier was exceedingly pleased with the troops, and said to General Grant he supposed they were on their best

behavior, as he had never seen them do so well. The General examined them very closely, and said that he did not see how their discipline could be improved. "I have seen," said the General, "most of the troops of Europe; they all seemed good. I liked the Germans very much, and the Spaniards only wanted good officers, so far as I could see, to bring them up to the highest standard; but these have something about them — I suppose it is their Saxon blood — which none of the rest possess; they have the swing of conquest."

The General would have liked to have remained at Gibraltar longer, but there is nothing in the town beyond the garrison. I suppose his real attraction to the place was the pleasure he found in Lord Napier's society and again coming in contact with English ways and customs after having been so long with the stranger. Gibraltar is a military despotism tempered by smuggling. Held in spite of Spain by a foreign Power, without any dependence upon the Power which governs it except that of a soldier who obeys his general, without municipal pride, Gibraltar seems to be a refuge for all kinds of characters and adventurers, and depends for its support on two industries — first, the industry of supplying the wants of the garrison, and, second, that of smuggling tobacco into Spain. You will have observed from the debates in the Spanish Cortes that Spain complains bitterly that this smuggling costs their treasury several millions of dollars a year, and they ask England to prevent this. But one of the Spanish officials told us in Gibraltar that the main trouble about this smuggling was the cupidity of the Spanish officials themselves. There seems to be no reason why England should build and support custom-houses for Spain, and there was a panic among some of the merchants at the bare possibility of custom-houses being established. On the other hand,

the fair view of the subject you take is that if England holds Spanish territory for her own imperial purposes she should, as an act of kindness to a friendly nation, see that that possession does not interfere with Spanish prosperity.

At the present time, however, the question of the right of occupation of Gibraltar becomes one of additional interest. Sultan Muley Hassan, of Morocco, has just succeeded in putting down a troublesome rebellion in his kingdom. His army is encamped near Rabat, and thirty-four decapitated heads of the Berber insurgents adorn the walls of the city. But under cover of dealing with the insurgents, Sultan Muley Hassan has been very busy in importing arms and ammunition, in doing which England has been assisting him to the best of her ability. Moroccan soldiers have been drilled at Gibraltar, English officers have taken service in the Sultan's army, and a number of fortified places, more especially Tangier, have been strengthened by English engineers and English cannon of large calibre. So at least say the Spanish papers and the Paris *Moniteur*, although the English Chancellor ridicules the soft insinuation. But the assertions are doubtless true, and the reasons for accepting them are not to be looked for far away. Spain has a standing grievance against England. Castelar, speaking very recently, recalled to the minds of his countrymen the fact that Spanish soil was still in the hands of the foreigner. There appears to the Spaniard only one way of getting the Rock from England, and that is by annexing Morocco. The idea is not a bad one. Morocco is the provision chamber for Gibraltar, and if Spain were to annex that boundary, England's great Mediterranean fortress would be neutralized, and her highway to India would be threatened. England knows this very well; and Sultan Muley Hassan knows that in England's fear of Spain's acquiring his land, lies his only hope of independent existence. So he is con-

tent to allow the English Ambassador at his court to be popularly styled and to act as the "Vice-Emperor of Morocco." Spain, again, has always considered that Morocco sooner or later must belong to her, either as a province or a colony. She had temporary possession of the land after the war of 1859-60, and since then has had constant disagreements with her African neighbor. A year ago, when a Spanish consular agent was murdered at Tehuan, war was only avoided by a humble apology on the part of the Sultan, and the mediation of England. The Spanish papers and people demanded war at that time, and they are equally clamorous for it now. The result, unless England were to assist Sultan Muley Hassan, would prove disastrous to the Moroccans. If Spain is successful in finding a *casus belli* with Morocco, she will have the cards pretty well in her own hands. By declaring war she must compel England to active support of the Sultan, in order that the importance of Gibraltar shall not be diminished. If England refuse to assist Sultan Muley, Spain will find the conquest of Morocco an easy matter, and then with Morocco in her hands she can offer to exchange it for the Rock. Spanish national pride would then no longer be hurt by foreign occupation of her soil, and England would not have to give up the key to the Mediterranean and her highway to India. At any rate, events in Morocco are worthy of some attention.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EN ROUTE FOR IRELAND—ARRIVAL AT DUBLIN—RECEPTION BY THE LORD MAYOR—BANQUET TO GENERAL GRANT—BREAKFASTING WITH THE VICEROY—BANQUET AT THE “MANSION HOUSE”—GENERAL GRANT’S SPEECH—THE REFUSAL OF CORK TO ENTERTAIN THE GENERAL—THE REASONS GIVEN—GENERAL SHERMAN SPEAKS—A VISIT TO LONDONDERRY—THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—DINING WITH THE MAYOR—SEEING THE SIGHTS—RECEPTION AT BELFAST—BACK TO DUBLIN—FAREWELL SCENES—OFF FOR LONDON—PARIS—RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN LEGATION—PREPARING TO START FOR INDIA—THE PARTY—FAREWELL TO EUROPE—EN ROUTE FOR INDIA—THE END OF THE EUROPEAN JOURNEY.

From Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, General Grant and his party proceeded to Ireland, and reached Dublin on the 3d of January. Upon landing they were met by representatives of the city corporation, by whom they were warmly welcomed. They were at once driven to the Shelbourne Hotel, where the General prepared to meet the Lord Mayor at the City Hall. The city was full of strangers, and much enthusiasm was manifested when the General and his party left their hotel to drive to the Mansion House. On arriving at the Mayor’s official residence, they were cheered by a large crowd that had gathered to greet the illustrious ex-President. The Lord Mayor, in presenting the freedom of the city, referred to the cordiality always existing between America and Ireland, and hoped that in America General Grant would do everything he could to help a people who sympathize with every Ameri-

can movement. The parchment, on which was engrossed the freedom of the city, was inclosed in an ancient bog oak casket.

General Grant appeared to be highly impressed by the generous language of the Lord Mayor. He replied as follows:—"I feel very proud of being made a citizen of the principal city of Ireland, and no honor that I have received has given me greater satisfaction. I am by birth the citizen of a country where there are more Irishmen, native born or by descent, than in all Ireland. When in office I had the honor—and it was a great one, indeed—of representing more Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen than does Her Majesty the Queen of England. I am not an eloquent speaker, and can simply thank you for the great courtesy you have shown me." Three cheers were given for General Grant at the close of his remarks, and then three more were added for the people of the United States.

Mr. Isaac Butt, the well-known Home Rule member of Parliament, speaking as the first honorary freeman of the city, congratulated General Grant on having consolidated into peace and harmony the turbulent political and sectional elements over which he had triumphed as a soldier. His speech throughout was highly complimentary of the ex-President.

Two hundred guests were present at the banquet given in honor of General Grant that evening. The Lord Mayor presided. General Noyes returned thanks for a toast to President Hayes' health. General Grant, replying to a toast to his own health, commented upon the cordiality of the popular reception accorded him. He believed and hoped that the trade depression in America would soon be over. He said Americans strove to be honest and to pay their way as they became prosperous; so, also, would England. His speech was loudly cheered.

After this ex-President Grant, Mr. Noyes, and Mr. Badaeu visited the Royal Irish Academy, in Kildare Street, in company with Lord Mayor Barrington. Here, after some time spent in inspecting the treasures of ancient Irish art in gold, silver, and bronze, Saint Patrick's bell and sacred cross and O'Donnell's casque, the party went to the building that was the old Parliament House. It is now the Bank of Ireland, and the walls which formerly echoed with the eloquence of Grattan, Curran, and Plunkett, now resound with the chaffering of the money-changers. Trinity College was then visited. The party was received by the Provost and Fellows, and escorted through the library, chapel, and halls of this venerable and majestic pile.

General Grant drove to the viceregal lodge of the Duke of Marlborough, Phoenix Park, early in the afternoon, where he had a *déjeuner* with the Viceroy. He afterwards visited the Zoological Gardens, then returned to his hotel, where he rested a couple of hours.

In the evening, a banquet was given him at the "Mansion House." The company rose and gave the Irish welcome when the General's name was proposed. The ex-President made in response the longest speech of his life, speaking in a clear voice, and being listened to with rapt attention. He referred to himself as a fellow-citizen of Dublin, and intimated, amid much laughter and cheering, that he might return to Dublin, one day, and run against Barrington for Mayor and Butt for Parliament. He warned those gentlemen that he was generally a troublesome candidate. Then, passing to serious matters, the General said: —

"We have heard some words spoken about our country — my country — before I was naturalized in another. We have a very great country, a prosperous country, with room for a great many people. We have been suffering for some years from very great

oppression. The world has felt it. There is no question about the fact that when you have forty-five millions of consumers such as we are, and when they are made to feel poverty, then the whole world must feel it. You have had here great prosperity, because of our great extravagance and our great misfortunes. We had a war which drew into it almost every man who could bear arms, and my friend who spoke so eloquently to you a few moments ago lost a leg in it. You did not observe that, perhaps, as he has a wooden one in place of it. When that great conflict was going on we were spending one thousand million dollars a year more than we were producing, and Europe got every dollar of it. It made for you a false prosperity. You were getting our bonds and our promises to pay. You were cashing them yourselves. That made great prosperity, and made producers beyond the real necessities of the world at peace. But we finally got through that great conflict, and with an inflated currency which was far below the specie you use here. It made our people still more extravagant. Our speculations were going on, and we still continued to spend three or four hundred millions of money per year more than we were producing. We paid it back to you for your labor and manufactures, and it made you apparently and really prosperous. We, on the other hand, were getting really poor, but being honest, however, we came to the day of solid, honest payment. We came down to the necessity of selling more than we bought. Now we have turned the corner. We have had our days of depression; yours is just coming on. I hope it is nearly over. Our prosperity is commencing, and as we become prosperous you will, too, because we become increased consumers of your products as well as our own. I think it safe to say, that the United States, with a few years' more such prosperity, will consume as much more as they did. Two distinguished men have alluded to this subject—one was the President of the United States, and he said that the prosperity of the United States would be felt to the bounds of the civilized world. The other was Lord Beaconsfield, the most far-seeing man, the one who seems to me to see as far into the future as any man I know, and he says the same as President Hayes."

These words were received with rounds of applause, and created a profound sensation.

It had been the intention of General Grant to visit Cork, and the corporation of that city were informed of the fact. At a meeting of the City Council it was voted not to receive him. This decision produced a great sensation throughout Ireland, and aroused the just indignation of the populace. An ex-Mayor of Cork said,—

“The obstructionists who opposed a *cead mille failithe* to General Grant are not worth a decent man rubbing up against. It is a pity that the General has determined to return to Paris instead of visiting Cork, where he would have received such an ovation from the self-respecting populace as would prove that the Irish heart beats in sympathy with America.”

The reason given for this strange procedure was that General Grant was strongly opposed to the Catholic religion, and that he had raised the “no Popery” cry in America. As an enemy of their religion, the councilmen claimed that he was an enemy of their race. When the General read the speeches which had been made in the Council, he quietly remarked, “I am sorry that the Cork people know so little of American history.” How much of an enemy to the Catholic religion General Grant is may be gathered from the following remarks by General Sherman:—

“I have known General Grant for many years, and I do not recall a single instance in which prejudice upon religious matters ever had the slightest influence in the discharge of his official duties. Many of his intimate personal friends are Catholics, and during his residence in St. Louis his circle of acquaintances was almost altogether among families of the Catholic faith. He nominated Henry T. Blow for the Brazilian mission, a gentleman well known as a member of the Catholic Church, and one of his old acquaintances in St. Louis. I do not recall just now any

other name, but it is 'bosh' to talk about General Grant insulting any one on account of his religious convictions.

"The Des Moines speech," the General continued, "was prompted by a desire to defend the freedom of our public schools from sectarian influence, and, as I remember the conversation which led him to write that speech, it was because of the ceaseless clamor for set religious exercises in the public schools; not from Catholics, but from Protestant denominations. His son Fred married a Catholic lady, and his aunt, Mrs. Fred Dent, is a Catholic, so that I know there is no prejudice in the General's mind, such, at least, as he is accused of harboring against a class of people many of whom are his particular friends.

"How strangely the action of the authorities of Cork contrasts with the conduct of the late Pius IX. you can best judge when I relate this incident:—In the latter part of the winter of 1872, I was visiting Rome with Colonel Audenreid and young Fred Grant. We were at a reception given by Mr. Healy, the artist, and among the Americans who called to pay their respects was Dr. Chatard, President of the American college in Rome and now Bishop of the Diocese of Vincennes, Ind. Dr. Chatard extended to me a cordial invitation to call upon the Holy Father, and the invitation included Colonel Audenreid and Fred. The next day, according to appointment, we went to St. Peter's, and without delay were shown to the special audience chamber. The Pope, after our reception, invited us to accompany him in his rounds to a number of business apartments in the Vatican, and while we were walking he said to me,—

"I understand you have in your party a son of your great soldier and President. Why is he not with you?"

"I replied that the President's son was in Rome, but that he was unwell and not able to accompany me on this visit. The Holy Father continued:—'I regret very much his illness, and more so because, in the absence of the father, for whom I have the highest respect, I would rejoice to meet his son. You will please convey to him my kindest wishes, and, if agreeable, I trust he will not leave Rome without coming to see me.'

"On returning to our quarters I told Fred of the special inquiry the Pope had made for him, and on the following day he

went to the Vatican, was received most cordially by the Holy Father, and brought away not only the blessing of the head of the Catholic Church for his father and mother, but numerous souvenirs which Pius IX. gave to him for his friends at home. It is fair to presume that the Pope is quite as good a judge of men as the authorities of the city of Cork, and that the esteem in which General Grant was held by one so universally beloved by the Catholic people of the whole world as Pius IX. will show the folly of the mistake which a few of the children of that faith have made in accusing General Grant of bigotry and intolerance."

On Monday, January 8th, General Grant and his party left Dublin for Londonderry and Belfast. The Lord Mayor accompanied them to the railway-station, and bade them farewell. The morning was cold, and as the train progressed northward ice, snow, cold winds, and, finally, rain, were encountered. At Dundalk, Omagh, Strabane, and other stations, large crowds were assembled, and the people cheered the ex-President, putting their hands into the cars and shaking hands with him whenever possible. The expressions of ill-feeling towards General Grant in Cork had aroused the Protestant sentiments of the Irish people of Ulster in his favor.

At two o'clock the train reached Derry. A heavy rain had covered the ground with ice, rendering the view of the city and surroundings most charming, as seen through the mists and gossamer of falling snow. At the station an immense crowd, apparently the whole town and neighborhood, had assembled. The multitude was held in check by the police. The Mayor welcomed General Grant cordially, and he left the station amid great cheering.

The great majority of the crowd cheered madly, and followed General Grant's carriage to the hotel. The ships in the harbor were decorated with flags and streamers, and the town was *en fête*. A remarkably cold, driving rain set

in at three o'clock, just as General Grant and his party drove in state to the ancient town hall. The crowd was so dense near the hall that progress through it was made with great difficulty. At the entrance of the building the Mayor and Council, in their robes of office, received the ex-President. Amid many expressions of enthusiasm from the people of Londonderry, an address was read extolling the military and civil career of General Grant, which was pronounced second in honor only to that of Washington.

General Grant signed the roll, thus making himself an Ulster Irishman. He then made a brief address. He said that no incident of his trip was more pleasant than accepting citizenship at the hands of the representatives of this ancient and honored city, with whose history the people of America were so familiar. He regretted that his stay in Ireland would be so brief. He had originally intended embarking from Queenstown direct for the United States, in which case he would have remained a much longer time on the snug little island; but, having resolved to visit India, he was compelled to make his stay short. He could not, however, he said in conclusion, return home without seeing Ireland and a people in whose welfare the people of the United States took so deep an interest.

The General then returned to his hotel, making a short visit at the house of Consul Livermore *en route*. In the evening a dinner was given him by the Mayor of the city, at which all the leading citizens of the province of Ulster were present. The reception of the ex-President was enthusiastic and cordial in the extreme. General Grant, in response to a toast, made a brief speech, saying that he should have felt that his tour in Europe was incomplete had he not seen the ancient and illustrious city of Londonderry, whose history was so well known throughout America. Indeed, the people of Derry and all about there

had had a remarkable influence upon the development of American character. He cordially welcomed to the United States all the Irishmen who chose to make their homes there, and this was a welcome shared by the American people.

Minister Noyes made a speech of the same general tenor, and at eleven o'clock the company separated. On the following morning the General strolled about the city, looking at the historic walls, visiting Walker's pillar, Roaring Meg, and other curiosities of the place. Soon after, the party, accompanied by Sir Hervey Bruce, Lieutenant of the county; Mr. Taylor, M. P. for Coleraine, and other local magnates, set out for Belfast. A cold rain and mists coming from the Northern Ocean, obscured the wonderful view of the northern Irish coast. The General studied the country closely, remarking on the sparseness of population, and saying he could see no evidence of the presence of 7,000,000 of people in Ireland.

At every station there were crowds assembled, and when the cars stopped, the people rushed forward to shake hands with the General. Some were old soldiers who had been in the American army. One remarked that Grant had captured him in Paducah. Another asked General Grant to give him a shilling in remembrance of old times. The people were all kindly, cheering for Grant and America. At Coleraine there was an immense crowd. Grant, accompanied by the Member of Parliament, Mr. Taylor, left the cars, entered the waiting-room at the depot, and received an address. In reply General Grant repeated the hope and belief expressed in his Dublin speech, that the period of depression was ended, and that American prosperity was aiding Irish prosperity. At Ballymoney, there was another crowd. As the train neared Belfast, a heavy rain began to fall.

The train reached Belfast station at half-past two o'clock. The reception accorded General Grant was imposing and extraordinary. The linen and other mills had stopped work, and the workmen stood out in the rain in thousands. From the train-window, Grant saw a perfect sea of heads, which showed the eagerness of the people to honor the distinguished traveller. The platform of the station was covered with scarlet carpet. The Mayor and members of the City Council welcomed the General, who descended from the car amid tremendous cheers. Crowds ran after the carriages containing the city authorities and their illustrious guest, and afterwards surrounded the hotel where the General was entertained.

Belfast might be said to have been *en fête*, the public buildings were draped with American and English colors, and in a few instances with Orange flags.

Luncheon was served at four o'clock, and the crowd with undaunted valor remained outside amid a heavy snow-storm and cheered at intervals. The feature of the luncheon was the presence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, who was given the post of honor. The luncheon party numbered one hundred and seventy—the Mayor said he could have had five thousand.

The Belfast speakers made cordial allusions to many people in America, and were anxious to have Grant declare himself in favor of free trade, but the General in his reply made no allusions to the subject, to the disappointment of many of those present. Minister Noyes made a hit in his speech when he said that General Grant showed his appreciation of Belfast men by appointing A. T. Stewart, of Belfast, Secretary of the Treasury, and offering George H. Stuart, a Belfast boy, the portfolio of Secretary of the Navy.

After the luncheon was over, General Grant remained

quietly in his apartments, receiving many calls, some from old soldiers who served under him during the war.

On the following morning General Grant and his party visited several of the large mills and industrial establishments of the city. Before he left the hotel he was waited on by a number of the leading citizens and several clergymen. Bishop Ryan, the Catholic Bishop of Buffalo, and Mr. Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union*, were among the callers and had a pleasant interview. The General then drove to the warehouses of several merchants in the linen trade, to the factories and shipyards. At the immense shipyard where the White Star steamers were built, the workmen, numbering 2,000, gathered around Grant's carriage and cheered as they ran alongside. The public buildings and many of the shops were decorated. The weather was clear and cold.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the General left for Dublin. Immense crowds had gathered at the hotel and at the railway-station. The Mayor, with Sir John Preston and the American Consul, James M. Donnan, accompanied the General to the depot. As the train moved off the crowd gave tremendous cheers, the Mayor taking the initiative. One Irishman in an advanced stage of enthusiasm called out, "Three cheers for Oliver Cromwell Grant!" To this there was only a faint response.

At Portadown, Dundalk, Drogheda, and other stations, there were immense crowds, the populations apparently turning out *en masse*. Grant was loudly cheered, and thousands surrounded the car with the hope of being able to shake the General by the hand, all wishing him a safe journey. One little girl created considerable merriment by asking the General to give her love to her aunt in America. At Dundalk, the brother of Robert Nugent, who was lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-ninth New York

Regiment in 1861, and afterwards commander of a brigade in the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, said he was glad to welcome his brother's old commander.

Upon reaching Dublin, Lord Mayor Barrington and a considerable number of persons were on the platform at the railway-station, and cordially welcomed the General. As soon as all the party had descended, the Lord Mayor invited the General into his carriage and drove him to Westward Row, where the Irish mail-train was ready to depart, having been detained eight minutes for the ex-President.

There was a most cordial farewell, and a great shaking of hands. The Mayor and his friends begged Grant to return soon and make a longer stay. Soon Kingston was reached, and in a few minutes the party were in the special cabin which had been provided for them on board the mail-steamer. Special attention was paid to the General by the officers of the vessel. Grant left the Irish shores at twenty minutes past seven o'clock.

London was duly reached, and the travellers became the guests of the American Minister, Mr. Welsh.

After a brief stay in London, General Grant went to Paris, where, on the 14th of January, he was tendered with a grand dinner and reception at the United States Legation. On the next day, a grand dinner and reception was given in his honor by Marshal MacMahon, at the Palais d' Elysée. Among those present were General Grant and family, M. Waddington and wife, General Noyes and wife, Miss King, Miss Stevens, the members of the Chinese Embassy, the representatives of San Salvador, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Guatemala, Peru, Colombia and Uruguay, and many French generals and admirals.

On the 21st, General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, Colonel Fred. Grant, ex-Secretary of the Navy A. E. Borie, of Philadelphia; Dr. Keating, and Mr. Young, left Paris

for a tour in the East. These intend to accompany him through his entire trip. General Badeau went with them as far as Marseilles. Generals Noyes and Fairchild, Secretary Hill, and a large number of Americans, went to the station to see the party off. The train left at a quarter past seven.

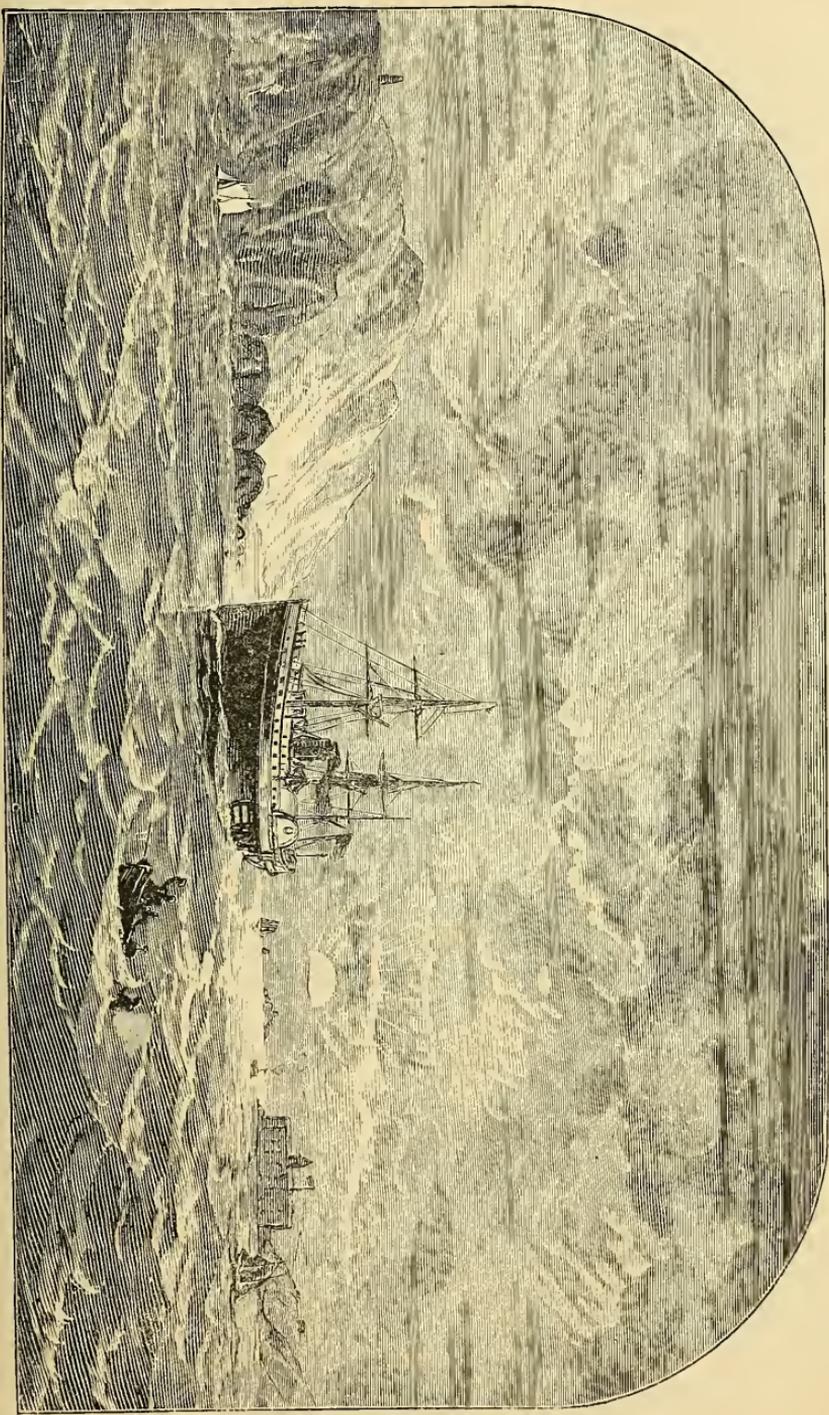
General Grant and his party arrived at Marseilles on the 23d, and Consul John B. Gould received them at the railway-station. An afternoon reception was held at the consulate, where General Grant met the leading citizens of Marseilles. At noon, on the day following, the party embarked on the French steamship *Labourdonais* for India *via* Suez. General Badeau, Consul Gould, J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia; John Munroe, the banker, and many citizens took leave of General and Mrs. Grant. The day was cold, and the sky was filled with masses of gray cloud. The people of Marseilles evinced great interest in the General's departure. The ships in the harbor were dressed with flags and streamers. General Grant and his party seemed in the best of health and spirits. The steamer moved out of the harbor shortly after twelve o'clock, and the land journey of General Grant closed amid the kindest manifestations of his countrymen at Marseilles, and the French citizens of this great Mediterranean port. Marshal MacMahon sent orders to the French admirals on foreign stations and to the governors of French colonies to treat General Grant with all the honors due to the head of an independent state.

CHAPTER XXX.

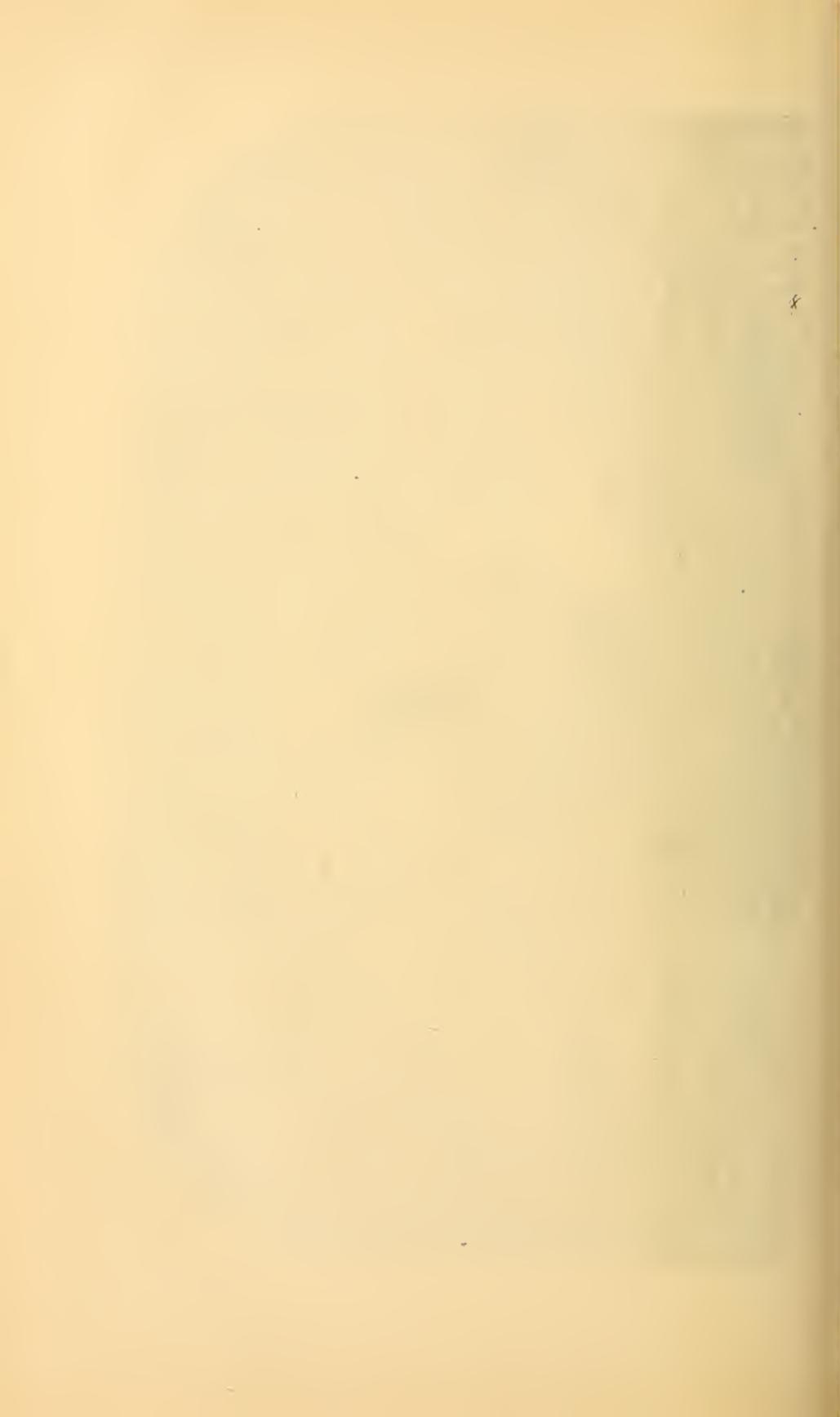
THE PASSAGE FROM MARSEILLES TO ALEXANDRIA — DOWN THE RED SEA — ADEN — BOMBAY — THE RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT — LIFE IN INDIA — A VISIT TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA — RECEPTION AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE — FAREWELL TO BOMBAY — ARRIVAL AT JEYPORE — THE MAHARAJAH'S RECEPTION — A NAUTCH DANCE — VISIT TO THE ANCIENT PALACE OF AMBER — THE HOME OF AN ANCIENT INDIAN KING — AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

The voyage from Marseilles to Bombay was a pleasant one. Like a thing of life the vessel bearing the travellers danced upon the crested waves of the Mediterranean. As they passed along, Etna was seen towering in the distance, with villages nestling at its base. After skirting along the African coast, they disembarked near Alexandria. A short ride by rail brought them to the Suez Canal, where they took passage on another boat, called the Venetia, and proceeded on their way down the Red Sea. The journey at this point is one of great interest, since the banks of that Sea are hallowed by the footsteps of the Israelites. Many points of historic interest were pointed out, among which Mount Sinai was, perhaps, the most important.

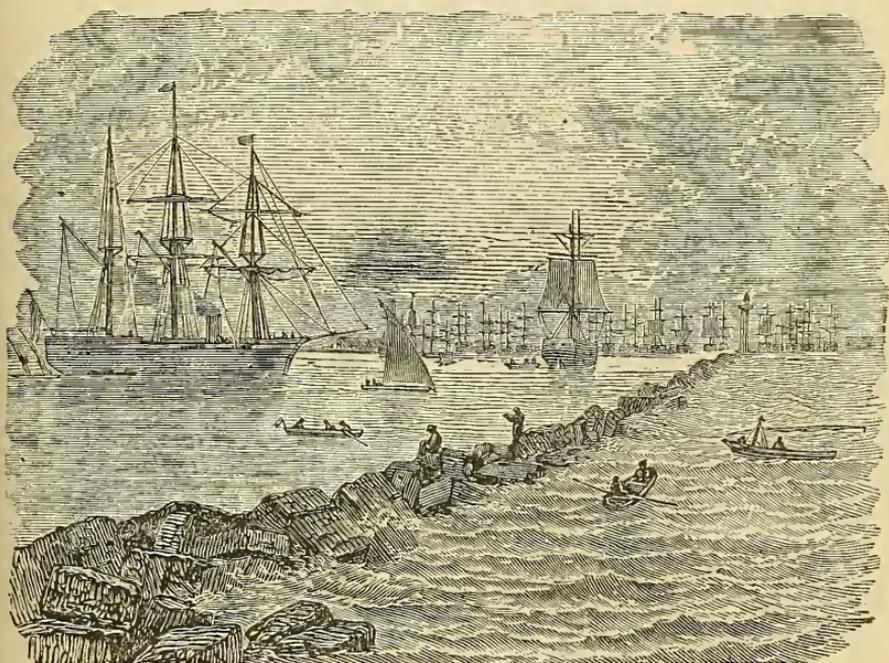
The vessel touched at Aden just long enough to allow the travellers to mail their letters, and then quietly passed on towards Bombay. Their arrival at the latter point is thus narrated: — Our departure from Europe had been so sudden that we had no idea that even our Consul at Bombay knew of our coming. All arrangements were made to go to a hotel, and from thence make our journey; but the



GENERAL GRANT ENROUTE FOR INDIA.



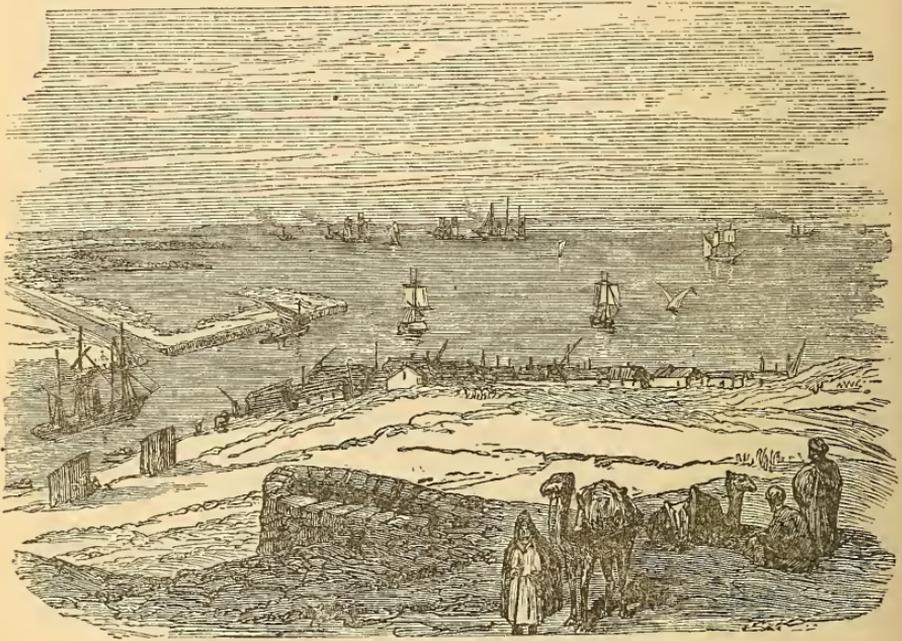
Venetia had scarcely entered the harbor before we saw evidences that the General was expected. Ships in the harbor were dressed with flags, and at the wharf was a large crowd — soldiers, natives, Europeans. As we passed the English flag-ship, a boat came alongside with an officer representing Admiral Corbett, welcoming the General to India. In a few minutes came another boat bearing Captain Frith, the military aid to Sir Richard Temple, Governor of the



THE SUEZ CANAL.

Presidency of Bombay. Captain Frith bore a letter from the Governor, welcoming the General to Bombay, and offering him the use of the Government House at Malabar Point. Captain Frith expressed the regret of Sir Richard, that he could not be in Bombay to meet General Grant, but duties connected with the Afghan war kept him in Sind. The Consul, Mr. Farnham, also came with a delegation of American residents and welcomed the General and party.

At nine o'clock in the morning the last farewells were spoken, we took our leave of the many kind and pleasant friends we had made on the Venetia, and went on board the Government yacht. Our landing was at the Apollo Bunder—the spot where the Prince of Wales landed. The tides in the harbor are high, and there were stone steps over which the sea had been washing. As we drew near the shore, there was an immense crowd lining the

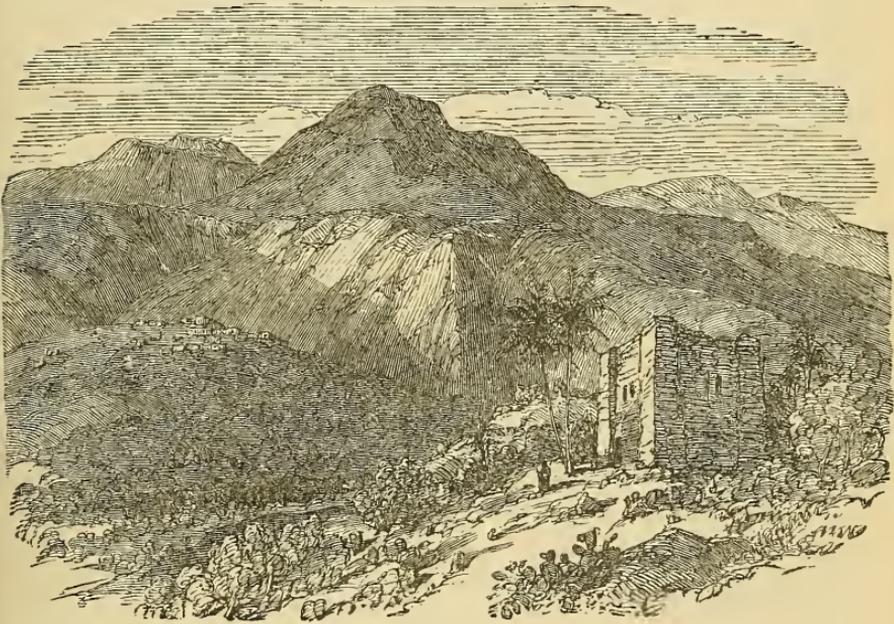


THE RED SEA ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL.

wharf and a company of Bombay volunteers in line. As the General ascended the steps he was met by Brigadier-General Aitcheson, commanding the forces; Sir Francis Souter, Commissioner of Police; Mr. Grant, the Municipal Commissioner, and Colonel Sexton, commanding the Bombay volunteers, all of whom gave him a hearty welcome to India. The volunteers presented arms, the band played our national air, and the General, amid loud cheers from

the Europeans present, walked slowly with uncovered head to the state carriage. Accompanied by Captain Frith, who represented the Governor, and attended by an escort of native cavalry, the General and party made off to Malabar Point.

Our home in Bombay is at the Government House, on Malabar Point, in the suburbs of the city. Malabar Point was in other days a holy place of the Hindoos.



MOUNT SINAI.

Here was a temple, and it was also believed that if those who had sinned made a pilgrimage to the rocks there would be expiation or regeneration of soul. The Portuguese who came to India were breakers of images, who believed that the religion of Christ was best served by the destruction of the pagan temples. Among the temples which were subjected to their pious zeal was one on Malabar Point. There are only the ruins remaining, and masses of rock, bearing curious inscriptions, lie on the hillside.

Malabar Point is an edge of the island of Bombay jutting out into the Indian Ocean. Where the bluff overlooks the waters it is one hundred feet high. This remnant of the rock has been rescued from the sea and storm and decorated with trees and shrubbery, the mango and the palm. Overlooking the sea is a battery with five large guns, shining and black, looking out upon the ocean and keeping watch over the Empire of England. It is difficult to describe a residence like the Government House on Malabar Point. Architecture is simply a battle with the sun. The house is a group of houses. As you drive in the grounds, through stone gates that remind you of the porters' lodges at some stately English mansions, you pass through an avenue of mango trees, past beds of flowers throwing out their delicate fragrance on the warm morning air. You come to a one-storied house surrounded with spacious verandas. There is a wide state entrance covered with red cloth. A guard is at the foot, a native guard wearing the English scarlet, on his shoulders the number indicating the regiment. You pass up the stairs, a line of servants on either side. The servants are all Mohammedans; they wear long scarlet gowns, with white turbans; on the breast is a belt with an imperial crown for an escutcheon. They salute you with the grave, submissive grace of the East, touching the forehead and bending low the head, in token of welcome and duty. You enter a hall and pass between two rooms — large, high, decorated in blue and white, and look out upon the gardens below, the sea beyond, and the towers of Bombay. One of these rooms is the state dining-room, large enough to dine fifty people. The other is the state drawing-room. This house is only used for ceremonies, meals, and receptions.

You pass for one hundred paces under a covered way over a path made of cement and stone, through flower-beds

and palm-trees, and come to another house. Here are the principal bedrooms and private chambers. This also is one story high and runs down to the sea, so that you can stand on a balcony and throw a biscuit into the white surf as it combs the shore. These are the apartments assigned to General Grant and his wife. There are drawing-rooms, anterooms, chambers, the walls high, the floors covered with rugs and cool matting. As you pass in, servants, who are sitting crouched around on the floors, rise up and bend the head. You note a little group of shoes at the door, and learn that in the East custom requires those in service to unslipper themselves before entering the house of a master. Another hundred paces and you come to another house, with wide verandas, somewhat larger than the General's. These are the guest chambers, and here a part of our party reside.

On Friday evening, the General visited the ball of the Volunteer Corps, and was received by Colonel Sexton. The ballroom was profusely decorated with flags—the American flag predominating. On Saturday, at two, he visited Dossabhoy Merwanjee, a Parsee merchant. The reception was most cordial, the ladies of the family decorating the General and party with wreaths of jessamine flowers. In the afternoon he drove to the Byculla Club, lunched, and looked at the races. In the evening there was a state dinner at the Government House, with forty-eight guests. The Government band played during dinner. The member of Council, Hon. James Gibbs, who represents the Governor, was in the chair. At the close of the dinner he proposed the health of the General, who arose amid loud cheering, and said that he was now carrying out a wish he had long entertained of visiting India and the countries of the ancient world. His reception in Bombay had been most gratifying. The cordiality of the people,

the princely hospitality of the Governor, the kindness of the members of the household, all combined to make him feel the sincerity of the welcome. It was only a continuance of the friendliness he had met in Europe, and which was especially grateful to him because it indicated a friendly feeling towards his own country. In this spirit he accepted it, for he knew of nothing that would go further towards insuring peace to all nations, and with peace the blessings of civilization, than a perfect understanding between Englishmen and Americans, the great English-speaking nations of the world. The General said he hoped he might see his hosts in America. He would be most happy to meet them and return the hospitality he had received. He was sorry he could not see Sir Richard Temple, the Governor of Bombay, of whom he had heard a great deal, and whom he was anxious to meet. But he would ask them to join with him in drinking the health of the Governor. This sentiment was drunk with all the honors. The dinner was finally served, and after dinner the General and guests strolled about on the veranda smoking or chatting, looking out on the calm and murmuring ocean that rolled at their feet, and the lights of the city beyond. There was a luncheon with Sir Michael R. Westropp, Chief Justice of Bombay. Sunday was spent quietly at home.

During their stay at Bombay, the party visited the celebrated caves of Elephanta. The correspondent thus describes the visit:—We have a cooling breeze coming in from the Indian Ocean, and as we slowly climb easy flights of steps we have an almost naked retinue of Hindoos, in various stages of squalor, asking alms and offering to sell us gold beetles. The temples are reached in time, and we stroll about studying out the figures, noting the columns and the curious architecture, full, rude, massive, unlike any forms of architectural art familiar to us. The main temple

is 125 feet long, and the same in width. The idols are hewn out of the rock. The faces of some are comely, and there is a European expression in the features that startles you. The type is a higher one than those we saw in Egypt. One of the idols is supposed to be the Hindoo Trinity — Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. There is matter for thought in the fact that the idea of the trinity, of the holiest of holy mysteries, was somehow grasped by these pagan worlds long before our blessed Lord came among men. There is a figure of a woman with a single breast — the wife of Siva — and you note in these pagan faiths that woman, who holds so sad a place in their domestic economy, was worshipped as fervently as some of us worship the Virgin. It is the tribute which even the heathen pays, as if by instinct, to the supreme blessing of maternity. But when the Portuguese came with the sword and the cross, little mercy was shown to the homes of the pagan gods. It is believed that these temples were cut out of the rocks in the tenth century, and that for 800 years these stony emblems, which we finger and poke with canes, were worshipped. General Grant observes that his memories of Karnak make it difficult for him to appreciate the caves at their true value. So we saunter about, and look out on the waters, and watch the descending sun throw its purple, golden shadows over Bombay. The night is falling as our launch pushes into the bay. In this land there is no twilight, and a few minutes after the sun goes down darkness reigns, darkness over everything, only the lights of the distant town, and the stars looking down from a cloudless sky.

On Monday the General was entertained in state at the Government House, at Malabar Point. Hon. James Gibbs, the member of the Council who acted as Governor in the absence of Sir Richard Temple, presided, and at the close

of the dinner, the company drank the health of the General. In response, the General referred to the kindness he had received in India, which was only renewing the kindness shown him all over Europe, and which he accepted as an evidence of the good-will which really existed between Englishmen and Americans, and which was, to his mind, the best assurance of peace for all nations. After the dinner the General received a large number of the native merchants and gentlemen of Bombay. It seemed odd to our American eyes that merchants and gentlemen should be asked to come in at the end of a feast and not to take part. But this exclusion is their own wish. Many of these merchants and gentlemen belong to castes who look on the food of the Europeans as unclean, who believe in the sacredness of life, and will not eat animal food, and who could not sit at the table with the General without losing caste. These men will meet you in business, will serve you in various ways, but their religion prevents their sharing your table. So the invitation to the natives to meet the General was fixed at an hour when dinner was over.

They came in groups—Hindoos, Arabs, Parsees, native officers—in uniforms, in quaint flowing costumes. The General stood at the head of the hallway, with Mr. Gibbs and Major Rivett-Carnac, the Governor's military secretary. As each native advanced he was presented to the General with some word of history or compliment from Mr. Gibbs. "This is So-and-So, an eminent Brahmin scholar, who stands high among our barristers;" or, "This is So-and-So, a Parsee merchant, who has done a great deal of good to Bombay, and has been knighted for his services by the Queen;" or, "This is the oldest Arab merchant;" or, "This is a gallant officer in our native cavalry;" or, "This is the leading diamond merchant in Bombay, a Hindoo gentle-

man, one of the richest in India." As each of them advanced it was with folded hands, as in prayer, or saluting by touching the breast and brow in the submissive, graceful, bending way, so strange to our eyes. Here were men of many races—the Parsee from Persia, the Arab from Cairo, whose ancestors may have ridden with Omar; the Brahmin of a holy caste, in whose veins runs the stainless blood of Indian nobility, descendant of men who were priests and rulers ages before England had risen from her clouds of barbarism. Between these races there is no love. If they do not like England, they hate one another. Religious differences, tradition, memories of war and conquest, the unaccountable antipathies of race which we have not eliminated from our civilization—all generate a fierce animosity which would break into flames, once the restraining hand were lifted. What welds them together is the power of England, and as you look at this picturesque group—their heads, full eyes, their fine Asiatic type of face, clear and well cut—here assembled peacefully, you see the extent of the empire to which they all owe allegiance, and you admire the genius and courage which has brought them to submit to a rule which, whatever it may have been in the past, grows more and more beneficent.

This dinner at Malabar Point closed our visit to Bombay. After the reception of the native gentlemen and merchants, the General strolled over to his bungalow, and, sitting on the veranda looking out upon the ocean, he sat and conversed for a long time with Mr. Gibbs, Major Carnac, Mr. Borie, and the gentlemen of the household.

On Tuesday, we left Bombay. The day was very warm—oppressively warm. We had an idea of what might be felt in an Indian summer. The General drove into town and made some farewell calls. At five, he left the Government House in a state carriage, accompanied

by Major Carnac, who represented Governor Temple, and escorted by a squadron of cavalry. On arriving at the station, there was a guard of honor of native infantry drawn up, which presented arms and lowered colors. All the leading men of the Bombay government — Parsee and native merchants; our Consul, Mr. Farnham, whose kindness to us was untiring; Mr. Gibbs, and all the members of the Government household — were present. Among those who came to say good-bye was Colonel H. S. Olcott, of New York. Colonel Olcott had just arrived in India, where he proposes to study Indian philosophy. He was accompanied by some Brahmins of high caste, whom he presented to the General. In a few minutes the signal for leaving was made, and the General thanking his good friends of Malabar Point, the train pushed off amid cheers and the salutes of the military.

From Bombay they went to Jeypoor. One of the party writes:—Our ride was through a low, uninteresting country, broken by ranges of hills. The railway is narrow gauge, and, as I learned from one of the managers who accompanied us, has proved a success, and strengthens the arguments in favor of the narrow gauge system. It was night before we reached Jeypoor. On arriving at the station, the Maharajah was present with his Ministers, and the English Resident, Dr. Hendley, who acted in place of Colonel Beynon. As the General descended, the Maharajah, who wore the ribbon and star of the Order of India, advanced and shook hands, welcoming him to his dominions. The Maharajah is a small, rather fragile person, with a serious, almost a painful expression of countenance, but an intelligent, keen face. He looked like a man of sixty. His movements were slow, impassive — the movements of old age. This may be a mannerism, however; for, on studying his face, you could see that there is some

youth in it. On his brow were the crimson emblems of his caste—the warrior caste of Rajpootana. His Highness does not speak English, although he understands it, and our talk was through an interpreter. After the exchange of courtesies and a few moments' conversation, the General drove off to the English residency, accompanied by a company of Jeypoor cavalry. The residency is some distance from the station. It is a fine, large mansion, surrounded by a park and garden.



THE MAHARAJAH'S STANDARD-BEARER.

The next day after our arrival there was a reception at the royal palace. We drove to the palace at four o'clock, and were shown the royal stables. There were some fine horses and exhibitions of horsemanship, which astonished even the General. We were shown the astronomical buildings of Jai Singh II., which were on a large scale and accurately graded. We climbed to the top of

the palace and had a fine view of Jeypoor. The palace itself embraces one-sixth of the city, and there are 10,000 people within its walls—beggars, soldiers, priests, politicians, all manner of human beings—who live on the royal bounty. The town looked picturesque and cool in the shadows of the descending sun. We looked at the quarters devoted to the household. All was dead. Every part of the palace swarmed with life except this. Word



THE MAHARAJAH'S CHIEF MUSICIAN.

had been sent to the household that profane eyes would soon be gazing from the towers, and the ladies went into seclusion. We strolled from building to building—reception-rooms, working-rooms, billiard-rooms, high walled, far apart, with stone walls and gardens all around; space, air, and sunshine. His Highness had arisen this morning earlier than usual, to have his prayers finished in time to meet the General. At five precisely we entered the court-

yard leading to the reception hall. The Maharajah came slowly down the steps with a serious, preoccupied air; not as an old man, but as one who was too weary with a day's labors to make any effort, and shook hands with the General and Mrs. Grant. He accompanied the General to a seat of honor and sat down at his side. We all ranged ourselves in the chairs. On the side of the General sat the members of his party; on the side of the Maharajah, the members of his cabinet. Dr. Hendley acted as interpreter. The Prince said Jeypoor was honored in seeing the face of the great American ruler, whose fame had reached Hindostan. The General said he had enjoyed his visit; that he was pleased and surprised with the prosperity of the people, and that he should have felt he had lost a great deal if he had come to India and not have seen Jeypoor. The Maharajah expressed regret that the General made so short a stay. The General answered that he came to India late, and was rather pressed for time, from the fact that he wished to see the Viceroy before he left Calcutta, and to that end had promised to be in Calcutta on March 10.

His Highness then made a gesture, and a troop of dancing-girls came into the court-yard. One of the features of a visit to Jeypoor is what is called the Nautch. The Nautch is a sacred affair, danced by Hindoo girls of a low caste, in the presence of the idols in the palace temple. A group of girls came trooping in, under the leadership of an old fellow with a long beard and a hard expression of face, who might have been the original of Dickens' Fagin. The girls wore heavy garments embroidered, the skirts composed of many folds, covered with gold braid. They had ornaments on their heads, and jewels in the side of the nose. They had plain faces, and carried out the theory of caste, if there be anything in such a theory, in the contrast be-

tween their features and the delicate, sharply cut lines of the higher class Brahmins and the other castes who surrounded the Prince. The girls formed in two lines, a third line was composed of four musicians, who performed a low, growling kind of music on unearthly instruments. The dance had no value in it, either as an expression of harmony, grace, or motion. What it may have been as an act of devotion according to the Hindoo faith, I could not judge. One of the girls would advance a step or two, and then turn around. Another would go through the same. This went down the double line, the instruments keeping up their constant din.

Then we strolled into the gardens and looked at the palace towers, which the Prince took pleasure in showing the General, and which looked airy and beautiful in the rosy shadows of the descending sun. There were beds of flowers and trees, and the coming night, which comes so swiftly in these latitudes, brought a cooling breeze. Then his Highness gave us each a photograph of his royal person consecrated with his royal autograph, which he wrote on the top of a marble railing. Then we strolled towards the grand hall of ceremony to take our leave. Taking leave is a solemn act in India. We entered the spacious hall where the Prince received the Prince of Wales. Night had come so rapidly that servants came in all directions carrying candles and torches that lit up the gaudy and glittering hall. An attendant carried a tray bearing wreaths of the rose and jessamine. The Maharajah, taking two of these wreaths, put them on the neck of the General. He did the same to Mrs. Grant and all the members of the party. Then, taking a string of gold and silken cord, he placed that on Mrs. Grant as a special honor. The General, who was instructed by the English Resident, took four wreaths and put them on the neck of the Maharajah, who pressed his hands and bowed his thanks.

Another servant came, bearing a small cup of gold and gems containing ottar of roses. The Maharajah, putting some of the perfume on his fingers, transferred it to Mrs. Grant's handkerchief. With another portion he passed his hands along the General's breast and shoulders. This was done to each of the party. The General, then taking the perfume, passed his hands over the Maharajah's shoulders, and so concluded the ceremony which in all royal interviews in the East is supposed to mean a lasting friendship. Then the Prince, taking General Grant's hand in his own, led him from the hall, across the garden and to the gateway of his palace, holding his hand all the time. Our carriages were waiting, and the Prince took his leave, saying how much he was honored by the General's visit. The cavalry escort formed in line, the guard presented arms, and we drove at a full gallop to our home. And so ended one of the most interesting and eventful days in our visit to India.

During their stay at Jeypoor, a visit was paid to the ancient palace of Amber. The correspondent of the party thus describes the visit:—To go to Amber we must ride elephants, for after a few miles the hills come, and the roads are broken, and carriages are of no value. We might go on horseback, or on camels, but the Maharajah has sent us his elephants, and here they are, waiting for us under a grove of mango trees, drawn up on the side of the road as if to salute. The principal elephant wears a scarlet cloth as a special honor to the General. The elephant means authority in India, and when you wish to do your guest the highest honor, you mount him on an elephant. The Maharajah also sent sedan-chairs for those of us who preferred an easier and swifter conveyance. Mrs. Grant chose the sedan-chair, and was switched off at a rapid pace up the ascending road by four Hindoo bearers. The pace at

which these chairs is carried is a short, measured quickstep, so that there is no uneasiness to the rider. The rest of us mounted the elephants. Elephant-riding is a curious and not an unpleasant experience. The animal is under perfect control, and very often, especially in the case of such a man as the ruler of Jeypoor, has been for generations in the same family. The elephant is under the care of a driver, called a mahout. The mahout sits on the neck, or more properly the head, of the elephant, and guides him with a stick, or sharp iron prong, with which he strikes the animal on the top of the head. Between the elephant and mahout there are relations of affection. The mahout lives with the elephant, gives him his food, and each animal has its own keeper. The huge creature becomes in time as docile as a kitten, and will obey any order of the mahout. The elephant reaches a great age. The one assigned to me had been sixty years in the royal stables. It is not long since there died at Calcutta the elephant which carried Warren Hastings when Governor-General of India—a century ago. There are two methods of riding elephants. One is in a box like the four seats of a carriage, the other on a square quilted seat, your feet hanging over the sides, something like an Irish jaunting-car. The first plan is good for hunting, but for comfort the second is the better. When we came to our elephant, the huge beast, at a signal from the mahout, slowly kneeled. Then a step-ladder was put against his side, and we mounted into our seats. Two of the party were assigned to an elephant, and we sat in lounging fashion, back to back. There was room enough on the spacious seat to lie down and take a nap. When the elephant rises, which he does, two legs at a time, deliberately, you must hold on to the rail of your seat. Once on his feet, he swings along at a slow, wabbling pace. The motion is an easy one, like that of a boat in a light sea. In time, if you go long dis-

tances, it becomes very tiresome. Apparently, you are as free as in a carriage or a railway-car. You can sit in any position, or creep about from one side to the other. But the motion brings every part of the body into action, bending and swinging it, and I could well see how a day's long journey would make the body very weary and tired.

We left the plain, and ascended the hot, dusty hill to Amber. As we ascended, the plain opened before us, and distance deadening the brown arid spaces only showed us the groves and walled gardens, and the greenness of the valley came upon us, came with joyousness and welcome, as a memory of home, for there is no green in India, and you long for a meadow or a rolling field of clover—long with the sense of thirst. There was the valley, and beyond the towers of Jeypoor, which seemed to shimmer and tremble in the sun. We passed over ruined paths, crumbling into fragments. We passed small temples, some of them ruined, some with offerings of grain or flowers or fruit, some with priests and people at worship. On the walls of some of the temples we saw the marks of the human hand as though it had been steeped in blood and pressed against the white wall. We were told that it was the custom, when seeking from the gods some benison, to note the vow by putting the hand into a liquid and printing it on the wall. This was to remind the god of the vow and the prayer, and if it came in the shape of rain or food or health or children, the joyous devotee returned to the temple and made other offerings—money and fruits. We kept our way, slowly ascending, winding around the hill on whose crest was the palace of Amber. Mrs. Grant, with her couriers, had gone ahead, and, as our procession of elephants turned up the last slope and passed under the arch, we saw the lady of our expedition high up at a lattice window waving her handkerchief. The court-yard

was open and spacious, and entering, our elephants knelt and we came down. We reached the palace while worship was in progress at the temple. Dr. Hendley told us that we were in time to take part in the services and to see the priest offer up a kid. Every day in the year in this temple a kid is offered up as a propitiation for the sins of the Maharajah. The temple was little more than a room in the palace — a private chapel. At one end was a platform raised a few inches from the ground and covered over. On this platform were the images of the gods — of the special god — I think it is Shiva, whom his Highness worships. On this point I will not speak with certainty, for in a mythology embracing several hundred millions of gods one is apt to become bewildered. Whatever the god, the worship was in full progress, and there was the kid ready for sacrifice. We entered the inclosure and stood with our hats off. There were a half-dozen worshippers crouching on the ground. One of the attendants held the kid while the priest sat crouching over it, reading from the sacred books, and in a half-humming, half-whining chant blessing the sacrifice, and as he said each prayer putting some grain or spice or oil on its head. The poor animal licked the crumbs as they fell about it, quite unconscious of its holy fate. Another attendant took a sword and held it before the priest. He read some prayers over the sword and consecrated it. Then the kid was carried to the corner, where there was a small heap of sand or ashes and a gutter to carry away the blood. The priest continued his prayers, the kid's head was suddenly drawn down and with one blow severed from the body. The virtue of the sacrifice consists in the head falling at the first blow; and so expert do the priests become, that at some of the great sacrifices, where buffalo are offered up in expiation of the princely sins, they will take off the buffalo's

head with one stroke of the sword. The kid having performed the office of expiation becomes useful for the priestly dinner.

Of the Palace of Amber the most one can say is that it is curious and interesting as the home of an Indian king in the days when India was ruled by her kings and a Hastings and a Clive had not come to rend and destroy. The Maharajah has not quite abandoned it. He comes sometimes to the great feasts of the faith, and a few apartments are kept for him. His rooms were ornamented with looking-glass decorations, with carved marble which the artisan had fashioned into tracery so delicate that it looked like lacework. What strikes you in this Oriental decoration is its tendency to light, bright, lacelike gossamer work, showing infinite pains and patience in the doing, but without any special value as a real work of art. The general effect of these decorations is agreeable, but all is done for effect. There is no such honest, serious work as you see in the Gothic cathedrals, or even in the Alhambra. One is the expression of a facile, sprightly race, fond of the sunshine, delighting to repeat the caprice of nature in the curious and quaint; the other has a deep, earnest purpose. This is an imagination which sees its gods in every form—in stones and trees and beasts and creeping things, in the stars above, in the snake wriggling through the hedges—the other sees only one God, even the Lord God Jehovah, who made the heavens and the earth, and will come to judge the world at the last day. As you wander through the court-yards and chambers of Amber, the fancy is amused by the character of all that surrounds you. There is no luxury. All these kings wanted was air and sunshine. They slept on the floor. The chambers of their wives were little more than cells built in stone. Here are the walls that surrounded their section of the palace.

There are no windows looking into the outer world, only a thick stone wall pierced with holes slanting upward, so that if a curious spouse looked out she would see nothing lower than the stars. Amber is an immense palace, and could quite accommodate a rajah with a court of a thousand attendants

There were some beautiful views from the terrace, and we sat in the shade between the columns and looked into the valley beyond, over which the sun was streaming in midday splendor. We should like to have remained, but our elephants had been down to the water to lap themselves about, and were now returning, refreshed, to bear us back to Jeypoor. We had only given ourselves a day for the town, and we had to return the call of the Prince, which is a serious task in Eastern etiquette. Mr. Borie was quite beaten down and used up by the sun and the wabbling, wearisome elephant ride, but we succeeded in persuading him to make the descent in a chair as Mrs. Grant had done. While Mr. Borie and Mrs. Grant were off swinging and lolling down the hill, the rest of us took a short cut among the ruins, leaping from stone to stone, watching the ground carefully as we went, to see that we disturbed no coiled and sleeping cobra, until we came upon our huge and tawny brutes, and were wobbled back to our carriages and in our carriages to town.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE JUNGLES OF JEYPOOR — THE COLONEL TRIES HIS SKILL AT BOAR HUNTING — THE VISIT TO BHURTHPOOR — THE RUINS OF FUTTEHPOOR SIKRA — ARRIVAL AT AGRA — THE TAJ — THE GENERAL EFFECT OF THE MAUSOLEUM — INSIDE THE PALACE — AN ENTERTAINMENT AND FAREWELL — A HINDOO PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW — OFF FOR DELHI.

The jungles of Jeypoor are famous for their abundance of wild beasts. Colonel Grant, who had had some experience in hunting on our great Western plains, became anxious to try his skill here, and it was not long before an opportunity presented itself. The hunt and its attendant circumstances are thus described:— An officer of the Maharajah's household, the principal hunter, and famous among the hunters in India, waited upon us at the British residency, and said that at six next morning he would be ready to accompany any of us to the jungle who cared to go, and would direct the hunt. The Doctor was disposed to volunteer, and if the General himself had not been under engagements which he could not put aside, I think he would have ventured out, if for no other reason than to have a good stiff ride in the jungle. Mr. Borie preferred to remain with the General, and the Colonel alone of the party went into the hunt. At six, our party left the residency, and drove out in the cool of the morning for six or seven miles. When they came to the jungle, horses were in readiness, with bullock-carts, and a swarm of attendants. The Colonel had had his own share of hunting on the frontiers, and as a cavalryman had a good eye and a good

seat. There were fire-arms along, to meet any other animal that might venture upon them. Not unfrequently, when looking for a pig, you may stumble upon a tiger or a panther or a bear, when the conditions of the hunt change.

Our party were prepared for such an emergency, but it did not come. When they came to the ground, they mounted. The Colonel rode with the chief sportsmen and an interpreter. There were sixteen horsemen, two camels, two bullock-carts, and beaters on foot. The chief was a fine, comely, lithe young man, who rode a horse like an Indian, with a keen, piercing eye, who looked upon the jungle as upon home, and knew every feature of it. He wore a padded gown or riding-coat, which looks like one of our comfortable morning wrappers, made of calico, and over this a flowing silk or brocaded tunic as a mark of his rank. When you go on the hunting-ground, the party divide, at distances far enough apart to cover a mile of the jungle. There are beaters on foot, who go into the grass and beat the game towards you, making loud noises. If you pass a sow or her young, you keep on, allowing them to root at peace or scamper away. If a boar is seen, the signal is given, either by a whistle or a call, sometimes by firing a pistol. Some of the beaters have pistols, so that if the boar should make a break and try to escape, they can fire a blank shot, and turn him. The boar will turn at the noise and the flash; but if the boar is in distance, you gather your reins, brace yourself in your saddle, take your spear, and run at full speed. The boar always seeks flight. If at all in condition, he will go at a pace which no horse can keep. But this does not last long. The first burst over, and you gain on him. In time you ride him down, and, as you pass, you drive the spear into his flanks, or, if you can, into his back, so as to sever his spine. But this is not often done. The law of the chase is that the

COLONEL GRANT HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.



first stroke of the spear gives you the right to the trophy. You wound the boar, severely perhaps. Your spear is wrenched from your hand, is broken by the boar, who will snap the iron blade as easily as a stalk of cane. Even when wounded the boar will keep his flight. You pursue him, and again spear him, sometimes again and again. The animal, faint from the running, from the loss of blood from the wounds, comes to bay, stops and turns. Then comes the real interest of the chase. He turns to bay, and makes a rush. Well for the horseman who cannot only keep his seat, but so guide his horse that the boar will not plunge his tusk into his animal's flanks, and rip him open. The Colonel, when he ran down his first boar, drove the spear. It was hastily, perhaps awkwardly, done, and the boar snapped off the blade. When the boar turned it charged the Colonel's horse. He avoided the charge, the boar simply touching the Colonel's foot as he passed. Another horseman was not so fortunate, as the animal drove his tusk into its flank, and made an ugly gash. Another spear was given the Colonel, who again speared the boar, and this time more effectively, for the animal turned over and died.

One pig is not a bad day's sport, but the morning was not far gone, and the Colonel felt that the spearing on his part had not been well done. It was his first trial, however, and he would have been pardoned if he had come home content with his trophy. So the hunt went on. In a short time another boar was found, and the Colonel charged it. This time the battle was in the Colonel's own hands. He had seen how the director of the hunt managed his business, and the result was a triumph. Riding the boar out of his swift pace he drove the spear. When the animal turned he faced and fought. Another horse in this charge, ridden by an attendant, was wounded, the

boar taking him in the shoulder, and inflicting an ugly wound. Another attendant was thrown and bruised. But the end came, and the Colonel drove his spear home, thus securing his second pig, and glory enough for the day. It was then proposed to shoot antelope. The antelope is no less wary in the jungle than in our own prairie. He is wary and fleet. It is difficult to stalk him, for going on foot through a jungle, where the wildest of wild animals may come on you, is not a sensible proceeding. In Jeypoor, there are two ways of hunting the antelope. One is with the cheetah, an animal of the leopard species, of remarkable speed for a short run. The cheetah is taken and trained. I do not think he ever becomes thoroughly tamed, although I saw some in Jeypoor led around by attendants. I did not test their docility, having the emotion of early menagerie days, and thinking it odd to see a long, creeping, spotted leopard pacing up and down the streets. The Maharajah has several in his hunting establishment, and, if our party had cared, would have given us a cheetah hunt. The animal is tamed — at least made tame enough to obey his keeper. He is taken in an ox-cart to the jungle, and hooded. The ox-cart drives into the jungle, and so approaches the antelopes. The ox-cart is so familiar, as the common wagon of the farmer, that its passing does not disturb them. A horseman or a traveller or a hunter, wearing a different tint of garment from the ordinary peasant, would set a whole herd in motion. The ox-cart approaches within three or four hundred yards. The cheetah is unhooded, and flies at his game. If successful, he brings it down on the first run. Seizing the animal by the throat, there is no escaping. If, however, the distance is badly considered, and the antelope shows too much speed, or the cheetah is bewildered, and does not spring at the moment, the antelope gets off, for the speed of the cheetah does not

last beyond the first few hundred yards. He has no enterprise, no sense, and when his experiment fails, stops, and would perhaps go leaping into the jungle, if his keeper did not come, and, covering him with a hood, lead him to his cart. If he succeeds and brings the antelope down, he is allowed to drink his blood as a reward. This reward is the condition of tameness. The Colonel and his party had the ox-carts at their disposal, and, satisfied with their exploits over the boar, went after the antelope. The carts drove within good shooting range, when the Colonel brought down a fine buck. This closed the day's work, for noon was coming, and it was thought best not to tempt too strongly the heat of the jungle. The Colonel came back to Jeypoor with the tusks of the two boars and the horns of the antelope as his trophies. As a young American's first day in the jungle, the result was a triumph for our expedition, and we felt so much interest in the tusks and the horns and the narrative of the day's adventures, that we began to feel ourselves sharers in the glory, and that we, too, had been in the grass, charging the wild boar, and pursuing the flying deer. The Colonel thanked the Maharajah for having given him so fine a day's sport.

Leaving Jeypoor, the party set out for Agra. On their way they passed through Bhurtpoor. The correspondent of the journey thus writes:—All Bhurtpoor was out at the station, and the Maharajah at the head. The Prince was accompanied by the British officers attached to his court, and, advancing, shook hands with the General and welcomed him to his capital. The Maharajah looks older than his years, but this is a trait of most Indian princes. He wore a blazing uniform, covered with jewels. He has a firm, stern face, with strong features and a good frame. From the station we drove to the palace, into a town whose dismantled walls speak of English valor and English

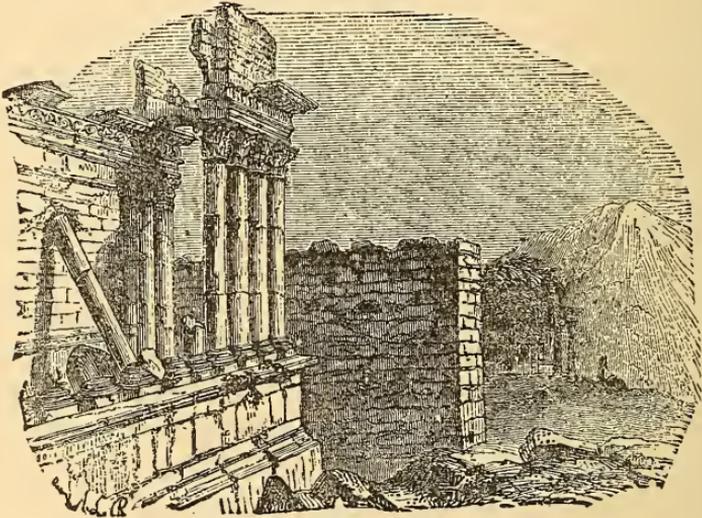
shame; past bazaars, where people seemed to sell nothing, only to broil in the sunshine, and under a high archway into a court-yard and thence to the palace. There was nothing special about the palace, except that it was very large and very uncomfortable. The decorations were odd. There were one or two bits of valuable china, prints of an American circus entering London, an oil painting of our Saviour, various prints of the French and English royal families, taken forty years ago. There were the Queen, the Prince Consort, Louis Philippe, Montpensier, and all the series of loyal engravings in vogue at the time of the Spanish marriages, all young and fresh and smiling faces, some of them now worn and gray, some vanished into silence. The palace seemed to be a kind of storeroom, in which the keepers had stored everything that came along; and as you walked from wall to wall, passing from cheap circus showbills to steel engravings of Wellington and oil paintings of our Lord, the effect was ludicrous. The Prince does not live in this palace, but in one more suited to Oriental tastes. It was here where he received the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit in 1876. There was a breakfast prepared, which the Prince left us to enjoy in company with our English friends. You know in this country the hospitality of the highest princes never goes so far as to ask you to eat. The rules of caste are so marked that the partaking of food with one of another caste, and especially of another race, would be defilement. Our host, at the close of the breakfast, returned in state, and there was the ceremony of altar and pan and cordial interchanges of good feeling between the Maharajah and the General.

It was arranged that on our way to Agra we should visit the famous ruins of Futtehpoor Sikra. Mr. Lawrence, the collector, was there to meet us, and our hotel-

keeper at Agra had sent all that was necessary. The General, Mrs. Grant, and Mr. Borie quartered in the ruin known as the Birbul's house. The remainder went with Mr. Lawrence to another ruin about a hundred paces off, which has no name. The Birbul house is supposed to have been the home of Akbar's daughter, or, as some think, a house enclosed and made sacred for the women of his harem. It is a two-storied building, massive and large, and finished with a minuteness and delicacy that you never see even in patient India. As a house alone—the mere piling of blocks of sandstone one upon the other—the Birbul house would be a curious and meritorious work; but when you examine it, you see that there is scarcely an inch that has not been carved and traced by some master-workmen. It is all stone; no wood or iron or metal of any kind has been used to fashion it. The workmen depended upon the stone; and so sure was their trust that, although centuries have passed since it was built, and generations have ripened since it was abandoned, the work is as fresh and clean as though the artisan had only laid down his tools—so well did men work in those days of patience and discipline, and so gentle is the touch of time in Hindostan.

The General does not regard early rising as a distinguishing trait, and some of the others were under the influence of his example; but Mr. Borie was up and cheerful, and rejoicing in a white pony, which some magician had brought to his feet, saddled and bridled, to view the ruins. The sun had scarcely risen, and wise travellers, like Mr. Borie, always take the cool hours for their sight-seeing. But Mr. Borie is a very wise traveller, who allows nothing to pass him, and so our party divided. Mr. Lawrence said he would wait for the General, and the early risers, under the escort of two young ladies who had been

passengers on the Venetia, with Mr. Borie leading the van on his white pony, set out to view the ruins. To have seen all the ruins of this stupendous place would have included a ride around a circumference of seven miles. There were some ruins well worth a study. We went first to the quadrangle, a court-yard 433 feet by 366 feet. On one side of this is the mosque, which is a noble building, suffering, however, from the overshadowing grandeur of the principal gateway, the finest, it is said, in India, looming up out of the ruins with stately and graceful splendor, but dwarf-



RUINS OF FUTTEHPOOR SIKRA.

ing the other monuments and ruins. This was meant as an arch of triumph to the glory of the Emperor, "King of Kings," "Heaven of the Court," and "Shadow of God." There are many of these inscriptions in Arabic, a translation of which I find in Mr. Keene's hand-book. The most suggestive is this:—"Know that the world is a glass where the favor has come and gone. Take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon." We were shown one chamber where the body of a saint reposes, and also a

tomb with a marble screen work of the most exquisite character. The prevailing aspect of the architecture was Moslem, with traces of Hindoo taste and decoration. The mosque, the tombs, and the gateway are all well preserved. At one of the mosques were a number of natives in prayer, who interrupted their devotions long enough to show us the delicate tracing on the walls and beg a rupee. It was mentioned as an inducement to engage one of the guides that he had done the same office for the Prince of Wales. But one of the pleasures of wandering among these stupendous ruins is to wander alone, and take in the full meaning of the work and the genius of the men who did it. The guides have nothing to tell you. The ruins to them are partly dwelling-places, pretexts for begging rupees, and the guide who came on our track insisted upon showing us a well or tank into which men jumped from a wall eighty feet high. Mr. Borie's resolution to see everything led us to accept the offer. On our way we met the General, who was also seeing the ruins. It was proposed that we should all go to the well and see the men jump. But we could not tempt the General. He did not want to see men jump, finding no pleasure in these dangerous experiments. As we came to the well, which was a square pond, with walls of masonry, the wall above was manned with eager natives, screaming and gesticulating. Mr. Borie singled out two, who threw off their few garments and made the jump. The motion is a peculiar one. Leaping into the air, they move their legs and arms so as to keep their feet down and come into the water feet foremost. The leap was certainly a daring one, but it was done safely, and the divers came hurrying up the sides of the pond, shivering and chattering their teeth, to claim their rupees and offer to jump all day for the same compensation.

Continuing their journey, the travellers proceeded to

Agra, from which point our correspondent writes as follows :

The city itself contains only one monument, the Taj, and the remains of a beautiful palace, now used as a fort. A description of the palace, to give you any idea of its vastness and splendor, would be impossible in the space of any publication not devoted to architecture. The palace is built of red sandstone — a stone that seems to have been the foundation of all the buildings of the Akbar domination. The same stone prevails at Futtehpour Sikra. But all the ornamentation, the chambers, corridors, and pavilions are of white marble. The influence of a European taste is seen in the mosaic, which repeats the Florentine school, and is even carried out in the bazaars, where Agra mosaic, that looks like a crude imitation of Florence, is a specialty. This influence came from European adventurers who found a refuge at the court of the Mogul, among them a Frenchman named Augustin de Bordeaux. Saracenic art, tinted by the Orientalism of India and controlled by a taste which had been formed in the schools of Europe, makes a peculiar blending. The general effect is lost in the crowding together of so many objects of beauty. There is no view like those you see in Spain, in the Moorish monuments of Grenada, Toledo, and Seville. The fort is on a plain, and might be a market or a barracks, from all you can see on the outside, which is a blank wall ; but there are bits throughout the palace which neither time nor the influence of nature nor the heel of conquerors has destroyed. The Pearl Mosque, as it is called, is very beautiful. Built on a foundation of the common red sandstone, its domes may be seen in distant views of the fort.

There is no ornament to detract from the religious sentiment which should pervade a temple. The God you worship there is the God of beauty. The bath-room, with

its decorations of looking-glass, is curious; but you see the same effect in the palace of the Maharajah of Jeypoor. The Hall of Audience is a noble room; but as minor things are lost in the greater, so in your remembrances of the fort nothing takes the place of the Pearl Mosque.

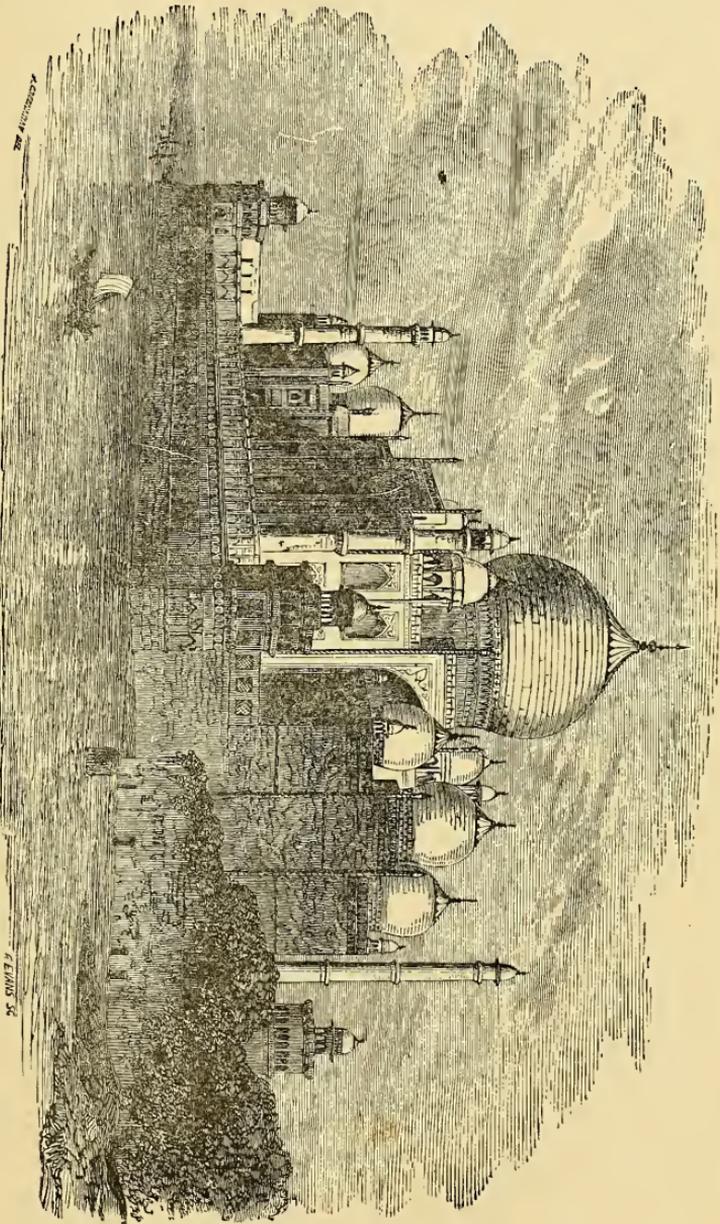
But the Taj! We were to see the most beautiful building in the world. Public opinion all through India unites in this judgment of the Taj. It was late in the afternoon when we went to the Taj. The ride is a short one, over a good road, and we had for an escort Judge Keene, of Agra, who has made the art, the history, and the legends of the Mohammedan domination in India a study. It happened to be Sunday, and as we drove along the road there seemed to be a Sunday air about the crowds that drifted backward and forward from the gardens. On our arrival at the gate, the General and party were received by the custodians of the building; and as we walked down the stone steps and under the overarching shade-trees, we had grown to be quite a procession.

The principle which inspires these magnificent and useless tombs is of Tartar origin. The Tartars, we are told, built their tombs in such a manner as to "serve for places of enjoyment for themselves and their friends during their lifetime." While the builder lives he uses the building as a house of recreation, receives his friends, gives entertainments. When he dies he is buried within the walls, and from that hour the building is abandoned. It is ever afterwards a tomb, given alone to the dead. There is something Egyptian in this idea of a house of feasting becoming a tomb; of a great prince, as he walks amid crowds of retainers and friends, knowing that the walls that resound with laughter will look down on his dust. This will account for so many of the stupendous tombs that you find in Upper India. Happily, it does not account for the

Taj. If the Taj had been a Tartar idea—a house of merriment to the builder and of sorrow afterward—it would have lost something of the poetry which adds to its beauty. The Taj is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was known in her day as Mumtaz-i-Mabal, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615 to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and, having borne him seven children, died in 1629 in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated; for she gave it up in the fulfilment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of the wife and mother to these gardens, and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best authorities rating it at more than two millions of dollars. Two millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty millions in our day. For seventeen years 20,000 men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

The effect of the Taj as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here, as in no part of India that I have visited, the wealth and beauty of nature in Hindostan. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, with all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path, and bid you welcome, as you saunter down the avenues and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love

THE TAJ — "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING IN THE WORLD."



and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out a spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the door of the building, its greatness comes upon you — its greatness and its beauty. Mr. Keene took us to various parts of the garden, that we might see it from different points of view. I could see no value in one view beyond the other. And when our friend, in the spirit of courteous kindness, pointed out the defects of the building — that it was too much this, or too much that, or would have been perfect if it had been a little less of something else — there was just the least disposition to resent criticism, and to echo the opinion of Mr. Borie, who, as he stood looking at the exquisite towers and solemn marble walls, said, "It was worth coming to India to see the Taj." I value that criticism, because it is that of a practical business man, concerned with affairs, and not disposed to see a poetic side to any subject. What he saw in the Taj was the idea that its founder meant to convey — the idea of solemn, overpowering, and unapproachable beauty.

As you enter, you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the centre are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting-place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other days the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. The more closely you examine the Taj, the more you are perplexed to decide whether its beauty is to be found in the general effect of the design as seen from afar, or the minute and finished decorations which cover every wall. The general

idea of the building is never lost. There is nothing trivial about the Taj, no grotesque Gothic moulding or flowering Corinthian columns — all is cold and white and chaste and pure. You may form an idea of the size of the Taj from the figures of the measurement of the royal engineers. From the base to the top of the centre dome is $139\frac{1}{2}$ feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, $243\frac{1}{2}$ feet. It stands on the banks of the River Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble, in which his own ashes should rest. But misfortunes came to Shah Jehan — ungrateful children, strife, deposition — and when he died, his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from its peerless beauty.

We remained in the gardens until the sun went down, and we had to hurry to our carriages not to be caught in the swiftly descending night. The gardener came to Mrs. Grant with an offering of roses. Some of us, on our return from Jeypoor, took advantage of the new moon to make another visit. We had been told that the moonlight gave a new glory even to the Taj. It was the night before we left Agra, and we could not resist the temptation, even at the risk of keeping some friends waiting who had asked us to dinner, of a moonlight view. It was a new moon, which made our view imperfect. But such a view as was given added to the beauty of the Taj. The cold lines of the marble were softened by the shimmering silver light. The minarets seemed to have a new height, and the dome had a solemnity as became the canopy of the mother and queen. We strolled back, now and then turning for another last view of the wonderful tomb. The birds were singing, the air was heavy with the odors of the rose-garden, and the

stillness, the twilight stillness, all added to the beauty of the mausoleum, and combined to make the memory of our visit the most striking among the many wondrous things we have seen in Hindostan.

Our further stay in Agra was made pleasant by a dinner at the Agra Club, a roomy building in an enclosure of trees and grass. This dinner was complimentary to Grant in the presence of Rana Nehal Singh, the Maharajah of Dholpur, who presided. This young prince is in the sixteenth year of his age. He is a Jat by descent; the Jats are supposed to be a tribe of Scythians driven through China and over the mountains to find a home in Rajputana. The Maharajah governs a small province 1,600 square miles in extent, with a population of 500,000 and a revenue from the province of \$4,500,000 annually. The Maharajah has been under the tutelage of the British Government, his guardian being Lieutenant-Colonel Denneby. The Maharajah wore a picturesque Hindoo costume and jewels of immense value. He sat next to Mrs. Grant, with whom he had a long conversation. The Prince speaks English fluently, and, having been under English influence from his infancy, it is believed will be a loyal prince. The experience of the English in the education of princes and Indians of high caste has not always been satisfactory. After they marry and pass out of the control of their guardians, they remember much of their English education that might as well be forgotten, and forget much that might be remembered. The Maharajah is a young man, with a pleasing countenance and manly, frank manners, and seemed to be fond of the old Colonel who was in charge of him. At the close of the dinner, the Prince arose, and the health of the Queen was proposed. Then came a toast to General Grant, proposed by Judge Keene, and a response from the General. At the close of the

dinner, a company of native players gathered on the veranda and told stories in the Indian dialect, and gave little mimic charades or comedies, the actors being puppets, a kind of Hindoo Punch and Judy show. The subjects illustrated were incidents of the mutiny and scenes in the life of a tax-gatherer. There was a good deal of skill and some humor shown in the management of the puppets, and altogether it was an odd experience. The dinner over, we took our leave of our friends, whose kindness had been unbounded, and next morning proceeded to the north, to Delhi, the city of the Mogul kings, and Lucknow, the city of the rulers of Oude—cities famous in the ancient history of India for their wealth and splendor, and even more famous now with a dreary and tragic renown as the centres of the mutiny of 1857.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DELHI—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY—THE PALACE OF THE GRAND MOGUL—THE THRONE OF AURUNGZEBE—THE PEACOCK THRONE—MOSLEM VANDALISM—THE KUTAB—THE VISIT TO LUCKNOW—THE SCENE OF THE SEPOY REBELLION—MISSIONARY EFFORTS—BENARES, THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDOOS—MACAULAY'S DESCRIPTION OF IT—A CITY OF PRIESTS—ITS TEMPLES—THE SACRED RIVER.

The visit to Delhi is described in the following language:—We came into Delhi early in the afternoon in a worn-out, fagged condition. There was a reception by the troops, and the General with Mrs. Grant drove to Ludlow Castle, the home of Gordon Young, the chief officer. The others found quarters in a comfortable hotel—comfortable for India—near the railway-station.

The first impression Delhi makes upon you is that it is a beautiful town. But I am afraid that the word town, as we understand it at home, will give you no idea of a town in India. We think of houses built closely together, of avenues and streets, and people living as neighbors and friends. In India, a town is built for the air. The natives in some of the native sections, in the bazaars, live closely together, huddle into small cubby-holes of houses or rude caves, in huts of mud and straw, but natives of wealth and Englishmen build their houses where they may have space. A drive through Delhi is like a drive through the lower part of Westchester county or any of our country suburbs. The officials have their bungalows in the finest localities, near wood and water when possible, surrounded

by gardens. What strikes you in India is the excellence of the roads and the beauty of the gardens. This was especially true of Delhi. As you drove from the dusty station, with the strains of welcoming music and the clang of presenting arms in your ears, you passed through a section that might have been an English country town with gentlemen's seats all around.

There are few cities in the world which have had a more varied and more splendid career than Delhi. It is the Rome of India, and the history of India centres around Delhi. It has no such place as Benares in the religion of the people, but to the Indians it is what Rome in the ancient days was to the Roman Empire. One of its authentic monuments goes back to the fourth century before Christ. Its splendor began with the rise of the Mogul empire, and as you ride around the suburbs you see the splendor of the Moguls in what they built and the severity of their creed in what they destroyed. After you pass from the English section, a ride through Delhi is sad. You go through miles of ruins — the ruins of many wars and dynasties, from what was destroyed by the Turk in the twelfth century to what was destroyed by the Englishman in the nineteenth. The suburbs of Jerusalem are sad enough, but there you have only the memories, the words of prophecy, and the history of destruction. Time has covered or dispersed the ruins. But time has not been able to do so with the ruins of Delhi. From the Cashmere gate to the Kutab, a ride of eleven miles, your road is through monumental ruins. Tombs, temples, mausoleums, mosques, in all directions. The horizon is studded with minarets and domes, all abandoned and many in ruins. In some of them Hindoo or Moslem families live, or, I may say, burrow. Over others the Government keeps a kind of supervision ; but to supervise or protect all would

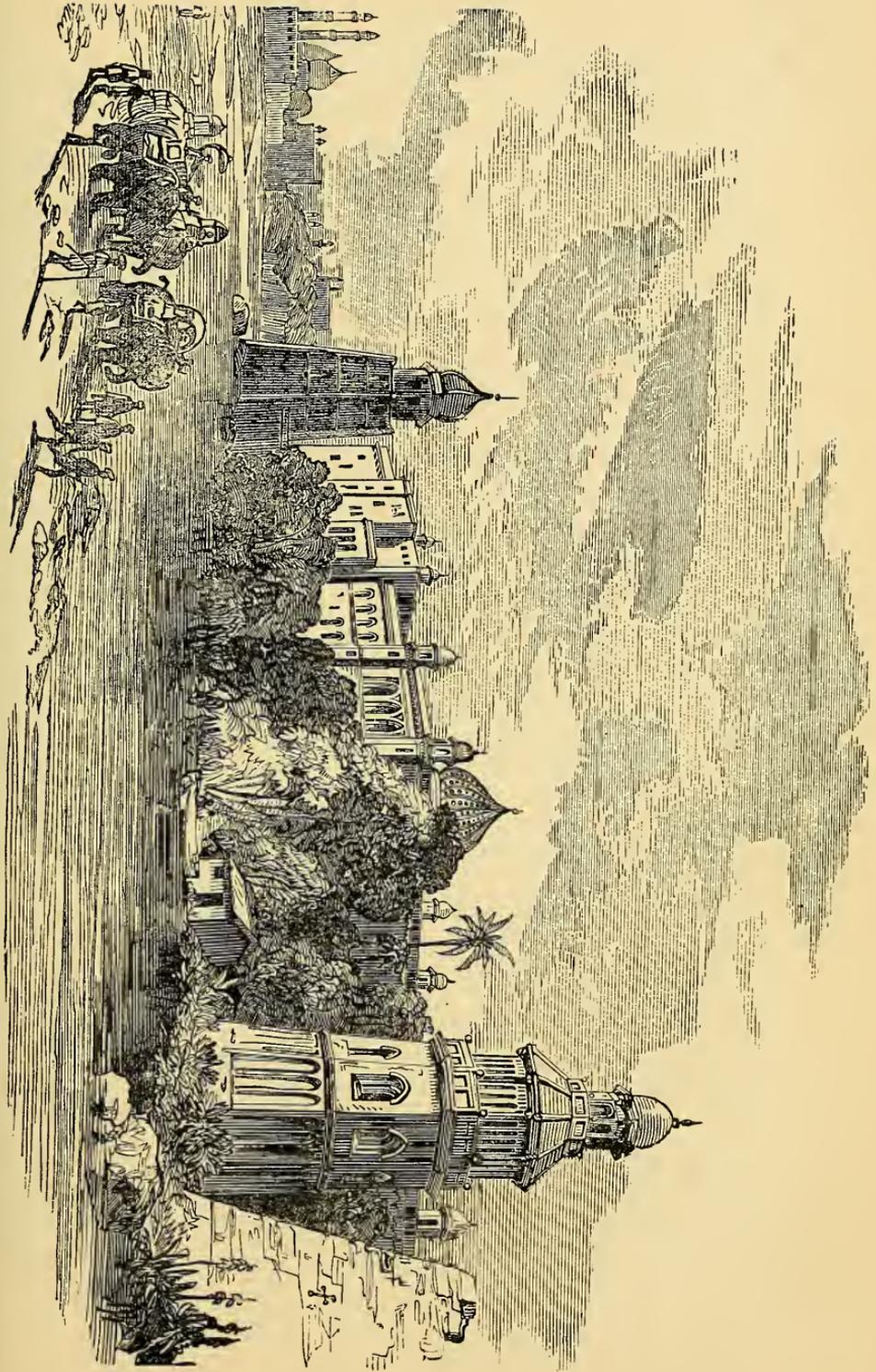
be beyond the revenues of any government. I was shown one ruin — an arched way, beautiful in design and of architectural value — which it was proposed to restore; but the cost was beyond the resources of the Delhi treasury. I have no doubt of the best disposition of the rulers of India towards the monuments and all that reminds the Hindoo of his earlier history. But these monuments were built when labor was cheap, when workmen were compelled to be content with a handful of corn, and when the will of the ruler was a warrant for anything that pleased him. So that even to a rich and generous government, conducted on English principles, the restoration of the monuments would be an enormous tax. The English, however, are not apt to waste much money on sentiment. They did not come to India to leave money behind, but to take it away, and all the money spent here is first to secure the government of the country, and next to ameliorate the condition of the people and prevent famines. The money which England takes out of India every year is a serious drain upon the country, and is among the causes of its poverty. But if money is to be spent, it is better to do so upon works of irrigation, that will prevent famines, than upon monuments, which mean nothing to this generation, and which might all be destroyed, with a few exceptions, without any loss to history or art.

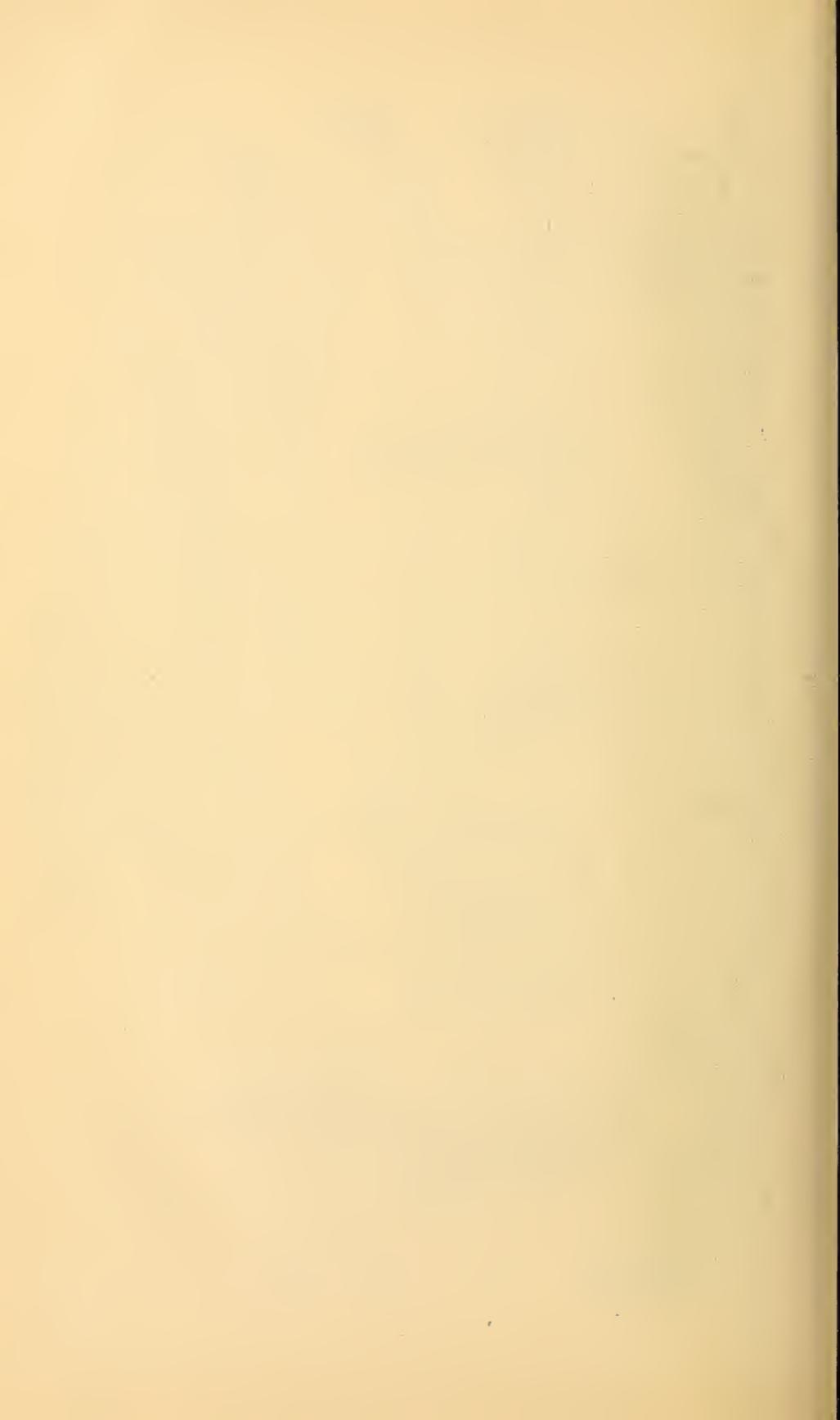
Among the sights to be beheld in Delhi is the palace of the Grand Mogul, concerning which our correspondent says: — In wandering about Delhi your mind is attracted to these sad scenes. What it must have been when the Moguls reigned you may see in the old palace, the great mosque of Shah Ishan, and the Kutab. On the afternoon of our arrival we were taken to the palace, which is now used as a fort for the defence of the city. We have an idea of what the palace must have been in the days of

Aurangzebe. "Over against the great gate of the court," says a French writer who visited India in the seventeenth century, "there is a great and stately hall, with many ranks of pillars high raised, very airy, open on three sides looking to the court, and having its pillars ground and gilded. In the midst of the wall, which separateth this hall from the seraglio, there is an opening or a kind of great window high and large, and so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hand. There it is where the King appears, seated upon his throne, having his sons on his side, and some eunuchs standing, some of which drive away the flies with peacocks' tails, others fan him with great fans, others stand there ready with great respect and humility for several services. Thence he seeth beneath him all the umrahs, rajahs, and ambassadors, who are also all of them standing upon a raised ground encompassed with silver rails, with their eyes downward and their hands crossing their stomachs." "In the court he seeth a great crowd of all sorts of people." Sometimes his Majesty would be entertained by elephants and fighting animals and reviews of cavalry. There were feats of arms of the young nobles of the court; but more especially was this seat a seat of justice, for if any one in the crowd had a petition he was ordered to approach, and very often justice was done then and there, for "those kings," says a French authority, "how barbarous soever esteemed by us, do yet constantly remember that they owe justice to their subjects."

We were shown this hall, and by the aid of a sergeant, who walked ahead and warned us against stumbling, climbed up a narrow stair, and came out on the throne. All the decorations have vanished, and it is simply a marble platform, "so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hands." The view from the throne em-

THE KING'S PALACE AT DELHI.





braced a wide, open plain, which could easily accommodate a large crowd, as well as give space for manœuvres, reviews, and fighting elephants. The hall even now is beautiful and stately, although it has been given over to soldiers, and the only audience that saluted General Grant during his brief tenure of the throne of Aurungzebe, were groups of English privates, who lounged about taking their ease, making ready for dinner, and staring at the General and the groups of officers who accompanied him. The last of the Moguls who occupied this throne, was the foolish old dotard whom the Sepoys made Emperor in 1857, and who used to sit and tear his hair and dash his turban on the ground, and call down the curses of God upon his soldiers for having dragged him to the throne. All that has long since passed away. The Emperor lies in Burmah in an unknown grave, the site carefully concealed from all knowledge, lest some Moslem retainer should build a shrine to his memory. His son is a pensioner and prisoner at \$3,000 a year. The rest of his family were slain, and the present house of the Mohammedan conquerors has sunk too low even for compassion.

Notwithstanding the havoc of armies and the wear and tear of barrack life, there are many noble buildings in the palace. This hall of audience, before the mutiny, was decorated with mosaic; but an officer of the British army captured the mosaic, had it made up into various articles, and sold them for \$2,500. From here we went to the hall of special audience, where the Emperor saw his princes and noblemen, and which is known as the hall of the peacock throne. The site of this famous throne was pointed out to us, but there is no trace of it. Around the white marble platform on which the throne rested are the following words in gilt Persian characters:—“If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.” The peacock

throne was simply a mass of jewels and gold, valued at about \$30,000,000. Mr. Beresford, in his book on Delhi, says it was called the peacock throne "from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was supported by a canopy of gold, upheld by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy." "On the other side of the throne stood umbrellas, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds." The ceiling of this hall was of solid silver. In 1739, when Nadir Shah, the Persian, took Delhi, he broke up the peacock throne, and carried away the jewels; the Mahrattas came in 1760 and took the silver, the English the mosaics, the bath-tubs of marble, and articles of lesser value, so that the room of the peacock throne is now a stripped and shabby room, with no shadow of its former splendor.

We went into the bath-rooms of the kings and the more private apartments. Some of those rooms had been ingeniously decorated in frescoes, but when the Prince of Wales came to Delhi, a ball was given him in the palace, and three frescoes were covered with whitewash. No reason was given for this wantonness but that it was thought white would light up better under the ball-room lamps. I asked one of the officers who accompanied us, and who told us the story with indignation, whether the decorations could not be restored like the restorations in

the mosque of Cordova. But there is no such hope. One of the most interesting features in a palace which has been already too much stripped vanishes before the whitewash-brush of a subaltern. The same spirit was shown in the stripping of the great mosque called the Jam-Mussid. After the capture of Delhi, in 1857, the troops plundered it, going so far as to strip the gilding from the minarets. This mosque, even now, is one of the noblest buildings in India. It stands in the centre of the city, built upon a rock. In the ancient time there were four streets that converged upon the mosque, leading into various parts of the town. But as the mosque was used during the mutiny as a fort, all the space in front of it has been cleared for military purposes, and the space between the mosque and the palace, that was formerly densely peopled, is now an open plain, where troops may manœuvre and cannon may fire. Nothing is more important, in the civilization of India by the English, than that the cannon should have range. In the days of the Moguls the emperors came to the mosque to pray. It is now a religious edifice, having been restored to the Moslems recently, after twenty years' retention by the British, a sort of punishment to the Moslems for their course during the mutiny. The ascent is up a noble sweeping range of steps. These steps were crowded with people, who came out in the afternoon to enjoy the air, chatter, buy and sell, and fight chickens. On Friday afternoon, when there is service, and on fête days, the steps become quite a fair. As the General and party walked along, beggars and dealers in chickens and falcons swarmed around them, anxious for alms or to trade. One of the treasures in the mosque was a hair of Mohammed's beard. This holiest of Moslem relics is under a keeper, who has a pension for the service. He was a quiet, venerable soul, who brought us the relic in a glass case. The hair was

long, and had a reddish auburn tinge which time has not touched. Another relic was a print of Mohammed's foot in marble. The footprint was deep and clear, and shows that when the Prophet put his foot down it was with a force which even the rocks could not resist. We strolled about the mosque, which is large and capacious, as should become the temple of an emperor. A few devout souls were at prayer, but somehow the building had a neglected look. The mosque itself is 201 feet long and 120 feet broad, and the minarets 130 feet high. It was here that the Mogul emperors worshipped, and here was read the litany of the house of Timur. The last of these performances was during the mutiny in 1857, when the old King came in state, as his ancestors did, and reproduced the sacred story of the sacrifice of Abraham in the sacrifice of a camel by his own royal hands.

An interesting visit, worthy of remembrance, was our drive to the Kutab. We drove out in the early morning, and our course was for eleven miles through the ruins of the ancient city.

The Kutab, or tower, was for a long time looming over the horizon before we came to its base. This tower ranks among the wonders of India. It is 238 feet high, sloping from the base, which is forty-seven feet in diameter, to the summit, which is nine feet. It is composed of five sections or stories, and with each story there is a change in the design. The lower section has twenty-four sides, in the form of convex flutings, alternately semicircular and rectangular. In the second section they are circular, the third angular, the fourth a plain cylinder, the fifth partly fluted and partly plain. At each basement is a balcony. On the lower sections are inscriptions in scroll work, reciting in Arabic characters the glory of God, verses from the Koran, and the name and achievements of the conqueror who built

the tower. It is believed that when really complete, with the cupola, it must have been twenty feet higher. The work goes back to the fourteenth century, and with the exception of the cupola, which, we think, some British government might restore, it is in a good state of preservation. Everything in the neighborhood is a ruin. But the town itself seems so well built as to defy time. Another interest which attaches to the Kutab is that it is the site of one of the most ancient periods in the history of India. It is believed that there was a city here at the beginning of the Christian era, and one of the monuments is the iron pillar which was set up 1500 years ago. The pillar is a round, iron column, twenty-two feet high, with some inscription in Sanscrit character. There are several legends associated with the column which have grown into the literature and religion of the Hindoo race. The contrast between the modest, simple iron pillar and the stupendous, overshadowing mass of stone at its side might be said to typify the two races which once fought here for the Empire of Hindostan — the fragile Hindoo and the stalwart Mussulman. The power of both have given way to the men of the North. We climbed the Kutab to the first veranda, and had a good view of the country, which was desolation, and, having wandered about the ruins, and looked at the old inscriptions, and admired many fine bits of the ancient splendor which have survived time and war, we drove back to the city.

From Delhi the party proceeded to Lucknow, where, during the famous Sepoy rebellion, a handful of English residents defended themselves against overwhelming forces of the rebels, until relieved by Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell. One of the party writes:—The main palace is called the Kaiser Bagh—a great square of buildings surrounding an immense court-yard. These buildings are

pleasant, with a blending of Italian and Saracenic schools, giving them an effeminate appearance, glaring with yellow paint. This palace cost, at Indian prices of labor, \$4,000,000. A monument shows you where the British captives were butchered in 1857, for which deed Sir Colin Campbell took so terrible a revenge. We visited the Secunder Bagh, a palace built by the last King, and given to one of his wives, Secunder, whence it derives its name. This was carried by the British, who killed the two thousand Sepoys defending it. We visited other public buildings, all going back to the Oude dynasty, showing that the kings did not hesitate to beautify their capital. We saw the curious building called the Martiniere, a most fantastic contrivance, built by a French adventurer who lived at the court of the Oude kings, and built this as a tomb for himself, and as a college. We also visited the great Imambara, or Home of the Prophets, which, in its time, was the most noted building in Lucknow, and even now surprises you with the simplicity and grandeur of its style. It was used as a mausoleum for one of the nobles of Oude, and in other days the tomb was strewed with flowers, "and covered with rich barley-bread from Mecca, officiating priests being in attendance day and night, chanting verses from the Koran." It is now an ordnance depot, and when General Grant visited it he was shown the guns and cannon-balls by a sergeant of the army.

We drove through the old town, the streets narrow and dirty, and as we passed we noted that the people were of a different temper from those we had seen in other parts of India. Generally speaking, a ride through a native town means a constant returning of salutes, natives leaving their work to come and stare and make you the Eastern salaam; constant evidences of courtesy and welcome—of respect at least for the livery of your coachmen, which is the

livery of the supreme authority, and signifies to the native mind that there is one whom the authority of England delights to honor. There was nothing of this in Lucknow. The people are Mussulmans, of the fierce, conquering race, on whom the yoke of England does not rest lightly, who simply scowled and stared, but gave no welcome. Pleasant it was to visit a mission-school, under the charge of American ministers. The clergymen directing the mission received the General and his party at the mission, a spacious old house in the suburbs. The scholars—all females—were seated under a tree, and as the General came to the gate they welcomed him by singing "John Brown." The pupils were bright, intelligent children, some of them young ladies. There were English, natives and children of English and native parents. The missionaries spoke of their work hopefully, and seemed enthusiastic over what would seem to be the most difficult of tasks—the education of women in India. Woman has so strange a position in India that if she becomes a Christian her fate is a hard one. The Hindoo gives woman no career beyond the harem, and in the harem, it seems, that nothing would be so much a disadvantage as education. Caste comes in as an insurmountable obstacle.

Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, was the next point visited. Says our correspondent:—We were all tired and frowsy and not wide awake when the train shot into Benares station. The English representative of the Viceroy, Mr. Daniells, came on the train and welcomed the General to Benares. Then we descended, and the blare of trumpets, the word of command, with which we have become so familiar, told of the guard of honor. The General and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by the leading military and civic English representatives and native rajahs, walked down the line with uncovered heads. In honor of

the General's coming, the road from the station to the Government House had been illuminated. Poles had been stuck in the ground on either side of the road, and from these poles lanterns and small glass vessels filled with oil were swinging. It was a long drive to the house of the Commissioner, but even this, and the fatigue of one of the severest days we had known in our experience of Indian travel, were recompensed by the grace of our welcome. A part of his house Mr. Daniells gave to General and Mrs. Grant and Mr. Borie. For the others there were tents in the garden. Although it was late, after supper we sat on the veranda for a long time, talking about India, England, and home, fascinated by the marvellous beauty of the night—a beauty that affected you like music.

Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, sacred also to the Buddhists, is one of the oldest in the world. Macaulay's description, so familiar to all, is worth reprinting, from the vividness with which it represents it, as we saw it to-day. "Benares," says Macaulay, in his essay on Warren Hastings, "was a city which, in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, was among the foremost in Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million human beings were crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets, and balconies and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die, for it was be-

lieved that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the halls of St. James and Versailles; and in the bazaars the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere."

Benares is the city of priests. Its population, notwithstanding Macaulay's estimate, is less than two hundred thousand. Of this number, from twenty to twenty-five thousand are Brahmins. They govern the city and hold its temples, wells, shrines, and streams. Pilgrims are always arriving and going, and as the day of General Grant's visit fell upon one of the holiest of Indian festivals, we found it crowded with pilgrims. Sometimes as many as two hundred thousand come in the course of a year. They come to die, to find absolution by bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The name comes from a prince named Banar, who once ruled here. The Hindoo name, Kasi, means "splendid." There is no record of the number of temples. Not long since, one authority counted 1,454 Hindoo temples and 272 Mohammedan mosques. In addition to the temples there are shrines, cavities built in walls containing the image of some god, as sacred as temples. Pious rajahs are always adding to the temples and shrines. It is believed that there are a half million of idols in the city. The effect of the British rule has been to increase the idols and temples, for the law of the British gives protection to all religions, and under this the Hindoo has been able to rebuild the monuments which the

Mohammedan invaders pulled down. Aurungzebe, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century, and to whom Benares owes a prominent and picturesque mosque, was the chief among the destroyers of images. To Aurungzebe the Hindoos attribute the overthrow of most of the shrines which made Benares famous in other days. Since the Hindoos have been guaranteed the possession of their temples, the work of rebuilding has gone on with increasing zeal. It is noted, however, — perhaps as an effect of what Islam did in its days of empire, — that the monuments of the later Hindoo period are small and obscure when compared with what we see in Southern India, where the power of the idol breakers never was supreme. The temples are small. The Hindoo, perhaps, has not such a confidence in the perpetuity of British rule as to justify his expressing it in stone. It is not in the nature of the Hindoo to find an expression for his religion in stone. All nature, the seas, the streams, the hills, the trees, the stars, and even the rocks, are only so many forms of the Supreme existence. Why then attempt to express it in stone?

I am afraid Benares is not a savory city. The odors that come from the various temples and court-yards, where curs, priests, beggars, fakirs, calves, monkeys, were all crammed, might have been odors of sanctity to the believers in Vishnu, but to us they were oppressive, and prevented as intelligent and close a study of the religion as some of us might have bestowed. Yet our procession was Oriental. The Commissioner, Mr. Daniells, had provided sedan-chairs for the party. These chairs were heavy, ornamented with gold and brass, mounted on poles, and carried on the shoulders of four bearers. They are used by persons of rank, and the rank is also expressed by carrying over the head an embroidered silk umbrella in gaudy colors. When we came to the outskirts of the town our

chair-bearers were waiting for us, and the General was told that he might take his place. But the idea of swinging in a gaudy chair from a pole, with attendants before and behind calling upon the people to make way, and a dazzling umbrella over his head decorated with all the colors of the rainbow, was too much for the General. He preferred to walk. Mrs. Grant was put in one chair, and Mr. Borie, whose health is such as to make every little aid in the way of movement welcome, was in another. The General and the rest of the party made their way on foot. We were accompanied by several officers of the British residency, and, as we wound along the alleys from temple to temple, were quite a procession. In the eyes of the population it was a distinguished procession, for the uplifted chairs, richly decorated, the swaying of umbrellas covered with silver and gold, the attendants in the British Government livery — all told that there was among us one whom even the Englishman delighted to honor. Some of these temples were so narrow that even the chair-bearers could not enter, and we made our pilgrimage on foot. You enter a small archway, and come into a court-yard. I should say the court-yard was a hundred feet square. In the centre is a shrine — a canopied shrine. Under this is a god, whichever god happens to be worshipped. It is generally a hideous stone, without grace or expression. Pilgrims are around it, in supplication, and as they pray they put offerings on the altar before the idol. These offerings are according to the means of the devotee, but most of those I saw were flowers. Hindoo urchins come up to you and put garlands of flowers about your neck. This is an act of grace and welcome, but you are expected to give money. In front of the idol, sitting on his feet, is the Brahmin reading the Vedas. You know the Brahmin by the sacred thread which he wears on his shoulder, and by the marks of his

caste on his forehead. These marks are painted every morning after the bath. But even without the painted brow and the drooping loop of thread, you can come to know the Brahmin from his bearing, his clean-cut, intellectual face, his mien of conscious intellect and superiority. Pilgrims pray and chant. On the walls — for our temple is open — monkeys are perching, chattering, and skipping. Around the walls of the enclosure are stalls, with cows and calves. These are sacred — held in reverence by the pilgrims, who feed and caress and adore them. One or two are monstrous births, and they are specially adored. The animals move about among the worshippers, quite tame, somewhat arrogant. Mrs. Grant was wearing a garland of flowers, which a child, who supplied flowers to the worshippers, had thrown over her neck. One of the animals seeing the flowers, and knowing them to be savory, made a rush for the garland, and before any one could interfere was munching and tearing it in a deliberate manner. Evidently that cow had had her own way in her relations with the human race, and if she chose to make as much of a meal as possible out of the decorations and possessions of Mrs. Grant, it was only the force of education. One of the police came to the rescue of our lady, but it was only after a struggle that the cow could be persuaded to abandon her meal. I have no doubt many holy Brahmins were grieved to see the authority of England, in the shape of a policeman, cudgel a sacred animal into its stall.

If I were to tell you of all the wells and temples in Benares, the holy places and the legends which make them sacred, it would carry me beyond bounds. After we had visited several of the temples we went to the observatory of Raja Jai Singh, built at the close of the seventeenth century, and looking down from its battlements we see the sacred river shining in the morning sun, the teeming, busy hive of temples and shrines, from which the hum

of worship seems to arise; masses of pilgrims sluggishly moving towards the river to plunge into its holy waters and be cleansed of sin. We are pointed out the site of the holy well of Manikarnaki, dug by the god Vishnu, consecrated by the god Mahadeva, whose waters will wash away any sin and make the body pure. From here we went down to the water and, on board of a steam-launch, slowly steamed under the banks, and the view of the city as seen from our boat was one of the most striking the world can afford. Here was the burning Ghat, the spot where the bodies of the Hindoos are burned. As we slowly steamed along, a funeral procession was seen bearing a body to the funeral pyre. We observed several slabs set around the burning Ghat. These were in memory of widows who had burned themselves on that spot in honor of their husbands, according to the old rite of suttee. We pass shrines and temples without number, the mere recital of whose names and attributes would fill several pages. All this is lost in the general effect of the city as seen from the river. Benares sits on the sacred river, an emblem of the strange religion which has made it a holy city, and there is solemnity in the thought that for ages she has kept her place on the Ganges, that for ages her shrines have been holy to millions of men, that for ages the wisest and purest and best of the Indian race have wandered as pilgrims through her narrow streets and plunged themselves as penitents into the waters to wash away their sins. It is all a dark superstition, but let us honor Benares for the comfort she has given to so many millions of sinful, sorrowing souls. And as we pass along the river towards our house, and leave the white towers and steps of Benares glistening in the sunshine, we look back upon it with something of the respect and affection that belong to antiquity, and which are certainly not unworthily bestowed upon so renowned, so sacred, and so venerable a city.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA — RECEPTION BY THE CONSUL-GENERAL — THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE — THE CITY — RELIGIOUS PROGRESS — GENERAL GRANT AT THE UNIVERSITY — THE MONEY-CHANGERS OF INDIA — THE RECEPTION BY THE VICEROY — A PICNIC AT BARRACKPORE — REMNANTS OF INDIAN SPLENDOR — REFUGEES FROM BURMAH — FAREWELL TO CALCUTTA — RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT BURMAH — RANGOON — THE HINDOO FAITH — THE GOLDEN PAGODA.

General Grant and his party next proceeded to Calcutta, where they arrived early on the morning of March 10th. Their arrival is thus detailed:—The American Consul-General, General Litchfield, was present at the station, with a guard of honor from the Viceroy and an aid. The General drove off in the state carriages, with a small escort of cavalry, to the Government House, where preparations had been made by Lord Lytton for the reception of himself and party. The streets had been watered, and there was just the suspicion of a cool breeze from the Hoogly, which, after the distress of a long night ride, made our morning drive pleasant. A line of native policemen was formed for a distance of about two miles, from the railway-station to the door of the Government House, who saluted the General as he drove along. The Government House is a large, ornate building, standing in a park or open square, and was built in 1804. The corner-stone was laid about the time that Washington laid the foundation of the Capitol. The cost of the building was \$750,000. It is a noble, stately building, and may rank with any of

the palaces in Europe, while it is smaller and less pretentious than many of them. The idea of the Government House is a central building, with four outlying blocks, which form wings. There are magnificent council-rooms and a reception-room, which joins to the state dining-room. The two ideas which govern the architecture of the Government Houses in India are comfort and splendor — comfort, in order that the European may live; splendor, in order that the eye and imagination of the Oriental may be dazzled. It is rather odd at first to see the cold-blooded, indifferent, matter-of-fact Englishman, who at home only cares for practical things, as solicitous about pomp and ceremony as a court chamberlain. This is because pomp and ceremony are among the essentials of the government of India.

Of the public buildings, the Fort is, perhaps, the most important. It was begun by Clive, after the battle of Plassey, and cost \$10,000,000. It mounts 600 guns, and is a strong work in good preservation. This is the home of the Commander-in-Chief of the army. There is a town hall in the Doric style, with some large rooms for public entertainments. The Court-House is a Gothic pile, with a massive tower. In Dalhousie Square is the Currency Office, a large building in the Indian style of architecture. The Mint stands on the river-bank. It is composed of two buildings, which, with the grounds, cover a space of eighteen and one-half acres, and is said to be the largest mint in the world. There is a Custom House, a bonded warehouse, and a block known as the Writers' Buildings, where young men find homes when they come to India. The new Post-Office, with its Corinthian columns and dome, is a handsome building, while the new telegraph office is large and imposing. The Metcalf Hall is where the agricultural shows are held, and the Dalhousie Institute is erected as a

kind of Pantheon, "a monumental edifice, to contain within its walls statues and busts of great men." Most of the statues are of men who won fame in the mutiny. The St. Paul's Cathedral cost \$250,000, and is the metropolitan church of the Episcopal diocese of Calcutta. There are several monuments and memorial windows to famous Anglo-Indians, among them a superb monument to the wise and saintly Heber, whose name is one of the glories of British civilization in India. The statue is by Chantrey, and it represents the illustrious divine in the robes of his holy office kneeling in prayer. There are other churches—seventeen Protestant, eight Roman Catholic, and six miscellaneous. The old Mission Church is a curious building. The Scotch Church is a handsome Grecian edifice. There is a free Scotch Church, built through the efforts of Dr. Duff, and chapels of the Wesleyan and Baptist denominations. There are no Hindoo temples in Calcutta, the people worshipping in their houses or on the banks of the river, which is one of the sacred rivers of India. Some of the wealthy Hindoos have apartments in their houses where gods are worshipped, but the great body of the people simply go to the river, bathe and pray, a form of faith which promotes cleanliness as well as godliness. There are several mosques, the finest being one erected by the son of Tippoo Sultan "in gratitude to God and in commemoration of the Honorable Court of Directors granting him the arrears of his stipend in 1840."

The annual convocation for conferring degrees of the University took place while General Grant was in Calcutta. The General, accompanied by Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, the Vice-Chancellor, attended the convocation. The General and the Bishop of Calcutta sat on the Vice-Chancellor's right and Sir Ashley Eden on his left. Degrees were con-

ferred upon students from the various colleges throughout India, and the Vice-Chancellor made a speech which contained some interesting references to education in India. "The present scheme of Indian education," said Sir Alexander, "came into operation the year of the mutiny, and the two and twenty years it had been in existence showed gratifying results." The speaker found reason for congratulation in the fact that the Senate had passed rules for the examination of female candidates, and that under these rules a Hindoo young lady had passed with high credit. There was an increasing desire among the young men of Bengal that their wives and daughters should be educated. In conclusion, Sir Alexander made the following allusion to the presence of General Grant:—

Gentlemen, before I sit down, I must ask permission to offer the respectful but cordial thanks of the university to the distinguished American soldier and statesman who is seated on my right, for having honored this convocation by his presence. In General Grant we see a conspicuous instance of that devotion to duty, that tenacity of purpose, that quiet but indomitable energy which characterizes the best men, not only of the Anglo-Saxon, but of every race. Alike to us who have long been engaged in the business of life, and to you who are now about to enter upon it, the career of General Grant furnishes a remarkable example of duties faithfully and efficiently discharged, and of difficulties successfully overcome; and here let me remind you that there is no sphere of duty, however limited, no position in life, however humble, in which the contemplation of such an example is without its value.

One of the sights to be seen here is the native money-changers, who, in their little room, offer to exchange your coin for that of India.

The Viceroy received General Grant with great kindness. Lord Lytton said he was honored in having as his guest a gentleman whose career he had so long followed

with interest and respect, and that it was especially agreeable to him to meet one who had been chief magistrate of a country in which he had spent three of the happiest years of his life. Lord Lytton had reference to his residence in Washington as a member of the British Legation, during the time when his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, was Minister to the United States. The Viceroy regretted that the duties of his office, which, on account of Burmese and Afghan complications and his departure for Simla, were unusually pressing, prevented his seeing as much of the members of the General's party as he wished. In the afternoon we drove around the city and listened to the band. All the English world of Calcutta spend the cool of the day in the gardens, and the General and the Viceroy had a long stroll.

The next day was given to an excursion up the Hoogly, to the Viceroy's country-seat at Barrackpore. At the last moment, Lord Lytton found he could not go, and the honors of the day were done in his name by Sir Ashley Eden. Barrackpore is about twelve miles up the river, and the hour for our departure was noon. We drove to the dock under a beating sun, and embarked on the Viceroy's yacht. The party was a small one, comprising the leading members of the government, with their families. The scenery along the river reminds you somewhat of the low, tropical banks of the St. John's, in Florida. The stream is narrower, and had a gloomy look compared with the Florida river, where the orange groves light up the dark-green landscape. Unlike the St. John's, the Hoogly teems with life—with boatmen in all kinds of floating contrivances bringing breadstuffs and merchandise to the Calcutta markets, or carrying home the results of the day in the bazaars.

We had a merry, pleasant feast under our banyan-tree, which is one of the most extraordinary forms of nature.

This tree was in itself a small grove, and you could walk in and around and through its trunks and branches as easily as through the columns of a mosque. Unless the tree is checked, it will spread and spread, every branch as it touches the earth seeking a new root and throwing out new branches until an army could encamp under its branches, sheltered from the tempest and the sun. We came back to the city late in the afternoon, when the evening shadows had fallen and it was pleasant to steam down the river. It was dark before we reached the Government House, and we had just time to dress for a state dinner, the last to be given by Lord Lytton before leaving Simla. This dinner was made the occasion for presenting to General Grant the leading members of the native families. We had had a reception of this kind in Bombay, but the scene in Calcutta was more brilliant. When the dinner was over and Lord Lytton had escorted Mrs. Grant to the reception-room, the halls were filled with a brilliant and picturesque assembly. A company of native gentlemen looks like a fancy dress ball. There is no rule governing their costumes. They are as free to choose the color and texture of their garments as ladies at home. I cannot but think that our heathen friends have learned better than ourselves the lesson of dress, especially for the tropics.

The native gentlemen and princes of high rank were presented by the Viceroy to General Grant. Some of these names were the foremost in India. Some are deposed princes, or descendants of deposed princes. Others were Brahmins of high caste; some rich bankers and merchants. The son of the King of Oude came with his son. He has an effeminate, weak face. On his head he wore a headdress shaped like a crown and covered with gold foil and lace. The King of Oude lives in Calcutta, on an allowance of \$600,000 a year. He does not come

near the Government House, partly because he is so fat that he cannot move about, except in a chair, more probably because he is a kind of state prisoner on account of his supposed sympathies with the mutiny. The old king spends a good share of his income in buying animals. He has a collection of snakes, and is fond of a peculiar kind of pigeon. A pigeon with a blue eye will bring him good fortune, and if one of his Brahmin priests tells him that the possession of such a bird is necessary to his happiness, he buys it. Recently he paid £1,000 for a pigeon on the advice of a holy Brahmin, who, it was rumored, had an interest in the sale. Not long since the king made a purchase of tigers, and was about to buy a new and choice lot, when the Lieutenant-Governor interfered and said his Majesty had tigers enough. My admiration for the kingly office is so profound that I like it best in its eccentric aspects, and would have rejoiced to have seen so original a majesty. But his Majesty is in seclusion with his snakes, his tigers, his pigeons, his priests and his women, and sees no one, and we had to be content with seeing his son. The Prince seemed forlorn with his bauble crown, his robes and his gems, and hid behind the pillars and in corners of the room, and avoided general conversation. Another noted Prince was the descendant of Tippoo Sultan, a full-bodied, eager Moslem Prince, with a flowing beard and character in the lines of his face. This Prince has been in England, talks English well, and is a legal subject of the Crown.

More interesting was the young Prince from Burmah and his wife. They are refugees, and under the protection of the viceregal court. The Princess was a pretty little lady, with almost European features, and was the cynosure of the evening. Mrs. Grant had quite a conversation with her, and was struck with her vivacity and in-

telligence. The General conversed with most of the natives present — with all, indeed, who spoke English — and informed the Viceroy that he regarded the opportunity of meeting them as among the most agreeable and interesting features of his Indian journey.

The Viceroy being obliged to leave the city, he had a long and almost affectionate interview with the General, who thanked him for the splendor and hospitality of our



THE REFUGEES FROM BURMAH.

reception in India. It was pleasant for us to meet in Lord Lytton a nobleman who not only knew America in a public way, but had a familiar acquaintance with Washington city. The capital when Lord Lytton lived there, and the capital to-day are, as the General told the Viceroy, very much changed. The flood has come. The Viceroy spoke of Everett, Webster, and Clay, and the men he knew; of ladies and gentlemen who flourished under Tyler and Fil-

more, and were leaders of society, but who have vanished. It was pleasant to hear the Viceroy speak with so much cordiality and good feeling and appreciation of America, and when our talk ran into political questions at home, and party lines, it was gratifying to hear him say that he could not comprehend how an American, who believed in his country, could sustain any policy that did not confirm and consolidate the results of the war. Whatever the merits of the war in the beginning, the end was to make America an empire, to put our country among the great nations of the earth, and such a position was now every American's heritage, and the defence of which should be his first thought.

We left Calcutta at midnight, in order to catch the tides in the Hoogly, on board the steamer *Simla*, of the British-India Navigation Company, commanded by Captain Franks, a young and able officer. The *Simla* was as pleasant and comfortable as though it had been our own yacht, and our run across the Bay of Bengal was over a summer sea. The nights were so warm that it was impossible to sleep in our cabins, and we found as good accommodations as we could lying about the deck. It adds something to the felicity of travel in the tropics to be on the ground, as it were, and look at the stars, but the disagreeable part is the early rising. For with the dawn come the coolies, with broom and bucket, to scrub the decks. This conduces to early rising, and we can all say that since coming into the tropics there is scarcely a morning when we have not seen the sun rise. Being roused out at dawn was never regarded as a hardship by any but the Doctor and the Colonel, whose views as to the rest and nourishment of the human frame are conservative and not amenable to radical and disturbing influences. But, although the habits of civilization resent this rising with the sun, it becomes in

time one of the pleasures of the tropics. Then, if ever, you have whatever cool breezes come from the sea; you are sheltered from the imperious sun, and if the brush and broom coolie comes to disturb you, your own servant comes also to comfort you with a cup of tea and a morsel of toast, and the fresh morning hours are all your own for reading, writing, -or meditation.

We sailed up the river to Rangoon and arrived at the wharf about noon. A fierce sun was blazing, and the whole landscape seemed baked, so stern was the heat. Rangoon is the principal city of Burmah, and seen from the wharf is a low-lying, straggling town. Two British men-of-war were in the harbor, who manned their yards in honor of the General. All the vessels in the stream were dressed, and the jaunty little Simla streamed with flags. The landing was covered with scarlet cloth, and the American and British standards were blended. All the town seemed to be out, and the river-bank was lined with the multitude, who looked on in their passive Oriental fashion at the pageant. As soon as our boat came to the wharf, Mr. Aitcheson, the Commissioner, came on board, accompanied by Mr. Leishmann, the American Vice-Consul, and bade the General welcome to Burmah. On landing, the General was presented to the leading citizens and officials and the officers of the men-of-war. The guard of honor presented arms and we all drove away to the Government House, a pretty, commodious bungalow in the suburbs, buried among trees. Mr. Aitcheson, our host, is one of the most distinguished officers in the Indian service. He was for some time Foreign Secretary at Calcutta. Burmah, however, is already one of the most important of the British colonies in Asia, and this importance is not diminished by the critical relations between British Burmah and the court of the King. Consequently, England re-

quires the best service possible in Burmah, and, as a result of her policy of sending her wisest men to the most useful places, Mr. Aitcheson finds himself in Rangoon. We may be said, in fact, to have arrived in Burmah during a crisis, and we had read in the Calcutta papers of the deep feeling created throughout Burmah by the atrocities of the new King, who had murdered most of his relatives and was talking about taking off the head of the British Resident at Mandalay. We also read that there was excitement among the people, commotion, a universal desire for the punishment of this worthless king, and the annexation of Upper Burmah. I expected to find the streets of Rangoon lined with people, as at home during an exciting election canvass, clamoring against the King, demanding the beneficent rule of England. I only saw the patient, dreamy, plodding Asiatic bearing his burdens like his brethren in India, content if he can assure a mess of rice for his food and a scrap of muslin for his loins. As to the rest, accept it as an axiom, that when the moral sensibilities of the English statesmen in India become so outraged as to become uncontrollable it means more territory.

Our days in Rangoon were pleasant. The town is interesting. It is Asiatic, and at the same time not Indian. You have left Hindostan, and all the forms of that vivid and extraordinary civilization, and you come upon a new people. Here you meet John, the inscrutable John, who troubles you so much in California, and whose fate is the gravest problem of our day. You see Chinese signs on the houses, Chinese workmen on the streets, shops where you can drink toddy and smoke opium. This is the first ripple we have seen of that teeming empire towards which we are steering. Politically, Burmah is a part of the British Empire, but it is really one of the outposts of China, and from now until we leave Japan we shall be under the in-

fluence of China. The Hindoos you meet are from Madras, a different type from those we saw on our tour. The Burmese look like Chinese to our unskilled eyes, and it is pleasant to see women on the streets and in society. The streets are wide and rectangular, like those of Philadelphia, and the shade-trees are grateful. Over the city, on a height, which you can see from afar, is a pagoda, one of the most famous in Asia. It is covered with gilt, and in the evening, when we first saw it, the sun's rays made it dazzling. We knew from the pagoda that in leaving India, and coming to Burmah, we leave the land of Brahma, and come to the land of Buddha, and that remarkable religion called Buddhism.

The institution of caste, upon which the Hindoo faith and the whole structure of Hindoo society rests, is not known in Buddhism. There is no priestly class like the Brahmins, claiming grotesque, selfish, and extraordinary privileges, descending from father to son, claiming honors almost divine, and teaching that all the good things of the world are especially intended for the Brahmins. The priests, like those in the Catholic Church, are taken from any rank in life. They do not marry. They deny themselves all pleasures of the sense, live a monastic life, dress in yellow gowns (yellow being a sacred color), shave their heads and beards, and walk barefooted. They live in common, eat in common. When they sleep, it is in a sitting posture. They go to church, pray, chant hymns, make offerings to their gods, — principal among them a statue of Buddha, — sometimes alone, sometimes with his disciples. The statue of Buddha holds the same position in the temples of his faith that the statue of our Saviour holds in the Catholic churches. As you go into these temples you are impressed with other forms of resemblance between the two systems of worship. The priests go in

procession. They chant hymns and prayers and burn incense. They carry strings of beads like the rosary, which they count and fumble as they say their prayers. There is no single solemn ceremony like the sacrifice of the mass. Priests and people kneel before the images, surrounded with blazing wax lights, the air heavy with incense. They pray together, the priests only known by the yellow gowns. They pray kneeling, with clasped, uplifted hands. Sometimes they hold in their hands a rose, or a morsel of rice, or a fragment of bread as an offering. During their prayers they frequently bend their bodies, so that the face touches the ground. There are convents for women. The temples are places of rest and refuge. Hither come the unfortunate, the poor, the needy, the halt and blind, the belated traveller. All are received, and all are given food and alms. As you walk into the temples, it is generally through a lane of unfortunates, in all stages of squalor and wretchedness, abandoned by the world. Trays or basins of iron are stretched along the road in which attendants pour uncooked rice. Animal life is held sacred, and a Buddhist temple looks like a barn-yard, a village pound, and a church combined. Cows, parrots, monkeys, dogs, beggars, children, priests, sight-seers, devotees — all mingle and blend on a footing of friendliness, the animals fearing no harm, the men meaning none. A Buddhist priest will not kill an animal. His sacrifices do not involve bloodshed. Before he sits on the ground he will carefully brush it, lest he might unwittingly crush an ant or a worm. This respect for animal life is so strong that some priests will wear a gauze cloth over mouth and nostrils, lest they inadvertently inhale some of the smaller insects which live in the air. I am curious to know what would become of this tenet of their religion, if they were to examine the air or water with a microscope. I am

afraid the discoveries of the microscope would bring sorrow and shame to thousands of believing souls.

Our first visit was to the famous pagoda, which rests upon Rangoon like a crown of gold, its burnished splendor seen from afar. The pagoda is in the centre of a park of about two acres, around which are fortifications. These fortifications were defended by the Burmese during their war with the English, and in the event of a sudden outbreak, or a mutiny, or a war, would at once be occupied. During the Burmese wars the pagoda was always used as a fort, and now, in the event of an alarm, or an invasion, or a mutiny, the troops and people would at once take possession. Ever since that horrible Sunday afternoon in Meerut, when the Sepoys broke out of their barracks, burned every house, and butchered every woman and child in the European quarter, all these Asiatic settlements have a place of refuge to which the population can fly. A small guard was on duty as we passed up the ragged steps that led to the pagoda. There was an ascent of seventy-five feet up a series of steps — a gentle and not a tiresome ascent, if you looked carefully and did not stumble among the jagged and crumbling stones. On either side of the way were devotees at prayers, or beggars waiting for their rice, or booths where you could buy false pearls, imitation diamonds, beads, packages of gold-leaf, flowers and cakes. The trinkets and flowers are given as offerings to Buddha. The gold-leaf is sold for acts of piety. If the devout Buddhist has a little money, he lays it out on the pagoda. He buys a package of the gold-leaf and covers with it some dingy spot on the pagoda, and adds his mite to the glory of the temple. No one is so poor that he cannot make some offering. We observed several devout Buddhists at work patching the temple with their gold foil. On the top of the temple is an umbrella or cap covered with precious stones. This was a royal offering, and was placed here some years since with great pomp.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SAILING DOWN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA—FAREWELL TO INDIA—A VISIT TO SIAM—A LETTER FROM THE KING—ALMOST AN ACCIDENT—IMPRESSIONS OF BANGKOK—THE VENICE OF THE EAST—LANDING IN BANGKOK—A VISIT TO THE EX-REGENT—THE REGENT—THE KING—A ROYAL VISIT—INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE GENERAL AND THE KING—STATE DINNER AT THE PALACE—SPEECH OF THE KING OF SIAM—THE GENERAL'S REPLY—FAREWELL TO THE KING.

It was pleasant, writes one of the travellers, to sail down the Straits of Malacca and along the coast of Burmah in a comfortable and swift steamer called the Simla, commanded by Captain Franks. After leaving Rangoon we ran across to the little town of Maulmain. Here General Grant and party were received by Colonel Duff, the British Commissioner. There was a guard of honor at the wharf, and a gathering of what appeared to be the whole town. The evening after we arrived there was a dinner given by the Maulmain Volunteer Rifles—a militia organization composed of the merchants of Maulmain and young men in the service of the Government. This dinner was given in the messroom of the company—a little bungalow in the outskirts of the town. The next morning there was a visit to the wood-yards, where teak-wood is sawed and sent as an article of commerce into various countries. The teak-tree is a feature in the commerce and the industry of the peninsula, and is said to be the most durable timber in Asia. The Javanese name for teak illustrates its character, meaning true, real, genuine. It is only found in

a few places, being quite unknown in parts of India and the adjoining islands. Most of the wood comes, I was told, from Java, and we found in Maulmain and Rangoon large and flourishing industries devoted to teak. What most interested us in our visit to the yards was the manner in which the elephant is used as an animal of burden.

In taking our leave of our kind friends in Burmah we were taking leave of India. Burmah is under the Calcutta government, and the Straits of Malacca are under the Home Colonial government, with a Governor at Singapore. These settlements are known as "the Straits Colony." They were acquired under the East Indian Company, the acquisition of Penang, to which we sailed on leaving Maulmain, being the work of the celebrated Warren Hastings. On leaving India, the first thing that occurs to all of our party—to no one more than to General Grant—is the splendid hospitality we have received. From the time of our arrival in Bombay, as the guest of Sir Richard Temple, at Malabar Point, until we left Belvedere, the stately home of Sir Ashley Eden, in Calcutta, we have received nothing but kindness, unvarying and considerate. We have made a rapid tour—too rapid, indeed, to see the country as fully as we could wish. We are compelled to leave Madras and Ceylon unvisited, although we have had the most urgent invitations from the Duke of Buckingham, who governs Madras, and the Governor of Ceylon. But we came to India late, through waiting for the Richmond, and even now the Europeans in India who can go are flying to the hills to escape the sun. The Viceroy only remained long enough to see General Grant, and we all feel the heat so severely that even the General himself—a severe and merciless traveller, who cares little for the fatigue of journeying or the exactions of the climate—is counting the days until

we pass the Straits and steer towards the more temperate zones of China and Japan.

The question of General Grant's visit to Siam was for some days in abeyance. It was out of our way to China and the means of communication were irregular, and none of us took any special interest in Siam—our available knowledge of the country being that there were once famous Siamese twins. Moreover, and this fact I cannot as a conscientious historian conceal, there is a feeling of homesickness among some of the party, which finds relief in looking at the map and drawing the shortest lines of travel between Singapore and San Francisco, and any suggestion of departure from these lines is unwelcome. But in Singapore we met many merchants and prominent authorities who had been in Siam, and the universal testimony was that a visit around the world would be incomplete unless it included that most interesting country. Then on landing at Singapore our Consul, Major Struder, met the General with a letter from the King of Siam—a letter enclosed in an envelope made of blue satin. The text of the letter was as follows:—

THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, 4th Feb., 1879.

MY DEAR SIR:—Having heard from my Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the authority of the United States Consul, that you are expected in Singapore on your way to Bangkok, I beg to express the pleasure I shall have in making your acquaintance. Possibly you may arrive in Bangkok during my absence at my country residence, Bang Pa In. In which case a steamer will be placed at your disposal to bring you to me. On arrival, I beg you to communicate with His Excellency, my Minister for Foreign Affairs, who will arrange for your reception and entertainment.

Yours, very truly, CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

To General GRANT, late President of the United States.

The letter of the King, which he had taken the trouble to send all the way to Singapore, added to the opinion ex-

pressed by the General that when people really go around the world they might as well see what is to be seen, decided the visit to Siam. A despatch had been received from Captain Benham, commanding the *Richmond*, that he would be at Galle on the 12th, which would enable him to reach Singapore about the time that we returned from Siam. This was a consideration, especially to the homesick people, who felt that there would be compensation in meeting Americans — in being once more among citizens of the greatest country of the world, with whom we could talk intelligently on sensible themes. So a letter was addressed to Captain Benham, asking him to await us by stopping at Singapore, and our party prepared for Siam.

On the morning of the 14th of April, land was around us, and there was a calm, smooth sea. At ten we came to the bar, where we were to expect a steamer or a tug. We all doffed our ship garments, and came out in ceremonious attires to meet our friends, the Siamese. But there was no crossing the bar, and for hours and hours we waited, and no steamer came. It seems that we had made so rapid a trip that no one was expecting us, and there we were in the mud, on a bar, and Siam before us, within an hour's sail of Paknam. The day passed and the night came, and at ten the tides would be high, and we would slip over the mud and be at our anchorage at eleven, and up to Bangkok in the cool of the morning, always so precious an advantage in Eastern travel. At nine we began to move under the guidance of a pilot, and after moving about for an hour or so, to the disappointment of those of us on deck, who watched the lights on shore and were impatient for Paknam, we heard the engines reverse, we felt the ship back with throbbing speed, and in a few minutes the grumbling of the cable as the anchor leaped into the water. There was no Paknam, no Siam, for that night.

The pilot had lost his way, and instead of a channel, we were rapidly going on the shore, when the captain discovered the error, and stopped the ship. Well, this was a disappointment, and largely confirmatory of the views shared by some of us that Providence never would smile on our trip to Siam; but the rain came, and the sea became angry and chopping, and rain and sea came into the berths, and all we could do was to cluster in the small cabin. We found, then, that our foolish pilot had taken us away out of our course, that we were on a mud bank, that it was a mercy we had not gone ashore, and that unless the royal yacht came for us there we would remain another day. About nine in the morning the news was passed that the royal yacht was coming, and about ten she anchored within a cable length, a long, stately craft, with the American colors at the fore, and the royal colors of Siam at the main. A boat came out to us, conveying Mr. Sickels, our Consul; the son of the Foreign Minister, representing the Siamese government, and an aid of the King. Mr. Sickels presented the Siamese officials to the General, and the King's aid handed him the following letter, enclosed in an envelope of yellow satin:—

THE GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, April 11, 1879.

SIR:—I have very great pleasure in welcoming you to Siam. It is, I am informed, your pleasure that your reception should be a private one; but you must permit me to show, as far as I can, the high esteem in which I hold the most eminent citizen of that great nation which has been so friendly to Siam, and so kind and just in all its intercourse with the nations of the far East.

That you may be near me during your stay, I have commanded my brother, his Royal Highness the Celestial Prince Bhanurangsi Swangwongse, to prepare rooms for you and your party in the Saranrom Palace, close to my palace; and I most cordially in-

vite you, Mrs. Grant, and your party at once to take up your residence there, and my brother will represent me as your host.

Your friend,

CHULAHLONGKORN, R. S.

His Excellency General GRANT, late President of the United States.

We went on board the royal yacht in a fierce sea and under a pouring rain. There was almost an accident as the boat containing the General, Mrs. Grant, and Mr. Borie came alongside. The high sea dashed the boat against the paddle-wheels of the yacht, which were in motion. The movement of the paddle pressed the boat under the water, the efforts of the boatmen to extricate it were unavailing, and it seemed for a few minutes as if it would founder; but it righted, and the members of the party were taken on deck drenched with the sea and rain. This verging upon an accident had enough of the spirit of adventure about it to make it a theme of the day's conversation, and we complimented Mrs. Grant upon her calmness and fortitude at a time when it seemed inevitable that she would be plunged into the sea under the moving paddles of a steamer. Even the rain was tolerable after so serious an experience, and it rained all the way up the river. Paknam was the first point at which we stopped, and then only long enough to send a despatch to the King that the General had arrived and was now on his way to Bangkok. Paknam is a collection of small huts or bamboo houses built on logs. The river on which it is built is called the Meinam, and it rises so high, especially in the rainy season when the floods come, that houses become islands, and there is no way of moving except in boats. Opposite the town is a small island containing a pagoda, in which is buried the ashes of some of the ancient kings of Siam. The rain obscured our view of the river as we slowly steamed up, the

distance from Bangkok to the mouth being about eight leagues from the sea. The banks were low, the vegetation dense and green, and running down into the water. The land seemed to overhang the water, and the foliage to droop and trail in it, very much as you see it on the St. John's River in Florida, or some of the bayous in Louisiana.



SCENE ON THE MEINAM ABOVE BANGKOK.

We came to Bangkok late in the afternoon. The rain lulled enough to allow us to see at its best this curious city. Our first view was of the houses of the consuls. The Siamese government provides houses for the foreign consuls, and they all front on the river, with large and pleasant grounds about them, and flagstuffs from which flags are

floating. We stopped in front of the American Consulate long enough to allow Miss Struder, who had been a fellow-passenger from Singapore, to go on shore, and the Vice-Consul, Mr. Torrey, to come on board and pay his respects to the General. Then we kept on for two or three miles until we came to our landing in front of the International Court-House. Bangkok seems to be a city composed of houses lining two banks of a river. It contains, according to some authorities, half a million of people, but census statistics in the East are not to be depended upon. It would not have surprised me if I had been told that there were a million of souls housed in that long and teeming bank of huts and houses through which we kept steaming and steaming until it seemed as if the town would never end. All varieties of huts lined the shore. Small vessels, like the Venetian gondola, moved up and down, propelled by boatmen, who paddled with small paddles, accompanying their work with a short, gasping shout, "Wah, wah, wah." Close to the water's edge were floating houses—houses built on rafts—meant to rise and fall with the tide and which the owner could unship and take away if his neighbors became disagreeable. Most of these floating houses were occupied by Chinese merchants, who had their wares, crockery, cloths, pottery, bamboo-chairs and fruits arranged, while they sat squatted on the floor smoking small pipes, with no garments but loosely fitting trousers—smoking opium, I suppose, and looking out for customers. Each house has an inscription, on a tinted paper, generally scarlet printed with gold—a legend, or a proverb, or a compliment. Chinese junks are at anchor, and, as you look at the huge, misshapen craft, you have a renewed sense of the providence of God that such machines can go and come on the sea. The prow of each vessel has two large, glaring, grotesque eyes—it being a legend of the

Chinese mariner that two eyes are as necessary to a ship as to a man. Boats are paddled slowly along in which are persons wearing yellow garments, with closely-shaven crowns. These are priests of the Buddhist faith, who wear yellow as a sacred color, and who are now on their way to some temple, or more likely to beg. Above these dense lines of huts and floating houses you see the towers of the city, notably the great Pagoda, one of the wonders of the East, a mass of mosaic, marbles, and precious stones, from which the three-headed elephant, sacred to Siam and the transmigration of the Lord Buddha, looks down upon the city, keeping watch and ward over the faithful.



THE KING'S CHIEF COUNSELLOR.

You are told that Bangkok is the Venice of the East, which means that it is a city of canals. When the tides are high, you go in all directions in boats. Your Broadway is a canal. You go shopping in a boat. You stroll in

your covered gondola lying prone on your back, sheltered from the sun, dozing the fierce, warm hours away, while your boatmen and other boatmen passing and repassing shout their plaintive "Wah-wah." You see the house of the Foreign Minister, a palace with a terrace, a veranda and a covered way sloping towards the river. You see a mass of towers and roofs surrounded by a wall. This is the palace of the first King, the supreme King, of Siam. Beyond is another mass of towers and roofs where resides the second King. Happy Siam has two sovereigns—a first King who does everything, whose power is absolute, and a second King who does nothing except draw a large income. This second King, oddly enough, is named George Washington, having been so named by his father, who admired Americans. Finally, we come to the royal landing, and we note that the banks are lined with soldiers.

At four o'clock the General embarked on a royal gondola, seven fathoms long. He was slowly pulled to shore. The guard presented arms, the cavalry escort wheeled into line, the band played "Hail Columbia." On ascending the stairs, Mr. Alabaster, the royal interpreter; Captain Bush, an English officer commanding the Siamese Navy, and a brilliant retinue were in waiting. The Foreign Minister advanced and welcomed the General to Siam, and presented him to the other members of the suite. Then entering carriages the General and party were driven to the Palace of Hwang Saranrom, the home of His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince Bhanurangsi Swangwongse. As we drove past the barracks the artillery were drawn up in battery and the cannon rolled out a salute of twenty-one guns. On reaching the palace a guard was drawn up and another band played the American national air. At the gate of the palace Phra Sri Dhammason, of the foreign office, met the General and escorted him to the door of the

palace. Here he was met by His Excellency Phya Basha-karawangse, the King's private secretary, and a nobleman of rank corresponding to that of an English earl. At the head of the marble steps was His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, wearing the decorations of the Siamese orders of nobility, surrounded by other princes of a lesser rank, and the members of his household. Advancing, he shook hands with the General, and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, led the party to the grand audience-chamber. Here all the party were presented to the Prince and there was a short conversation. The Celestial Prince is a young man about twenty, with a clear, expressive face, who speaks English fairly well, but, during our interview, spoke Siamese, through Mr. Alabaster, who acted as interpreter. The Prince lamented the weather, which was untimely and severe. However, it would be a blessing to the country and the people, and His Royal Highness added a compliment that was Oriental in its delicacy when he said that the blessing of the rain was a blessing which General Grant had brought with him to Siam. The Prince then said that this palace was the General's home, and he had been commanded by the King, his brother, to say that anything in the kingdom that would contribute to the happiness, comfort, or the honor of General Grant, was at his disposal. The Prince entered into conversation with Mrs. Grant and the members of the General's party. The General expressed himself delighted with the cordiality of his welcome, and said he had been anxious to see Siam, and he would have regretted his inability to do so. The Prince offered his arm to Mrs. Grant, and escorted her and the General to their apartments, while the members of his suite assigned the remainder of the party to the quarters we were to occupy while we lived in the capital of Siam. The evening was passed quietly, the General and party dining quietly with the Celestial Prince.

On the morning after our arrival a visit was made to the ex-Regent. This aged statesman is one of the leading men in Siam, the first nobleman in the realm in influence and authority. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the late king. He governed the kingdom during the minority of the present sovereign. It was through his influence that the accession of His Majesty was secured without question or mutiny. He is now the chief of the Council of State, and governs several provinces of Siam with the power of life and death. His voice in council is potent, partly because of his rank and experience, partly because of his old age, which is always respected in Siam. Our journey to the Regent's was in boats in Venetian fashion, and after a half-hour's pulling down one canal and up another, and across the river to a third canal, and up that to a fourth, we came to a large and roomy palace shaded with trees.

As our boat pulled up to the foot of the palace, the ex-Regent, his breast bearing many orders, was waiting to receive the General. He was accompanied by Mr. Chandler, an American gentleman who has spent many years in Siam, and knows the language perfectly. The ex-Regent is a small, spare man, with a clean-cut, well-shaped head, and a face reminding you in its outlines, and the general set of the countenance, of the late M. Thiers. It lacked the vivacity which was the characteristic of M. Thiers, and was a grave and serious face. He advanced, shook hands with the General, and, taking his hand, led him up-stairs to the audience-room of the palace. A guard of honor presented arms, the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," which was the first time we had heard that air in the East, all the other bands we had encountered laboring under the delusion that our national air was "Hail Columbia." The Regent led us into his audience-hall, and placing

General Grant on his right, we all ranged ourselves about him on chairs. An audience with an Eastern prince is a serious and a solemn matter. It reminded me somewhat of the Friends' meetings I used to attend in Philadelphia, years and years ago, when the brethren were in meditation and waiting for the influence of the Holy Spirit. The Siamese is a grave person. He shows you honor by speaking slowly, saying little, and making pauses between his speeches. He eschews rapid and flippant speech, and a gay, easy talker would give offence. I need not say that this custom placed the General in an advantageous position. After you take your seat, servants begin to float around. They bring you tea in small china cups — tea of a delicate and pure flavor, and unlike our own attempts in that direction. They bring you cigars, and in the tobacco way we noted a cigarette with a leaf made out of the banana plant, which felt like velvet between the lips, and is an improvement in the tobacco way which even the ripe culture of America on the tobacco question could with advantage accept. In Siam you can smoke in every place, and before every presence, except in the presence of the King — another custom, which, I need hardly add, gave the General an advantage. The Regent, after some meditation, spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to meet General Grant in Siam. He had long known and valued the friendship of the United States, and he was sensible of the good that had been done to Siam by the counsel and the enterprise of the Americans who had lived there.

The General thanked the Regent, and was glad to know that his country was so much esteemed in the East. There was a pause, and a cup of the enticing tea, and some remarks on the weather. The General expressed a desire to know whether the unusual rain would affect the crops throughout the country. The Regent said there was no

such apprehension, and there was another pause, while the velvet-coated cigarettes and cigars passed into general circulation. The General spoke of the value to Siam and to all countries in the East of the widest commercial intercourse with nations of the outer world, and that from all he could learn of the Siamese and the character of their resources, any extension of relations with other nations would be a gain to them. His Highness listened to this speech as Mr. Chandler translated it, in a slow, deliberate way, standing in front of the Regent, and intoning it almost as though it were a lesson from the morning service. Then there was another pause, and some of us took more comfort out of the tea. Then the Regent responded:—

Siam is a peculiar country. It is away from sympathy and communion with the greater nations. It is not in one of the great highways of commerce. Its people are not warlike or aggressive. It has no desire to share in the strifes and wars of other nations. It exists by the friendship of the great Powers. My policy has always been to cultivate that friendship, to do nothing to offend any foreign Power, to avoid controversy or pretexts for intervention by making every concession. This may look like timidity, but it is policy. Siam alone could do nothing against the great Powers. She values her independence and her institutions and the position she has maintained; therefore she is always willing to meet every nation in a friendly spirit. Nor should the outside nations expect too much from Siam, nor be impatient with her for not adopting their ideas rapidly enough. Siam has her own ideas, and they had come down to the present generation from many generations. What I value in the relations of Siam with America is the unvarying sense of justice on the part of America, and as the hopes of Siam rest wholly on the good-will of foreign Powers, she is especially drawn to America.

All this was spoken slowly, deliberately, as if every sentence was weighed, the old Minister speaking slowly, like one in meditation.

Concerning the King, the correspondent writes:— His Majesty, the first King of Siam and absolute sovereign, is named Chulalongkorn. This, at least, is the name which he attaches to the royal signet. His name, as given in the books, is Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramendo Mahah Chulalongkorn Klow. On the afternoon of April 14, at three o'clock, General Grant and party had their audience with the King of Siam. Our Palace of Saranrom, in which we



ONE OF THE KING'S BODY-GUARD.



ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE KING OF SIAM.

are living, is next to the Grand Palace; but so vast are these royal homes that it was quite a drive to the house of our next door neighbor. The General and party went in state carriages, and at the door of the palace was met by an officer. Troops were drawn up all the way from the gate to the door of the audience-hall, and it was quite a walk before, having passed temples, shrines, outhouses, pa-

vilions, and statelier mansions, we came to the door of a modest building, and were met by aids of the King. A wide pair of marble steps led to the audience-room, and on each side of the steps were pots with blooming flowers and rare shrubs. The band in the court-yard played the national air, and as the General came to the head of the stairs, the King, who was waiting, and wore a magnificent jewelled decoration, advanced and shook the hands of the General in the warmest manner. Then shaking hands with Mrs. Grant, he offered her his arm, and walked into the audience-hall. The audience-hall is composed of two large, gorgeously decorated saloons, that would not be out of place in any palace. The decorations were French, and reminded you of the Louvre. In the first hall was a series of busts of contemporary sovereigns and rulers of States. The place of honor was given to the bust of General Grant, a work of art in dark bronze, which did not look much like the General, and seems to have been made by a French or English artist from photographs. From here the King passed on to a smaller room, beautifully furnished in yellow satin. Here the King took a seat on the sofa, with Mrs. Grant and the General on either side, the members of the party on chairs near him, officers of the Court in the background, standing, and servants at the doors, kneeling in attitudes of submission. The King is a spare young man, active and nervous in his movements, with a full, clear, almost glittering black eye, which moved about restlessly from one to the other, and while he talked, his fingers seemed to be keeping unconscious time to the musical measures. When any of his Court approached him or were addressed by him they responded by a gesture or salute of adoration. Everything about the King betokened a high and quick intelligence, and although the audience was a formal one, and the con-

versation did not go beyond words of courtesy and welcome from the King to the General and his party, he gave you the impression of a resolute and able man, full of resources, and quite equal to the cares of his station. This impression, I may add, was confirmed by all that we heard and saw in Siam. The audience at an end, the King led Mrs. Grant and the General to the head of the stairs, and we took our leave.

At three o'clock on the 15th of April the King returned the General's visit by coming in state to see him at our Palace of Saranrom. This, we were told, was a most unusual honor, and was intended as the highest compliment it was in His Majesty's power to bestow. A state call from a king is evidently an event in Bangkok, and long before the hour the space in front of the palace was filled with curious Siamese and Chinese, heedless of the rain, waiting to gaze upon the celestial countenance. As the hour came there was the bustle of preparation. First came a guard, which formed in front of the palace; then a smaller guard, which formed in the palace-yard, from the gate to the porch; then a band of music, which stood at the rear of the inner guard; then came attendants carrying staves in their hands to clear the street and give warning that the King was coming, that the street should be abandoned by all, so that majesty should have unquestioned way. Then came a squadron of the royal body-guard in a scarlet uniform, under the command of a royal prince. The King sat in a carriage alone, on the back seat, with two princes with him who sat on front seats. His Royal Highness, our host, and the members of the household arrayed themselves in state garments, the Prince wearing a coat of purple silk. The General and his party wore evening dress, as worn at home on occasions of ceremony. When the trumpets announced the coming of the King, the General, accompanied

by the Prince, the members of his household and our party, came to the foot of the stairs. Colonel Grant, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, waited at the gate to receive the King in his father's name.

The General, as I have said, waited at the foot of the marble steps, and, as the King advanced, shook hands with him cordially and led him to the reception-room. The King was dressed in simple Siamese costume, wearing the decoration of Siam, but not in uniform. Mr. Alabaster, the interpreter, stood behind the King and the General. The King, who spoke Siamese, said he hoped that the General had found everything comfortable for himself and party in the Saranrom Palace.

The General said that nothing could be more agreeable than the hospitality of the Prince.

The King said that he hoped that the General, if he wanted anything, to see any part of Siam, go anywhere or do anything, would express the wish, as he would feel it a great privilege to give him anything in his kingdom.

General Grant said he appreciated the King's kindness, and thanked him.

The King, after a pause, said that General Grant's visit was especially agreeable to him, because, not only in his own reign, but before, Siam had been under obligations to the United States. Siam saw in the United States not only a great but a friendly power, which did not look upon the East with any idea of aggrandizement, and to whom it was always pleasant to turn for counsel and advice. More than that, the influence of most of the Americans who had come to Siam had been good, and those who had been in the Government's service had been of value to the State. The efforts of the missionaries to spread a knowledge of the arts and sciences, of machinery and of medicine, among the Siamese, had been commendable. The King was glad

to have the opportunity of saying this to one who had been the Chief Magistrate of the American people.

General Grant responded that the policy of the United States was a policy of non-intervention in everything that concerned the internal affairs of other nations. It had become almost a traditional policy, and experience confirmed its wisdom. The country needed all the energies of its own people for its development, and its only interest in the East was to do what it could to benefit the people, especially in opening markets for American manufactures. The General, in his travels through India and Burmah, had been much gratified with the commendations bestowed upon American products; and, although the market was as yet a small one, he felt certain that our trade with the East would become a great one. There was the field, at least, and our people had the opportunity. Nothing would please him more than to see Siam sharing in this trade. Beyond this there was no desire on the part of the American Government to seek an influence in the East.

Soon after this the interview closed. The King rising, General Grant walked hand in hand with him to the foot of the stairs, the band played the national air, the cavalry escort formed in line, the princes and high officers walked to the carriage-door, and the King drove home to his palace.

On the next morning there was a state dinner at the royal palace. The party consisted of the King, His Royal Highness the Celestial Prince, several princes, members of the royal family of lower rank, General Grant and party, the American Consul, Mr. Sickels, and Miss Struder, daughter of the Consul at Singapore; Mr. Torrey, the American Vice-Consul, and Mrs. Torrey; the Foreign Minister, his son, the King's private secretary, Mr. Alabaster, the members of the Foreign Office, and the aids of

the King who had been attending the General. The Siamese all wore state dresses — coats of gold cloth richly embroidered — and the King wore the family decoration, a star of nine points, the centre a diamond, and the other points with a rich jewel of different character, embracing the precious stones found in Siam. The General was received in the audience-hall, and the dinner was served in



DANCING-WOMEN OF SIAM.

the lower hall or dining-room. There were forty guests present, and the service of the table was silver, the prevailing design being the three-headed elephant, which belongs to the arms of Siam. This service alone cost £10,000 in England. There were two bands in attendance, one playing Siamese, the other European music, alternately. The Celestial Prince escorted Mrs. Grant to dinner, and sat opposite the King at the centre of the table. General

Grant sat next the King. The dinner was long, elaborate, and in the European style, with the exception of some dishes of curry dressed in Siamese fashion, which we were not brave enough to do more than taste. The night was warm, but the room was kept moderately cool by a system of penekahs, or large fans, swinging from the ceiling, which kept the air in circulation.

After we had been at the table about three hours, there was a pause and a signal. The fans stopped, the music paused, and Mr. Alabaster, as interpreter, took his place behind the King. His Majesty then arose, and the company with him, and, in a clear accent heard all over the saloon, made the following speech in Siamese:—

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN NOW ASSEMBLED.—I beg you to bear the expression of the pleasure which I have felt in receiving as my guest a President of the United States of America. Siam has for many years past derived great advantages from America, whose citizens have introduced to my kingdom many arts and sciences, much medical knowledge, and many valuable books, to the great advantage of the country. Even before our countries were joined in treaty alliance, citizens of America came here and benefited us. Since then our relations have greatly improved, and to the great advantage of Siam, and recently the improvement has been still more marked. Therefore it is natural that we should be exceedingly gratified by the visit paid to us by a President of the United States. General Grant has a grand fame, that has reached even to Siam, that has been known here for several years. We are well aware that as a true soldier he first saw glory as a leader in war, and, thereafter accepting the office of President, earned the admiration of all men as being a statesman of the highest rank. It is a great gratification to all of us to meet one thus eminent both in the government of war and of peace. We see him and are charmed by his gracious manner, and feel sure that his visit will inaugurate friendly relations with the United States of a still closer nature than before, and of the most endur-

ing character. Therefore I ask you all to join with me in drinking the health of General Grant and wishing him every blessing.

When the King finished, Mr. Alabaster translated the speech into English, the company all the time remaining on their feet. Then the toast was drunk with cheers, the band playing the American national air.

General Grant then arose, and in a low, but clear and perfectly distinct voice, said:—

YOUR MAJESTY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am very much obliged to Your Majesty for the kind and complimentary manner in which you have welcomed me to Siam. I am glad that it has been my good fortune to visit this country, and to thank Your Majesty in person for your letters inviting me to Siam, and to see with my own eyes your country and your people. I feel that it would have been a misfortune if the programme of my journey had not included Siam. I have now been absent from home nearly two years, and during that time I have seen every capital and nearly every large city in Europe, as well as the principal cities in India, Burmah, and the Malay Peninsula. I have seen nothing that has interested me more than Siam, and every hour of my visit here has been agreeable and instructive. For the welcome I have received from Your Majesty, the princes and members of the Siamese government, and the people generally, I am very grateful. I accept it, not as personal to myself alone, but as a mark of the friendship felt for my country by Your Majesty and the people of Siam. I am glad to see that feeling, because I believe that the best interests of the two countries can be benefited by nothing as much as the establishment of the most cordial relations between them. On my return to America, I shall do what I can to cement those relations. I hope that in America we shall see more of the Siamese; that we shall have embassies and diplomatic relations; that our commerce and manufactures will increase with Siam; and that your young men will visit our country and attend our colleges, as they now go to colleges in Germany and England. I can assure them all a kind reception, and I feel that the visits would

be interesting and advantageous. I again thank Your Majesty for the splendid hospitality which has been shown to myself and my party, and I trust that your reign will be happy and prosperous, and that Siam will continue to advance in the arts of civilization.



THE QUEEN OF SIAM.

General Grant, after a pause, then rose and said:—

I hope you will allow me to ask you to drink the health of His Majesty the King of Siam. I am honored by the opportunity of proposing that toast in his own capital and his own palace, and of saying how much I have been impressed with his enlightened rule. I now ask you to drink the health of His

Majesty the King, and prosperity and peace to the people of Siam.

This toast was drunk with cheers, the company rising and the band playing the national air of Siam. The King then led the way to the upper audience-chamber, the saloon of the statues. Here ensued a long conversation between the King and the General and the various members of the party. Mrs. Grant, in the inner room, had a conversation with the Queen, who had not been at table. In conversing with the General, the King became warm and almost affectionate. He was proud of having made the acquaintance of the General, and he wanted to know more of the American people. He wished Americans to know that he was a friend of the country. As to the General himself, the King hoped when the General returned to the United States that he would write the King and allow the King to write to him, and always be his friend and correspondent. The General said he would always remember his visit to Siam; that it would afford him pleasure to know that he was the friend of the King; that he would write to the King and always be glad to hear from him, and if he ever could be of service to the King it would be a pleasure. With Mr. Borie the King had also a long conversation, and his manner towards the venerable ex-Secretary was especially kind and genial. It was midnight before the party came to an end.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EN ROUTE FOR CANTON—THE RECEPTION AT THE VICEREGAL PALACE—A CHINESE TEA-PARTY—EATING WITH CHOPSTICKS—THE VICEROY GIVES A DINNER TO GENERAL GRANT—HOW TO DINE IN CHINA—CURIOUS DISHES—FAREWELL TO THE VICEROY—CANTON—THE FIVE HUNDRED DISCIPLES OF BUDDHA—CANTON STREETS—STREET SIGHTS—THE CITY—ITS HISTORY.

Bidding Siam farewell, the party embarked for Canton on board the American man-of-war *Ashuelot*, on the 5th of May. After a short and pleasant voyage they reached the city about ten o'clock in the evening. As they entered the harbor, the booming of cannon announced their arrival. The visitors were received by the Consular officials and conducted to the Viceroy's yamen, three miles from the point of debarkation. At least one hundred thousand persons witnessed the little procession, and perfect order prevailed on all sides. Their reception at the Viceregal palace is thus described:—

The booming guns, which boom in a quick, angry fashion; the increasing crowds, the renewed lines of soldiery, now standing in double line, their guns at a present; the sons of mandarins, the Viceroy's guard, under trees, and the open, shaded enclosure into which we are borne by our staggering, panting chair-bearers, tell us that we are at our journey's end and at the palace of the Viceroy. We descend from our chairs and enter the open reception-room or audience-chamber. The Viceroy himself, surrounded by all the great officers of his court, is waiting at the door. As General Grant advances, accompanied by the Consul, the

Viceroy steps forward and meets him with a gesture of welcome, which to our barbarian eyes looks like a gesture of adoration. He wears the mandarin's hat and the pink button and flowing robes of silk, the breast and back embroidered a good deal like the sacrificial robes of an archbishop at high mass. The Viceroy is a Chinaman, and not of the governing Tartar race. He has a thin, somewhat worn face, and is over fifty years of age. His manner was the perfection of courtesy and cordiality. He said he knew how unworthy he was of a visit from one so great as General Grant, but that this unworthiness only increased the honor. Then he presented the General to the members of his court—Chang Tsein, the Tartar General; Jen Chi, the Imperial Commissioner of Customs; Shan Chang Mow, the Deputy Tartar General, and Chi Hwo, the Assistant Tartar General. After General Grant had been presented we were each of us in turn welcomed by the Viceroy and presented to his suite. Mr. Holcombe and the Chinese interpreter of the Consul, a blue button mandarin, who speaks admirable English, were our interpreters. The Viceroy was cordial to Mr. Borie, asking him many questions about his journey, congratulating him upon his years, it being Chinese courtesy to especially salute age, and expressing his wonder that Mr. Borie should have taken so long a journey. Mr. Borie said to the Viceroy that he had always desired to see China. He had been for fifty years in business trading with China, and the result of that long experience had been to give him the highest opinion of the honesty, ability, and veracity of Chinese merchants.

During this interchange of compliments, the reception-room was filled with members and retainers of the court. Mandarins, aids, soldiers—all ranks were present. The whole scene was one of curiosity and excitement. The

Chinamen seemed anxious to do all they could to show us how welcome was our coming, but such a visit was a new thing, and they had no precedent for the reception of strangers who had held so high a position as General Grant. The question of who should call first had evidently been much in the Viceroy's mind, for he said, apparently with the intention of assuaging any supposed feeling of annoyance that might linger in the General's mind, that, of course, that was not a call, it was only the General on his way about the town coming in to see him. The assurance was certainly not necessary, and I only recall it as an illustration of the Oriental feature of our visit. After the civilities were exchanged, the Viceroy led the General and party into another room, where there were chairs and tables around the room in a semicircle. Between each couple of chairs was a small table, on which were cups of tea. The General was led to the place of honor in the centre, and the Chinese clustered together in one corner. After some persuasion, the Viceroy was induced to sit beside the General, and the conversation proceeded. Nothing was said beyond the usual compliments, which were only repeated in various forms. I observed more vivacity among the Chinese than when we visited the Siamese—more of a desire to talk, and make the callers at home.

After sitting fifteen minutes, we drank tea in Chinese fashion. The tea is served in two cups, one of which is placed over the other in such a manner that when you take up the cups you have a globe in your hands. The tea is plain, and as each particular cup has been brewed by itself, is, in fact, brewing while you are waiting, you have the leaves of the tea. You avoid the leaves by pushing the upper bowl down into the lower one, so as to leave a minute opening, and draw out the tea. Some of us drank the tea in orthodox home fashion, but others, being sensi-

tive to the reputation of barbarism, perhaps, managed the two bowls very much as though it were an experiment in jugglery, and drank the tea like a mandarin. This ceremony over we were led into another room that opened on a garden. Here were guards, aids, and mandarins, and lines of soldiers. We found a large table spread, covered with dishes — eighty dishes in all. A part of a Chinese reception is entertainment, and ours was to be regal. We sat around the table, and a cloud of attendants appeared, who, with silver and ivory chopsticks, heaped our plates. Beside each plate were two chopsticks, and a knife and fork, so that we might eat our food as we pleased, in Chinese or European fashion.

The food was all sweetmeats, candied fruit, walnuts, almonds, ginger, cocoanuts, with cups of tea and wine. The Viceroy with his chopsticks helped the General. This is true Chinese courtesy for the host to make himself the servant of his guest. Then came a service of wine — sweet champagne and sauterne — in which the Viceroy pledged us all, bowing to each guest as he drank. Then, again, came tea, which in China is the signal for departure, an intimation that your visit is over. The Viceroy and party arose and led us to our chairs. Each one of us was severally and especially saluted as we entered our chairs, and as we filed off under the trees, our coolies dangling us on their shoulders, we left the Viceroy and his whole court, with rows of mandarins and far-extending lines of soldiers in an attitude of devotion, hands held together towards the forehead and heads bent, the soldiers with arms presented. The music — real, banging, gong-thumping Chinese music — broke out, twenty-one guns were fired, so close to us that the smoke obscured the view, and we plunged into the sea of life through which we had floated, and back again, through one of the most wonder-

ful sights I have ever seen, back to our shady home in the American Consulate.

On the following day the Viceroy gave a dinner in honor of General Grant. Our correspondent describes it as follows:—The hour fixed by the Viceroy for the dinner was six, and it was necessary for us to be under way at five. Those who went to the dinner were General Grant and party, Commodore Perkins, Engineer McEwin, Lieutenant Deering, Dr. Fitzsimons, and A. Ludlow Case, of the Ashuelot. Our journey to the Viceroy was in the same state as when we made our official call. The hour was later, and it was more pleasant to ride in the cool evening than in the warm, sweltering day. Although the crowd was immense, it was not so large as on the day before. There were the same ceremonies, the same parade, the same firing of guns, and if anything even more splendor when we came to the viceregal mansion. The Viceroy, the Tartar General and their splendidly embroidered retinues were all in waiting, and we were shown into the audience-chamber and given tea. The hall was illuminated and the gardens were dazzling with light. After the tea and the exchange of compliments between the Chinese and the members of our party, a signal was given by the ringing of silver chimes, and we marched in procession to the dining-hall.

It was something of a march, because in these Oriental palaces space is well considered, and if you dine in one house you sleep in another and bathe in a third. The dining-room was open on the gardens, apparently open on three sides. Around the open sides was a wall of servants, attendants, soldiers, mandarins, and if you looked beyond into the gardens, under the corruscating foliage, burdened with variegated lanterns, you saw groups and lines, all staring in upon us.

I had always heard of a Chinese dinner as among the

eccentric features of their civilization. Our table was a series of tables, forming three sides of a square. The sides of the tables that formed the interior of the square were not occupied. Here the servants moved about. At each table were six persons, with the exception of the principal table, which was given up to General Grant, the Viceroy, the Tartar General, Mr. Borie, and Mr. Holcombe. Behind the Viceroy stood his interpreter and other personal servants. Attendants stood over the other tables with large peacock fans, which was a comfort, the night was so warm. The dinner was entirely Chinese, with the exception of the knives, forks, and glasses. But in addition to the knives and forks we had chopsticks, with which some of the party made interesting experiments in the way of searching out ragout and soup dishes. At each of the tables were one or two of our Chinese friends, and we were especially fortunate at having with us a Chinese officer who spoke English well, having learned it at the mission-school of Dr. Hopper.

The custom in China is not to give you a bill of fare over which you can meditate, and if the dinner has any resources whatever, compose a minor dinner of your own. A servant comes to each table and lays down a slip of red tea-box paper inscribed with Chinese characters. This is the name of the dish. Each table was covered with dishes, which remained there during the dinner—dishes of everything except bread—sweetmeats and cakes predominating. The courses are brought in bowls and set down in the middle of the table. Your Chinese friend, whose politeness is unvarying, always helps you before he helps himself. He dives his two chopsticks into the smoking bowl and lugs out a savory morsel and drops it on your plate. Then he helps himself frequently, not troubling the plate, but eating directly from the bowl. If the dish is a dainty shark's fins or bird's-nest soup, all the Chinese go to work

at the same bowl and with the same chopsticks, silver and ivory, which were not changed during the entire dinner, but did service for fish and fowl and sweetmeats. Between each course were cigars or pipes. The high Chinamen had pipe-bearers with them, and as each course was ended they would take a whiff. But the cigars came as a relief to the smoking members of the party; for they could sit and look on and enjoy the spectacle, and have the opera sensation of looking at something new and strange. The cigars, too, were an excuse for not eating, and at a Chinese dinner an excuse for not eating is welcome. There is no reason in the world why you should not eat a Chinese dinner, except that you are not accustomed to it.

The one thing which gave the dinner a touch of poetry was the bird's-nest soup. The fact that the Chinese have found a soup in the nest of a bird is one of the achievements of their civilization. So when our Chinese General told us, as he read the cabalistic letters on red tea-chest paper, that the next dish was to be bird's-nest soup, we awakened to it as to the realization of a new mystery. One of the disadvantages of getting on in life is that you have fewer and fewer sensations, that you know everything, that there is no awful, joyous, rapturous mystery to be made known. Life becomes recollections, and things are not in themselves good, but only better or worse than the same things as you have seen them before. But bird's-nest soup was new — none of us had ever seen it; and to come to China without eating bird's-nest soup would be like going to Philadelphia without eating terrapin — a wanton, perfidious trifling with the compensations of life. The birds'-nests came from Java, Borneo, and Sumatra, and are rare and dear. My China friend told me that the dish before us would cost \$15 or \$20; that the bird's-nest prepared for soup was worth its weight in silver. I was glad to

know this, because I had been under the impression that the Americans were the only people who turned silver into their food, and it was a consolation to know that the oldest civilization in the world is as extravagant as the youngest. The nests are built in, and are the work of a species of swallow. When the bowl came on the table, it was as thick as a ragout, and our Chinese friends lugged out a mess of stringy, fibrous food, about the color and consistency of good, old-fashioned vermicelli. The soup certainly does not justify its fame. There was nothing disagreeable about it; it was simply tasteless. I could not detect a flavor or the suspicion of a flavor; it was only a mess of not unpleasant, glutinous food that needed seasoning. I can imagine how a French cook could take a bird's-nest soup and so arrange it that an epicure would relish it; but he might do the same with turnips or asparagus, without paying their weight in silver.

After we had learned the bird's-nest soup, and had, alas! one mystery less to know in this developing world, we were attracted by shark's fins. The fins of the shark are much prized in China, and there were several stewed. We only skirmished around this dish in a coy, inquiring manner, really not caring to go into it, but feeling that it would be an impropriety to come to a Chinese dinner and not taste shark's fins. What would folks at home say about us? In this spirit—a spirit of duty; of doing something that had to be done—that was, among other reasons, why we were ten thousand miles from home, on our way around the world—we went through our Chinese dinner. The dishes that we knew were so disguised that even when they made themselves known they were beyond recognition. The dishes we did not know we experimented upon. We discovered that the bird's-nest soup was insipid; that shark's fins were oily and rancid; that

fish-brain was too rich; that the preparations of whale sinews and bamboo and fish maw, mushrooms, and a whole family of the fungus species were repelling; that the chipping of the ham and duck and pigeon into a kind of hash took away all the qualities that inspire respect for them at home; and that the fatal omission was bread. "If you go to a Chinese dinner," said a friend on shipboard, "be sure and take a loaf of bread in your pocket." I thought of this injunction as I was preparing to dine with the Viceroy, but had not the courage to go into a Chinese palace, like Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under my arm. If we had been dining, we should have missed the bread; but none of us went through the dinner, except the Doctor, perhaps, who viewed the entertainment from a professional point of view, and went through it in a spirit of discovery. When the feast was about two-thirds over, the Viceroy, seeing that General Grant and Mr. Borie had gone beyond the possibility of dinner, proposed a walk in the garden. The remainder of the party waited until the dinner was over. It was a long and weary repast, once that the novelty passed away.

It was about half-past ten when we returned to the audience-room and took leave of our hosts. The Viceroy said he would come down to the Ashuelot and see the General off. But the General said he was to sail at an early hour, and so said that he would prefer not putting His Excellency to so great a trouble. Then the Viceroy said it was a custom in China to send some memento of friendship to friends; that he was sorry he could not, without violation of Chinese etiquette, entertain Mrs. Grant, and he would like to send her a specimen of Cantonese work, which might serve to remind her of Canton when she came to her own home beyond the seas. The Viceroy also spoke of the pleasure and the honor that he had felt in receiving

General Grant, and his welcome in Canton would be repeated throughout China. In taking leave, the Viceroy asked the General to be kind to his people in the United States, "for you have," he said, "a hundred thousand Cantonese among you, and they are good people." Then we entered our chairs, and amid the firing of guns, music, the cries of attendants, and the waving of lanterns, we returned. The journey home through the night was weird and strange. The party was preceded by torch-bearers, and every chair carried lanterns. At regular points on the route were attendants holding torches and lanterns. The streets swung with lanterns, and the effect, the light, the narrow streets, the variety of decoration, the blended and varying colors, the doors massed with people, the dense and silent throng through which we passed, their yellow features made sombre by the night—everything was new and strange and grotesque; and when we crossed the river and came under the green trees and saw our boat in the river and felt ourselves again among our own ways, it seemed that in the scenes through which we had passed, the curtain had been lifted from a thousand years, and that we had been at some mediæval feast of Oriental and barbaric splendor.

Canton and its sights are described:—One notable sight was the Hall of the Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha. The street boys, divining our intention, ran ahead, and after some knocking, the gate was opened, and we entered under a covered way into a penstyle, attendants and priests personally giving us welcome. We passed through granite cloisters, and into the hall where there are 504 statues of clay, gilded, to the memory of certain disciples of the Lord Buddha, famous in the religious history of China. There are images of Buddha, or rather of three Buddhas; one of the Emperor Kienlung, a highly beloved monarch, whose image sits on the dragon throne.

The other statues are of the Buddhist disciples, whose names are given, each statue being as distinct from the others as the Apostle Peter from the Apostle Paul in Catholic religious decoration. Each of the figures has a special place in the affections of worshippers. Before some of them we noticed people in adoration or meditation or prayer. Before others we noticed gifts placed in propitiation or entreaty, after the fashion of Buddhist devotion. There was nothing striking in these statues except their individuality. Each was a type, a portrait, the representation of some human type that had been in the artist's eye. I could understand how there could be a whole literature of theology based on images so diversified and peculiar, if one could only enter into the legends of the Chinese faith. Some of the statues were merry and laughing; others were in tears. Some showed by their apparel wealth and high station; others were in rags, like mendicant friars. Some wore shoes, but the majority were shoeless. They were said, as disciples of Buddha, to have had various supernatural gifts — the power of subduing beasts, destroying reptiles, and, like the apostles in the Scriptures, the power of being able to speak in strange tongues without any previous application. In this they resembled St. Francis Xavier, whose footsteps we crossed in India and Malacca, and who was blessed with this unique and convenient power. The worship of these Five Hundred Disciples is encouraged, says Archdeacon Gray, because it is in their power not only to bestow long life on all who do worship them, but to dispel all vexation, and bring to the devotee peace and joy.

The streets in Canton are very narrow and very dirty. The average width is from three to five feet. On the occasion of our visit they had been cleaned up, but they were, even with the cleaning, in a condition that would gratify a New York Tammany Alderman in the days of the em-

pire of Tweed. They are paved with long, narrow slabs of stone, with no sidewalks. Every house that we passed on our way was a bazaar, and consisted of one open door, that led into a spacious room. In some of these there were spiral stairways that led to storerooms or dwelling chambers. We found some idea of the wealth of Canton, and of the wants of the country which it supplies, when we remembered how vast a trade these bazaars represented. In looking over a plan of the city I had been struck with the names of the streets, the poetical and devotional spirit they expressed. There was no glorification of mere human kings, and you could almost fancy that you were reading of some allegorical city, like what Bunyan saw in his dream. There was Peace street, and the street of Benevolence and Love. Another, by some violent wrench of the imagination, was the street of Refreshing Breezes. Some contented mind had given a name to the street of Early Bestowed Blessings. The paternal sentiment, so sacred to the Chinamen, found expression in the street of One Hundred Grandsons, and the street of One Thousand Grandsons. There was the street of a Thousand Beatitudes, which, let us pray, were enjoyed by its founder. There were streets consecrated to Everlasting Love, to a Thousand-fold Peace, to Ninefold Brightness, to Accumulated Blessings, while a practical soul, who knew the value of advertising, named his avenue the Market of Golden Profits. Chinese mythology gave the names of the Ascending Dragons, the Saluting Dragon, and the Reposing Dragon. Other streets are named after trades and avocations, and it is noticeable that in Canton, as in modern towns, the workers in various callings cluster together. There is Betel-nut street, where you can buy the betel-nut, of which we saw so much in Siam, and the cocoanut, and drink tea. There is where the Chinese hats are sold, and

where you can buy the finery of a mandarin for a dollar or two. There is Eyeglass street, where the compass is sold, and if you choose to buy a compass, there is no harm in remembering that we owe the invention of that subtle instrument to China. Another street is given to the manufacture of bows and arrows, another to Prussian blue, a third to the preparation of furs. The stores have signs in Chinese characters, gold letters on a red or black ground, which are hung in front, a foot or two from the wall, and droop before you as you pass under them, producing a peculiar effect, as of an excess of ornamentation, like Paris on a fête day. The habit to which you are accustomed in Paris of giving the store a fanciful or poetic name prevails in Canton. One merchant calls his house "Honest Gains." Another, more ambitious, names his house "Great Gains." One satisfied soul proclaims his store to be a "Never Ending Success," while his neighbor's is "Ten Thousand Times Successful." There is the store called "Ever Enduring," and others adopt a spirit not common in trade by speaking of their shops as "Heavenly Happiness" and "By Heaven Made Prosperous." Others more practical signify by some image the nature of their trade, and over their stores you see representations of a shoe, a fan, a hat, a boot, a collar, and a pair of spectacles.

We wandered about among the shops, strolling in and out, as though our interest was proprietary, always followed by the crowd. We looked at the temple in honor of virtuous women, but woman does not hold a position in China high enough for us to feel an interest in monuments to her virtue. Virtue in woman is commended very much as we commend speed in a horse, not because it ennobles and sanctifies womanhood, but because it adds to her value as a part of her husband's possessions. We stopped and looked at some workmen blowing glass. A glass vase in a rough

state about six feet high was in the hands of the artificer, and although the pat of an infant would have ruined its beauty, the workman handled it as surely as though it had been iron. The manufacture of glass is an important industry in Canton. But we found our greatest pleasure in looking at the porcelain and ceramic ware, infinite in variety and beautiful, at the carved ivory and hard wood. Canton excels in this and in crape and silk. Some of the shawls and scarfs were masterpieces of texture, and especially some which had been painted and embroidered. We looked at men beating gold-leaf, and threading our way into narrow streets and out-of-the-way places found ourselves among the weavers of silk. The rooms in which the silk-looms were in operation were small and dark. We noticed cotton-weavers who were at work in the open air. The looms were primitive, and seemed to have been built for affording employment to the largest number of laborers. What Chinese labor will not stand is cheap American labor-saving machinery; and although attempts have been made to introduce it, which would enable the workman to treble the quantity of his work and the farmer to hull and clean ten times the quantity of rice, the feeling is so strong among laborers as to forbid it. Laborers here, no matter in what calling, belong to guilds or trade-unions, and any attempt to enforce a new machine or a labor-saving method of labor is resisted. All the capital in the world could not induce the silk-weavers to introduce the Jacquard loom. What would then become of the nimble-fingered lad whose business it is to pull the strings and arrange the warp before the weaver propels the shuttle? Even more interesting was the time we gave to artists in lacquer work. Lacquer work is so beautiful when finished, and in peace and glory at last on my lady's toilet-table, that it is not well to inquire too curiously into the process of its manu-

facture. Our artist friend sat over the finished work with his needle and brush and his chalk-powder. The powder enables him to shadow forth the design, which he paints in vermilion. Over this vermilion dust is rubbed very much as gold and silver and bronze printing is done at home, and the picture comes out at length in silver or gold. Lacquer work requires a trained hand, and as you saw the patience and skill bestowed upon his work by the artist and knew what a trifle it would bring when sold, it was disheartening. But the first thing you learn in China—and the lesson is always present and always coming before you in a new shape—is the cheapness of human labor and the profusion of human life.

Canton, next to Peking, the most celebrated of Chinese cities, the one at least best known to foreigners, goes back to the fourth century before Christ, and is among the most ancient cities of the world. It was supposed to have been a muddy stockade surrounded with bamboo defences. It was called the city of rams, and Archdeacon Gray, whose book on Canton is valuable, gives a fairy legend as the origin of this appellation. "Five genii, clothed with garments of five different colors, met at the capital. Each of the rams bore in his mouth a stalk of grain having six ears, and presented them to the people of the district, to whom the genii thus spake:—'May famine never visit your markets.' Having uttered these words, the genii disappeared, and the rams were turned into stone." So from that day Canton has been known as the city of the five rams or the five genii, and the five stone rams may still be seen by those who care to verify the legend. The good wish of the genii has not always been respected, for Canton has known famine and pestilence and war, and has had at times an exceptional run of ill-luck. The story of one war goes back to the second century before Christ, when the

people, being in rebellion, defeated the imperial forces, and blood ran for miles. In the sixth century after the coming of our Lord there was a martial emperor whom the people sought to propitiate by sending a piece of fine cloth. In those days, as in the present, there were nimble fingers in Canton who knew how to make cloth as light and free as down. But the Emperor thought the fine cloth an evidence of effeminacy and weakness, and he forbade the manufacture of it. In the early days there was a great trade between India and China, Canton being the gateway through which most of the commerce passed. I presume that it was through Canton that the Buddhist missionaries passed when they came from the holy city of Benares to spread the subtle faith of the Lord Buddha. More than a thousand years ago the merchants of Canton had ventures on land and sea. But wild and savage princes came to the throne, and we read of wars and devastation and cruelty, which it is not useful to repeat. We are reminded too vividly of our modern civilization. But a king came some nine centuries since whose reign was marked with good omens, "all the stars flowing to the North," and with this prince came peace and tranquillity. Under him and his successors witches and wizards were suppressed, expensive ornaments were forbidden; it was not allowed to sacrifice men to propitiate demons, and wars for the annexation of territory, against Cochin China especially, were stopped. In the sixteenth century Portugal put her foot on Chinese territory. It was during that bright and evanescent period of Portuguese glory, when it seemed as if the genius of Albuquerque and the faith of Xavier would establish Portugal as master of Asia. In these days the Ming dynasty reigned, and the patriotic Chinaman will tell you, with a sigh, that the Ming days were the golden days of the Empire. Among the first ports opened to European trade as a result of the pressure of the Portuguese was Canton.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A VISIT TO MACAO—THE GROTTO OF CAMOENS—THE AUTHOR OF “LUSIAD”—HONG KONG—ADDRESS OF WELCOME—A STRANGE CEREMONY—VISIT TO SWATOW—HOSPITALITIES OF THE ISLAND—AMOY—SHANGHAI—A HEARTY WELCOME—PROCESSION TO THE CONSULATE—THE CITY EN FÊTE—A BEAUTIFUL SCENE—TIENTSIN—THE VICEROY—HIS ADDRESS OF WELCOME—THE GENERAL’S RESPONSE—A FÊTE-CHAMPÊTRE.

During the sojourn of the travellers in China, a visit was paid to Macao, Swatow, and Amoy. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes:— We sailed down the river from Canton on the morning of the 9th and over to Macao. Macao is a peninsula on the east coast of China, within five hours’ sail of Hong Kong, a distance of about forty miles. The town looks picturesque as you come to it from the sea, with that aspect of faded grandeur which adds to the beauty, if not to the interest and value, of a city. As the *Ashuelot* came around the point in view of Macao, a slight sea was rolling and a mist hung over the hills. As soon as our ship was made out from the shore the Portuguese battery flashed out a salute of twenty-one guns, to which the *Ashuelot* responded. About five o’clock we came to an anchor, and the aid of the Governor came on board to say that the illness, and we were sorry to hear, the serious illness of the Governor prevented his doing any more than sending the most cordial welcome to Macao. The General landed and drove to a hotel. In the evening he strolled about, and in the morning visited the one sight

which gives Macao a world-wide fame—the home and grotto of Camoens.

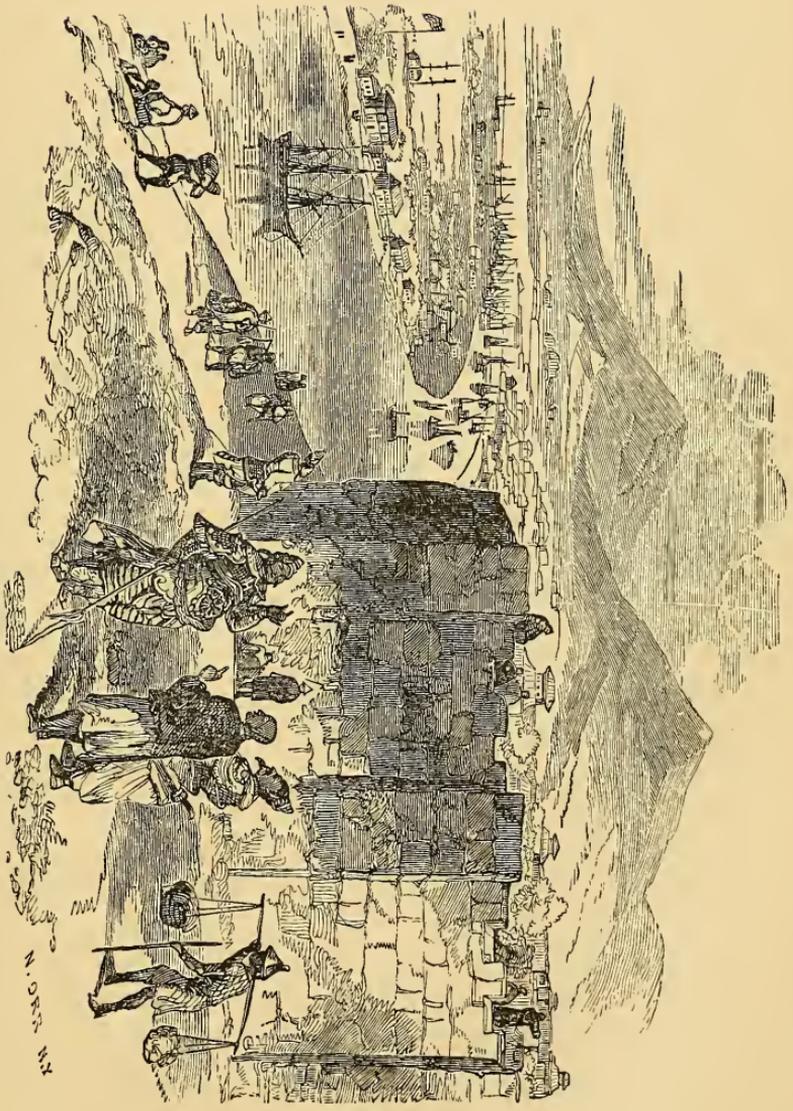
Camoens lived in the age when it was not unbecoming for a poet to be a soldier, and to engage in adventurous enterprises. He lost his sight in a conflict with the Moors, and, dissatisfied with the condition of his affairs in Portugal, sailed for the East in the thirty-sixth year of his age. In the Portuguese colony of Goa he made enemies by the freedom with which he criticised the rulers, and the result was that he came in banishment to Macao, where in time local friendship procured him the appointment of administrator to the estates of deceased persons. Here he wrote a good part of the “*Lusiad*.” Senhor Marques, a Portuguese resident, is now the owner of what is now known as Camoens’ Grotto. General Grant visited it the morning after his arrival, and was shown over the grounds by Senhor Marques, who, in honor of our coming, had built an arch over the entrance with the inscription — “Welcome to General Grant.” The grounds surrounding the grotto are beautiful and extensive, and for some time we walked past bamboo, the pimento, the coffee, and other tropical trees and plants. Then we ascended to a bluff overlooking the town and sea, and from the point we had a commanding view of the town, the ocean, and the rocky coasts of China. The grotto of Camoens is enclosed with an iron railing, and a bust of the poet surmounts the spot where, according to tradition, he was wont to sit and muse and compose his immortal poems. General Grant inscribed his name in the visitors’ book, and, accompanied by Senhor Marques, returned to the Ashuelot, which at once steamed for Hong Kong. Salutes were fired from the Portuguese battery as we left, and at two o’clock we landed in Hong Kong harbor, where Governor Hennessy met the General and took him to the Government House.

Our visit to Hong Kong at this time was to be present at a garden-party which had been arranged by the citizens; but the weather interfered, and the General was compelled to leave on Monday, to keep engagements which had been made for him in the north. While in Hong Kong, we witnessed a strange ceremony. It was strange to us, although so common here. It was the sending of written prayers to heaven by burning them. He spent Sunday quietly with the Governor, and on Monday morning took leave of his brilliant and hospitable host. Before leaving, the General, accompanied by the Governor and our Consul, Colonel John S. Moseby, received a deputation of Chinese who wished to present him with an address. The presentation took place in the parlors of the Government House. General Grant made a very pleasing response to the address, in which he thanked them for their kindness, and expressed the wish that harmony might continue between their country and his own.

After giving the address, the General and party, accompanied by Governor Hennessy and wife and Colonel Moseby, took chairs and proceeded to the landing to embark for the north. There was a guard of honor at the wharf, and all the foreign residents were present. As the General went on board the launch, hearty cheers were given, which were again and again repeated as he steamed into the bay. The Governor took his leave of General Grant on board the *Ashuelot*, and as he left the vessel fired a salute of seventeen guns in his honor, with the British flag at the fore.

General Grant's trip along the coast of China was exceptionally pleasant, so far as winds and waves were concerned. There was a monsoon blowing, but it was just enough to help us along without disturbing the sea. On the morning of the 13th we came to Swatow.

AMOY.



W. G. B. N. 1857.

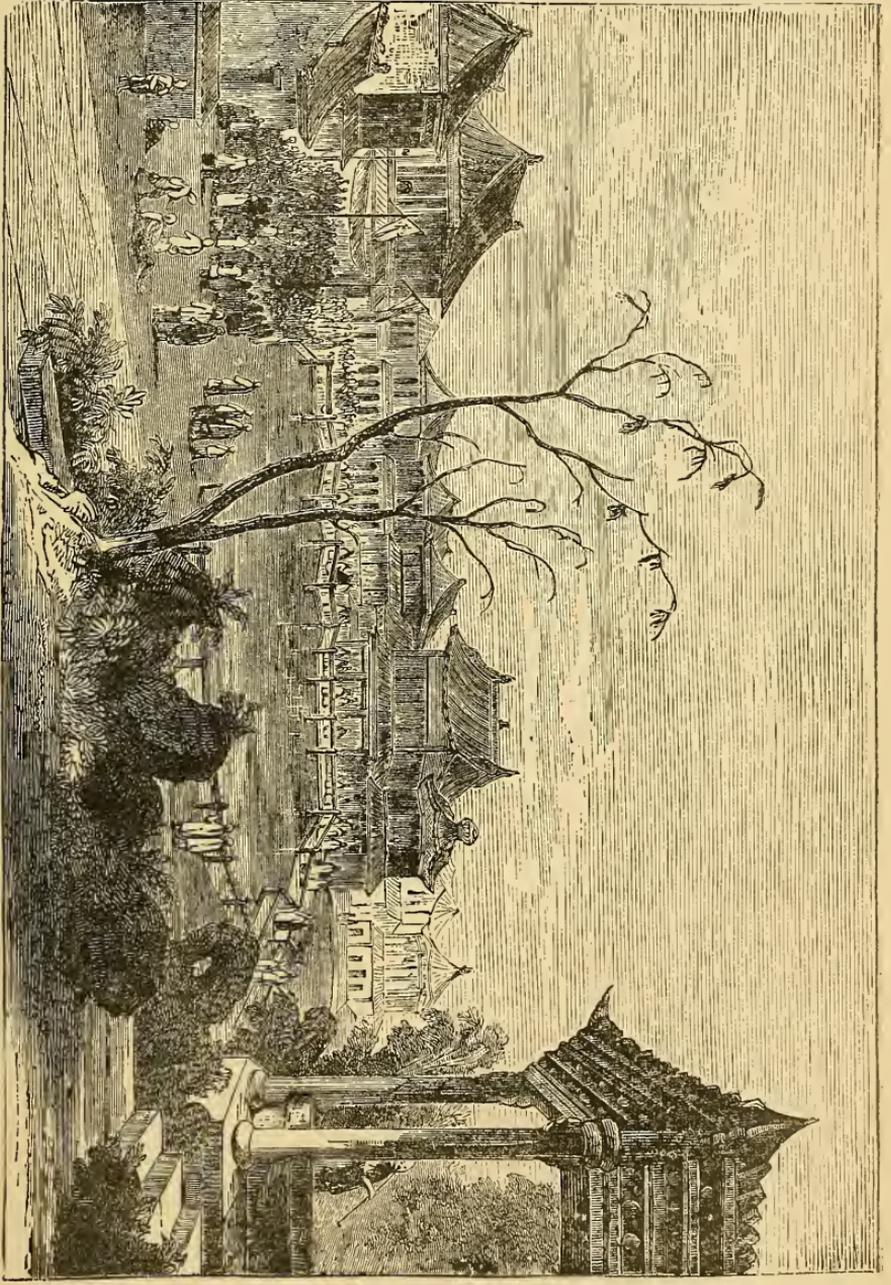


Swatow is one of the treaty ports thrown open to foreigners under the treaty of Lord Elgin. It is at the mouth of the river Hau, near the border of the Kwangtung Province, in latitude 23 deg. 20 min. north, longitude 116 deg. 39 min. east. The entrance to the river is striking in point of scenery, and as we came in sight of the town, all the Chinese forts saluted, and the shipping in the harbor dressed. C. C. Williams, our Consular Agent, came on board to welcome the General, and in his company we landed and spent an hour in threading the old Chinese town. The streets were narrow, and our way was rendered more difficult by a company or two of strolling players, who had erected a kind of Punch and Judy show. The apparition of the foreigner, however, injured the show business, for the audience gave up the music and merry-making and followed us over the town. We saw nothing in Swatow, except that it was very dirty, and it was a relief to steam across the river to the house of Mr. Williams, where there was a sumptuous luncheon. In the afternoon we bade farewell to our hosts, and steamed out, amid several salutes from the forts, to Amoy. While in Swatow, the Chinese Governor called in state, and said that he had orders from the government to pay all possible attentions to General Grant. It was the custom of the country, in making these calls, to bring an offering; and as nothing is more useful than food, he had brought a live sheep, six live chickens, six ducks, and four hams. While the Governor was in conference with the General, the animals were outside. There was nothing for the General to do but to accept the homely offering and present it to the servants.

Amoy is another of the treaty ports open to foreign trade. It is on the Island of Heamun, at the mouth of Dragon River, in latitude 24 deg. 40 min. north, longitude 118 deg. east. It was one of the ports visited by the Por-

tuguese, and has practically been open to trade for three centuries. The island is about forty miles in circumference, and the scenery as we approached was picturesque. All the batteries fired, and there was a welcome from one of our own men-of-war, the *Ranger*, commanded by Commander Boyd. N. C. Stevens, the Vice-Consul, came on board and welcomed us to Amoy. We landed and strolled through the Chinese town, which was very old and dirty. At noon there was a large luncheon-party, at which we met all the Consuls, the leading citizens, and the commanders of the *Ashuelot* and the *Ranger*. Among the guests was Sir Thomas Wade, the British Minister to Peking, who was on his way to the capital, and with whom the General had a long conversation about China. Mr. Stevens proposed the health of the General in a complimentary speech, and at five we went on board the *Ranger* to attend a reception. You can never tell what can be done with a man-of-war in the way of flags and lanterns and greenery. Certainly the *Ranger*, under the inspiration of the officers, was transformed into a fairy scene, and nothing could have been more kind and hospitable than the captain and the officers. Mrs. Boyd assisted her husband in entertaining his guests. At seven o'clock, as the sun was going down, we took our leave of the brilliant gathering in the *Ranger* and steamed to Shanghai.

On the morning of the 17th the *Ashuelot*, commanded by Commander Johnson, who relieved Commander Perkins in Hong Kong, came in sight of the Woosung forts, which fired twenty-one guns. We had had a pleasant run from Amoy, a stiff breeze helping us along. As soon as the firing of the Chinese forts ceased, the batteries of the *Iron Duke*, the flagship of the Admiral commanding the British fleet in China, ran up the American flag to the fore and fired twenty-one guns. The Chinese gun-boats



THE TEA GARDENS OF SHANGHAI.



joined in the chorus, and the Ashuelot returned the salutes. There was so much cannonading and so much smoke, that it seemed as if a naval battle were raging. As the smoke lifted, the American man-of-war Monocacy was seen steaming towards us, dressed from stem to stern. As she approached a salute was fired. We were a little ahead of the time appointed for our reception in Shanghai, and when the Monocacy came within a cable length both vessels came to an anchor. A boat came from the Monocacy, carrying the committee of citizens who were to meet the General—Messrs. R. W. Little, F. B. Forbes, Helland, Purden, and Hübbe. The committee was accompanied by Mr. D. W. Bailey, the American Consul-General for China, who presented the members to General Grant, and by Mrs. Little and Mrs. Holcombe, who came to meet Mrs. Grant. The committee lunched with the General, and about half-past one the Ashuelot slowly steamed up to the city. As we came in sight of the shipping the sight was very beautiful. The different men-of-war all fired salutes and manned yards, the merchantmen at anchor were dressed, and as the Ashuelot passed the crews cheered. The General stood on the quarter-deck and bowed his thanks. As we came to the spot selected for landing, the banks of the river were thronged with Chinamen. It is estimated that at least one hundred thousand lined the banks, but figures are, after all, guesses, and fail to give you an idea of the vast, far-extending, patient, and silent multitude. It was Saturday afternoon, the holiday, and consequently every one could come, and every one did in holiday attire. One of the committee said to me, as we stood on the deck of the Ashuelot looking out upon the wonderful panorama of life and movement, that he supposed that every man, woman, and child in Shanghai who could come was on the river-bank. The landing was in

the French concession. A large "go down," or storehouse, had been decorated with flags, flowers, and greenery. This building was large enough to hold all the foreign residents in Shanghai, and long before the hour of landing every seat was occupied.

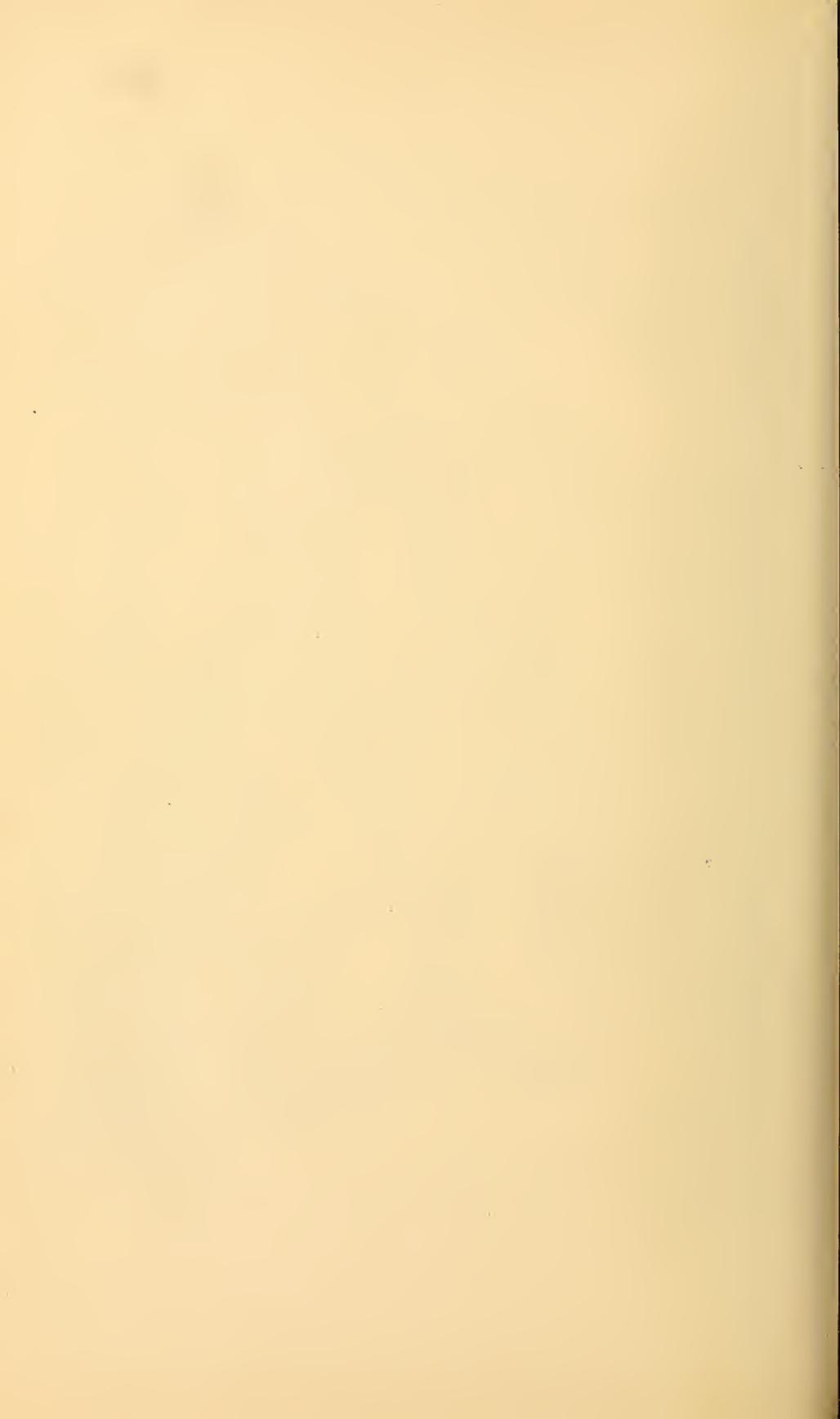
At three o'clock precisely the barge of the *Ashuelot* was manned, the American flag was hoisted at the bow, and General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, Mr. Borie, Colonel Grant, Mr. Holcombe, acting Minister at Peking; Mrs. Holcombe, Consul-General Bailey, and Dr. Keating, embarked. As the boat slowly pulled towards the shore, the guns of the *Ashuelot* thundered out a national salute, while the other men-of-war manned the yards. In a few minutes the boat came to the landing, which was covered with scarlet cloth. Mr. Little, chairman of the Municipal Council, and the committee shook hands with the General, and the procession marched into the building. As General Grant entered, the audience rose and cheered heartily. On reaching the seats prepared for him, he was presented to the Chinese Governor, who had come to do his part in the reception. The Governor was accompanied by a delegation of mandarins of high rank. The band played "Hail Columbia!" and after the music and cheering ceased, Mr. Little advanced and read the address of the committee.

After a moment's pause, General Grant, speaking in a low, conversational tone of voice, thanked them for their kind welcome.

The speech over there were other presentations, and General Grant was escorted to his carriage. There was a guard of honor composed of sailors and marines from the American and French men-of-war and the Volunteer Rifles of Shanghai. It was the intention of the British naval commander to have sent a hundred men on shore to take part in the reception, but there was some misunderstanding



SENDING WRITTEN PRAYERS TO HEAVEN BY BURNING THEM.



as to the time, and the British tars did not land until it was too late. The Captain was mortified at the blunder, and sent a message to the General to explain his absence and his regret that he had not been able to do his part in honoring the General. The General rode in a carriage with Mrs. Grant; Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Holcombe. The volunteers formed on either side, and walked as a guard of honor. There was an infantry battalion and a battery of artillery. Horses are not plentiful in Shanghai, and the General's carriage was drawn by a pair of Australian horses. The animals, however, did not have military experience, and grew so impatient with the guns, the music, and the cheering, that they became unmanageable, and the procession came to a halt. Lieutenant Cowles, of the Monocacy, who was in command of the escort, suggested a remedy. The horses were taken out, and the volunteer guard, taking hold of the carriage, drew it along the embankment to the consulate, a distance of more than a mile. On arriving at the consulate, the General reviewed the escort. The evening was spent quietly, the General dining with Mr. Bailey and a few of the leading citizens of the settlement.

Sunday was passed quietly, General Grant attending service in the Cathedral. On Monday morning he visited a dairy farm, and afterwards made a few calls. In the evening he dined with R. W. Little, and after dinner went to the house of Mr. Cameron, the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, to visit the torchlight procession and the illumination. The whole town had been agog all day preparing for the illumination, and as we strolled along the parade, every house was in the hands of workmen and Chinese artists. The tea-gardens were especially attractive. There was a threat of bad weather, but as the sun went down the ominous winds went with it, and the

evening was perfect for all the purposes of the display. The two occasions when Shanghai had exerted herself to welcome and honor a guest, were on the visits of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duke Alexis. The display in honor of General Grant far surpassed these, and what made it so agreeable was the heartiness with which English, Americans, French, Germans, and Chinese all united. I had heard a good deal during the day of what Shanghai would do. But with the memory of many fêtes in many lands, fresh from the stupendous demonstration in Canton, I felt sceptical as to what a little European colony clinging to the fringe of the Chinese Empire could really do in the way of a display. The dinner at Mr. Little's was over at half-past nine, and in company with Mr. Little and the General I drove along the whole river front. The scene as we drove out into the open street was bewildering in its beauty. Wherever you looked was a blaze of light and fire, of rockets careering in the air, of Roman lights, and every variety of fire. The ships in the harbor were a blaze of color, and looked as if they were pieces of fireworks. The lines of the masts, the rigging, and the hulls were traced in flames. The *Monocacy* was very beautiful, every line from the bow to the topmast and anchor-chain hung with Japanese lanterns. This graceful, blending mass of color thrown upon the black evening sky was majestic, and gave you an idea of a beauty in fire hitherto unknown to us. "Never before," says the morning journal — for I prefer to take other authority than my own in recording this dazzling scene — "never before has there been such a blaze of gas and candles seen in Shanghai."

The trees in full foliage gave a richer hue to the scenes, and they seemed, under the softening influence of the night and the fire, to be a part of the fireworks. On the front of the club-house was a ten-feet star in gas-jets, with the

word "Welcome." There was the United States coat of arms, with the initials "U. S. G.," flanked with the words "Soldier" and "Statesman." Russell & Co. had a ten-foot star, "Welcome to Grant," and in addition there were 2,000 Chinese lanterns crossing the whole building, lighting the grounds, and swinging from the flagstaff. At the Central Hotel was a six-foot St. George's star, with "U. S. G." At the French a St. George's star, with a sunburst on either side. The American consulate was covered with lanterns arranged to form sentences — "Washington, Lincoln, Grant — three immortal Americans;" "Grant will win on this line if it takes all summer;" "The fame of Grant encircles the world;" "Grant — of the people, with the people, for the people." There was also a mammoth device in gas-jets, fifty feet high, "Welcome, Grant — soldier, hero, statesman." The Japanese consulate, their merchant, and the offices of the shipping company were covered with lanterns, four thousand arranged in the most effective manner. The Astor House had this quotation from the General's speech in Hong Kong, "The perpetual alliance of the two great English-speaking nations of the world." The English consulate had a multitude of lanterns, and the word "Welcome" in a blazing gas-jet. The Masonic Hall was a mass of light. Jardine, Matheson & Co. had lanterns arranged in a St. Andrew's cross, and a triumphal arch of fire. Mere details give no idea of the scene. Even more striking than the decorations was the multitude. The Chinese like a celebration, and all day the people had been pouring into the foreign settlement from the old city, and from the country for miles around, to see the show. Here I am at a loss for figures, but the General's own estimate is perhaps the best. In answer to a question he said that there were no less than 200 persons within the range of vision. As we drove slowly along the

river front, wherever the eye rested it was upon a massed, silent, and immovable throng, not like our own rolling, impatient, heedless crowds at home, but silent, sober, calm. At ten the General returned to the house of Mr. Cameron, and from there reviewed the firemen's procession. Each engine was preceded by a band, which played American airs; and it gave one a feeling of homesickness, and recalled the great days of trial and sacrifice, to hear the strains of "John Brown" and "Sherman's March through Georgia." After the procession passed and repassed, there was a reception in Mr. Cameron's house, and at midnight the General drove home to the consulate.

As the Ashuelot came into the Peiho River, a few days later, the party again embarked on board the Ashuelot en route for Tientsin, continues the correspondent, the forts fired twenty-one guns, and all the troops were paraded. A Chinese gun-boat was awaiting, bearing Judge Denny, our Consul, and Mr. Dillon, French Consul and Dean of the Consular corps. As we came near Tientsin the scene was imposing. Wherever we passed a fort twenty-one guns were fired. All the junks and vessels were dressed in bunting. A fleet of Chinese gun-boats formed in line, and each vessel manned yards. The booming of the cannon, the waving of the flags, the manned yards, the multitude that lined the banks, the fleet of junks massed together and covered with curious lookers-on, the stately Ashuelot, carrying the American flag at the fore, towering high above the slender Chinese vessels and answering salutes gun for gun; the noise, the smoke, the glitter of arms, the blending and waving of banners and flags which lined the forts and the rigging like a fringe — all combined to form one of the most vivid and imposing pageants of our journey. The General stood on the quarter-deck, with Commander Johnson, Mr. Holcombe, Judge Denny, and Mr. Dillon, making

acknowledgments by raising his hat as he passed each ship. As we came near the landing, the yacht of the Viceroy, carrying his flag, steamed towards us, and as soon as our anchor found its place hauled alongside. First came two mandarins carrying the Viceroy's card. General Grant stood at the gangway, accompanied by the officers of the ship, and as the Viceroy stepped over the side of the *Ashuelot* the yards were manned and a salute was fired. Judge Denny, advancing, met the Viceroy and presented him to General Grant as the great soldier and statesman of China. The Viceroy presented the members of his suite, and the General, taking his arm, led him to the upper deck, where the two Generals sat in conversation for some time, while tea and cigars and wine were passed around in approved Chinese fashion.

Li-Hung-Chang strikes you at first by his stature, which would be unusual in a European, and was especially notable among his Chinese attendants, over whom he towered. He has a keen eye, a large head and wide forehead, and speaks with a quick, decisive manner. When he met the General he studied his face curiously, and seemed to show great pleasure, not merely the pleasure expressed in mere courtesy, but sincere gratification. Between the General and the Viceroy friendly relations grew up, and while in Tientsin they saw a great deal of each other. The Viceroy said at the first meeting that he did not care merely to look at General Grant or even to make his acquaintance, but to know him well and talk with him. As the Viceroy is known to be among the advanced school of Chinese statesmen, not afraid of railways and telegraphs, and anxious to strengthen and develop China by all the agencies of outside civilization, the General found a ground upon which they could meet and talk. The subject so near to the Viceroy's heart is one about which few men living are

better informed than General Grant. During his stay in China, wherever the General has met Chinese statesmen, he has impressed upon them the necessity of developing their country and of doing it themselves. No man has ever visited China who has had the opportunities of seeing Chinese statesmen accorded to the General, and he has used these opportunities to urge China to throw open her barriers and be one in commerce and trade with the outer world.

The visit of the Viceroy to the General was returned next day in great pomp. There was a marine guard from the Ashuelot. We went to the viceregal palace in the Viceroy's yacht, and as we steamed up the river, every foot of ground, every spot on the junks, was covered with people. At the landing, troops were drawn up. A chair lined with yellow silk — such a chair as is only used by the Emperor — was awaiting the General. As far as the eye could reach the multitude stood expectant and gazing, and we went to the palace through a line of troops, who stood with arms at a present. Amid the firing of guns, the beating of gongs, our procession slowly marched to the palace-door. The Viceroy, surrounded by his mandarins and attendants, welcomed the General. At the close of the interview, the General and the Viceroy sat for a photograph. This picture Li-Hung-Chang wished to preserve as a memento of the General's visit, and it was taken in one of the palace-rooms. A day or two later there was a ceremonial dinner given in a temple. The hour was noon, and the Viceroy invited several guests to meet the General. Of Chinese there were several high officials. Among the Europeans were Judge Denny, Mr. Forrest, the British Consul; Mr. Dillon, the French Consul; Colonel Grant, the German and Russian Consuls, Mr. Detring, the Commissioner of Customs; Mr. Pethich, the Vice-Consul,

Commander M. L. Johnson, commanding the *Ashuelot*, and the commander of the British gun-boat the *Frolic*. The dinner was a stupendous, princely affair, containing all the best points of Chinese and European cookery, and, although the hour was noon, the afternoon had far gone when it came to an end.

Before it ended, Mr. Detring, on behalf of the Viceroy, arose and read this speech:—

GENTLEMEN:—It has given me great pleasure to welcome you as my guest to-day, more especially as you aid me in showing honor to the distinguished man who is now with us. General Grant's eminent talents as a soldier and a statesman, and his popularity while chief ruler of a great country, are known to us all. I think it may be said of him now, as it was said of Washington a century ago, that he is "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His fame, and the admiration and respect it excites, are not confined to his own country, as the events of his present tour around the world will prove, and China should not be thought unwilling to welcome such a visitor. I thank the General for the honor he has conferred upon me. I thank you all, gentlemen, for the pleasure you have given me to-day, and I now ask you to join me in drinking the health of General Grant, and wishing him increasing fame and prosperity.

The Viceroy and all his guests arose and remained standing while Mr. Detring read this speech. At the close, the Viceroy lifted a glass of wine and, bowing to the General, drank the toast. General Grant then arose and said:—

YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONSULAR CORPS:—I am very much obliged to you for the welcome I have received in Tientsin, which is only a repetition of the kindness shown to me by the representatives of all nations since I came within the coasts of China. I am grateful to the Viceroy for the especial consideration which I have received at his hands. His history as a soldier and statesman of the Chinese Empire

has been known to me, as it has been known to all at home who have followed Chinese affairs, for a quarter of a century. I am glad to meet one who has done such great services to his country. My visit to China has been full of interest. I have learned a great deal of the civilization, the manners, the achievements, and the industry of the Chinese people, and I shall leave the country with feelings of friendship towards them, and a desire that they may be brought into relations of the closest commercial alliance and intercourse with the other nations. I trust that the Viceroy will some time find it in his power to visit my country, when I shall be proud to return, as far as I can, the hospitality I have received from him. Again thanking your Excellency for your reception, and you, gentlemen of the Consular corps, for your kindness, I ask you to join with me in a toast to the prosperity of China and the health of the Viceroy.

When this speech was ended there was tea, and then came cigars. The Viceroy had arranged for a photograph of the whole dinner-party; so our portraits were taken in the room where we had dined, the Viceroy and the General sitting in the middle beside a small tea-table. On the side of the General were the European, on that of the Viceroy the Chinese, members of the party. This function over, we returned to our yacht, amid the same ceremonies as those which attended our coming, and steamed back to the Consulate, the river still lined with thousands of Chinamen.

The progress of the foreign settlement of Tientsin is a fair indication of progress in China. The name "Tientsin" means "Heaven's Ford." The city lies at the junction of the Peiho River with the Grand Canal, in latitude 39 deg. 10 min. north, longitude 117 deg. 3 min. 55 sec. east. It is the largest city in the province, next to Peking, and commercially has more importance, because Peking is simply a capital given over to officials and soldiers, while Tientsin is the depot for a large trade. The population of

the Chinese town is estimated at half a million, although there are no statistics that can be depended upon. The port was opened in 1860, under the treaty enforced by the British at the time of the campaign that culminated in the glorious and ever memorable destruction of the Summer Palace. At that time the only Europeans were the few missionaries who lived in the Chinese town. We made a tour of the town in chairs, and nothing more dismal and dreary have we seen in China. The streets were covered with dust, the sun shone down upon hard, baked walls; the sewers were open, and the air was laden with odors that suggested pestilence and explained the dreadful outbreaks of typhus and small-pox with which the city is so often visited. One of the first sights that attracted me was the number of people whose faces were pitted with small-pox. Mr. Holcombe informed me that small-pox had no terror for the Chinese, and that they did not believe it was contagious. In walking along the line of one of the Viceroy's regiments drawn up to salute the General, it seemed as if every other soldier's face bore marks of the disease. One visit to Tientsin, especially under the burning sun which has beamed upon us during our stay, was enough for observation and curiosity.

The foreign settlement runs along the river. Streets have been laid out. Houses stand back in the gardens. Trees throw their shadows over the lanes. The houses are neat and tasteful, and the French Consulate is especially a striking building. This, however, was built by the Chinese as an act of reparation for the Tientsin massacre, one of the saddest events in the recent history of China. The American Consulate is a pleasant, modest little house that stands in the centre of a garden. The garden had been turned into a conservatory on the occasion of the General's visit, flowers in great profusion having been brought from all

parts of the settlement. The whole settlement seemed to unite in doing honor to the General, and this hearty sympathy, in which every one joined, was among the most agreeable features of the General's visit to Tientsin. Even the captain of the British gun-boat showed his good-will by sending his crew and marines to act as a guard of honor at the house of the Consul. There was nothing oppressive in the hospitality, as has been the case in so many of the places visited by the General. The French Consul, Mr. Dillon, gave a dinner and a garden-party, at which all the inhabitants attended. The grounds were beautifully illuminated. One of the features of the dinner at the French Consul's was the presence of the Viceroy. This was the first time the Viceroy had ever attended a dinner-party at which Europeans were present with their wives. The only difference in the arrangement of the table was that the General escorted the Viceroy to the table, the ladies coming in after and sitting in a group on one side of the table. It was a quaint arrangement and not without its advantages, and the Viceroy, notwithstanding he was breaking through customs as old as the civilization of China, and apt to bring down upon him the censure of conservatives and the displeasure of the censors who sit in Peking in judgment upon all officers of the Empire high and low, seemed to enjoy the feast.

The fête at the French Consul's was made brilliant by a display of fireworks, which gave us a new idea of what was possible in pyrotechny under the cunning hands of the Chinaman. There was also a display of jugglery, the Viceroy, the General, and the ladies of the party sitting on the balcony and watching the performers. I was told that the Viceroy had never even seen a Chinese juggler before, and he certainly seemed to be pleased with the show. There was nothing startling about the tricks, except that

what was done was pure sleight of hand. There were no machinery, no screens and curtains and cupboards. All that the players required were a blanket and a fan. They stood on the lawn and performed their tricks with the crowd all about them, drawing bowls full of water and dishes of soup and other cumbrous and clumsy articles from impossible places. At midnight the fête ended, and, considering the small colony and the resources possible to so limited a community, it was a great success.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCERNING PEKIN — BOAT-LIFE ON THE PEIHO — EMBARKING FOR PEKIN — THE END OF THE JOURNEY — THE AMERICAN LEGATION — VISIT TO PRINCE KUNG — WELCOME BY THE AMERICAN COLONY — GRANT'S REPLY — THE RECEPTION BY THE PRINCE — A CHINESE ENTERTAINMENT — THE UNIVERSITY.

Continuing the narrative of their Eastern journey, the correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes:—

The question of how we should go to Peking had been gravely discussed. You can go on horseback, or in carts, or in boats. It is only a question of degree in discomfort, for there is no comfort in China—none, at least, in travel. The quickest way of reaching Peking from Tientsin is by horse. Horseback-riding is the principal amusement in Tientsin, and you can find good horses with Chinese attendants at a reasonable rate. Mr. Holcombe went ahead in a cart, so as to prepare the legation for the reception of the General and party. The cart in China is the accustomed method of travel, although an attempt at luxury has been made in arranging a mule cart or litter. The litter seems to be a recollection of the Indian litter or palanquin. You creep into an oblong box with a rest for the head, should you care to lie down. This box is mounted on shafts, and you have a mule leading and another bringing up the rear. While reviewing our arrangements for the journey, Mr. Holcombe, who has seen nearly every form of adventure and travel in China, gave his preference to the mule litter. The horse was impossible for the ladies of the expedition. The carts embodied so many forms of

discomfort that we were not brave enough to venture. They have no springs, and the roads, worn and torn and gashed, make travel a misery. There was no available method but the boats, and all day Judge Denny and other friends were busy in arranging the boats for the comfort of the General. In this labor the Judge was assisted by Mr. Hill, an old American resident of China, who knew the language, and who was so anxious to do honor to General Grant that he volunteered as quartermaster and admiral of the expedition. It would have been difficult to find a better quartermaster. There was no trouble, no care, that he did not take to insure us a safe and easy road to Peking.

When the boats necessary assembled, they formed quite a fleet. They were moored near the Ashuelot, and all the morning Chinamen were running backward and forward, carrying furniture and food. The party who visited Peking were General Grant and Mrs. Grant; Mrs. Holcombe, wife of the acting American Minister; Colonel Grant, Lieutenant Belknap, Mr. Deering, and Mr. Case, officers of the Ashuelot. Mr. Hill, as I have said, went along as quartermaster. Mr. Pethich, the accomplished Vice-Consul of Tientsin, and one of the best Chinese scholars in our service, and the secretary of the Viceroy, an amiable young mandarin, who knew English enough to say "Good-morning," were among our scouts. There were two small, shallow gun-boats, which seemed to have no guns, except muskets, that brought up our rear. The General's boat was what is called a mandarin's boat—a large, clumsy contrivance, that looked, as it towered over the remainder of the fleet, like Noah's ark. It had been cleaned up and freshened, and was roomy. There were two bedrooms, a small dining-room, and in the stern what seemed to be a Chinese laundry-house, three stories high. It seemed alive with women and children, who were always peeping out

of windows and port-holes to see what new prank the barbarians were performing, and scampering away if gazed at. These were the families of the boatmen, who have no other home but the river. The other boats were small, plain shells, divided into two rooms and covered over. The rear of the boat was given to the boatmen, the front to the passengers. In this front room was a raised platform of plain pine boards, wide enough for two to sleep. There was room for a chair and a couple of tables. If the weather was pleasant, we could open the sides by taking out the slats, and as we reclined on the bed look out on the scenery. But during the day it was too warm, and in addition to the sun there were streaming clouds of dust that covered everything. During the night it was cold enough for blankets, so that our boats were rarely or never open, and we burrowed away most of the time as though in a kennel or a cage. Each of the small boats had room for two persons. In the rear the cooking was done. The General had a special cooking-boat which brought up the rear, and when the hour for meals came was hauled alongside.

We should have been under way at daybreak, and the General was up at an early hour and anxious to be away. But the Chinese mind works slowly, and a visit to the General's boat — the flagship, as we called it — showed that it would be noon before we could go. Judge Denny had taken off his coat, and was trying to stimulate the Chinese mind by an example of Western energy. But it was of no use. The Chinaman has his pace for every function, and was not to be hurried. The day was oppressively warm, and the knowledge of the General's departure had brought a multitude of Chinamen to the water-side — of the curious people who think it no hardship to stand all day around the consulate watching for a glimpse of the General. About

noon the last biscuit had been stored, all the sails were hoisted, and the fleet moved away under the command of Quartermaster and Admiral Hill. The purpose was to pull through the wilderness of junks that crowd the river for miles, and wait the General above. An hour later the General went on board the Viceroy's private yacht and pushed up the river. A small steam-launch from the Ashuelot led the way. The result of this was advantageous. If the General had gone in his own boat, it would have taken him some time to thread his way through the junks. But a boat carrying the viceregal flag has terror for the boatmen, who, as soon as they saw it coming, hastened to make room. A Chinese officer stood in the bow and encouraged them to this by loud cries and imprecations. Whenever there was any apathy, he would reach over with his bamboo pole and beat the sluggard over the shoulders. It was woe to any boatman who crossed our path, and only one or two ventured to do so, to their sore discomfort. We pushed through the wilderness of junks at full speed. We passed the bridge of boats, and under the walls of the ruined cathedral destroyed in the Tientsin massacre of the Sisters of Charity. Here there was a pause, as we were passing the house of the Viceroy, and etiquette demands that when one great mandarin passes the home of another, he shall stop and send his card, and make kind inquiries. So we stopped until Mr. Pethich carried the General's card to the viceregal house, and returned with the card and the compliments of the Viceroy.

After taking our leave of the Viceroy, we came into the open country, and found our fleet waiting under the immediate and vociferous command of Admiral Hill. The Admiral was on the bank, wearing a straw hat, and carrying a heavy stick, which he waved over the coolies and boatmen, as he admonished them of their duties. The Ad-

miral had learned the great lesson of diplomacy in the East—terror; and it was difficult to imagine anything more improving to the Chinese mind than his aspect as he moved about with his stick. Boating in the Peiho is an original experience. Sometimes you depend upon the sail. When the sail is useless, a rope is taken ashore, and three or four coolies pull you along. If you get aground, as you are apt to do every few minutes, the coolies splash into the water and push you off the mud by sheer force of loins and shoulders, like carters lifting their carts out of the mud.

On the morning of the third day of our departure from Tientsin we awoke and found ourselves tied up to the bank at the village of Tung-Chow. This was the end of our journey by the river, and our little boat was in a myriad of boats, the banks lined with chattering Chinamen. Mr. Holcombe had ridden down from Peking and came on board to greet us. The Admiral was on the bank, very dusty and travel worn. He had been tramping all night to keep the boatmen at their pulling, and his voice was husky from much admonition. He was in loud and cheerful spirits, and in great glee at having brought the General on time. The General, however, was not in, but we saw his hulk slowly moving up through the junks, towering above them all—the American flag at the masthead. The available population of the village had been assembled, and something like a step had been erected, covered with red cloth, where there was to be an official landing. There were mandarins and officers from the Foreign Office, and an escort of horsemen and coolies with chairs, who were to carry us to Peking. Prince Kung, the Prince Regent, had sent the escort, and we were glad to learn from Mr. Holcombe that there was every disposition among the rulers of China to show the General all the courtesy in

their power — to treat him with a respect, even with a pomp, that had never before been extended to a foreigner.

It was some time before the General's hulk was dragged into position, and it was only by extreme authority on the Admiral's part, and the loyal co-operation of other Chinese officials, who had sticks, that the boat was finally tied to the shore. It was early in the morning, and there was no sign of the General stirring. So we stood around and studied the crowd and talked over the incidents of the night and paid compliments to Admiral Hill upon the vigorous manner in which he had taken us up the Peiho.

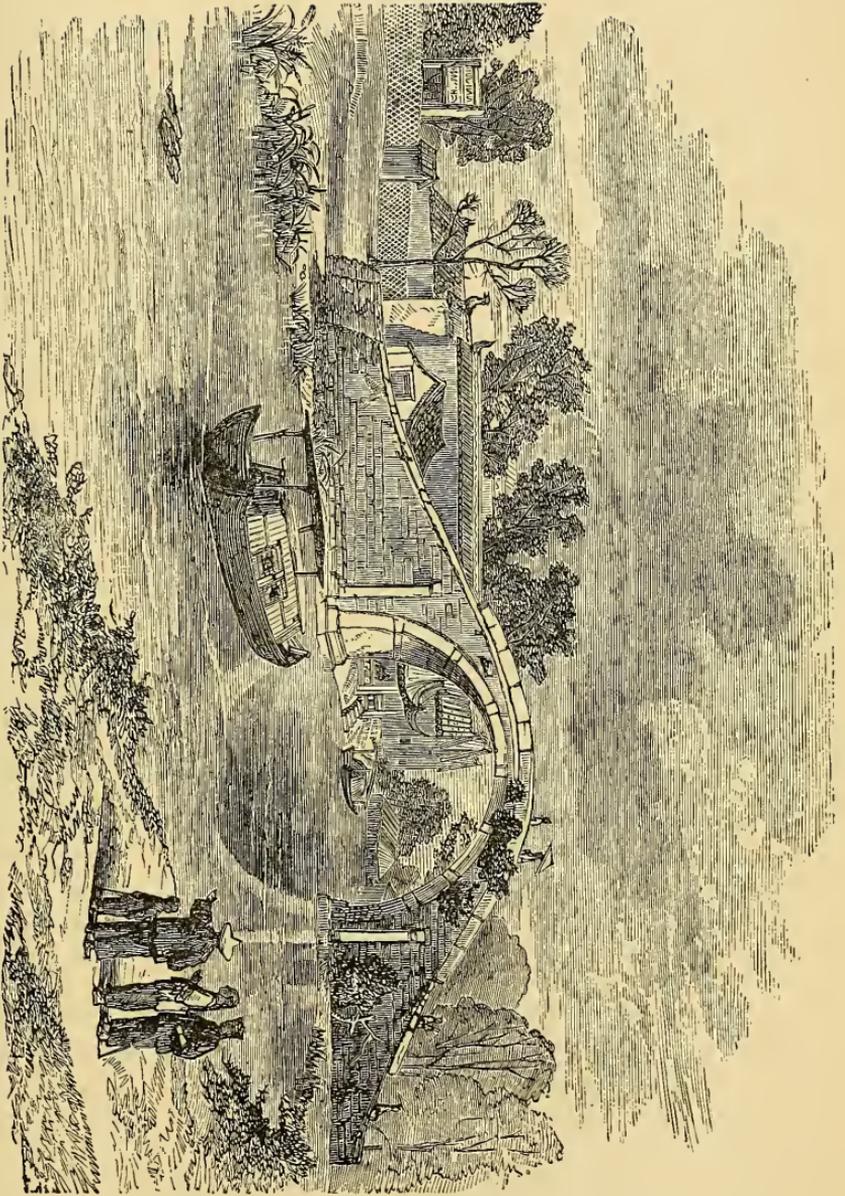
In time the General arose, and then came all the officials of Tung-Chow — mandarins in red and blue buttons — to welcome the General and ask him to remain and breakfast with them. But the sun was rising, and it was important to reach Peking if possible before he was on us in all of his power. There were chairs from Prince Hung for some of the party and horses for others. There were mule litters for the luggage and donkeys for the servants, and at eight o'clock we were under way. The General rode ahead in a chair carried by eight bearers. This is an honor paid only to the highest persons in China. The other chairs were carried by four bearers. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Holcombe rode some distance behind the General, two other chairs were occupied by two other members of the party and the rest mounted. By the time we formed in procession it was really a procession, a little army. Our own party, with the servants, was large enough, and to this was added the Chinese troops who were to escort us to Peking.

So we scrambled up the dusky bank and into the gates of the town and through the narrow streets. The whole town was out, and, as our chairs passed, the people stared at the occupants with curious eyes. Tradesmen left their

booths, and workmen their avocations, to see the barbarians who had invaded Tung-Chow, and were marching through, not as invaders nor as prisoners, but as the honored guests of the Empire. Invaders and prisoners had been seen before, but never a barbarian.

Shortly after midday, we saw, in the distance, the walls and towers of Peking. We passed near a bridge, where there had been a contest between the French and Chinese during the Anglo-French expedition, and one of the results of which was that the officer who commanded the French should be made a nobleman, under the name of Count Palikao, and had later adventures in French history. As we neared the city the walls loomed up, and seemed harsh and forbidding, built with care and strength, as if to defend the city. We came to a gate, and were carried through a stone arched way, and halted, so that a new escort could join the General's party. The people in Peking, after we passed the bazaars, did not seem to note our presence. Our escort rode on over the wide, dusty lanes called streets, and all that we saw of the city was the dust which arose from the hoofs of the horses who straggled on ahead. We were so hot, so weary with riding in our chairs, so stifled with the dust, that it was an unspeakable relief to see at last the American flag floating over the gateway of the legation. Here were guards and tents for guardsmen, to do honor to the General during his stay. A few minutes after one o'clock, after five hours of a severe and uncomfortable ride, we entered the legation, and met a grateful and graceful welcome from our hosts.

The legation in Peking is shut off from the main street by a wall. As you enter you pass a small lodge, from which Chinese servants look out with inquiring eyes. The American flag floats over the archway, an indication that General Grant has made his home here. It is the



THE BRIDGE AT PEKIN.



habit for the legations ordinarily to display their colors only on Sundays and holidays. On the right side of the walk is a series of low one-storied buildings, which is the home of the American Minister. They are of brick, painted drab, and covered with tiles. Nothing could be plainer, and at the same time more commodious and comfortable. On the left side is another series, where the *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister, resides. In the rear is a smaller building, for the archives of the legation. Standing a little way off from the house of the *Chargé d'Affaires* is a building called the pavilion, set apart for guests. In the arrangement of the grounds and the buildings you note American simplicity and American energy. General Grant lives in Mr. Holcombe's apartments; the Colonel and I are in the pavilion. Our naval friends are in Mr. Seward's house, under Dr. Elmore's hospitality, which is thoughtful and untiring. The legation offices are plain, but neatly kept. You have a library, with the laws of the United States, Congress archives, newspapers, and the latest mails. In a side room are an English clerk and a Chinese clerk. Behind this office is a row of other buildings, where the servants live and where the horses are kept.

An hour or two after General Grant's arrival he was waited upon by the members of the Cabinet, who came in a body, accompanied by the military and civil governors of Peking. These are the highest officials in China, men of grace and stately demeanor. They were received in Chinese fashion, seated around a table covered with sweetmeats, and served with tea. The First Secretary brought with him the card of Prince Kung, the Prince Regent of the Empire, and said that His Imperial Highness had charged him to present all kind wishes to General Grant, and to express the hope that the trip to China had been

pleasant. The Secretary also said that as soon as the Prince Regent heard from the Chinese Minister in Paris that General Grant was coming to China, he sent orders to the officials to receive him with due honor. The General said that he had received nothing but honor and courtesy from China, and this answer pleased the Secretary, who said he would be happy to carry it to the Prince Regent.

General Grant did not ask an audience of the Emperor. The Emperor is a child seven years of age, at his books, not in good health, and under the care of two old ladies called the empresses. When the Chinese Minister in Paris spoke to the General about audience, and his regret that the sovereign of China was not of age, that he might personally entertain the ex-President, the General said he hoped no question of audience would be raised. He had no personal curiosity to see the Emperor.

As soon as General Grant arrived at Peking he was met by the Secretary of State, who brought the card of Prince Kung, and said His Imperial Highness would be glad to see General Grant at any time. The General named the succeeding day, at three. The General and party left the legation at half-past two, the party embracing Mr. Holcombe, the acting Minister; Colonel Grant, Lieutenant Charles Belknap, C. W. Deering, and A. Ludlow Case, Jr., of the Ashuelot. The way to the Yamen was over dirty roads and through a disagreeable part of the town, the day being unusually warm, the thermometer marking 101 degrees in the shade. This is a trying temperature under the best circumstances, but in Peking there was every possible condition of discomfort in addition. When we came to the court-yard of the Yamen, the secretaries and a group of mandarins received the General and his party, and escorted them into the inner court. Prince Kung, who was standing at the door, with a group of high officers,

advanced and saluted the General, and said a few words of welcome, which were translated by Mr. Holcombe.

On the evening of our arrival, the American residents in Peking called in a body on the General, to welcome him and read an address. Dinner over, our party entered the legation parlors, and were presented to the small colony of the favored people who have pitched their tents in Peking. The members of this colony are missionaries, members of the customs staff, diplomatists, and one or two who have claims or schemes for the consideration of the Chinese Government. After being introduced to the General and his party, Dr. Martin, the President of the Chinese English University, stepped forward and read an address welcoming General Grant to the city.

In reply, the General said he was always glad to meet his fellow-countrymen, and the kind words in which he had been welcomed added to the pleasure which such a meeting afforded in Peking. The Americans were a wonderful people, he said, smiling, for you found them everywhere, even here in this distant and inaccessible capital. He was especially pleased with the allusion, in the address, to the fact that in America a career was possible to the humblest station in life. His own career was one of the best examples of the possibilities open to any man and every man at home. That feature in America he was proud to recognize, for it was one of the golden principles in our government. The General again thanked the delegation for their kindness, wished them all prosperity in their labors in China, and a happy return to their homes, where he hoped some day to meet them.

The visit to the Prince is thus described:—The Prince saluted General Grant in Tartar fashion, looking at him for a moment with an earnest, curious gaze, like one who had formed an ideal of some kind and was anxious to see

how far his ideal had been realized. The sun was beating down, and the party passed into a large, plainly furnished room, where there was a table laden with Chinese food. The Prince, sitting down at the centre, gave General Grant the seat at his left, the post of honor in China. He then took up the cards one by one, which had been written in Chinese characters on red paper, and asked Mr. Holcombe for the name and station of each member of the General's suite. He spoke to Colonel Grant, and asked him the meaning of the uniform he wore, the rank it showed, and its age. He asked whether the Colonel was married and had children. When told that he had one child, a daughter, the Prince condoled with him, saying, "What a pity!" In China, you must remember that female children do not count in the sum of human happiness; and when the Prince expressed his regret at the existence of the General's granddaughter, he was saying the most polite thing he knew. The Prince was polite to the naval officers, inquiring the special rank of each, and saying that they must be anxious to return home. It was a matter of surprise, of courteous surprise and congratulation on the part of the Prince, that the writer had seen so many countries as the companion of the General, and he said that no doubt I had found things much different elsewhere from what I saw in China. Beyond these phrases, the manner of which was as perfect as if it had been learned in Versailles under Louis XIV., the conversation was wholly with General Grant.

The Prince returned to his perusal of the face of the General as though it were an unlearned lesson. He expected a uniformed person — a man of the dragon or lion species, who could make a great noise. What he saw was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, in evening dress, who had ridden a long way in the dust and sun, and who was looking in subdued dismay at servants who swarmed around

him with dishes of soups and sweetmeats, dishes of bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, roast ducks, bamboo sprouts, and a teapot, with a hot, insipid tippie made of rice, tasting like a remembrance of sherry, which was poured into small silver cups. We were none of us hungry. We had had luncheon, and we were on the programme for a special banquet in the evening. Here was a profuse and sumptuous entertainment. The dinner differed from those in Tientsin, Canton, and Shanghai, in the fact that it was more quiet; there was no display or parade, no crowd of dusky servants and retainers hanging around and looking on as though at a comedy. I did not think the Prince himself cared much about eating, because he merely dawdled over the bird's-nest soup, and did not touch the sharks' fins; nor in fact did any of the Ministers except one, who, in default of our remembering his Chinese name and rank, one of the party called Ben Butler. The dinner, as far as the General was concerned, soon merged into a cigar; and the Prince toyed with the dishes as they came and went, and smoked his pipe.

We could not remain long enough in the Yamen to finish the dinner, as we had an engagement to visit the college for the teaching of an English education to young Chinese. This institution is under the direction of Dr. Martin, an American, and the buildings adjoin the Yamen. Consequently, on taking leave of the Prince, who said he would call and see the General at the legation, we walked a few steps and were escorted into the class-room of the college. Dr. Martin presented General Grant to the students and professors, and one of the students read an address of welcome.

General Grant replied very briefly, thanking them for their kind words of welcome, and expressing the hope that the future might be ever bright, not only of each individual, but of the institution itself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PRINCE KUNG RETURNS GENERAL GRANT'S VISIT—A REMARKABLE CONVERSATION—THE LOOCHOO ISLANDS—GENERAL GRANT BECOMES A MESSENGER OF PEACE—THE SITUATION—HOW JAPAN HAS TREATED CHINA—WAR NOT DESIRED—HOW JAPAN CAPTURED LOOCHOO—WHAT CHINA WANTS—THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

Prince Kung was punctual in his return of the call of General Grant. He came to the legation in his chair, and was received by General Grant in the parlors of the legation. Several officers from the Richmond happened to be in Peking on a holiday, and the General invited them, as well as the officers of the Ashuelot, who were at the legation, to receive the Prince. As all the officers were in full uniform, the reception of the Prince became almost an imposing affair. The Prince was accompanied by the Grand Secretaries, and as soon as he was presented to the members of the General's party he was led into the dining-room, and we all sat around a table and were given tea and sweetmeats and champagne. During this visit there occurred the following remarkable conversation.

Prince Kung.—There is one question about which I am anxious to confer with you. The Viceroy of Tientsin writes us that he has mentioned it to you. And if we could secure your good offices, or your advice, it would be a great benefit, not only to us, but to all nations, and especially in the East. I refer to the questions now pending between China and Japan.

General Grant.—In reference to the trouble in the Loochoo Islands?

Prince Kung.—Yes; about the sovereignty of Loo-choo and the attempt of the Japanese to extinguish a kingdom which has always been friendly, and whose sovereign has always paid us tribute, not only the present sovereign but his ancestors for centuries.

General Grant.—The Viceroy spoke to me on the subject, and has promised to renew the subject on my return to Tientsin. Beyond the casual reference of the Viceroy in the course of conversations on the occasion of interviews that were confined mainly to ceremonies, I am entirely ignorant of the questions.

Prince Kung.—We all feel a great delicacy in referring to this or any other matter of business on the occasion of your visit to Peking—a visit that we know to be one of pleasure and that should not be troubled by business. I should not have ventured upon such a liberty, if I had not been informed by the Viceroy of the kind manner in which you received his allusions to the matter and your known devotion to peace and justice. I feel that I should apologize even for the reference I have made, which I would not have ventured upon but for the report of the Viceroy, and our conviction that one who has had so high a place in determining the affairs of the world can have no higher interest than furthering peace and justice.

General Grant.—I told the Viceroy, that anything I could do in the interest of peace was my duty and my pleasure. I can conceive of no higher office for any man. But I am not in office. I am merely a private citizen, journeying about like others, with no share in the Government and no power. The Government has given me a ship of war whenever I can use it without interfering with its duties, but that is all.

Prince Kung.—I quite understand that, and this led to the expression of my regret at entering upon the subject.

But we all know how vast your influence must be, not only upon your people at home, but upon all nations who know what you have done, and who know that whatever question you considered would be considered with patience and wisdom and a desire for justice and peace. You are going to Japan as the guest of the people and the Emperor, and will have opportunities of presenting our views to the Emperor of Japan and of showing him that we have no policy but justice.

General Grant.—Yes, I am going to Japan as the guest of the Emperor and nation.

Prince Kung.—That affords us the opportunity that we cannot overlook. The Viceroy writes us that he has prepared a statement of the whole case, drawn from the records of our Empire, and he will put you in possession of all the facts from our point of view.

General Grant.—The King of the Loochoo Islands has, I believe, paid tribute to China as well as Japan.

Prince Kung.—For generations. I do not know how long with Japan, but for generations Loochoo has recognized the sovereignty of China. Not alone during the present, but in the time of the Ming Emperors, the dynasty that preceded our own, this recognition was unchallenged, and Loochoo became as well known as an independent Power in the East owing allegiance only to our Emperor as any other part of our dominions.

General Grant.—Has Japan made her claim upon Loochoo a subject of negotiation with China? Has she ever presented your Government with her view of her claim to the Islands?

Prince Kung.—Japan has a Minister in Pekin. He came here some time since amid circumstances of ostentation, and great importance was attached to his coming. There was a great deal said about it at the time, and it

was said that the interchange of Ministers would be of much importance to both nations. We sent a Minister to Japan, an able and prudent man, who is there now. This showed our desire to reciprocate. We supposed, of course, that when the Japanese Minister came there would be a complete explanation and understanding in Loochoo. We welcomed his coming in this spirit and in the interest of peace. When he came to the Yamen, and we brought up Loochoo, he knew nothing about the subject, nothing about the wishes or the attitude of his Government. We naturally inquired what brought him here as a Minister. Of what use was a Minister, if he could not transact business of such vital consequence to both nations and to the peace of the world? He said he had certain matters connected with the trade of the two countries to discuss—something of that kind. It seemed almost trifling with us to say so. When we presented our case, he said that anything we would write or say he would transmit to his Government—no more. He was only a post-office. When our Minister in Japan presented the subject to the authorities he had no better satisfaction, and was so dissatisfied that he wrote to us asking permission to request his passports and withdraw. But we told him to wait and be patient, and do nothing to lead to war, or that might be construed as seeking war on our part.

General Grant.—Any course short of national humiliation or national destruction is better than war. War in itself is so great a calamity that it should only be invoked when there is no way of saving a nation from a greater. War, especially in the East, and between two countries like Japan and China, would be a misfortune—a great misfortune.

Prince Kung.—A great misfortune to the outside and neutral Powers as well. War in the East would be a heavy

blow to the trade upon which other nations so much depend. That is one reason why China asks your good offices, and hopes for those of your Government and of your Minister to Japan. We have been told of the kind disposition of Mr. Bingham towards us. Our Minister has told us of that; and one reason why we kept our Minister in Japan, under circumstances which would have justified another Power in withdrawing him, was because we knew of Mr. Bingham's sentiments, and we were awaiting his return. It is because such a war as Japan seems disposed to force on China would be peculiarly distressing to foreign Powers that we have asked them to interfere.

General Grant.—How far have the Japanese gone in Loochoo?

Prince Kung.—The King of the islands has been taken to Japan and deposed. The sovereignty has been extinguished. A Japanese official has been set up. We have made a study of international law as written by your English and American authors, whose text-books are in Chinese. If there is any force in the principles of international law as recognized by your nations, the extinction of the Loochoo sovereignty is a wrong, and one that other nations should consider.

General Grant.—It would seem to be a high-handed proceeding to arrest a ruler and take him out of the country, unless there is war or some grave provocation.

Prince Kung.—If there was provocation, if Japan had suffered any wrong in Loochoo that justified extreme action, why does not her Ambassador at our Court, or their own Ministers at home, in dealing with our embassy, give us an explanation? China is a peaceful nation. Her policy has been peace. No nation will make more sacrifices for peace, but forbearance cannot be used to our injury, to the humiliation of the Emperor and a violation of our rights. On

this subject we feel strongly, and when the Viceroy wrote the Emperor from Tientsin that he had spoken to you on the subject, and that you might be induced to use your good offices with Japan, and with your offices your great name and authority, we rejoiced in what may be a means of escaping from a responsibility which no nation would deplore more than myself.

General Grant.—As I said before, my position here and my position at home are not such as to give any assurance that my good offices would be of any value. Here I am a traveller, seeing sights, and looking at new manners and customs. At home I am simply a private citizen, with no voice in the councils of the Government and no right to speak for the Government.

Prince Kung (with a smile).—We have a proverb in Chinese that “No business is business”—in other words, that real affairs, great affairs are more frequently transacted informally, when persons meet, as we are meeting now, over a table of entertainment for social and friendly conversation, than in solemn business sessions at the Yamen. I value the opportunities of this conversation, even in a business sense, more than I could any conversation with ambassadors.

General Grant.—I am much complimented by the confidence you express and in that expressed by the Viceroy. It would afford me the greatest pleasure—I know of no pleasure that could be greater—to be the means, by any counsel or effort of mine, in preserving peace, and especially between two nations in which I feel so deep an interest as I do in China and Japan. I know nothing about this Loochoo business except what I have heard from the Viceroy and yourself and an occasional scrap in the newspapers, to which I paid little attention, as I had no interest in it. I know nothing of the merits of the case. I am

going to Japan, and I shall take pleasure in informing myself on the subject in conversing with the Japanese authorities. I have no idea what their argument is. They, of course, have an argument. I do not suppose that the rulers are inspired by a desire to wantonly injure China. I will acquaint myself with the Chinese side of the case, as Your Imperial Highness and the Viceroy have presented it, and promise to present it. I will do what I can to learn the Japanese side. Then, if I can, in conversation with the Japanese authorities, do anything that will be a service to the cause of peace, you may depend upon my good offices. But, as I have said, I have no knowledge on the subject, and no idea what opinion I may entertain when I have studied it.

Prince Kung.—We are profoundly grateful for this promise. China is quite content to rest her case with your decision, given, as we know it will be, after care and with wisdom and justice. If the Japanese Government will meet us in this spirit, all will be well. I shall send orders to our Minister in Japan to wait upon you as soon as you reach Japan, and to speak with you on the subject. Your willingness to do this will be a new claim to the respect in which you are held in China, and be a continuance of that friendship shown to us by the United States, and especially by Mr. Burlingame, whose death we all deplored, and whose name is venerated in China.

An allusion was made to the convention between Great Britain and America on the Alabama question — the arbitration and the settlement of a matter that might have embroiled the two countries. This was explained to His Imperial Highness as a precedent that it would be well to follow now. The Prince was thoroughly familiar with the Alabama negotiations.

General Grant.—An arbitration between nations may

not satisfy either party at the time ; but it satisfies the conscience of the world, and must commend itself more and more as a means of adjusting disputes.

Prince Kung.—The policy of China is one of reliance upon justice. We are willing to have any settlement that is honorable, and that will be considered by other nations as honorable to us. We desire no advantage over Japan. But, at the same time, we are resolved to submit to no wrong from Japan. On that point there is but one opinion in our Government. It is the opinion of the Viceroy, one of the great officers of the Empire, and, like yourself, not only a great soldier, but an advocate always of a peaceful policy, of concession, compromise, and conciliation. It is my own opinion, and I have always, as one largely concerned in the affairs of the Empire, and knowing what war entails, been in favor of peace. It is the opinion of the Yamen. I do not know of any dissension among those who serve the throne. Our opinion is that we cannot, under any circumstances, submit to the claims of Japan. We cannot consent to the extinction of a sovereignty, of an independence that has existed for so long a time under our protection. If Japan insists upon her present position, there must be war.

General Grant.—What action on the part of Japan would satisfy China ?

Prince Kung.—We would be satisfied with the situation as it was.

General Grant.—That is to say, Loochoo paying tribute to Japan and China.

Prince Kung.—We do not concern ourselves with what tribute the King of Loochoo pays to Japan, or any other Power. We never have done so, and, although there is every reason an empire should not allow other nations to exact tribute from its vassals, we are content with things

as they have been, not only under the dynasty of my own ancestors and family, but under the dynasty of the Mings. We desire Japan to restore the King she has captured and taken away, to withdraw her troops from Loochoo, and abandon her claims to exclusive sovereignty over the islands. This is our position. Other questions are open to negotiation and debate. This is not open, because it is a question of the integrity of the Empire. And the justice of our position will be felt by any one who studies the case, and compares the violence and aggression of Japan with the patience and moderation of China.

General Grant. — I shall certainly see the Viceroy on my return to Tientsin, and converse with him, and read the documents I understand he is preparing. I shall also, when I meet the Japanese authorities, do what I can to learn their case. If I can be of any service in adjusting the question and securing peace, I shall be rejoiced, and it will be no less a cause of rejoicing if in doing so I can be of any service to China, or be enabled to show my appreciation of the great honor she has shown to me during my visit, and of the unvarying friendship she has shown our country.

The islands referred to lie in the North Pacific, about half-way between Formosa and Japan. They are thirty-six in number, the largest of which is the Great Loochoo, of which the capital is Napakiang. The Chinese first learned of the existence of these islands in the year 605 A. D., when the Emperor Yangti was on the throne. He at once sent messengers to inquire into their condition, as they had all been included under the general term "Eastern Barbarians." But the difficulty at once presented itself that neither understood the other's language. The Chinese were obliged to return without having accomplished anything practical, but they brought back with them several

of the islanders, who were placed in a college at Singanfoo, at that time the capital of China. From the Japanese, Yangti obtained fuller particulars of Loochoo and its people, and he, for a second time, ordered the despatch of an accredited mission, with interpreters, bearing a formal demand to the King to render homage to the Emperor of China as his sovereign. But the Loochoo ruler was by no means disposed to concede what Yangti demanded, and dismissed the Chinese envoys with the haughty reply that he did not recognize any prince as being over or superior to him. Yangti did not brook what he called the defiance of this petty ruler. He thereupon sent a powerful fleet, with 10,000 good troops on board, to invade Loochoo. The expedition was crowned with complete success. A great battle was fought, in which the King was killed, and the Chinese burned and pillaged in all directions. After remaining some time in the principal island the Chinese returned, bringing with them 5000 slaves. Under the Tang and Song dynasties the Chinese claims were permitted to slumber, and it was not until the time of the Mongols or Yuens that they sought to revive them. But even then the attempt was only a fitful one. In 1329 Chitsu equipped an expeditionary force, but the Mongols were so disgusted with adventures beyond the sea, by the failure of the attempt upon Japan, that he was induced to abandon his enterprise before it was half carried out. In 1372 Hong-on, the first of the Ming Emperors, was more successful, obtaining by the address of his envoy what the fleet and power of the Mongol had failed to secure. The King of Loochoo, Tsai-tou by name, requested the Ming Emperor to invest him with possession of his States. A magnificent reception was accorded the messengers from Loochoo, and the Emperor gave his new vassal a gold seal in token of his appreciation of his loyalty. It was at this time that

Chinese subjects first began to settle in Loochoo, bringing with them the Chinese character to the unlettered islanders, and a new religion. This connection continued throughout the succeeding reigns, and on one occasion the King of Loochoo acted as a kind of intermediary between China and Japan. During the naval war that was carried on between those Powers in the sixteenth century, the Loochooans helped the Chinese very materially, and in return the Emperor granted them special trade privileges. When the Manchus conquered China, the King of Loochoo still continued to send tribute. Both to Chuntche, to Kanghi, and to Yung-Ching, as well as to Keen-Lung, and several of his successors, he rendered fealty, and on several occasions missions were sent from the one court to the other. The old connection between China and Loochoo has been maintained down almost to the present day, and so far as we know, it is not probable that the people of those islands would, of their own accord, have cast off the purely nominal tie which bound them to China. The Japanese have most probably brought the matter to a crisis, and we shall soon know whether the Chinese Government will acquiesce without an effort in the loss of those historical claims which it so dearly prizes. The Pekin Government has not of late been in the mood to waive any of its privileges over its tributaries and vassals.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY VISIT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA — ALONG THE MONGOLIAN COAST — THE FARTHEST POINT OF THE JOURNEY — A MIDNIGHT SALUTE — FAREWELL TO CHINA — BOUND FOR JAPAN — NAGASAKI — LANDING AND RECEPTION — ADDRESS OF THE GOVERNOR — GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY — A JAPANESE DINNER — MUSIC IS INTRODUCED — A MAGNIFICENT AFFAIR.

A visit to the Great Wall of China is thus described:— It seems to be a duty incumbent upon all who come to the East to visit the Great Wall of China. General Grant had planned a trip while we were in Peking, and Mr. Holcombe had made all the arrangements. The Chinese Government had, with ready courtesy, given orders as to our treatment by the way, and the important question as to how we should go had formed a living theme of talk amid the depressing days of midsummer weather at the legation. You can go on horseback or on donkeys, or in a cart or in a mule litter; and when we had nothing else to do we went over the merits and demerits of each form of conveyance. Our old friend from the Nile,—the donkey,—whose achievements gave us an exalted idea of his patience and endurance, would have won the preference, but for the condition of the roads, which seem not to have been mended since the Tartar invasion. Mr. Holcombe told me had travelled all through Northern China, and in every form of conveyance, and that he found the most comfort in the mule litter. The mule litter is swung on poles and carried by two mules, one going ahead, the other behind. It is long

enough to enable you to recline. You creep in and huddle up, and your mules dawdle away with you. Somehow it gave the impression of going to your own funeral. The ordinary cart of the country, without springs or seats or cushions, in which you sit with your legs curled up or dangling over the sides, is torture. If we had made the trip, we should have walked most of the way, and had the carts and litters for smooth roads and fatigue, and other emergencies. The more the journey was considered, the less attractive it became. We were under the cruel stress of unusually warm weather. The thermometer was wandering about above the hundred-degree mark. Our journey to the Temple of Heaven, to the city walls, to other temples, had been attended with unusual discomfort. To go at all, we should have to travel at night and rest during the day. This consideration decided General Grant. His journey would be not alone to see the Great Wall, but the people in the interior, and especially to have a glimpse of Tartary. Travel by night would prevent this, and so we gave up the journey.

But to come to China and not see the Great Wall would have subjected us to adverse criticism for the remainder of our lives. Consequently there was a relief to our susceptibilities when we were told that the Great Wall came to an end on the sea-coast on our way to Chefoo, and with a favoring sea we could run up and go on shore. This was resolved upon, and soon the Richmond steamed slowly up the coast, the Ashuelot going direct to Chefoo. The contrast between the Richmond and the modest little Ashuelot was marked, and we had a sense of abundant space, of roominess, of opportunities for walking. But the Ashuelot is a well-commanded ship, and we left her with pleasant memories, and it was not without a regret that we saw General Grant's flag hauled down. It was our good

fortune to have a smooth sea, and when the morning came we found ourselves steaming slowly along the shores of Northern China lining the horizon. Navigation in the China seas is always a problem, and the coast past which we are sailing is badly surveyed. As a general thing, so carefully has science mapped and tracked the ocean, that you have only to seek counsel from a vagrant, wandering star, and you will be able to tell to the minute when some hill or promontory will rise out of the waves. There was no such comfort on the China coast, and the *Richmond* had to feel her way, to grope along the coast, and find the Great Wall as best we could. While creeping up the Chinese coast we were always on the watch for junks, but never ran one down. It was trying, however, to naval patience, and we found it so much better to be alone on the sea and look for our Great Wall as well as we could, undisturbed by the heedlessness of Chinese mariners.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Lieutenant Sperry, the navigator, had an experience that must have reminded him of Columbus discovering America. He had found the Great Wall. By careful looking through the glasses, in time we saw it—a thick, brown, irregular line that crumbles into the sea. The *Richmond* steamed towards the beach, and so gracious was the weather that we were able to anchor within a mile of shore. All the boats were let down, and as many as could be spared from the vessel went ashore—the captain, the officers, sailors in their blue, tidy uniforms, and an especial sailor with a pot of white paint to inscribe the fact that the *Richmond* had visited the Great Wall. The Great Wall is the only monument I have seen which could be improved by modern sacrilege, and which could be painted over and plastered without compunctions of conscience. From what I read of this stupendous achievement it was built under the reign of

a Chinese Emperor who flourished two centuries before Christ. This Emperor was disturbed by the constant invasion of the Tartars, a hardy nomadic race, who came from the hills of Mongolia and plundered his people, who were indeed afterwards to come, if only the Emperor could have opened the book of fate and known; and rule the country and found the dynasty which exists after a fashion still. So His Majesty resolved to build a wall which should forever protect his empire from the invader. The wall was built, and so well was it done that here we come, wanderers from the antipodes, twenty centuries after, and find it a substantial, imposing, but, in the light of modern science, a useless wall. It is 1250 miles in length, and it is only when you consider that distance, and the incredible amount of labor it imposed, that the magnitude of the work breaks upon you.

We landed on a smooth, pebbly beach, studded with shells, which would have rejoiced the eyes of children. We found a small village, and saw the villagers grinding corn. The children, a few beggars, and a blind person came to welcome us. The end of the wall which juts into the sea has been beaten by the waves into a ragged, shapeless condition. There was an easy ascent, however, up stone steps. At the top there was a small temple, evidently given to pious uses still, for there was a keeper who dickered about letting us in, and the walls seemed to be in order, clean and painted. The wall at the site of the temple was seventy-five or a hundred feet wide, but this was only a special width to accommodate the temple and present an imposing presence to the sea. As far as we could see, the wall stretched over hill and valley, until it became a line. Its average width at the surface is from twenty to twenty-five feet. At the base it varies from forty to a hundred feet. It is made of stone and brick, and,

considering that twenty centuries have been testing its workmanship, the work was well done.

As a mere wall, there is nothing imposing about the Great Wall of China. There are a hundred thousand walls, the world over, better built and more useful. What impressed us was the infinite patience which could have compassed so vast a labor. Wonderful are the Pyramids, and wonderful as a dream the ruins of Thebes. There you see mechanical results which you cannot follow or solve, engineering achievements we could not even now repeat. The Great Wall is a marvel of patience. I had been reading the late Mr. Seward's calculation that the labor which had builded the Great Wall would have built the Pacific Railways. General Grant thought that Mr. Seward had underrated its extent. "I believe," he said, "that the labor expended on this wall could have built every railroad in the United States, every canal and highway, and most, if not all, of our cities." The story is that millions were employed on the wall; that the work lasted for ten years. I have ceased to wonder at a story like this. In the ancient days — the days which our good people are always lamenting, and a return to which is the prayer of so many virtuous and pious souls — in the ancient days, when an emperor had a wall or a pyramid to build, he sent out to the fields and hills and gathered in the people and made them build on peril of their heads. It required an emperor to build the Great Wall. No people would have ever done such a thing. When you see the expression of a people's power, it is in the achievements of the Roman, the Greek, and the Englishman — in the achievements of Chinamen when they have been allowed their own way. The Great Wall is a monument of the patience of a people, and the misapplied prerogative of a king. It never could have been of much use in the most primitive days,

and now it is only a curiosity. We walked about on the top and studied its simple, massive workmanship, and looked upon the plains of Mongolia, over which the dreaded Tartar came. On one side of the wall was China, on the other Mongolia. We were at the furthest end of our journey, and every step now would be towards home. There was something like a farewell in the feeling with which we looked upon the cold land of mystery which swept on towards the north — cold and barren even under the warm sunshine. There was something like a welcome in the waves as we again greeted them, and knew that the sea upon which we are again venturing, with the confidence that comes from long and friendly association, would carry us home to America, and lighten even that journey with a glimpse of the land of the rising sun.

At five in the afternoon we were under way. The ocean was smooth and settled into a dead calm — a blessing not always vouchsafed in the China seas. We ran along all night across the gulf, and early in the morning found ourselves at Chefoo. Judge Denny had gone ahead, Chefoo being within his consular jurisdiction, to see that all preparations were made for the reception of General Grant. Chefoo is a port, a summer watering-place for the European residents of Shanghai and Tientsin. It is situated on the northern side of the Shantung promontory, in latitude 37 deg. 35 min. 56 sec. north and longitude 124 deg. 22 min. 33 sec. east. Chefoo does not present an interesting appearance from the sea. The hills rise and form a moderate background to the horizon, and on the hill was a group of commodious houses, showing that the European had put his foot here and was seeking the summer winds. Chefoo was opened for trade in 1861, as one of the results of the French and English expedition against Peking. The province of Shantung, of which Chefoo is the open port,

was for a long time one of the out-of-the-way provinces of China. It is famous for its climate. The health-seeking foreigner has discovered the dryness of its atmosphere, the cool breezes which temper the pitiless summer rays — the firm, bracing winds, which bring strength with the winter. As Europeans come more and more to China, Chefoo grows in value, and in addition there is a trade especially in the bean-pancake, which gives it a mercantile vitality. The bean-pancake is used as a fertilizer all over China, and is made by throwing peas in a trough, and crushing them under a heavy stone wheel. The oil is pressed out, and what remains goes into the fields to give new life to the wheat and tea. You can have an idea of the extent of this trade when you know that in 1877 the amount of beans and of bean-cake exported was more than a hundred million pounds. There is a good trade in cotton, and the position which the town holds towards Japan, Corea, and the Pacific settlements of the Russian Empire, insure Chefoo a commercial prominence on the China seas. In winter, when the Peiho River is frozen and communication with Peking is interrupted, Chefoo assumes new importance as the seaport of Northern China.

The bay when we came was studded with junks, which were massed close to the shore. A fleet of gun-boats was drawn up near the landing and were streaming with flags on account of the arrival. We landed about eleven, and the barge made a detour through the fleet. The vessels all fired salutes, and the point of debarkation was tastefully decorated. The General and Mrs. Grant on landing were met by Consul Denny, the Vice-Consul; Mr. C. L. Simpson, the Commissioner of Customs, and all the foreign residents. The General's party were escorted to a small pavilion, where presentations took place to the ladies and gentlemen present. From here there was a procession

about a quarter of a mile to the house of the Vice-Consul. The foreign settlement and the Custom-House buildings were decorated. Chinese troops from the Viceroy's army were drawn up on both sides of the road. A temporary arch was erected, in which the American and Chinese flags were intertwined. Mounted Chinese officers rode ahead and the General followed after in a chair carried by eight bearers. The people of the Chinese town had turned out, and amid the firing of cannon, the playing of Chinese music, and the steady, stolid, inquiring gaze of thousands, we were carried to the Consulate. Here there was luncheon. After luncheon, General Grant strolled about the town, and in the evening attended a dinner at the house of the Customs Commissioner, Mr. Simpson. At the end of the dinner there was a ball, attended by most of the officers of the Richmond and the Asheulot and the principal residents. There were fireworks, lanterns, and illuminations, and the little conservative town had quite a holiday.

At midnight General Grant and party, accompanied by Captain Benham, returned on board the Richmond. There was one incident on the return of a novel and picturesque character. According to the regulations of the American navy, no salutes can be fired by men-of-war after the sun goes down. But the Richmond was to sail as soon as the General embarked, and before the sun arose would be out at sea. So the Chinese gun-boats sent word that they would fire twenty-one guns as General Grant passed in his barge. The announcement caused some consternation in the well-ordered minds of our naval friends, and there was a grave discussion as to what regulations permitted under the circumstances. It would be rude to China not to return her salute. There were especial reasons for going out of the way to recognize any honor shown us by the Chinese. Our mission in those lands, so far as

it was a mission, was one of peace and courtesy and goodwill. Captain Benham, with the ready ability and common sense which, as a naval officer, he possesses in an eminent degree, decided that the courtesy should be honored and answered, gun for gun, and that, in so doing, he would carry out, in spirit at least, the regulations which should govern a naval commander. So it came to pass that Lieutenant-Commander Clarke found himself performing a duty which I suppose never before devolved upon a naval officer, holding a midnight watch, with the gun-crew at quarters ready for the signal which was to justify him in startling the repose of nature on sea and shore with the hoarse and lurid menace of his guns. General Grant's launch had hardly moved before the Chinese gun-boats thundered forth, gun after gun, their terrifying compliment. These boats have no saluting batteries, and as the guns fired were of heavy calibre, the effect of the fire was startling and sublime. The General's launch slowly steamed on, the smoke of the guns rolling along the surface of the waves and clouding the stars. When the last gun was fired there was a pause, and far off in the darkness our vessel, like a phantom ship, silent and brooding, suddenly took life, and a bolt of fire came from her bows, followed swiftly by the sullen roar of the guns.

So it came to pass that at midnight, in fire and flame — the angry echoes leaping from shore to shore and from hill to hill, and over the tranquil waters of a whispering sea — we said farewell to China and sailed towards Japan.

There was no special incident in our run from China. On the morning of the 21st of June, we found ourselves threading our way through beautiful islands and rocks rich with green, that stood like sentinels in the sea, and hills on which were trees and gardens, and high, commanding cliffs covered with green, and smooth, tranquil waters, into the

Bay of Nagasaki. Nagasaki ranks among the beautiful harbors in the world. But the beauty that welcomed us had the endearing quality that it reminded us of home. All these weeks we had been in the land of the palm, and we were now again in the land of the pine.

The Richmond steamed between the hills and came to an anchorage. It was the early morning, and over the water were shadows of cool, inviting green. Nagasaki, nestling on her hillsides, looked cosy and beautiful, and, it being our first glimpse of a Japanese town, we studied it through our glasses, studied every feature—the scenery, the picturesque attributes of the city, the terraced hills that rose beyond, every rood under cultivation; the quaint, curious houses; the multitudes of flags which showed that the town knew of our coming and was preparing to do us honor. We noted also that the wharves were lined with a multitude, and that the available population were waiting to see the guest whom their nation honors, and who is known in common speech as the American Mikado. Then the Richmond ran up the Japanese standard and fired twenty-one guns in honor of Japan. The forts answered the salute. Then the Japanese gun-boats and the forts displayed the American ensign and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of General Grant. Mr. W. P. Mangum, our Consul, and his wife came on board. In a short time the Japanese barge was seen coming, with Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida and the Governor, all in the splendor of court uniforms. These officials were received with due honors and escorted to the cabin. Prince Dati said that he had been commanded by the Emperor to meet General Grant on his landing, to welcome him in the name of His Majesty, and to attend upon him as the Emperor's personal representative so long as the General remained in Japan. The value of this compliment can be understood

when you know that Prince Dati is one of the highest noblemen in Japan. He was one of the leading daimios, one of the old feudal barons who, before the revolution, ruled Japan and had powers of life and death in his own dominions. The old daimios were not only barons, but heads of clans, like the clans of Scotland, and in the feudal days he could march an army into the field. When the revolution came Dati accepted it, not sullenly and seeking retirement, like Satsuma and other princes, but as the best thing for the country. He gave his adhesion to the Emperor, and is now one of the great noblemen around the throne. The sending of a man of the rank of the Prince was the highest compliment that the Emperor could pay any guest. Mr. Yoshida you know as the present Japanese Minister to the United States, a discreet and accomplished man, and among the rising statesmen in the Empire. Having been accredited to America during the General's administration, and knowing the General, the Government called him home so that he might attend General Grant and look after the reception. So when General Grant arrived, he had the pleasure of meeting not only a distinguished representative of the Emperor, but an old personal friend.

At one o'clock on the 21st of June, General Grant, accompanied by Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and the Governor, landed in Nagasaki. The Japanese man-of-war Kango, commanded by Captain Zto, had been sent down to Nagasaki to welcome the General. The landing took place in the Japanese barge. From the time that General Grant came into the waters of Japan, it was the intention of the Government that he should be the nation's guest. As soon as the General stepped into the barge, the Japanese vessels and the batteries on shore thundered out their welcome, the yards of the vessels were manned; and as the

barge moved slowly along, the crews of the ships in the harbor cheered. It was over a mile from the Richmond to the shore. The landing-place had been arranged not in the foreign section nor the Dutch concession, carrying out the intention of having the reception entirely Japanese. Lines of troops were formed, the steps were covered with red cloth, and every space and standing spot and coigne of vantage was covered with people. The General's boat touched the shore, and with Mrs. Grant on his arm, and followed by the Colonel, the Japanese officials, and the members of his party, he slowly walked up the platform, bowing to the multitude who made this obeisance in his honor. There is something strange in the grave decorum of an Oriental crowd; strange to us who remember the ringing cheer and the electric hurrah of Saxon lands. The principal citizens of Nagasaki came forward and were presented, and, after a few minutes' pause, our party stepped into jinrickshaws and were taken to our quarters.

The jinrickshaw is the common vehicle of Japan. It is built on the principle of a child's perambulator or an invalid's chair, except that it is much lighter. Two men go ahead and pull, and one behind pushes; but this only on occasions of ceremony. One man is quite able to manage a jinrickshaw. Those used by the General had been sent down from Tokio, from the palace. Our quarters in Nagasaki had been prepared in the Japanese town. A building used for a female normal school had been prepared. It was a half mile from the landing, and the whole road had been decorated with flags, American and Japanese entwined, with arches of green boughs and flowers. Both sides of the road were lined with people, who bowed low to the General as he passed. On reaching our residence, the Japanese officials of the town were all presented. Then came the foreign Consuls in a body, who were presented by

the American Consul, Mr. Mangum. After this came the officers of the Japanese vessels, all in uniform. Then came a delegation representing the foreign residents of all nationalities in Nagasaki, who asked to present an address. This address was read by Mr. Farber, one of the oldest foreign residents in Japan. The General responded in his usual quiet and agreeable manner.

On the evening of June 22d, Mr. Bingham, the American Minister to Japan, came to Nagasaki in the mail-steamer, and was met on landing by General Grant. The Minister was fresh from home. And it was pleasant, not only to meet an old friend, but one who could tell us of the tides and currents in home affairs. There were dinners and fêtes during our stay in Nagasaki, some of which I may dwell on more in detail. The Governor of the province gave a State dinner on the evening of the 23d of June, served in French fashion; one that in its details would have done no discredit to the restaurants in Paris. To this dinner the Governor asked Captain Benham, of the *Richmond*; Commander Johnson, of the *Ashuelot*, and Lieutenant-Commander Clarke. At the close, His Excellency Utsumi Tadakatsu arose and said:—

GENERAL GRANT AND GENTLEMEN.—After a two years' tour through many lands, Nagasaki has been honored by a visit from the ex-President of the United States. Nagasaki is situated on the western shore of this Empire, and how fortunate it is that I, in my official capacity as Governor of Nagasaki, can greet and welcome you, sir, as you land for the first time on the soil of Japan. Many years ago, honored sir, I learned to appreciate your great services, and during a visit to the United States I was filled with an ardent desire to learn more of your illustrious deeds. You were then the President of the United States, and little then did I anticipate that I should be the first Governor to receive you in Japan. Words cannot express my feelings. Nagasaki is so far from the seat of government that I fear you can-

not have matters arranged to your satisfaction. It is my earnest wish that you and Mrs. Grant may safely travel through Japan, and enjoy the visit.

This address was spoken in Japanese. At its close an interpreter, who stood behind His Excellency during its delivery, advanced and read the above translation. When the Governor finished, General Grant arose and said : —

YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—You have here to-night several Americans who have the talent of speech, and who could make an eloquent response to the address in which my health is proposed. I have no such gift, and I never lamented its absence more than now, when there is so much that I want to say about your country, your people, and your progress. I have not been an inattentive observer of that progress, and in America we have been favored with accounts of it from my distinguished friend, whom you all know as the friend of Japan, and whom it was my privilege to send as Minister — I mean Judge Bingham. The spirit which has actuated the mission of Judge Bingham — the spirit of sympathy, support, and conciliation — not only expressed my own sentiments, but those of America. America has much to gain in the East — no nation has greater interests — but America has nothing to gain except what comes from the cheerful acquiescence of the Eastern people, and insures them as much benefit as it does us. I should be ashamed of my country if its relations with other nations, and especially with these ancient and most interesting empires in the East, were based upon any other idea. We have rejoiced over your progress. We have watched you step by step. We have followed the unfolding of your old civilization, and its absorbing the new. You have had our profound sympathy in that work, our sympathy in the troubles which came with it, and our friendship. I hope it may continue — that it may long continue. As I have said, America has great interests in the East. She is your next neighbor. She is more affected by the Eastern populations than any other Power. She can never be insensible to what is doing here. Whatever her influence may be, I am proud to think that it has always been exerted in behalf of justice and kindness. No nation needs from

the outside Powers justice and kindness more than Japan, because the work that has made such marvellous progress in the past few years is a work in which we are deeply concerned, in the success of which we see a new era in civilization, and which we should encourage. I do not know, gentlemen, that I can say anything more than this in response to the kind words of the Governor. Judge Bingham can speak with much more eloquence, and much more authority as our Minister. But I could not allow the occasion to pass without saying how deeply I sympathized with Japan in her efforts to advance, and how much those efforts were appreciated in America. In that spirit I ask you to unite with me in a sentiment—"The prosperity and the independence of Japan."

General Grant then proposed the health of Judge Bingham, which called forth a pleasing response from that gentleman.

On the 24th, a grand dinner was given the visitors. The bill of fare was almost a volume, and embraced over fifty courses. The wine was served in unglazed porcelain wine-cups, on white wooden stands. The appetite was pampered in the beginning with dried fish, edible seaweeds, and isinglass, in something of the Scandinavian style, except that the attempt did not take the form of brandy and raw fish. The first serious dish was composed of crane, seaweed, moss, rice, bread, and potatoes, which we picked over in a curious way as though we were at an auction sale of remnants, anxious to rummage out a bargain. The soup, when it first came,—for it came many times,—was an honest soup of fish, like a delicate fish-chowder. Then came strange dishes, as ragout and as soup in bewildering confusion. The first was called *namasu* and embodied fish, clams, chestnuts, rock-mushrooms, and ginger. Then, in various combinations, the following:—Duck, truffles, turnips, dried bonito, melons, pressed salt, aromatic shrubs, snipe, egg-plant, jelly, boiled rice, snapper, shrimp, potatoes, mushroom, cabbage, lassfish, orange flowers, powdered

fish, flavored with plum-juice and walnuts, raw carp sliced, mashed fish, baked fish, isinglass, fish boiled with pickled beans, wine, and rice again. This all came in the first course, and as a finale to the course, there was a sweetmeat composed of white and red bean jelly-cake, and boiled black mushroom. With this came powdered tea, which had a green, monitory look, and suggested your early experiences in medicine.

While our hosts are passing around the strange dishes, a signal is made, and the musicians enter. They are maidens, with fair, pale faces and small, dark, serious eyes. You are pleased to see that their teeth have not been blackened, as was the custom in past days, and is even now almost a prevalent custom among the lower classes. We are told that the maidens who have come to grace our feast are not of the common singing-class, but the daughters of the merchants and leading citizens of Nagasaki. The first group is composed of three. They enter, sit down on the floor and bow their heads in salutation. One of the instruments is shaped like a guitar, another is something between a banjo and a drum. They wear the costume of the country, the costume that was known before the new days came upon Japan. They have blue silk gowns, white collars, and heavily brocaded pearl-colored sashes. The principal instrument was long and narrow, shaped like a coffin-lid, and sounding like a harpsichord. After they had played an overture, another group entered, fourteen maidens similarly dressed, each carrying the small banjo-like instrument, and ranging themselves on a bench against the wall, the tapestry and silks suspended over them. Then the genius of the artist was apparent, and the rich depending tapestry, blended with the blue and white and pearl, and animated with the faces of the maidens, their music, and their songs, made a picture of Japanese life which an artist might regard with

envy. You see then the delicate features of Japanese decoration which have bewitched our artist friends, and which the most adroit fingers in vain try to copy. When the musicians enter, the song begins. It is an original composition. The theme is the glory of America, and honor to General Grant. They sing of the joy that his coming has given to Japan, of the interest and the pride they take in his fame; of their friendship for their friends across the great sea. This is all sung in Japanese, and we follow the lines through the mediation of a Japanese friend who learned his English in America. This anthem was chanted in a low, almost monotonous key, one singer leading in a kind of solo, and the remainder coming in with a chorus. The song ended, twelve dancing-maidens enter. They wore a crimson-like overgarment, fashioned like pantaloons—a foot or so too long—so that when they walked it was with a dainty pace, lest they might trip and fall. The director of this group was constantly on his hands and knees, creeping around among the dancers, keeping their drapery in order, not allowing it to bundle up and vex the play. These maidens carried bouquets of pink blossoms, artificially made, examples of the flora of Japan. They stepped through the dance at as slow a measure as in a minuet of Louis XIV. The movement of the dance was simple, the music a humming thrumming, as though the performers were tuning their instruments. After passing through a few measures, the dancers slowly filed out, and were followed by another group, who came wearing masks—the mask in the form of a large doll's face—and bearing children's rattles and fans. The peculiarity of this dance was that time was kept by the movement of the fan—a graceful, expressive movement which only the Eastern people have learned to bestow on the fan. With them the fan becomes almost an organ of speech, and the eye is employed in its

management, at the expense of the admiration we are apt at home to bestow on other features of the amusement. The masks indicated that this was a humorous dance, and when it was over, four special performers, who had unusual skill, came in with flowers and danced a pantomime. Then came four others, with costumes different — blue robes, trimmed with gold, who carried long, thin wands, entwined in gold and red, from which dangled festoons of pink blossoms. . . . The dinner came to an end after a struggle of six or seven hours, and as we drove home through the illuminated town, brilliant with lanterns and fireworks, and arches and bonfires, it was felt that we had been honored by an entertainment such as we may never again expect to see.

CHAPTER XL.

ARRIVAL AT YOKOHAMA—HONORS TO GENERAL GRANT—
WELCOME AT TOKIO—THE GENERAL'S RESIDENCE—THE
RECEPTION—THE IMPERIAL PALACE AND COURT—THE
EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN—THE ROYAL AD-
DRESS OF WELCOME—THE RESPONSE—CELEBRATING
FOURTH OF JULY—A GRAND REVIEW—AN IMPERIAL
BREAKFAST—THE EMPEROR VISITS GENERAL GRANT—
AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION—GENERAL GRANT'S
ADVICE CONCERNING THE LOOCHOO QUESTION—EDU-
CATION IN JAPAN.

Of the visit to Yokohama, the correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus writes:—Yokohama has a beautiful harbor, and the lines of the city can be traced along the green background. The day was clear and warm—a home July day tempered with the breezes of the sea. There were men-of-war of various nations in the harbor, and as the exact hour of the General's coming was known, everybody was on the lookout. At ten o'clock, our Japanese convoy passed ahead and entered the harbor. At half-past ten, the Richmond steamed slowly in, followed by the Ashuelot. As soon as the Monongahela made out our flag, and especially the flag at the fore, which denoted the General's presence, her guns rolled out a salute. For a half-hour the bay rang with the roar of cannon, and was clouded with smoke. The Richmond fired a salute to the flag of Japan. The Japanese vessels, the French, the Russian, all fired gun after gun. Then came the official visits. Admiral Patterson and staff, the admirals and commanding officers of other fleets, Consul-General Van Buren, officers

of the Japanese navy, blazing in uniform; the officers of the Richmond were all in full uniform, and for an hour the deck of the flagship was a blaze of color and decoration. General Grant received the various dignitaries on the deck as they arrived.

It was arranged that General Grant should land at noon. The foreign residents were anxious that the landing should be on the foreign concession, but the Japanese preferred that it should be in their own part of the city. At noon the imperial barge and the steam-launch came alongside the Richmond. General Grant, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, his son, Prince Dati, Judge Bingham, Mr. Yoshida, Captain Benham, Commander Johnson, Lieutenant Stevens, Dr. Bransford, Lieutenant May, and Paymaster Thomson — the naval officer specially detailed to accompany him — passed over the side and went on the barge. As soon as General Grant entered the barge, the Richmond manned yards and fired a salute. In an instant, as if by magic, the Japanese, the French, the Russians manned yards and fired salutes. The German ship hoisted the imperial standard, and the English vessel dressed ship. Amid the roar of cannon and the waving of flags, the General's boat slowly moved to the shore. As he passed each of the saluting ships, the General took off his hat and bowed, while the guards presented arms and the bands played the American national air.

It was rather a long way to the Admiralty pier, but at half-past twelve the General's boat came to the wharf. There in waiting were the princes, ministers, and the high officials of the Japanese Government. As the General landed, the Japanese band played the American airs, and Iwakura, one of the prime ministers, and perhaps the foremost statesman in Japan, advanced and shook his hands. The General had known Iwakura in America, and the

greeting was that of old friends. There were also Ito, Inomoto, and Tereshima, also members of the Cabinet; two princes of the imperial family, and a retinue of officials. Mr. Yoshida presented the General and party to the Japanese, and a few moments were spent in conversation. Day fireworks were set off at the moment of the landing — representations of the American and Japanese flags entwined. That, however, is the legend that greets you at every doorsill — the two flags entwined. The General and party, accompanied by the ministers and officials and the naval officers, drove to the railway-station. There was a special train in waiting, and at a quarter-past one the party started for Tokio.

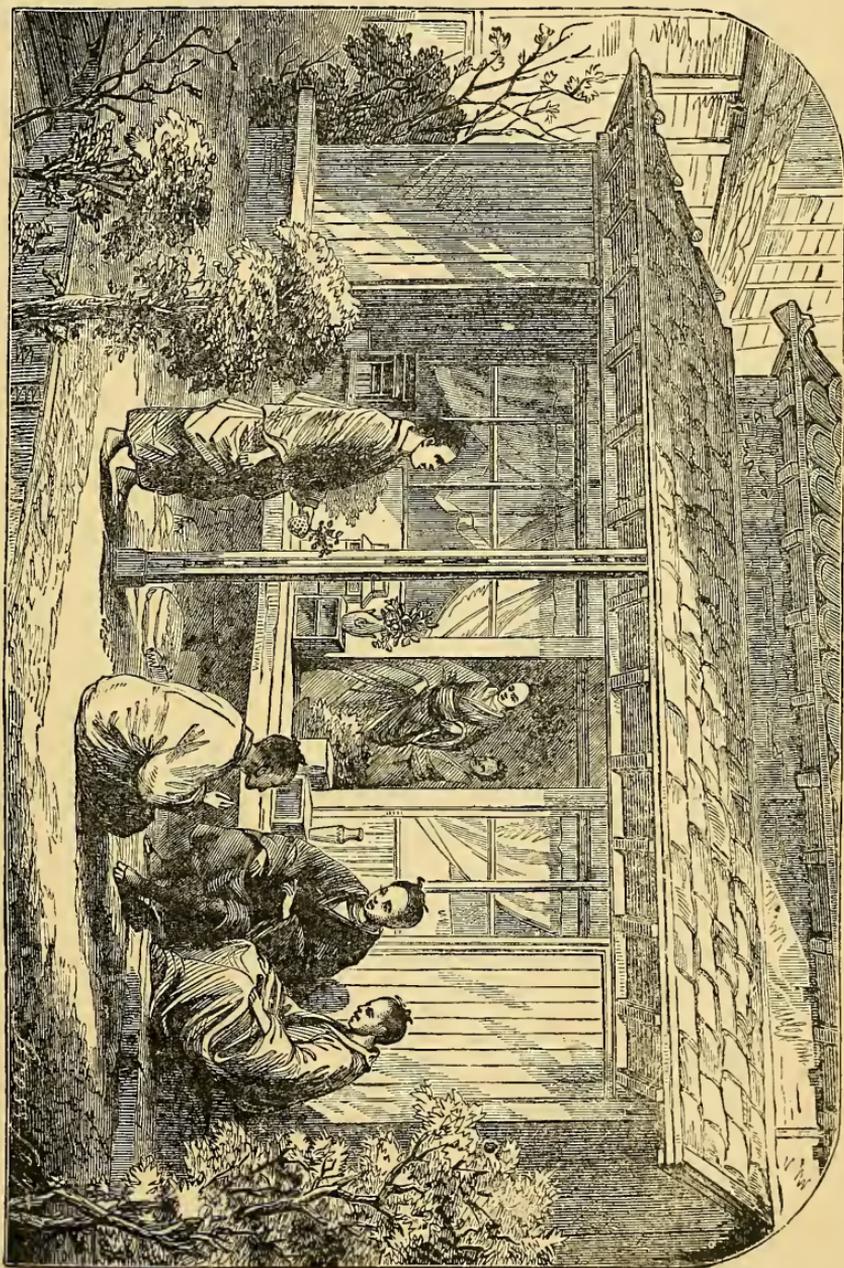
The ride to Tokio, the capital of Japan, was a little less than an hour, over a smooth road, and through a pleasant, well-cultivated, and apparently prosperous country. Our train being special-made no stoppage, but I observed, as we passed the stations, that they were clean and neat, and that the people had assembled to wave flags and bow as we whirled past. About two o'clock our train entered the station. A large crowd was in waiting, mainly the merchants and principal citizens of Tokio. As the General descended from the train, a committee of the citizens advanced and read an address, to which the General made a very pleasing reply.

At the close of the address, the General was led to his carriage — the private carriage of the Emperor. As he stepped out, several Japanese officials met him; among others was His Excellency J. Pope Hennessy, the British Governor of Hong Kong, whose guest the General had been. The General shook hands warmly with the Governor, who said he came as a British subject to be among those who welcomed General Grant to Japan. The General's carriage drove slowly in, surrounded by cavalry, through lines

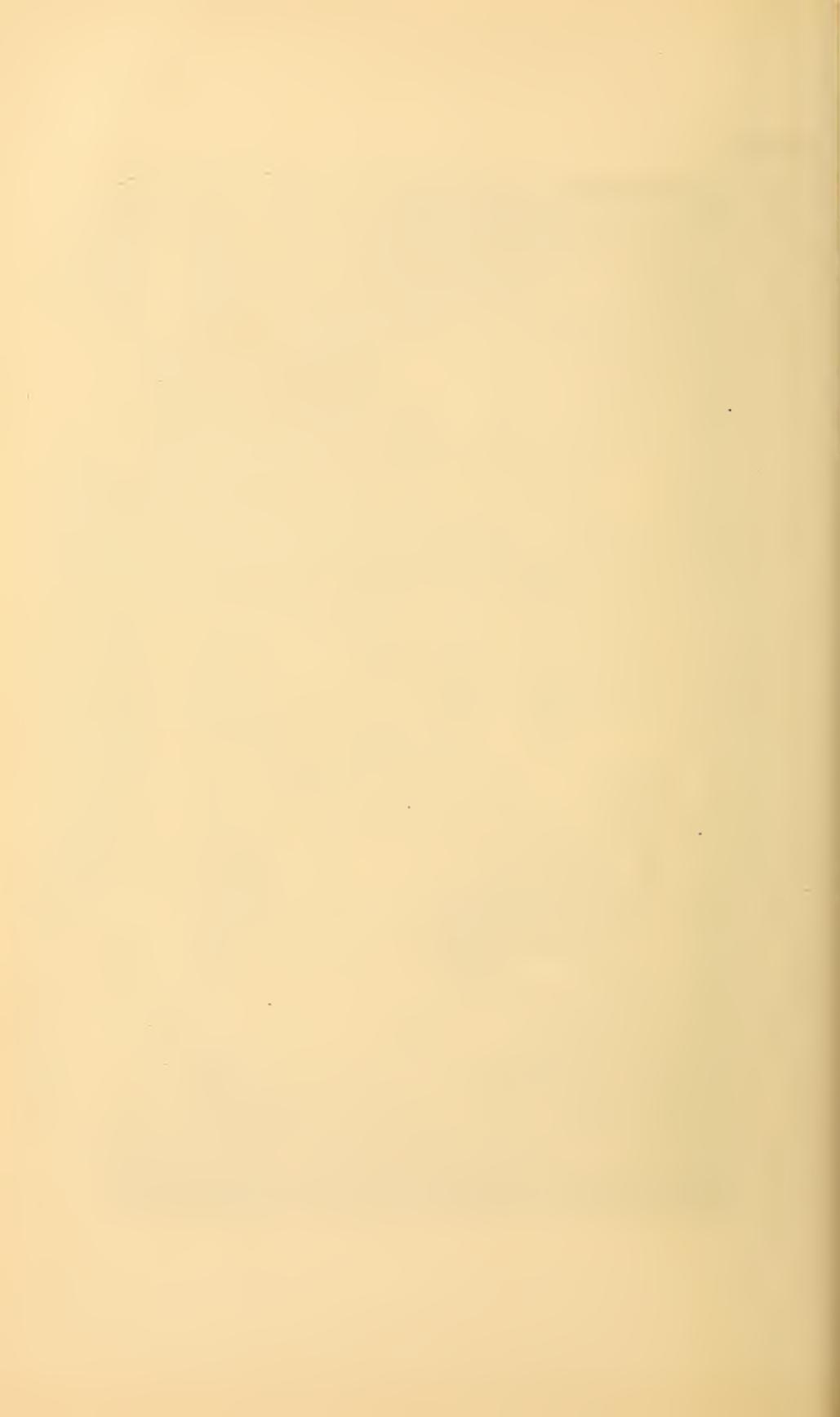
of infantry presenting arms, through a dense mass of people, under an arch of flowers and evergreens, until, amid the flourish of trumpets and the beating of drums, he descended at the house that had been prepared for his reception — the Emperor's summer palace of Eurio Kwan. This is a low, one-story building, with wings. The main building is a series of reception-rooms, in various styles of decoration, notably Japanese. There are eight different rooms in all, in any one of which you may receive your friends. General Grant uses the small room to the left of the hall as you enter. On ceremonial occasions he uses the main saloon, which extends one-half the length of the palace. Here a hundred people could be entertained with ease. This room is a beautiful specimen of Japanese decorative art, and you never become so familiar with it that there are not constant surprises in the way of color or form or design. Each of the rooms is decorated differently from the others. The apartments of General Grant and party are in one wing, the dining-room, billiard-room, and the apartments of the Japanese officials in attendance, in the other wing. Around the palace is a veranda, with growing flowers in profusion, and swinging lanterns. The beauty of the palace is not in its architecture, which is plain and inexpressive, but in the taste which marks the most minute detail of decoration, and in the arrangement of the grounds.

The Japanese, with a refinement of courtesy quite French in its way, were solicitous that General Grant should not have any special honors in Japan until he had seen the Emperor. It was felt that, as the General was the guest of the nation, he should be welcomed to the nation by its chief.

The hour for our reception was two in the afternoon. The day was very warm, although in our palace on the sea we have whatever breeze may be wandering over the



A JAPANESE HOUSE OF THE BETTER CLASS.



Pacific Ocean. General Grant invited some of his naval friends to accompany him, and in answer to this invitation we had Rear Admiral Patterson, attended by Pay Inspector Thornton and Lieutenant Davenport, of his staff; Captain A. E. K. Benham, commanding the *Richmond*; Captain Fitzhugh, commanding the *Monongahela*; Commander Johnson, commanding the *Ashuelot*; Lieutenant Springer and Lieutenant Kellogg. At half-past one Mr. Bingham, our Minister, arrived, and our party immediately drove to the palace. The home of the Emperor is a long distance from the home of the General. The old palace was destroyed by fire, and Japan has had so many things to do that she has not built a new one.

We drove through the daimios' quarter and through the gates of the city. The first impression of Tokio is that it is a city of walls and canals. The walls are crude and solid, protected by moats. We passed under the walls of an enclosure which was called the castle. Here we are told the Emperor will build his new palace. We crossed another bridge—I think there were a dozen altogether in the course of the drive—and came to a modest arched gateway which did not look very imposing. Soldiers were drawn up and the band played *Hail Columbia*. Our carriages drove on past one or two modest buildings and drew up in front of another modest building, on the steps of which the Minister Iwakura was standing. The General and party descended and were cordially welcomed and escorted up a narrow stairway into an anteroom.

When you have seen most of the available palaces in the world, from the glorious home of Aurungzebe to the depressing mighty cloister of the Escorial, you are sure to have preconceived notions of what a palace should be, and to expect something unique and grand in the home of the long hidden and sacred Majesty of Japan. The home of

the Emperor was as simple as that of a country gentleman at home. What marked the house was its simplicity and taste; qualities for which my palace education had not prepared me. Here we are in a suite of plain rooms, the ceilings of wood, the walls decorated with natural scenery — the furniture sufficient but not crowded — and exquisite in style and finish. There is no pretence of architectural emotion. The rooms are large, airy, with a sense of summer about them which grows stronger as you look out of the window and down the avenues of trees. We are told that the grounds are spacious and fine, even for Japan, and that His Majesty, who rarely goes outside of his palace grounds, takes what recreation he needs within the walls.

The palace is a low building, one or at most two stories in height. They do not build high walls in Japan, and especially in Tokio, where earthquakes are ordinary incidents, and the first question to consider in building up is how far you can fall. We enter a room where all the Ministers are assembled. The Japanese Cabinet is a famous body, and tested by laws of physiognomy would compare with that of any Cabinet I have seen. The Prime Minister is a striking character. He is small, slender, with an almost girl-like figure, delicate, clean-cut, winning features, a face that might be that of a boy of twenty or a man of fifty. The other Ministers looked like strong, able men. Iwakura has a striking face, with lines showing firmness and decision, and you saw the scar which marked the attempt of the assassin to cut him down and slay him, as Okubo, the greatest of Japanese statesmen, was slain not many months ago. That assassination made as deep an impression in Japan as the killing of Lincoln did in America. We saw the spot where the murder was done on our way to the palace, and my Japanese friend who pointed it out spoke in low tones of sorrow and affection, and said

the crime there committed had been an irreparable loss to Japan.

A lord in waiting, heavily braided, with a uniform that Louis XIV. would not have disliked in Versailles, comes softly in and makes a signal, leading the way. The General and Mrs. Grant escorted by Mr. Bingham, and our retinue followed. The General and the Minister were in evening dress. The naval officers were in full uniform, Colonel Grant wearing the uniform of lieutenant-colonel. We walked along a short passage and entered another room, at the farther end of which were standing the Emperor and the Empress. Two ladies in waiting were near them in a sitting, what appeared to be a crouching, attitude. Two other princesses were standing. These were the only occupants of the room. Our party slowly advanced, the Japanese making a profound obeisance, bending the head almost to a right angle with the body. The royal princes formed in line near the Emperor, along with the princesses. The Emperor stood quite motionless, apparently unobservant or unconscious of the homage that was paid him. He is a young man with a slender figure, taller than the average Japanese, and of about the middle height, according to our ideas. The Empress, at his side, wore the Japanese costume, rich and plain. Her face was very white and her form slender and almost childlike. Her hair was combed plainly and braided with a gold arrow. The Emperor and Empress have agreeable faces, the Emperor especially showing firmness and kindness. The solemn etiquette that pervaded the audience-chamber was peculiar, and might appear strange to those familiar with the stately but cordial manners of a European Court. But one must remember that the Emperor holds so high and so sacred a place in the traditions, the religion, and the political system of Japan, that even the ceremony of to-day is so far in advance of

anything of the kind ever known in Japan, that it might be called a revolution. The Emperor, for instance, as our group was formed, advanced and shook hands with the General.

After he had shaken hands with the General, he returned to his place, and stood with his hand resting on his sword, looking on at the brilliant, embroidered, gilded company as though unconscious of their presence. Mr. Bingham advanced and bowed, and received just the faintest nod in recognition. The other members of the party were each presented by the Minister, and each one standing about a dozen feet from the Emperor, stood and bowed. Then the General and Mrs. Grant were presented to the princesses, each party bowing to the other in silence. The Emperor then made a signal to one of the noblemen, who advanced. The Emperor spoke to him for a few moments, in a low tone, the nobleman standing with bowed head. When the Emperor had finished, the nobleman advanced to the General, and said he was commanded by His Majesty to read him the following address:—

Your name has been known to us for a long time, and we are highly gratified to see you. While holding the high office of President of the United States, you extended towards our countrymen especial kindness and courtesy. When our Ambassador, Iwakura, visited the United States, he received the greatest kindness from you. The kindness thus shown by you has always been remembered by us. In your travels around the world you have reached this country, and our people of all classes feel gratified and happy to receive you. We trust that, during your sojourn in our country, you may find much to enjoy. It gives me sincere pleasure to receive you, and we are especially gratified that we have been able to do so on the anniversary of American independence. We congratulate you, also, on the occasion.

This address was read in English. At its close, General Grant said:—

YOUR MAJESTY :— I am very grateful for the welcome you accord me here to-day, and for the great kindness with which I have been received, ever since I came to Japan, by your government and your people. I recognize in this a feeling of friendship towards my country. I can assure you that this feeling is reciprocated by the United States; that our people, without regard to party, take the deepest interest in all that concerns Japan, and have the warmest wishes for her welfare. I am happy to be able to express that sentiment. America is your next neighbor, and will always give Japan sympathy and support in her efforts to advance. I again thank Your Majesty for your hospitality, and wish you a long and happy reign, and for your people prosperity and independence.

At the conclusion of this address, which was extempore, the lord advanced and translated it to His Majesty. Then the Emperor made a sign and said a few words to the nobleman. He came to the side of Mrs. Grant, and said the Empress had commanded him to translate the following address :—

I congratulate you upon your safe arrival after your long journey. I presume you have seen very many interesting places. I fear you will find many things uncomfortable here, because the customs of the country are so different from other countries. I hope you will prolong your stay in Japan, and that the present warm days may occasion you no inconvenience.

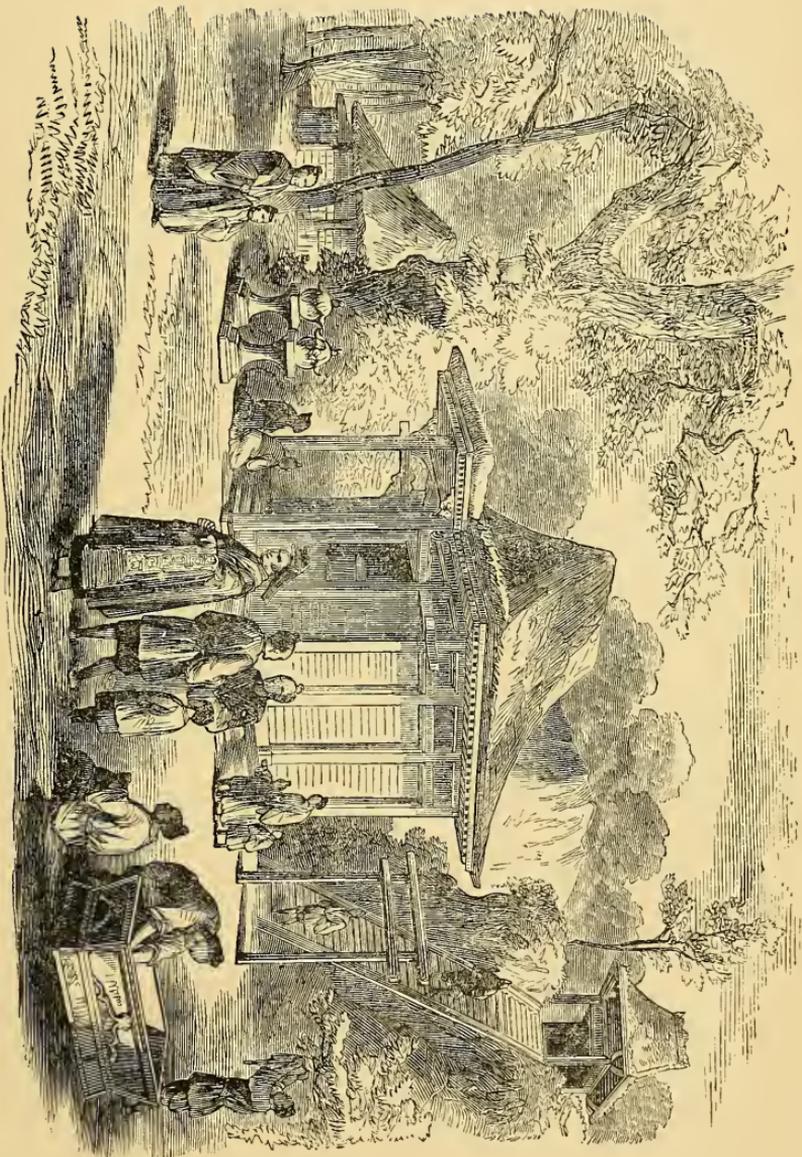
Mrs. Grant, pausing a moment, said in a low, conversational tone of voice, with animation and feeling :—

I thank you very much. I have visited many countries, and have seen many beautiful places, but I have seen none so beautiful or so charming as Japan.

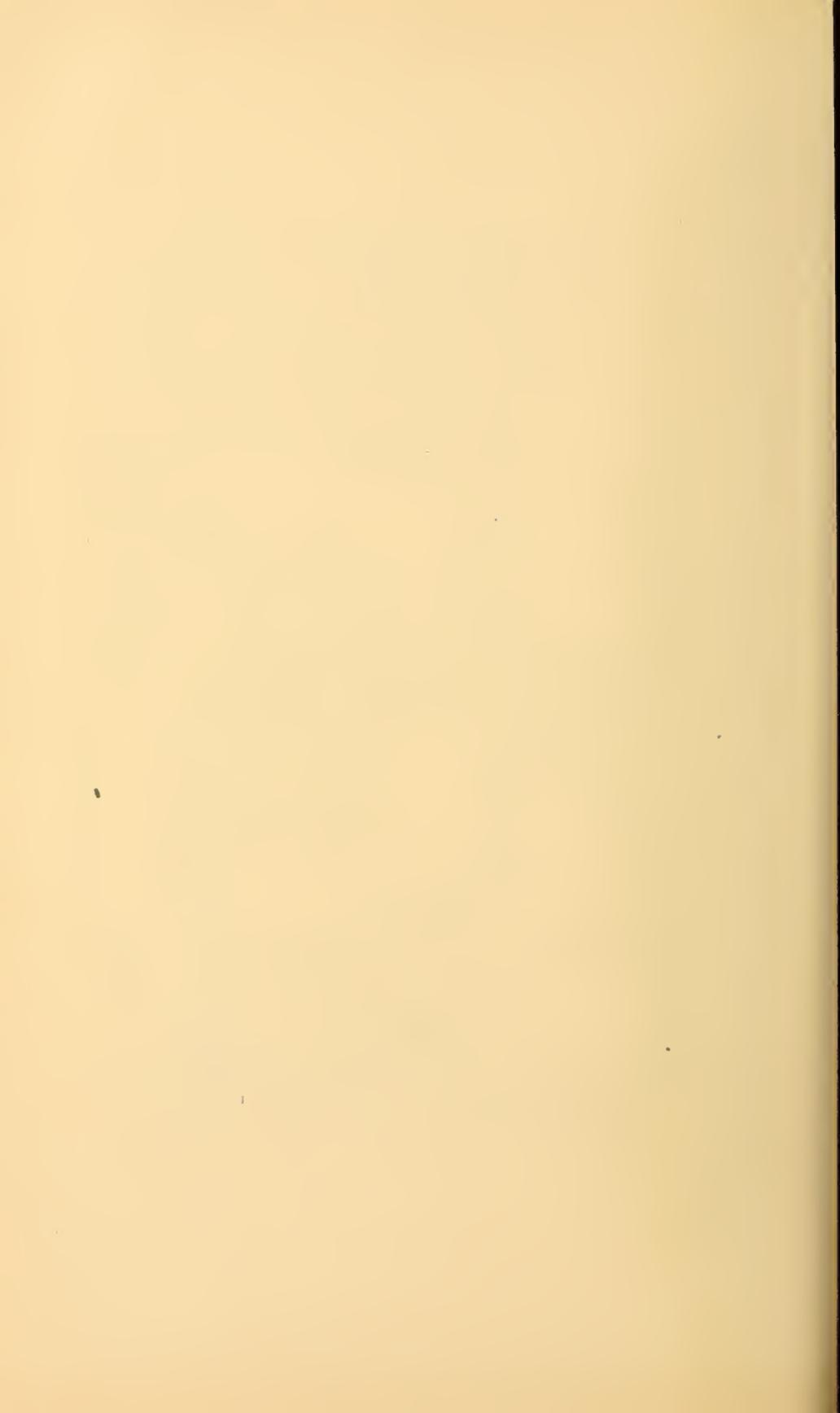
All day during the Fourth visitors poured in on the General. The reception of so many distinguished statesmen and officials reminded one of state occasions at the White House. Princes of the imperial family, princesses,

the members of the Cabinet, and citizens and high officials, naval officers, ministers and consuls, all came; and carriages were constantly coming and going. In the evening there was a party at one of the summer-gardens, given by the American residents in honor of the Fourth of July. The General arrived at half-past eight, and was presented to the American residents by Mr. Bingham, the Minister. At the close of the presentation, Mr. Bingham made a brief but singularly eloquent address. Standing in front of the General and speaking in a low, measured tone of voice, scarcely above conversational pitch, the Minister, after words of welcome, said:—

In common with all Americans we are not unmindful that in the supreme moment of our national trials, when our heavens were filled with darkness, and our habitations were filled with dead, you stood with our defenders in the forefront of the conflict, and with them, amid the consuming fires of battle, achieved the victory which brought deliverance to our imperilled country. To found a great commonwealth, or to save from overthrow a great commonwealth already founded, is considered to be the greatest of human achievements. If it was not your good fortune to aid Washington, first of Americans and foremost of men, and his peerless associates in founding the Republic; it was given to you, above all others, to aid in the no less honorable work of saving the Republic from overthrow. Now that the sickle has fallen from the pale hand of Death on the field of mortal combat, and the places which but yesterday were blackened and blasted by war, have grown green and beautiful under the hand of peaceful toil; now that the Republic, one and undivided, is covered with the greatness of justice, protecting each by the combined power of all—men of every land and every tongue—the world, appreciating the fact that your civic and military services largely contributed to these results, so essential not only to the interests of our own country, but to the interests of the human race, have accorded to you such honors as never before within the range of authentic history have been given to a living, untitled, and un-



A TEMPLE AT YOKOHAMA.



official person. I may venture to say that this grateful recognition of your services will not be limited to the present generation, or the present age, but will continue through all the ages. In conclusion I beg leave again to bid you welcome to Japan, and to express the wish that in health and prosperity you may return to your native land, the land which we all love so well.

In response, General Grant said : —

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.— I am unable to answer the eloquent speech of Judge Bingham, as it is in so many senses personal to myself. I can only thank him for his too flattering allusions to me personally, and the duty devolving on me during the late war. We had a great war. We had a trial that summoned forth the energies and patriotism of all our people—in the army alone over a milliou. In awarding credit for the success that crowned those efforts there is not one in that million, not one among the living or the dead, who did not do his share as I did mine, and who does not deserve as much credit. It fell to my lot to command the armies. There were many others who could have commanded the armies better. But I did my best, and we all did our best, and in the fact that it was a struggle on the part of the people for the Union, for the country, for a country for themselves and their children, we have the best assurances of peace, and the best reason for gratification over the result. We are strong and free because the people made us so. I trust we may long continue so. I think we have no issues, no questions that need give us embarrassment. I look forward to peace, to generations of peace, and with peace prosperity. I never felt more confident of the future of our country. It is a great country — a great blessing to us — and we cannot be too proud of it, too zealous for its honor, too anxious to develop its resources, and make it not only a home for our children, but for the worthy people of other lands. I am glad to meet you here, and I trust that your labors will be prosperous, and that you will return home in health and happiness. I trust we may all meet again at home, and be able to celebrate our Fourth of July as pleasantly as we do to-night.

Addresses were also made by Dr. McCartee and Gen-

eral Van Buren. There were fireworks and feasting, and after the General and Mrs. Grant retired, which they did at midnight, there was dancing. It was well on to the morning before the members of the American colony in Tokio grew weary of celebrating the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence.

The morning of the 7th of July was set apart by the Emperor for a review of the troops. The Emperor of Japan is fond of his army, and was more anxious to show it to General Grant than any other institution in the Empire. Great preparations had been made to have it in readiness, and all Tokio was out to see the pageant. The review of the army by the Emperor in itself is an event that causes a sensation. But the review of the army by the Emperor and the General was an event which had no precedent in Japanese history. The hour for the review was nine, and at half-past eight the clatter of horsemen and the sound of bugles were heard in the palace grounds. In a few moments the Emperor's state carriage drove up, the drivers in scarlet livery and the panels decorated with the imperial flower, the chrysanthemum. General Grant entered, accompanied by Prince Dati, and the cavalry formed a hollow square, and our procession moved on to the field at a slow pace. A drive of twenty minutes brought us to the parade-ground, a large open plain, the soldiers in line, and behind the soldiers a dense mass of people—men, women, and children. As the General's procession slowly turned into the parade-ground a group of Japanese officers rode up and saluted, the band played "Hail Columbia," and the soldiers presented arms. Two tents had been arranged for the reception of the guests. In the larger of the two we found assembled officers of state, representatives of foreign Powers, Governor Hennesy, of Hong Kong, all in bright, glowing uniforms.

The smaller tent was for the Emperor. When the General dismounted he was met by the Minister of War and escorted into the smaller tent. In a few minutes the trumpets gave token that the Emperor was coming, and the band played the Japanese national air. His Majesty was in a state carriage, surrounded with horsemen and accompanied by one of his Cabinet. As the Emperor drove up to the tent, General Grant advanced to the carriage-steps and shook hands with him, and they entered and remained a few minutes in conversation.

At the close of the review General Grant and party drove off the ground in state, and were taken to the Shila palace. This palace is near the sea, and as the grounds are beautiful and attractive, it was thought best that the breakfast to be given to General Grant by His Majesty should take place here. The Emperor received the General and party in a large, plainly furnished room, and led the way to another room where the table was set. The decorations of the table were sumptuous and royal. General Grant sat on one side of the Emperor, whose place was in the centre. Opposite was Mrs. Grant, who sat next to Prince Arinagawa, the nearest relative to the Emperor, and the commander-in-chief of the army.

The Emperor conversed a great deal with General Grant through Mr. Yoshida, and also Governor Hennessy. His Majesty expressed a desire to have a private and friendly conference with the General, which it was arranged should take place after the General's return from Nikko. The feast lasted for a couple of hours, and the view from the table was charming. Beneath the window was a lake, and the banks were bordered with grass and trees. Cool winds came from the sea, and, although in the heart of a great capital, we were as secluded as in a forest. At the close of the breakfast, cigars were brought, and the company

adjourned to another room. Mrs. Grant had a long conversation with the princesses, and was charmed with their grace, their accomplishments, their simplicity, and their quiet, refined, Oriental beauty. At three o'clock the imperial party withdrew, and we drove home to our palace by the sea.

The Emperor's visit to General Grant is described as follows:—The day was very warm, and at half-past ten a message came that the Emperor had arrived and was awaiting the General in the little summer-house on the banks of the lake. The General, accompanied by Colonel Grant, Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida and the writer, left the palace and proceeded to the summer-house. Colonel Grant wore the uniform of his rank; the remainder of the party were in morning costume. We passed under the trees and towards the bridge. The imperial carriage had been hauled up under the shade of the trees and the horses taken out. The guards, attendants, cavalymen, who had accompanied the sovereign, were all seeking the shelter of the grove. We crossed the bridge and entered the summer-house. Preparations had been made for the Emperor, but they were very simple. Porcelain flower-pots, with flowers and ferns and shrubbery, were scattered about the room. One or two screens had been introduced. In the centre of the room was a table, with chairs around it. Behind one of the screens was another table, near the window, which looked into the lake. As the General entered, the Prime Minister and the Minister of the Imperial Household advanced and welcomed him. Then, after a pause, we passed behind the screen and were in the presence of the Emperor. His Majesty was standing before the table in undress uniform, wearing only the ribbon of his order. General Grant advanced, and the Emperor shook hands with him. To the rest of the party he simply bowed. Mr. Yoshida

acted as interpreter. There was a pause, when the Emperor said :—

I have heard of many of the things you have said to my Ministers in reference to Japan. You have seen the country and the people. I am anxious to speak with you on these subjects, and am sorry I have not had an opportunity earlier.

General Grant said he was entirely at the service of the Emperor, and was glad, indeed, to see him, and thank His Majesty for all the kindness he had received in Japan. He might say that no one outside of Japan had a higher interest in the country, or a more sincere friendship for its people.

A very interesting conversation followed, during which General Grant said there was one thing about which he had an equal concern. When he was in China, he had been requested, by the Prince Regent and the Viceroy of Tientsin, to use his good offices with the Japanese Government on the question of Loochoo. The matter was one about which he would rather not have troubled himself, as it belonged to diplomacy and governments, and he was not a diplomatist, and not in government. At the same time he could not ignore a request made in the interest of peace. The General said he had read with great care, and had heard with attention, all the arguments on the Loochoo question from the Chinese and Japanese sides. As to the merits of the controversy, it would be hardly becoming in him to express an opinion. He recognized the difficulties that surrounded Japan. But China evidently felt hurt and sore. She felt that she had not received the consideration due to her. It seemed to the General that His Majesty should strive to remove that feeling, even if in doing so it was necessary to make sacrifices. The General was thoroughly satisfied that China and Japan should make such sacrifices as would settle all questions between them, and become friends and allies, without consultation with

foreign Powers. He had urged this upon the Chinese Government, and he was glad to have the opportunity of saying the same to the Emperor. China and Japan are now the only two countries left in the great East of any power or resources of people to become great—that are even partially independent of European dictation and laws. The General wished to see them both advance to entire independence, with the power to maintain it. Japan is rapidly approaching such a position, and China had the ability and the intelligence to do the same thing.

The Prime Minister said that Japan felt the most friendly feelings towards China, and valued the friendship of that nation very highly, and would do what she could without yielding her dignity to preserve the best relations.

General Grant said he could not speak too earnestly to the Emperor on this subject, because he felt earnestly. He knew of nothing that would give him greater pleasure than to be able to leave Japan, as he would in a very short time, feeling that between China and Japan there was entire friendship. Other counsels would be given to His Majesty, because there were powerful influences in the East fanning trouble between China and Japan. One could not fail to see these influences, and the General said he was profoundly convinced that any concession to them that would bring about war would bring unspeakable calamities to China and Japan. Such a war would bring in foreign nations, who would end it to suit themselves. The history of European diplomacy in the East was unmistakable on that point. What China and Japan should do is to come together without foreign intervention, talk over Loochoo and other subjects, and come to a complete and friendly understanding. They should do it between themselves, as no foreign Power can do them any good.

General Grant spoke to His Majesty about the pleasure

he had received from studying the educational institutions in Japan. He was surprised and pleased at the standing of these schools. He did not think there was a better school in the world than the Tokio school of engineering. He was glad to see the interest given to the study of English. He approved of the bringing forward the young Japanese as teachers. In time Japan would be able to do without foreign teachers; but changes should not be made too rapidly.

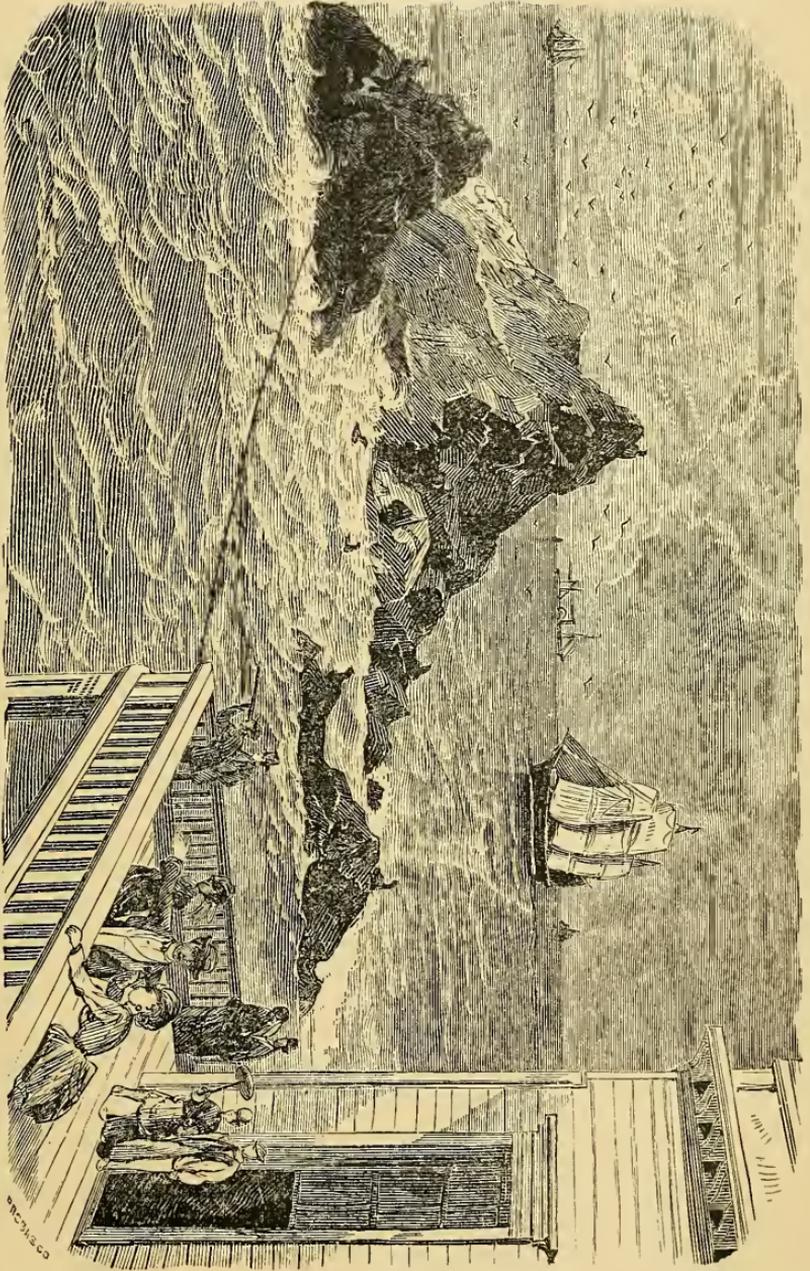
At the conclusion of the conversation, which continued for two hours, General Grant said he would leave Japan with the warmest feelings of friendship towards the Emperor and the people. He would never cease to feel a deep interest in their fortunes. He thanked the Emperor for his princely hospitality. Taking his leave, the General and party strolled back to the palace and His Majesty drove away to his own home in a distant part of the city.

CHAPTER XLI.

HONORS AT TOKIO — FAREWELL TO JAPAN — EN ROUTE FOR SAN FRANCISCO — PREPARATIONS FOR GRANT'S RECEPTION — THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE STEAMER — THE ENTRANCE OF THE CITY OF TOKIO — THE LANDING — THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME — A GRAND PROCESSION — A MAGNIFICENT SCENE — AT THE PALACE HOTEL — A GRAND CHORUS — A CLAMORING PEOPLE — GENERAL GRANT SPEAKS — LATER HONORS — A MARCH OF PEACE — THE END OF A WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

The visit of General Grant to Japan was marked by a series of demonstrations unparalleled in the history of that country. The entire nation was roused to enthusiasm by his presence. The citizens of Tokio and the capital expended upwards of \$50,000 in entertainments. The Government officials exhausted every means of manifesting their respect and confidence. General Grant's visit will leave a marked and lasting impression upon the destinies of that Empire. The Emperor repeatedly visited General Grant to consult with him on public questions. General Grant's counsel throughout advises a firm spirit, independence, and absolute resistance to the aggressive policy pursued by many European representatives under the lead of Mr. Parkes, the British Minister. During his stay in the capital of Japan, General Grant's time was constantly held by native officials, and he was obliged to decline all private hospitalities, the only exception being the acceptance of an entertainment at the residence of Mr. E. H. House, proprietor of the *Tokio Times*. The American Minister gave a dinner, and also the United States Consul-General at Yokohama.

THE CITY OF TOKIO NEARING THE GOLDEN GATE, AS SEEN FROM THE "CLIFF HOUSE."





The proposition was once entertained of stopping the City of Tokio at Honolulu, General Grant desiring to visit the Sandwich Islands. This being found impracticable, Admiral Patterson offered the steamship Monongahela for the voyage, but the arrangements for the departure had been already completed.

The departure from Yokohama, which occurred on the 3d of September, 1879, was attended with the most elaborate ceremony, everything being done that the Japanese Government could devise in the way of honoring their distinguished guest. When General Grant and suite left the Mikado's palace they were accompanied by the entire Cabinet, and all the foreign Ministers. Troops lined the way to the station, and as the steamer passed out of the harbor, salutes thundered from every battery and from all the vessels in the bay.

The voyage across the Pacific was a pleasant one. General Grant passed the greater part of the time in reading, occasionally joining briefly in social conversation with his fellow-passengers.

Meanwhile extensive preparations were being made in San Francisco for the reception of the distinguished traveller. Although the City of Tokio was not due until the 21st, the people began to look for its arrival as early as the 18th. The whole city was on the *qui vive*. A lookout was established to announce the first appearance of the incoming steamer. At about mid-day, Saturday, September 20th, the steamer was sighted off "the Heads." The fact was at once telegraphed to the city.

The first tap of the bell and the hoisting of the flag on the Merchants' Exchange, announcing the approach of the steamer City of Tokio, startled the city from the spell of suspense that had prevailed for three days, and transformed idle throngs that were lounging about the streets into ex-

cited and hurrying crowds. Bells began to ring, steam-whistles to scream, and the thunder of cannon to reverberate over the hills and harbor. Thousands of men, women, and children, on foot, in carriages and on horseback, began to pour out in the direction of Presidio Heights, Point Lobos, Telegraph Hill, and every other eminence in the vicinity, eager to catch the first glance of the incoming ship bearing the guest for whose reception so great preparations had been made and whose arrival had been so anxiously anticipated. Crowds hurried towards the wharves where the steamers and yachts that were to take part in the nautical pageant were lying.

Immediately on receipt of the intelligence that the steamer was nearing port, the Reception Committee repaired to the tug *Millen Griffith*, lying, with steam up, at the Pacific mail-dock, and at once started to meet the incoming steamer. The *Millen Griffith* stood well out to sea, and several miles outside the Heads met the *City of Tokio* coming in. The tug drew alongside, and the first one who went on board the steamer was Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., who affectionately received his parents, and soon after the staid and handsome son, with his arm around his mother, was pointing out to her the principal features of the landscape.

The General and his suite were on the bridge of the steamer, and the committee, hurrying on board, were conducted immediately to him. About the same time, the government steamer *McPherson*, with General McDowell and staff, ranged alongside, and the party came on board. No formalities were indulged in; but crowding around General Grant, the committee and the General and officers were greeted with hearty shakes of the hand, the band on one of the steamers playing "Home Again." General Grant was then welcomed to the Pacific coast.

While this was transpiring, the General Committee of Arrangements, with several thousand invited guests, assembled on board the large, sidewheel Pacific mail-steamer *China* and a number of smaller steamers, while tugs took squadrons of the San Francisco and Pacific yacht clubs in tow and started down the channel.

In the meantime, it seemed as though the whole population of the city—men, women, and children—had sought positions from which a view of the naval pageant could be obtained. Every eminence commanding the channel was black with assembled thousands. Telegraph Hill was a living mass of human bodies, and the heights beyond Presidio, the Clay Street Hill, the sea wall at North Point, and every pier-head were covered with spectators.

The sun was declining in the west as the steamers and yachts, gay with bunting, moved down the channel. Low clouds hung along the western horizon. Mount Tamalipas and the distant mountains north of the Bay were veiled in a mist, and Mission Hill and the seaward heights of the Peninsula were shrouded in a fog, but the channel was unobstructed, and the bold outlines of the Golden Gate rose sharply against the sky, while the Bay itself, with the islands and shores of Alameda and Contra Costa, were bathed in sunlight. From every flagstaff in the city flags were flying, and the shipping along the city front was brilliantly decked with ensigns, festooned flags and streamers. The impatient crowds that covered the hilltops stood straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the *Tokio*. A hundred times the cry was raised, "There she comes!" as chance arrivals came in view between the Heads.

It was half-past five o'clock when a puff of white smoke from seaward, from off the earthworks back of and above Fort Point, and the booming of a heavy gun announced that the steamer was near at hand. Another and another

followed in rapid succession. Fort Point next joined in the cannonade, firing with both casemate and barbette guns, and the battery at Lime Point added its thunders to the voice of welcome. In a few moments the entrance to the harbor was veiled in wreaths of smoke, and as the batteries of Angel Island, Black Point and Alcatraz opened fire in succession, the whole channel was soon shrouded in clouds from their rapid discharges. For some time the position of the approaching ship could not be discovered, but shortly before six o'clock the outlines of the huge hull of the City of Tokio loomed through the obscurity of smoke and rapidly approaching shades of evening lit up by the flashes of guns, and in a few moments she glided into full view, surrounded by a fleet of steamers and tugs, gay with flags and crowded with guests, while the yacht squadron brought up the rear, festooned from deck to truck with brilliant bunting. Cheer after cheer burst from the assembled thousands as the vessels slowly rounded Telegraph Hill, and were taken up by the crowds on the wharves and rolled around the city front, hats and handkerchiefs being waved in the air. The United States steamer Monterey, lying in the stream, added the roar of her guns to the general welcome, and the screaming of hundreds of steam-whistles announced that the City of Tokio had reached her anchorage.

The crowds that had assembled on the hills and along the city now, with a common impulse, began to pour along towards the ferry landing at the foot of Market Street, where General Grant was to land. The sidewalks were blocked with hurrying pedestrians, and the streets with carriages conveying the committees. The steamers and yachts made haste to land their passengers, and in a few minutes the vicinity of the ferry landing was literally jammed with people, extending for blocks along Market

Street and the water front, just in front of the landing, the entrances to which were closed and guarded. A space was cleared by the police and marshals, into which hundreds of carriages for use of the guests were crowded, and outside of that space line after line of troops and civic organizations were ranged, while the outside constantly increasing throng surged and pressed, excited and enthusiastic, cheering at intervals, and waiting impatiently for a first glimpse at the city's honored guest. Within the gates of the ferry-house were assembled the gentlemen charged with the duty of the immediate reception of General Grant.

About seven, General Grant landed from the ferry-boat Oakland, according to arrangement, at the foot of Market Street, and was received by the Mayor and Governor, also by Governor-elect George C. Perkins. Governor Irwin was accompanied by his staff.

The Mayor then addressed the General as follows : —

GENERAL GRANT. — As Mayor of the city of San Francisco, I have the honor and the pleasure to welcome you on your return to your native country. Some time has passed since you departed from the Atlantic shore to seek the relief which a long period in your country's service had made necessary, but during this absence the people of the United States have not forgotten you. They have read with interest the accounts of your voyages by sea, and travels by land, round the world, and they have observed with great pleasure the honors you have received in the different countries which you have visited, and the universal recognition which your brilliant career, as a soldier and an American citizen, has obtained. They have felt proud of you, and at the same time of their country, which you have so fitly represented.

And now, sir, you are again on your native soil, and the thousands who here greet you remember that your home was once in this city. This bay, these hills, the pleasant homes about us are all familiar to you. Great changes, it is true, have taken place. The young city is now the rival of cities which were old when

its history began. But the men to whom this marvellous prosperity is due in those early days were your personal associates and friends, and many of them are here to-day waiting anxiously to take you by the hand once more.

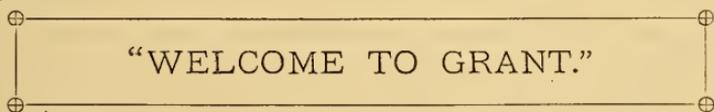
It is a pleasing incident of your journey that when leaving your country, at the ancient city of Philadelphia, Mayor Stokley expressed the hope of that city for your safe journey and a happy return. It is now my privilege to express the joy of San Francisco that the hope of her elder sister has been realized. The city desires to receive you as an old and honored resident and friend, returning after a long absence, and to extend to you such courtesies as may be agreeable to you, and in obedience to such desire, which extends through all classes, I tender you the freedom of the city and its hospitalities. In the short time allowed to us we have arranged a reception in your honor, and ask that for an hour you will permit us to present our people to you, and we beg that while you remain in the city — yourself, your family, and your travelling companions — you will be its guests.

Permit me, in conclusion, to express the wish of each and every one of us for the future happiness and prosperity of yourself, and every member of your family.

General Grant responded in a few brief sentences, returning thanks for the welcome extended to him. He was then conducted to a carriage, Mayor Bryant accompanying him, while the various committees and other gentlemen in attendance repaired to their own carriages. The gates of the dock were then thrown open, and the vehicles moved forward, and took their places in line. As the carriage containing General Grant made its appearance, cheer after cheer went up from thousands of throats, while the surging crowd pressed forward and swayed from side to side in efforts to obtain a passing glance of the familiar lineaments of the great captain. With the greatest difficulty a passage was opened, and the procession was formed.

Amid the tremendous cheering of the crowd, discharges of cannon, ringing of bells, and screaming of whistles, the

procession started up Market Street. Bonfires blazed out at the street corners, illuminations lit up every window, and the glare of Roman candles and electric lights made the broad thoroughfare as bright as day. Under a continuous archway of flags, banners, festoons, and draperies, the procession moved up Market Street to Montgomery, and turned down the latter street. Crowds blocked the sidewalk; cheer after cheer rolled along the whole line of march, and almost drowned the martial strains of the numerous bands. Broad ensigns tossed in the night wind, glowing with the light of fire and the glare of rockets and fireworks. A light mist hovering over the city reflected the light of the fireworks and illumination until the heavens seemed ablaze. Continuing the march the procession moved through Montgomery Avenue, and then to Kearney Street. Here, if possible, the crowds were still more dense and enthusiastic, and the display of fireworks, electric lights, lime lights, and every conceivable means of illumination increased the brilliancy. On arriving at Market Street the procession moved up a few blocks, and counter-marched to the Palace Hotel. Here a magnificent arch, forty feet in height, spanned New Montgomery Street, blazoned with the national colors, and bearing the inscription:—



“WELCOME TO GRANT.”

At this point the carriage containing the General was drawn up, while the procession marched in review, cheer after cheer rending the air as division after division passed by. At the conclusion of the review the various organizations were dismissed, and General Grant was conducted to his quarters in the Palace Hotel, which had been especially prepared and furnished for his reception.

The scene within the immense court of the Palace Hotel was of surpassing beauty. Electric lights of 500 gas-jets lit up the vast interior with a brilliant glow, and the dense throngs that packed the court and filled the spacious balconies and corridors surged to and fro in anxious expectancy of the coming guest, whom the packed streets had detained.

At ten o'clock the wide doors were thrown open, and a barouche containing General Grant was driven within the building. He immediately dismounted, and, crowding his way through the packed mass of human beings, was hurried to his room. As he alighted, Mme Fabbri and a chorus of 500 voices opened from one of the balconies with an ode of welcome.

The crowd rushed after General Grant when he dismounted, leaving the singers for a moment almost without an audience, but being stopped in their mad course by a force of police who blocked the way, they returned to the court, being reassured by the announcement that the General would appear on one of the balconies after he had time to take off his overcoat.

After a chorus was rendered, General Grant, in response to repeated calls, appeared on the balcony of the fourth floor, and bowed to the shouting crowd, immediately retiring. Still, the enthusiastic populace thronged the court, and refused to leave. Finally, Mayor Bryant appeared, and announced that as soon as the General had finished his dinner he would show himself. In a few minutes General Grant appeared amid deafening and long-continued shouts. Mayor Bryant called the crowd to order, and the General, mounting a chair which was passed over the heads of the surrounding crowd, was again greeted with a succession of cheers.

When the noise subsided, he addressed them as follows:—

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—After twenty-five years' absence, I am glad to meet you, and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in your city long enough to greet you more fully.

The General then withdrew amid prolonged and tremendous cheering, and the crowd at length reluctantly scattered.

Concerning his welcome, an eye-witness says:—"The feeling of enthusiasm throughout the city was confined to no locality and to no race—the English, French, Spanish, Spanish-Americans, and Germans being equally energetic with the native-born citizens in their demonstrations. Nor were the Chinese asleep to the important occasion. Aroused from their habitual lethargy in all things disconnected with their private interests, their dragon was brought out and mingled with the 'Stars and Stripes' on their best dwellings, and their theatres and Joss-houses were profusely ornamented in their peculiar style. As the result of all this, the residences and business places of San Francisco were decorated beyond anything ever seen within its limits before, and the variety and brilliancy of colors which met the eye at every turn were almost dazzling."

On Monday, General Grant by special request reviewed the Stockton Guard in the court of the Palace Hotel. During General Grant's stay in his apartments he received calls from a number of distinguished gentlemen, among whom were Congressmen D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana; George Hazleton, of Wisconsin, and J. F. Jorgenson, of Virginia; also from H. F. Page, of California; J. A. Williamson, Commissioner of the General Land Office; Judge Field, of the United States Supreme Court, and a number of others.

General and Mrs. Grant, in conversation, expressed their appreciation of the handsome reception accorded them, and were particularly impressed with the order and good conduct and bearing of the people throughout the demonstration, and the entire absence of anything like rude crowding from the thousands who were gathered to welcome them. On Tuesday, the Methodist Conference, in session at San José, called in a body upon General and Mrs. Grant. Bishop Haven made an address of welcome, and a formal presentation to the General and Mrs. Grant followed. An hour was taken up before the presentation was concluded. The preparations made around the new City Hall for the formal presentation of General and Mrs. Grant to the citizens of San Francisco were of an elaborate character. The Mayor's office, which was used as a reception-room, was handsomely draped with flags. At half-past twelve o'clock a crowd began to assemble in front of the McAllister Street entrance, and shortly after the passage, steps, and every point of advantage were thronged with people. At the Market Street side of the building there was also a large crowd awaiting the arrival of the veterans to fire salutes from the sand-lots. As the hour for the reception approached, the crowd grew denser, filling up the corridors and entrances of the building. A squad of thirty policemen was detailed to keep the passages open. At a quarter to one the veterans—Federal and Confederate—arrived upon the sand-lots, taking up a position near Market Street. The first gun was fired at ten minutes to one, the other thirty-seven guns succeeded each other at intervals of one minute. The people massed along the line of Market Street. After the salute the veterans fell into line, entered the corridor, and marching down its length countermarched and took up a position awaiting the arrival of the General. A few minutes later the ex-Pres-

ident and party arrived at the McAllister Street entrance and were greeted with cheers. The windows of the houses opposite and the housetops were crowded with people, who waved handkerchiefs and sent up cheer after cheer as the party alighted. As the General proceeded along the pavement, escorted by the Mayor, the enthusiasm broke out afresh along the corridor. Running from the lower entrance to the Mayor's office were ranged the veterans, posted in two lines. Their commander, Colonel Lyons, stepped forward as General Grant and the Mayor reached the corridor, and said, "Now, boys, three cheers for your old commander!" The veterans responded with enthusiastic hurrahs. The party then proceeded to the Mayor's office, where a committee of ladies were waiting to receive Mrs. Grant and assist her. Mrs. Grant did not arrive until some time after the General, who took up his position in the centre of the room. The south-east corner of the room was assigned to the ladies.

Directions were then issued to admit the multitude. After a few of the invited guests had been presented to the General the crowd filed in, shook hands with the city's guests, and passed out at the Market Street entrance after presentation to Mrs. Grant. All the afternoon a constant stream of visitors poured through the apartments, and all were greeted with a hearty shake of the hand, the General not adopting the suggestion of the Mayor that hand-shaking might be dispensed with on account of the great rush, and expressing his opinion that he could "fight it out on that line all summer."

Previous to the salute on the sand-lots, the General reviewed the veterans at their rendezvous in Mechanics' Pavilion.

General Grant visited the Produce Exchange on Wednesday, and witnessed a grand display of cereals

of the Pacific coast, which no city in the world could probably excel. He was much gratified at the exhibition, and expressed in a few words his congratulations. After that, accompanied by General McDowell, a Government tug conveyed him to all the forts in the Bay, where he was received with military honors. Upon landing at Black Point, General McDowell's headquarters, the party was greeted by a salute, and the troops were drawn up in line to receive General Grant. At General McDowell's residence a collation was prepared, and a formal reception tendered to the distinguished guest. Among the prominent citizens present were Governor Irwin and Governor-elect Perkins, ex-Governor Stanford, ex-Governor Low, Senator Booth, Senator Sharon, ex-Senator Stewart, Justice S. J. Field, Judge Ogden Hoffman, D. O. Mills, and other distinguished citizens, generally accompanied by their ladies.

Before the reception began, the General was visited by the chief representatives of the Chinese community, headed by their counsel and the Chinese Vice-Consul, who read the following congratulatory welcome:—

General, we feel deeply gratified that we were permitted to meet you face to face, and express to you how sincerely we appreciate the fact that you have visited our country and consulted with its rulers, and become familiar with the important features of both government and people. It gives unbounded pleasure to learn that you received a warm welcome, commensurate with the high esteem your noble deeds fully entitled you to at the hands of the Chinese authorities and people. Let us hope that your visit will have a tendency to bring the people of the oldest and youngest nations in still closer friendly and commercial relations. The Chinese of California join with your countrymen in the acclaim "Welcome home," and add the sentiments that you may live long and, like the great Washington, be first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen.

To this was added by the dignitaries : —

TO GENERAL GRANT.—We join our voices to prolong the pæan which has girdled the earth, wafted o'er seas and continents. Praises to the warrior and statesman most graciously presented by the Chinese of California.

The General replied : —

GENTLEMEN.—I am very glad to meet the representatives of the Chinese community and receive this address. I have, as you say, just returned from a visit to your country. It was a most interesting visit — one that I shall always remember, and especially because of the kindness and hospitality shown me by the people and the authorities of China. For that I am grateful, and glad of an opportunity of expressing that gratitude so soon after my arrival at home, and hope that the remark you make about China breaking down the seclusion in which she has been shrouded for ages will prove true in all senses, and that China will continue to draw near to her the sympathy and the trade of the civilized world. The future of China will largely depend upon her policy in this respect. A liberal policy will enlarge your commerce and confer great commercial advantages upon the outside world. I hope that America will have a large share in this. Again I thank you.

After presenting the address, Colonel Bee said that Mrs. Grant had done more to break down the spirit of domestic exclusiveness that reigned in China than the warrior had done, by the honors shown her in Tientsin. He begged that she would accept a small casket of ivory as a memento of the occasion. The reception lasted till six o'clock, the party returned to the city, and in the evening attended Baldwin's Theatre.

The announcement that General Grant would visit the Baldwin Theatre sufficed to pack the building to its utmost capacity. The proscenium box designed for the occupancy of the General and his party was handsomely decorated

with flowers and national colors. The programme for the evening comprised the "balcony" and other scenes from "Romeo and Juliet" and "Diplomacy." General Grant and party arrived shortly before nine o'clock, between the acts. A great crowd gathered at the entrance, cheering vociferously as he alighted. On making his appearance in the box, the audience rose to their feet, and cheered and applauded for several minutes, while the orchestra struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," followed by a medley of national airs, accented by discharges of musketry from behind the scenes.

The following telegraphic despatches passed between Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia, and General Grant:—

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR,
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, 1879. }

GENERAL U. S. GRANT, San Francisco:—

When you departed from Philadelphia, I bade you Godspeed upon your journey, and now desire to congratulate you on your safe return to your native land, and to assure you that our citizens anxiously await your arrival here to extend a hearty welcome.

WILLIAM S. STOKLEY,
Mayor of Philadelphia.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23, 1879.

WILLIAM S. STOKLEY, Mayor of Philadelphia:—

Thanks for your kind despatch, and for the good wishes you express in the name of Philadelphia. I cannot now name a time for visiting Philadelphia, but will let you know.

U. S. GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT AT OAKLAND.

Oakland, sometimes termed the "Athens of the Pacific" by its residents, is to San Francisco what Brooklyn was to New York twenty-five years ago. It differs from Brooklyn at this time only in its lack of large business and extensive manufactures. It is essentially the bedroom of San Fran-

cisco, and, like Washington, is a city of magnificent distances. Many fine houses line the principal avenues. The place wears an air of repose and elegance in remarkable contrast to the hurry and bustle of the sister city across the Bay. A line of ferry-boats ply between the two cities. The occasion of General Grant's visit to Oakland brought an immense crowd, not from San Francisco alone, but from Alameda, Santa Clara, and Contra Costa counties. Trains and ferry-steamers from every quarter were crowded, and an hour before noon there were fully 100,000 people in the city, 60,000 more than the regular population. When the General landed at the foot of Broadway there was a general ringing of bells and blowing of whistles. The magnificent principal avenue of the city was crowded with pedestrians. Numerous country wagons also, bearing loads of grangers, filled the causeways. The decorations were fully as elaborate as those of San Francisco, and had the additional advantage of the reception occurring by daylight.

The procession was marked by the usual characteristics of such displays. The local police force was at the head, followed by infantry, dragoons, civil societies, and invited guests in carriages. By far the most touching and pleasing feature was the ovation from the school-children. The procession passed through Fourteenth Street, where, opposite the City Hall, nearly 5,000 school-children were assembled on either side of the street. The procession halted, and General Grant alighted from his carriage and passed arm in arm with the President of the Board of School Directors, with bared head, down on one side of the street, returning on the opposite side to his carriage. The children cheered, waved their tiny banners, and strewed his path with flowers; and, as he passed, showered bouquets upon him in profusion. The General bowed and smiled as he passed along, while among the elder spectators there

were not wanting evidences of emotion. After this demonstration, the General joined the procession and proceeded to the Pavilion, where he received the people. Mrs. Grant received the ladies at Lubbs' Hotel.

At seven minutes past eleven o'clock, the Amador left the wharf at San Francisco. On board were Mayor Bryant, H. F. Page, M. D. Roruck, the Japanese Consul; Colonel Stephenson, Judge Hoffman, and other leading citizens, together with the Oakland Reception Committee, consisting of L. G. Cole, David Howes, J. W. Babcock, J. West Martin, W. W. Crane, G. N. Fox, Captain Little, Dr. L. H. Carey, W. E. Hall, L. L. Alexander, A. C. Henry, J. W. Badger, A. K. Harmon, and J. R. Hardenburg. As the boat approached the Oakland wharf, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, under the direction of the Citizens' Committee. The wharf and the vessels lying alongside were gayly decorated. A large banner, on which was inscribed the word "Welcome," was hung across the entrance to the wharf. The party was met at the boat by Mayor Andrus and the city officials.

An address of welcome was delivered by the Mayor as follows:—

GENERAL GRANT.—Your merited ovations have encircled the world. They have been as grand and varied as the nations that have offered them, and yet, among them all, there has been no more honest, sincere, and cordial welcome than the city of Oakland now extends to you. This is pre-eminently a city of homes and families, of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of churches and schools. There is no tie more sacred than that of family. At the family altar the fires of liberty are first kindled, and there patriotism is born. Love of home, of kindred, and of country, is the source and foundation of our welcome to you, defender of our firesides and families.

The Mayor then handed the General a roll containing resolutions of greeting, adopted by the city authorities.

The General was then conducted to a carriage in waiting. Carriages with the City Council, Citizens' Committee, Board of Supervisors, and other citizens followed. When all was in readiness, the carriage containing General Grant and Mayor Andrus filed through the gates and passed the line of companies on review until it reached the head of the procession.

Suspended across the avenue where the children were gathered were three banners, the first inscribed "Welcome to General Grant, the City's Guest." The second contained this quotation from General Grant's Des Moines speech:—"The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free nation." In the third was the motto, "We strew these roses beneath the feet of him who saved us from defeat."

After dinner at Lubb's Hotel, General Grant addressed the throng as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE TWO ARMIES AND NAVIES.—I am very proud of the welcome you have given me to-day. I am particularly happy to see the good-will and cordiality existing between the soldiers of the two armies, and I have an abiding faith that this good feeling will always exist. Thus united, we have nothing to fear from any nation in the world. I am satisfied, from my travels in foreign lands, that no country will wish to meet us as a united people. They will be perfectly willing to do us justice without an appeal to arms, and as that is all that Americans want, I am confident that our country has a long career of peace and prosperity before her.

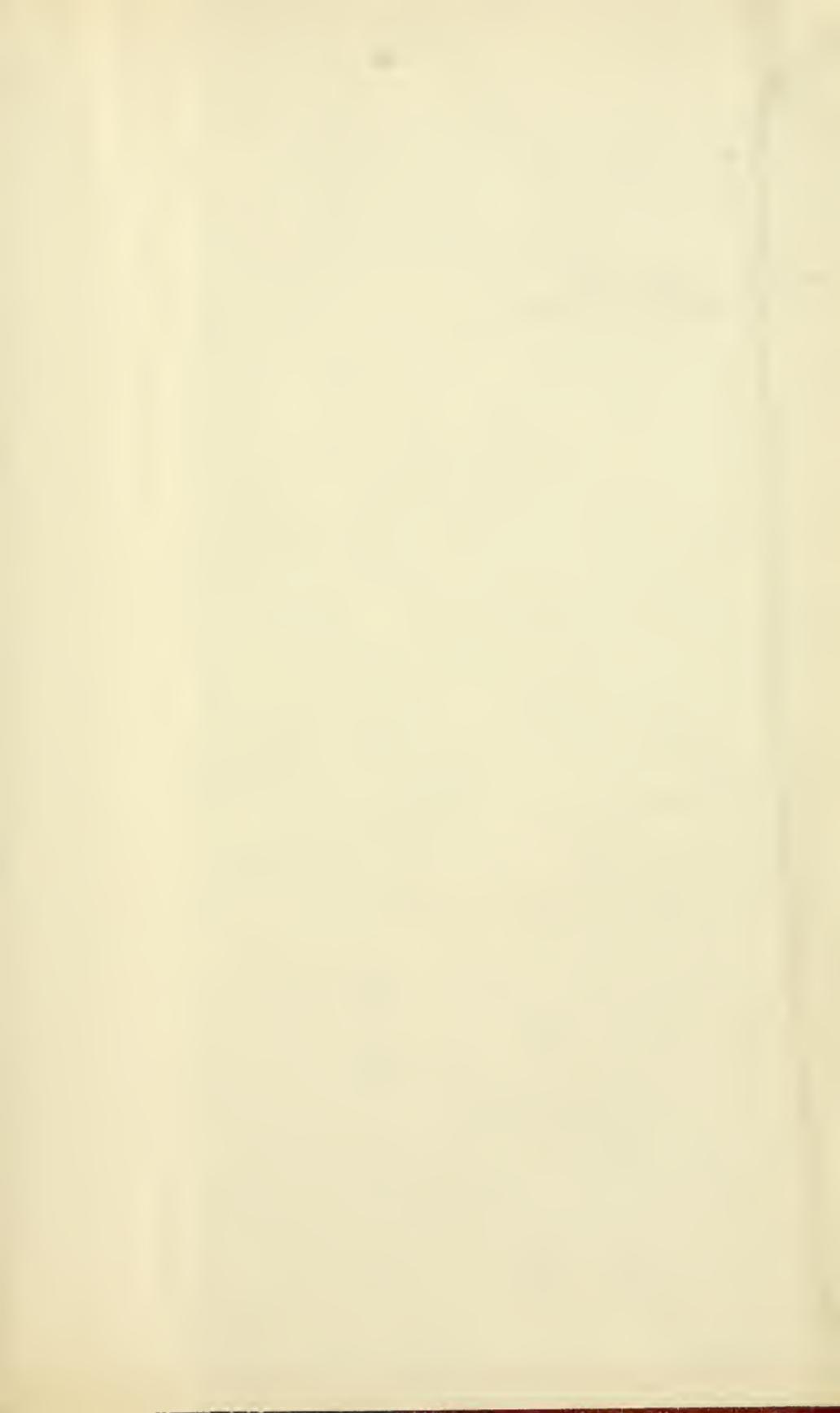
Soon after the speech, the General took the cars at Brooklyn station to return to the city. While waiting a few minutes for the train, an immense crowd gathered round, anxious to get a last glimpse of the city's guest, and a number of ladies made their way through all obstructions to take him by the hand. A little girl who could not succeed in reaching him, on account of the crowd, was lifted

above the heads of the people and passed along to the General, who took her in his arms and kissed her, amid the tumultuous cheers of the surrounding thousands.

A large number of citizens accompanied the party to the wharf, taking leave of the General as he embarked on the ferry to return to the city.

A very distinguished party assembled at the Palace Hotel, at the press banquet in honor of John Russell Young, the companion of General Grant throughout his journey and correspondent of the New York *Herald*, whose letters to that journal have received the universal commendations of the entire press. Colonel John P. Jackson, of the *Post*, presided. Mr. Young was on his right and General Grant on his left. There were present to do honor to the guests General McDowell, Governor Irwin, Senators Sharon and Jones, Mayor Bryant and the best representatives of San Francisco society. It was the first public entertainment at which the General was to be perfectly free. It was a tribute of respect to a public journalist whose talents the fraternity here appreciated and honored.

The welcome accorded to General Grant upon his return was an enthusiastic one—one well worthy to end the most remarkable journey in the world's history, and beside which the famous journey of Cæsar sinks into insignificance. It might be truly called a triumphant march of peace, since upon every hand he scattered the seeds of peace, brotherly love, and national harmony. It has certainly done much towards creating more friendly feelings between the countries visited and our own. God grant that it may lead to the dawning of that day in the which "men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," "and the nations shall learn war no more."



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