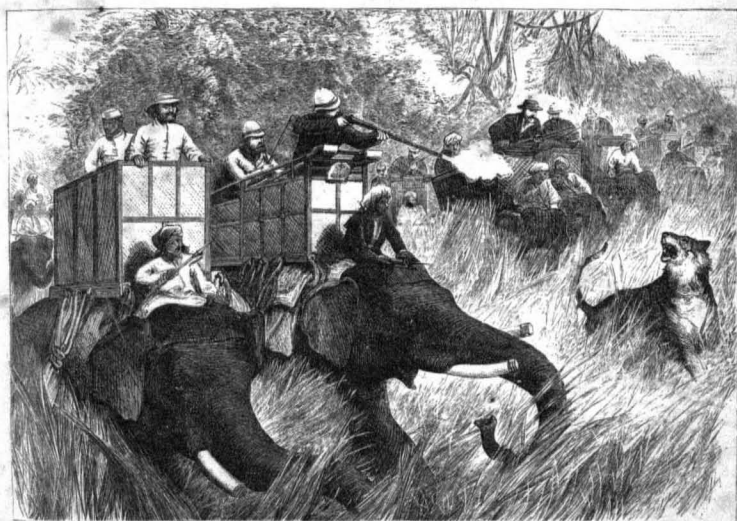


trees. If the elephant is firm, and you have a successful shot, the tiger is sure to turn and charge. Mad with pain, strong and swift, he throws himself upon the nearest enemy, springing upon the elephant, climbing its trunk, or, reaching for the poor shivering Hindoo driver, drags him from his seat. Even after the tiger has received his fatal wound, so strong is his vitality that he will have strength enough for a plunge. Then success depends upon courage and coolness, upon rapid firing from every available rifle in the hunting party. So far as I could



TIGER HUNTING.

learn, in the many histories of tiger shooting, accidents are rare occurrences. But the danger of the contest with so supple and bloodthirsty a beast, and the nerve required, combine to give, for those who are fond of field sports, a peculiar zest to tiger shooting. When the young Englishman comes to India he yearns for his first tiger as a young officer for his first brevet.

I have heard, however, of serious, and sometimes fatal, accidents. One of the kindest and best friends I made in India—brave, gentle, and gifted—is maimed in his arm and leg

from tiger wounds. He was an officer of the Indian Engineers, on engineer duty. The tiger came near the camp and took up a position in a clump of bushes between the camp and water. The Indian attendants became alarmed. They would not go near the stream. It became necessary to have water for the encampment, and the only way was to kill the tiger. So the officers took arms and went out. Some of them were new to the business; instead of marching shoulder to shoulder, and presenting a front, which the tiger always avoids, they went singly. The first thing my friend saw was that one shot had hit the tiger, and the animal had turned and was about to charge him. He called to his comrades and tried to fire again, but too late. In an instant, as a flash, the beast was upon him, struck him on the shoulder with his paw, and felled him to the ground. He lost consciousness—a sensation that generally comes to man when assailed by a beast of prey. It came to Livingstone, if I remember, when he was attacked by the lion. It is a shock acting almost like an anæsthetic. I suppose this is a merciful provision of nature. My friend would have been killed but for the gallantry of one of his comrades, who rushed at the tiger, and beat in his head with the butt of a rifle as he was gnawing the arm and leg of the prostrate man. One of the shots had taken fatal effect, and the attack was the desperation of death. Before his death, however, the animal had gnawed the arm, side, and limb of my friend, so that his restoration to health took a long time, and he will carry to his grave the wounds he received twenty years ago. I heard a story of another officer, now holding an important position in the Indian service, who was also charged by a tiger to whom he had given a death-wound. The animal threw him and seized his arm. He had the presence of mind to force his arm into the tiger's mouth and hold it there, allowing the beast to crunch it. He thus confined the wound to the single member, and saved his life at the expense of his arm. Even now, with his armless sleeve, he is one of the most daring sportsmen in India.

It was want of time—at least it is supposed it was want of time, and not the rueful tiger stories—that prevented us from

accepting the invitation of his Highness and having one day in the jungle of Jeypore. Hunters are not less careful of their lives than other men, and the care taken to prevent accidents—the use of arms of precision, skill in their use, and the fact that all wild animals, the tiger especially, are cowards, afraid of noise, fire, light, or any unusual sight—make the accidents of the chase less on the average than the casualties in fox hunting in the English shires. The only dangerous tiger is what is called the man-eater. The man-eater is generally an old beast, with bad teeth and gums, lacking in enterprise and en-



COL. GRANT'S PIG-STICKING EXCURSION.

durance. He has outlived his usefulness in the jungle. Animals that ordinarily would be his prey avoid him without difficulty. Driven to despair because he cannot roam the bushes and seize what he fancies, he falls upon some poor belated Hindoo wood-cutter, or child at play, or woman carrying her pitcher to the well, and then he learns that, of all the animals given to him by a considerate Providence for food, man is the most toothsome, the most helpless, and the most cowardly. The buffalo, the wild pig, even the antelope, will not surrender without resistance. A wild pig has been known to kill a tiger

in a fight. A buffalo will charge a tiger and battle with him, and sometimes successfully, before he surrenders. An antelope will inflict a serious wound if he can give a good thrust with his horns. Consequently, when a tiger gets old, when his muscles are worn and his teeth are bad, he would have to suffer in these controversies; but having learned how easy a prey is man, he devotes himself to the pursuit of man for food. It saves him a great deal of trouble. It is so comfortable to lie in wait near a village, in a ravine or under a cliff, and in the early morning, or as the sun goes down, to spring upon a poor lonely peasant wandering home, or a child at play, and carry him to his lair. Once he learns this lesson he abandons the jungle and quarters himself near a village. He is a shrewd beast, much more than tigers generally, and hard to kill. When a man-eater takes up his quarters near a village the natives abandon their homes in a panic, or go to the nearest British military station and report his presence. To capture or kill him requires the utmost patience and skill. Sometimes before he is slain he will take many lives. One brute—a lazy, decrepit old beast who scarcely opened his eyes when we came to his cage—had the reputation of having destroyed twenty-five human beings. Sometimes the panther, as he advances in years, becomes a man-eater; but as a general thing all wild animals, unless they are disturbed, or assailed, or accompanied by their young, will pass man by. I should therefore think that in America the hunting of the buffalo or the grizzly bear afforded more disasters than tiger killing in the jungle. What seems to me to detract from tiger hunting is the fact that you are compelled to fight him from an ambush. There is no facing and fighting him, as on the open prairie with our buffalo. When you think of the courage expended on the tiger, the amount of pains taken to find him, and the time it occupies, the amusement seems to be unprofitable. Notwithstanding all this, it was not without regret that we could not accept the Maharajah's offer and shoot the tiger, adding to our experiences in India that of a day in the jungles such as had been given to the Prince of Wales. But there were engagements with the Viceroy of India,

who was waiting for General Grant, before he left for the hills; and so the jungle was put aside.

Colonel Grant, however, was not disposed to allow our expedition to leave India without some experience in the field, and when the tiger proposition was dismissed the Maharajah proposed to have some pig sticking. The sticking of a pig does not seem to be a serious business to people at home, whose ideas of the animal are confined to its usefulness as breakfast bacon. The old hunters say that no sport in India is more exciting or more dangerous. The wild boar is a different animal from the homely, useful, lolling hog, whose highest function at home is lard. He lives in the jungle. His food is the sugar-cane, and a boar will ravage a large crop of growing cane in a single night. He is bold and brave. His tusks are sometimes eight inches in length, and as sharp as a razor. With these tusks he will charge any animal. A boar has been known to rip open a tiger and disembowel him. The wild pig has great endurance. He can in the first rush outrun an Arab steed. He seems to be an honest, peaceable beast, who will do no harm, and spend his days on roots or sugar-cane, unless you assail him. He will throw dogs in the air, and, if a hunter falls under his tusks, cut him up as with a knife. Some of the most serious accidents in the history of sport have come from the wild pig. There are laws about hog hunting which no gentleman violates. You do not shoot him. You only attack the boar, never the sow. To kill a sow in the Jeypore country would be as serious a crime as to shoot a fox in Melton Mowbray. You do not kill the young. In warring on the tiger your enemy is the common enemy of mankind, who lives on prey; whose passion is blood; who lives on domestic cattle and useful animals, and in his old days takes to preying upon man. There is one quality about pig hunting that reminds you of the buffalo chase. You ride upon your pony in the jungle; you seek your animal out and fight him with sword or spear like a knight; you have a foeman who can only be slain by coolness and courage, who lives in the dominion of the leopard and the tiger, and holds his own with them, and whose death

is useful in two ways—it protects the natives' crops and gives them food.

An officer of the Maharajah's household who was in charge of the hunting establishment, and who was famous, we were told, among Indian sportsmen, waited upon us, and we agreed that at six o'clock in the morning we should start for the jungle. Dr. Keating was disposed to volunteer, and if General Grant had not been under engagements for the day which he could not put aside, I think he would have ventured out, if



"BRINGING HOME THE GAME."

for no other reason than to have a good stiff ride over the country. Mr. Borie preferred to remain with General Grant, and the Colonel alone of our party went to the hunt. At six, the hunting party left the residency and drove out in the cool of the morning some 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 firearms 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. There is a story of an officer encountering a panther when out pig sticking, and spearing him. This story is now the wonder and envy of Indian society, and I do not know of any human proceeding more to be commended or avoided, according as you are trained to view such matters, than spearing a panther. But the officer did so. Our party was prepared for such an emergency, but it did not come. When they came to the ground they mounted. The Colonel rode with the chief sportsman 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 toward 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 at a 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 first stroke of the spear gives the right to

the trophy. You wound the boar 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 can not 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



THE TIGER.

turned it charged the Colonel's horse. He avoided the charge, the animal simply touching the Colonel's foot as he passed. Another horseman was not so fortunate, as the animal drove his tusk into the horse's flank and

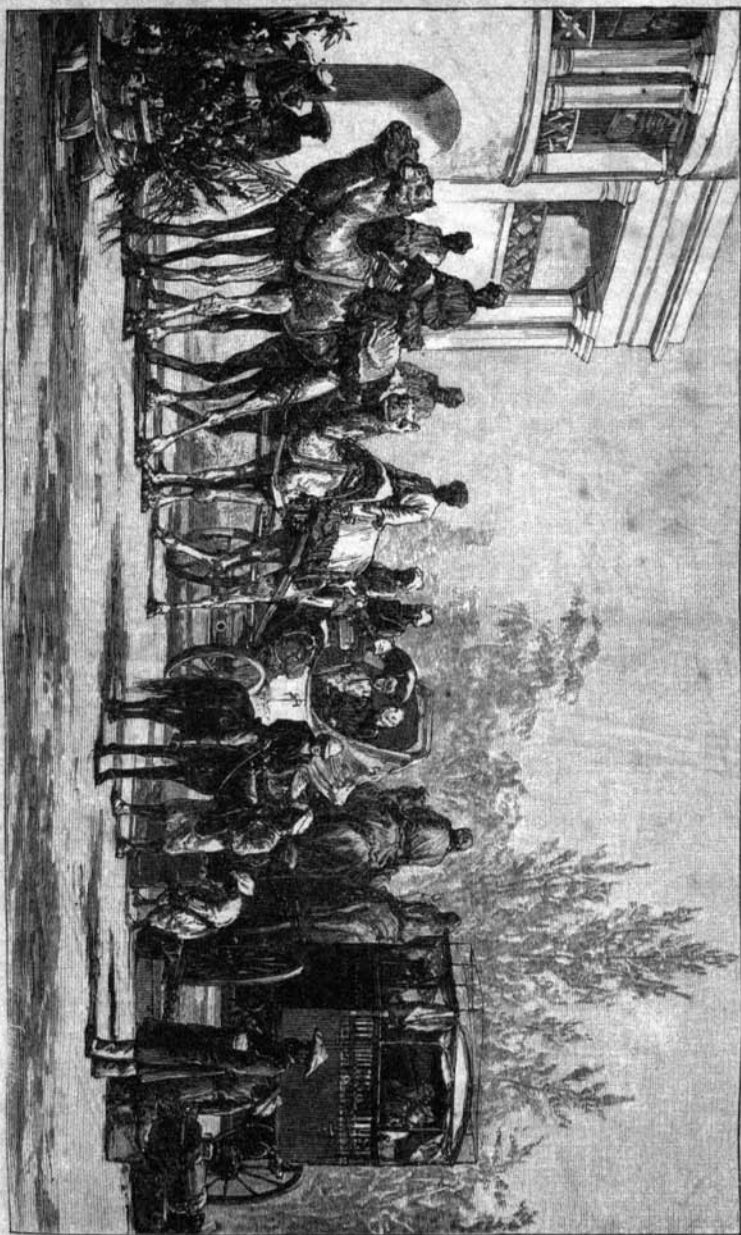
made an ugly gash. Another spear was given the Colonel, who again speared the boar, and this time more effectively, for the animal turned over and died.

One pig is not a bad day's sport. But the morning was not far gone and Colonel Grant felt that his spearing had been clumsily and badly done. It was his first trial, however, in the Indian jungle, and we should have pardoned him if he had been content with his single trophy. So the hunt went on. In a short time another boar was found and the Colonel charged

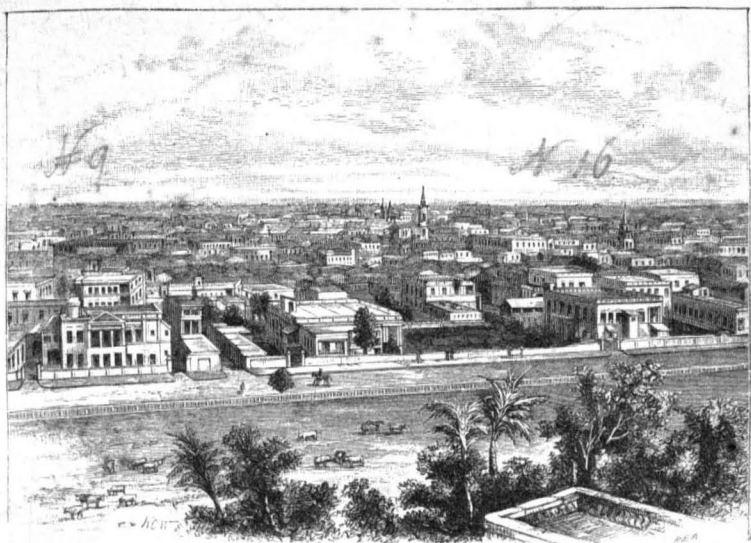
it. This time the battle was in the Colonel's own hands. He had seen how the director of the hunt managed his business, and the result was a triumph. Riding the boar out of his swift pace he drove the spear. When the animal turned he faced and fought. Another horse in this charge, ridden by an attendant, was wounded, the boar taking him in the shoulder and inflicting an ugly wound. An 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 Jeypore 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 Jeypore 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 traveler 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 the blood as a reward. This reward is the condition of tameness. Cheetah hunting is more an amusement of the natives than the English. It is a curious sport, and was shown to the Prince of Wales when in Jeypore. Good hunters—English hunters—think it a questionable proceeding to steal upon an antelope in disguise and attack him with a wild beast. 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 noon-day sun of India. The Colonel came back to Jeypore 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. His Highness said that if the General and party would only remain two or three days he would give them a memorable experience with tiger and bear and leopard and all that his jungles could afford.



OUR CAMEL CARRIAGES AT DHURTPOOR.



CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

INDIA.

GENERAL GRANT'S party arrived in Calcutta at five o'clock on the morning of the 10th of March, after a severe and distressing ride from Benares. The American Consul-General, General Litchfield, the aide-de-camp of the Viceroy, and a guard of honor of the Bengal troops were in waiting. We drove off in the state carriages with an escort of cavalry to the Government House. The streets had been watered, and there was just a suspicion of a cool breeze from the Hoogly, which, after the discomforts of the long night ride, made our morning ride pleasant. A line of policemen was ranged from the railway station to the door of the Government House, a distance of about two miles. The Government House is a large, ornate building, standing in an open park, the corner-stone of which was laid about the time that Washington laid the foundation of our capitol. It is built

to resemble the country-house of Lord Scarsdale, in Derbyshire, and as a noble and stately pile may rank with the palaces of Europe. European houses in India are built for air and room. In the Government House there are council-rooms, reception-rooms, and state dining-rooms; the two ideas governing the architecture of this, as in other official houses of the empire, being comfort and splendor—comfort, that the European may endure the pitiless sun; splendor, that the eyes of the subject may be dazzled. It is odd at first to see your cold, indifferent, matter-of-fact Englishman, at home caring only for comfort, as solicitous about pomp as the Lord Chamberlain; but this is because pomp and ceremony are the first essentials of government in India.

• The Viceroy of India, Lord Lytton—better known to Americans as the poet "Owen Meredith"—received General Grant with great kindness. His Lordship said in greeting the General that he was honored in having as his guest a gentleman whose career he had followed with interest and respect, and that it was especially agreeable to meet one who had been the chief magistrate of the country in which he spent some 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 that his uncle—then Sir Henry Bulwer—was British Minister to the United States. His Lordship was also cordial in his greeting to Mr. Borie, and referred to our companion's services in General Grant's cabinet. He conversed with Colonel Grant about General Sheridan, and regretted that the duties of his office, on account of the Burmese and Afghan complications, and his approaching departure for Simla, prevented his seeing as much of our party as he wished. Our quarters in the Government House were very pleasant, looking out on the public square. In the afternoon we drove around and stood listening to the band in the Eden Gardens. The only hours given to recreation in India are in the early morning and at the going down of the sun. Then all the English world spend the cool of the day under the trees. The General and his Lordship took a long stroll together. In the

evening there was a state banquet, attended by the high authorities of the British empire.

Next day there was an excursion to the Viceroy's country-seat at Barrackpoor, Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, doing the honors in the name of the Viceroy. Barrackpoor is a country-seat, about twelve miles up the Hoogly river. Our party was small, comprising the leading members of the government and their families. We drove to the dock under a beating noon-day sun. The scenery of the Hoogly reminds you of the low, tropical banks of the St. John's river, in Florida, but it is a narrower stream, and the aspect of nature is gloomy compared with what you see in Florida, where the orange groves light up the landscape. The Hoogly teems with life, with boatmen in all kinds of floating contrivances. The navigation of an Indian stream must be a good deal trusting to fate. Our currents were wayward, and the vessel was more a floating hotel than a water-going craft. When we came bumping against the side of a clumsy lump of a vessel with such force as would tear away the iron-work and make the steamer buzz and tremble, everybody seemed to take it as a matter of course.

The view of Barrackpoor from the river is beautiful, because you see what is so rare in India—green rolling meadow land. Were it not for the tropical foliage and noble banyan trees it would not be difficult to fancy that Barrackpoor was a bit of Richmond on the Thames. Barrackpoor has a melancholy prominence in the history of India. Here the first of the mutiny occurred, in the history of the greased cartridges. Before the government authorities took to the hills for the summer, Barrackpoor was a country-seat, holding the same relation to the Government House in Calcutta that the Soldiers' Home did in Mr. Lincoln's days to the White House at Washington. Barrackpoor, except as a military station, and as the occasional resort for a picnic party, has been practically abandoned. We landed from our steamer in a small yacht, and had quite a walk in the relentless sun until we came to a marquee tent, pitched under a banyan tree, where a band was playing and servants

were arranging a table for us. We had a merry, pleasant feast under this banyan tree, and we studied our tree with interest, as one of the extraordinary forms of nature. The tree itself was a small grove, and you could walk in, and around, and through its trunks and branches as easily as among the columns of a mosque. Unless the tree is checked, it will spread and spread, every branch, as it touches the earth, developing into a root and throwing out new branches, until, as we read in nursery days, an army may encamp under its branches. After our picnic it was pleasant to stroll around Barrackpore and take that



OUR ENTRANCE INTO CALCUTTA.

Course from howe. They did not approach

delight which is among the pleasures of an Indian journey—a delight in the constant surprises of nature. Your eyes are accustomed to your own flowers and forms of forest and garden growth—the oak, the ash, the sycamore, the modest daisy, and the wholesome virtuous clover that blossoms in the meadows. You look in vain for the old forms familiar to you from childhood, and that were always your friends, even when the world grew dark and early sorrows swept over your young and trembling life. These trees are what you have read of in poems and ghost stories and Indian tales. There is the mango-tree, giving pleasant fruit, said to be among the atonements for the cruelty

of Indian life, but which you shall not see until we come to Singapore. Every one has been telling us of the comfort we shall find in the mango, and that even though we came from the land of fruits, we shall surrender our peach and pear to its superior attractions. All that we have seen of it thus far has been a candied mango, sent by our friend the Maharajah of Bhurtpoor, but so killed by the sugar that it might easily have been a pumpkin or a melon rind. We have had also a curry of mango, but the flavor was so crushed under the spices that it might have passed for radish or celery. As a tree, however, it is royal, green, and rich. We note, also, the tamarind-tree, under which you cannot pitch your tent because of the unwholesome exhalation. Here is the pipel and the Japanese acacia, the banana, with its hospitable leaves, the bamboo, the orange, unlimited cactus, until you grow weary of cactus, a very world of ferns, and the rose in endless profusion. You observe that all animal life enjoys a freedom unusual to our rapacious, destroying eyes, accustomed as we are to look upon everything that God has made as something for man to kill. In India animal life, from the insect to the prowling beast from the jungle, is ever near you. I presume it arises from the religion of the natives, which throws protection over all animal nature. As you stroll through Indian gardens, or about an Indian forest, you see animal life in every form. The monkey, for instance, is more common than the squirrel at home. When you sit down at your picnic table the birds of prey circle around and around you, until the meal is done, to take your place. We return from Barrackpore to Calcutta in time to dress for a state dinner at the Government House, the last to be given by Lord Lytton before leaving for Simla. This dinner was made an occasion for presenting General Grant to the leading members of the princely native houses.

We had a reception of this kind in Bombay, but the scene in Calcutta was more brilliant. When the dinner was over, and Lord Lytton 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. We swathe ourselves in dismal and uncomely black, and here in India, where every feather's weight you lift from your raiment is a blessing to body, the Englishman so lacks in imagination and enterprise that he endures the same cloth which he wore in Berkeley Square. The natives were in loose gowns of cool, flexible stuffs, that seemed to play and dally with the heat, and as they streamed about in their airy, flowing, fleecy gowns, they looked more sensible than we civilians in our black evening dress, or the officers girded to the throat with scarlet cloth and braid. There is something for the eye in the varied hues of Indian costumes, and as to splendor, I suppose that one of the jewels that hung from the neck of the Prince of Oude, or the diamond that blazed from the finger of one of the rajahs, was worth ten times more than all the clothes worn by the Europeans.

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 six hundred thousand dollars 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. Re-

cently he paid one thousand pounds 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



GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

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. This prince seemed forlorn, notwithstanding 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 Soltan, 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 loyal subject of the Crown.

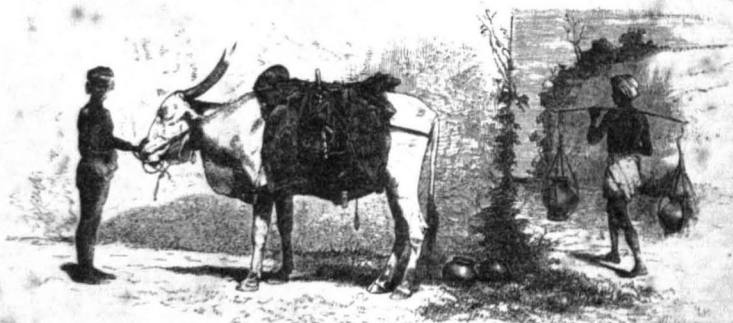
More interesting were the young prince from Burmah and his wife. We have had news from Burmah. The new king has taken to evil ways, especially in the murder of his relations. They say he has threatened to kill the British Resident in Mandalay, and a force of troops has gone to Burmah to protect the Resident. And all Calcutta is horror-stricken over the news. I do not know how true it all may be. I have noticed, as an instructive coincidence in the history of British rule in Asia, that some outrage, some menace to British power always takes place about the time that the interests of the empire require more territory. England wants Burmah, and its annexation is foregone. But about the murders of his family by the king I suppose there can be no doubt. This prince and princess are refugees, under the protection of the vice-regal 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 intelligence. 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.

Calcutta itself was found to be more European than any city we have seen in the East, even more so than Bombay. Its history begins with the Mohammedan occupation, although there are Hindoo legends going back to the age of fable. But every part of India has these legends, and Calcutta has no prominence worth considering but what came from the English occupation and the selection of the city as the capital. Calcutta, when the headquarters of the East India Company, knew a career of uninterrupted prosperity, and marks of this you see in all parts of the city. Considering how much money

has been taken out of India, that during the reign of the company the policy was simply to scrape up every penny for revenue and dividends, it shows the wealth of the country that enough should have remained behind to give Calcutta its splendor. The monuments are worthy of note. One building in the Ionic style of architecture commemorates James Prinsep, an eminent student of science. There is a monument to the officers who died in the Gwalior campaign, built of Jeypore marble. The Eden Gardens were laid out by the Misses Eden, sisters of the former Viceroy, Lord Auckland. Here the band plays every evening. There is also a stately column to Sir David Ochterlony, one hundred and sixty-five feet high, with a Saracenic capital. Ochterlony was one of the great men in the history of the company. There is a statue to Lord William Bentinck, who was Viceroy forty-five years ago, when Macaulay was in India. The statue bears an inscription written by Macaulay, in which Bentinck is honored as the man who "infused into Oriental despotism the spirit of British freedom," "who abolished cruel rites" and "effaced humiliating distinctions." There are statues to Lord Hardinge, who governed India in 1848; Lord Mayo, who was assassinated in 1870; Lord Lawrence, who won fame in the mutiny, and Sir James Outram, the "Bayard of the East." The city has about four hundred and fifty thousand population, of whom three-fourths are Hindoos, and not more than twenty-one thousand Europeans. After the Hindoos the Mussulmans predominate. There are a few Parsees, but not so many as in Bombay. The Jews are rich, and interested in the opium trade. There are Portuguese, Armenians, and Greeks. The Portuguese have fallen into the serving classes; the others are merchants. There are a few Chinamen of the laboring classes, who are carpenters and shoemakers. There are some Arab merchants who trade with the Persian and Arabian Gulf and coasts, and a class called Oriahs, natives of Orissa, a careful, patient race, who perform the lower forms of labor.

Education is widely advanced in Calcutta. The Hindoo College was founded in 1824 for the teaching of English and

Sanscrit. Out of this came the University. The annual convocation for conferring degrees 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 conferred 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



WATER-CARRIERS.

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. Sir Alexander continued his address by a complimentary allusion to General Grant, whose career, he said, was an illustration of what the Anglo-Saxon race had done in America. There is a medical college founded by Macaulay's friend, Lord William Bentinck. The school founded by Warren Hastings to encourage Arabic studies and

Mohammedan law still exists, but has not been very successful, appealing as it does to a small and special class of students. There is a college built under the terms of the will of Charles Martin, whose college, "*La Martinière*," we saw in Lucknow. One hundred thousand dollars were bequeathed by Martin "to establish a school for the education of a certain number of children of any sex to a certain age, and then to have them apprenticed to some profession, and married when at age." This bequest was invested until it became five hundred thousand dollars, when the school was founded, with a scholarship, at the time of the last report, of seventy-five boys and forty girls. The Free Church Institution, founded by Rev. Dr. Duff, has averaged over a thousand pupils annually for thirty-five years, and is a noble example of what missionary enterprise may achieve under wise and able direction. St. Francis Xavier's College, under the Jesuits, has four hundred and eighty scholars, and is among the best schools in Calcutta. To enumerate the various schools would prolong this letter, and I only allude to the prominent features of education in India as among the brightest features of British rule. Under the administration of the present Viceroy, Lord Lytton, every form of education has received an impulse, and the efforts of the government seem bent upon nothing so earnestly as upon the widest dissemination of knowledge and the training of the rising generation in English civilization. Whether the result of this policy will be to make the people more contented with the rule of Great Britain or not is a problem that excites the earnest thought of many of the English gentlemen with whom I have conversed. Education is a duty, however, and the wisest policy is what has been adopted, to spare no pains to open every avenue of thought and progress to the native mind and leave the result to Providence.

Lord Lytton left for the hills, and General Grant became the guest of Sir Ashley Eden, Governor-General of Bengal, to whose beautiful residence we removed on the afternoon of the 12th of March. Sir Ashley is one of the famous men in the British service, who has done noble work in India, and by

sheer force of character and ability has risen to one of the high places in the empire. His home, Belvedere, is on the site, as I was told, of the residence occupied by Warren Hastings, when that celebrated man was the governor of India. It is a noble building, almost suggesting the White House, and looking out upon a well-ordered park, and a lawn that would do no discredit to the cloisters of Oxford. In the evening there was a garden party, where we met the noted people of English and Indian race. Lord Lytton attended this feast for the purpose of taking his leave of General Grant. Before leaving he had a long and almost affectionate interview with General Grant, who thanked him for the splendor and hospitality of our reception in India. It was pleasant for us all 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 Viceroy spoke of Everett and Webster and Clay and the men he knew; of ladies and gentlemen who flourished under Tyler and Fillmore, 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. Such a position was now every American's heritage, and its protection should be his first thought.

Lord Lytton's administration of India will long be remembered. I find, in conversing with the people, that opinions widely differ as to its character. It was curious to find the strong opinions that had been formed for and against the Viceroy. It showed that in India political feeling ran as high as at home. The moment the Viceroy's name is mentioned in

any Indian circle you hear high praise or severe condemnation. It seemed to me that an administration of so positive a character as to excite these criticisms is sure to make its impression on history, and not fall nerveless and dead. The criticisms passed upon Lord Lytton were calculated to raise him in the estimation of those who had no feelings in Indian affairs and



PICNIC UNDER BANYAN TREES.

saw only the work he was doing. One burning objection to his Lordship was his decision in a case where an Englishman received a nominal sentence for having struck a native a blow which caused his death. The blow was not intended to kill. It was a hasty, petulant act, and the native, ailing from a diseased spleen, fell, and, rupturing his spleen, died. The courts

treated the matter as an ordinary case of assault and battery ; held that the native would have died anyhow from the diseased spleen, and so allowed the matter to pass without punishment. The Viceroy interfered and put a heavy hand on the judges, and all official India arose in arms. The idea of this young literary man, this poet, this sentimental diplomatist, coming from the salons of Paris and Lisbon to apply his poetic fancies to the stern duties of governing an empire in India—such a thing had never been known. How different this man from those granite statesmen who blew Sepoys from cannon and hanged suspicious characters and saved the empire. If the right, the consecrated right of an Englishman to beat a “nigger” is destroyed, then there is no longer an India. I cannot exaggerate the feeling which this incident caused. I heard of it in every part of India we visited. Even from the case as presented by the critics of the Viceroy, it seemed a noble thing to do. I saw in it one of the many signs to convince me that India is passing from the despotism of a pany, who recognized no rights but those of large div and a surplus revenue, to a government before whom all have equal justice, and which will see that the humble kah-wallah is as much protected as the proudest peer. you read the history of India, its sorrow, its shame, its oppression, its wrong, it is grateful to see a Viceroy resolved to do justice to the humblest at the expense of his popularity with the ruling class.

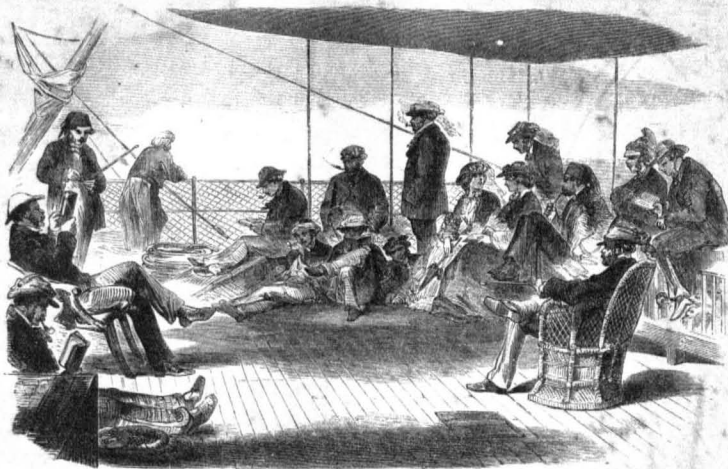
It was at Sir Ashley Eden's entertainment that General Grant received intelligence that the “Richmond,” which he had been expecting to meet him at Ceylon, had not yet passed through the Suez canal. This was a great disappointment to the General, because he hoped to have visited Ceylon and Madras. He had received a pressing invitation from the Duke of Buckingham, who governs Madras, as well as from the Governor of Ceylon ; but to have waited for the steamer would have prolonged our stay for several days. The General felt that it would be unbecoming to trespass further upon the hosts who had been so kind to him, and learning that the steamer

"Simla," commanded by Captain Franks, was to sail for Burmah at midnight, he resolved to visit Rangoon. This resolution left Ceylon and Madras unvisited, to our regret; but it opened a new field of observation in a country full of interest, promising to be even more interesting. We had come to India late, because of our waiting for the "Richmond," and all the Europeans in India who could go were flying to the hills. Moreover, we all felt the heat so severely that even General Grant, who is an intense and merciless traveler, indifferent to the fatigues or the hardships of travel, was counting the days until we should pass the Straits of Malacca, and find comfort in the temperate zone of China and Japan.



LOW CASTES.

When we embarked on the "Simla" at midnight we took our leave of Sir Ashley, who came to say good-by. In taking leave of him we felt like saying good-by to India; and the thought that occurred to us all, and to no one more than General Grant, was one of gratitude for the splendid hospitality we had received. We had made a rapid tour, too rapid, indeed, to see the country as fully as we could have wished; but from the time of our arrival in Bombay, as the guests of Sir Richard Temple at Malabar Point, until we left the stately home of Sir Ashley Eden in Calcutta, we received nothing but kindness, unvarying and considerate, and the memory of which will always make us feel that our residence in India was a residence among friends.



ON THE "SIMLA."

CHAPTER XXX.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT—BURMAH.

WHEN morning came we found ourselves still steaming down the Hoogly. We found the "Simla" as comfortable as though it had been our own yacht. There were no passengers on board beyond our own party. Captain Franks was a young and able officer, and our run across the Bay of Bengal was as pleasant as over a summer sea. The nights were so warm that it was impossible to sleep in our cabins, and we sought our rest lying about on the deck. It adds something to the felicity of travel in the tropics to lie under the stars with the universe around you. The disagreeable part is the early rising, for with the dawn come the coolies with broom and bucket to scrub the decks. This is conducive to early rising, and I think we can all say that since coming to the tropics there has been no morning when we have not seen the sun rise. But being roused at dawn was never regarded by any of us as a hardship, except, perhaps, the doctor

and the colonel, whose views as to the rest and nourishment required by the human frame are conservative. But although this rising with the sun breaks awkwardly upon one's slothful civilized habits, it becomes in time one of the pleasures of the tropics. Then, if ever, you have what cool breezes come from the sea. You are sheltered from the imperious sun. If the coolie, with his brush and broom, comes to disturb you, your own servant also comes 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, and meditation.

Many were the conversations which took place between General Grant and our party in reference to the great scenes and events in which he had taken part. It was while sailing over summer seas, like the Bay of Bengal, that General Grant found opportunities for recalling and commenting upon many incidents in the recent history of America. It seems to me that I can do no better service to the historian than to throw my memoranda of these conversations into permanent shape. There are few men more willing to converse on subjects on which he is acquainted than General Grant. The charm of his talk is that it is never about anything that he does not know, and what he does know he knows well. He is never vindictive, and never gossips, and when referring to men and things in his eventful career seems passionless and just. When I was in Hamburg I made a synopsis of some of his conversations and sent them to the *New York Herald*. Some of my readers may remember the profound impression created by what became known in the newspaper literature of the time as "The Hamburg Interview." Most of our journals took it up, and for weeks the statements it contained were the themes of comment and discussion. My own humble part in that publication was not overlooked, and I was interested in the variety of motives assigned to me by my brethren in the editorial profession. It was suggested at the time that I should take part in the controversy that swayed the country—that I should soothe military susceptibilities—that I should reconcile historical differences—that at least I should explain how it was that no bat-

tle had been fought at Lookout Mountain, when perhaps the most gigantic picture of modern times commemorated the event, and how it was that Shiloh was not a defeat, after it had been determined as such by the shoal of newspaper writers who floated about the gunboats at Pittsburg Landing. So far as these criticisms were personal to myself, they did not seem worthy of attention. My office was that of a reporter, and so long as General Grant did not challenge the accuracy of what was written it was not necessary for me to speak.



THE HOOGLY RIVER.

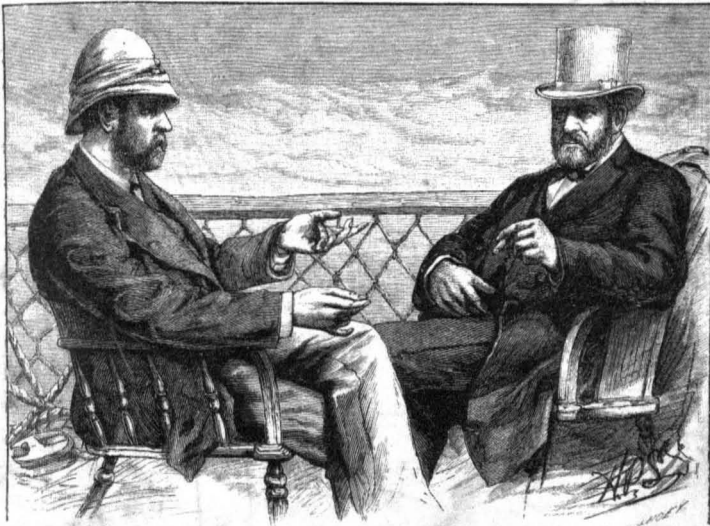
It is possible, however, that in reprinting the essential parts of "The Hamburg Interview," and in adding to it very largely from my memoranda of General Grant's conversations, controversy may again arise. I will say, therefore, that before I printed "The Hamburg Interview" in *The Herald*, the manuscript was submitted to General Grant. A great deal was omitted in deference to his wishes. But I make it a rule in all my publications concerning the General, whenever I have quoted him, to ask his permission to print, and to ask him also

to revise my report to see that I have quoted him correctly. It may not be uninteresting to add that it was not without reluctance that General Grant gave his consent. This arose from his dislike to appear in print. But it seemed to me that one who had played so great a part in the world's affairs should not pass away without being heard concerning events which he had governed, and which will live in history so long as American history is written. I do not claim the dignity of history for these conversations; I only claim that they represent the opinions of General Grant, and now go to the world with his knowledge and consent.

I note among our conversations one memorandum concerning his administration. "I hear a good deal in politics about expediency," said the General, one day. "The only time I ever deliberately resolved to do an expedient thing for party reasons, against my own judgment, was on the occasion of the expansion or inflation bill. I never was so pressed in my life to do anything as to sign that bill, never. It was represented to me that the veto would destroy the Republican party in the West; that the West and South would combine and take the country, and agree upon some even worse plan of finance; some plan that would mean repudiation. Morton, Logan, and other men, friends whom I respected, were eloquent in presenting this view. I thought at last I would try and save the party, and at the same time the credit of the nation, from the evils of the bill. I resolved to write a message, embodying my own reasoning and some of the arguments that had been given me, to show that the bill, as passed, did not mean expansion or inflation, and that it need not affect the country's credit. The message was intended to soothe the East, and satisfy the foreign holders of the bonds. I wrote the message with great care, and put in every argument I could call up to show that the bill was harmless and would not accomplish what its friends expected from it. Well, when I finished my wonderful message, which was to do so much good to the party and country, I read it over, and said to myself: 'What is the good of all this? You do not believe it. You know it is not

true.' Throwing it aside I resolved to do what I believed to be right—veto the bill! I could not," said the General, smiling, "stand my own arguments. While I was in this mood—and it was an anxious time with me, so anxious that I could not sleep at night, with me a most unusual circumstance—the ten days were passing in which the President must sign or veto a bill. On the ninth day I resolved inflexibly to veto the bill and let the storm come. I gave orders that I would see no one, and went into the library to write my message. Senator Edmunds came to the White House and said he only wanted to say one word. He came in looking very grave and anxious. He said he wanted to speak of the inflation bill, to implore me not to sign it. I told him I was just writing a message vetoing it. He rose a happy man, and said that was all he wanted to say, and left. When the Cabinet met my message was written. I did not intend asking the advice of the Cabinet, as I knew a majority would oppose the veto. I never allowed the Cabinet to interfere when my mind was made up, and on this question it was inflexibly made up. When the Cabinet met, I said that I had considered the inflation bill. I read my first message, the one in which I tried to make myself and every one else believe what I knew was not true, the message which was to save the Republican party in the West, and save the national credit in the East and Europe. When I finished reading, I said that as this reasoning had not satisfied me, I had written another message. I read the message of veto, saying that I had made up my mind to send it in. This prevented a debate, which I did not want, as the question had passed beyond debate. There was only one word changed, on the suggestion of Mr. Robeson. I said, if I remember, that no 'patent-medicine' scheme of printed money would satisfy the honest sentiment of the country. Robeson thought the 'patent-medicine' allusion might be unnecessarily offensive to the friends of inflation. So I changed it, although I wish I had not. The country might have accepted the word as a true definition of the inflation scheme. The message went in, and, to my surprise, I received no warmer commendations than from the West. I remember one long

dispatch from James F. Wilson, of Iowa, a glowing enthusiastic dispatch. Bristow also sent me a warm dispatch, and it was that dispatch, by the way, as much as anything else, that decided me to offer Bristow the Treasury. The results of that veto, which I awaited with apprehension, were of the most salutary character. It was the encouragement which it gave to the friends of honest money in the West that revived and strengthened them in the West. You see its fruits to-day in the action of the Republican Convention of Iowa."



A CHAT WITH THE GENERAL.

"Nothing by the way," says the General, "shows the insincerity of politicians more than the course of the Democratic party on the financial question. During the war they insisted that the legal-tender act was unconstitutional, and that the law making paper legal tender should be repealed. Now they insist that there should be millions of irredeemable currency in circulation. When the country wanted paper they clamored for gold, now when we are rich enough to pay gold they want paper. I am surprised that our writers and speakers do not make

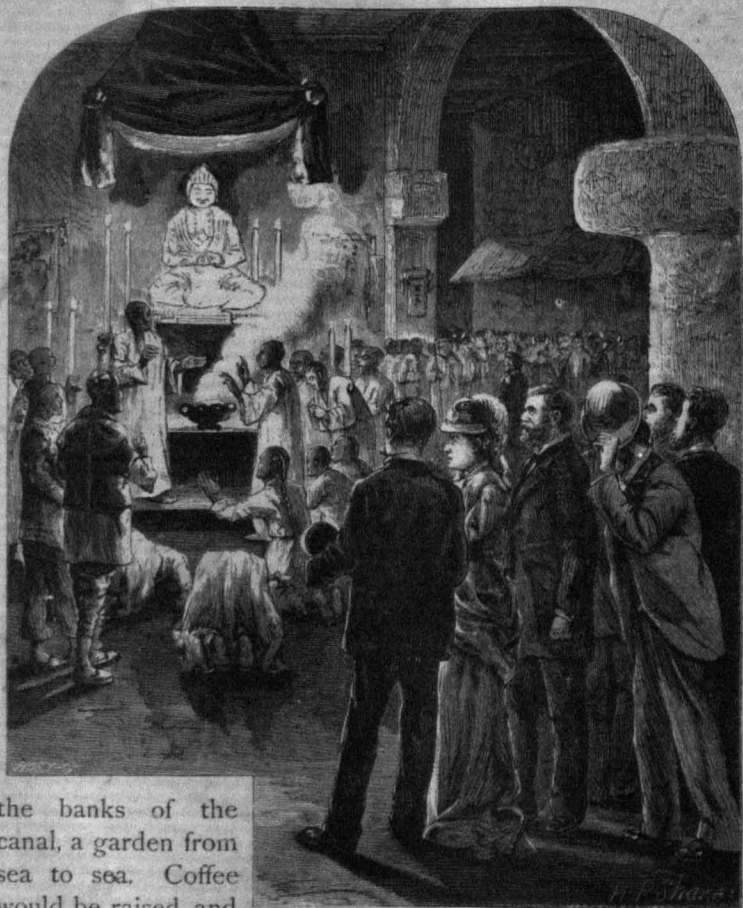
more of this extraordinary contradiction. It only shows the insincerity of so much of our political action.

"Financial questions at home," continued the General, "are settling themselves in spite of the politicians. Wherever our friends have tampered with silver bills and inflation they have suffered. Political leaders who make these concessions will be in about the same position as those who went after Know-Nothingism at the time the country had that scare. With a people as honest and proud as the Americans, and with so much common sense, it is always a mistake to do a thing, not entirely right for the sake of expediency. When the silver bill was passed I wrote General Sherman, and advised him to suggest to the Secretary, his brother, the plan of paying Congress in silver. I made a calculation," said the General, laughing, "that it would have taken about twenty wagons to have carried silver enough to the capital to have paid the Congressmen and the employés for one month. They could not have carried their pay off except in wheelbarrows. As they passed the bill it was proper that they should enjoy its first-fruits. It would have made the whole thing ridiculous. If I had been President, and could have raised silver enough for the purpose, the Congressmen would have had silver at legal rates. The men who voted for the silver bill, like the old Know-Nothing leaders, will spend the remainder of their lives in explaining their course. Already in the West you see the reaction."

"The question of public improvements," said the General, "is one that must attract the attention of our statesmen. I have been very much impressed with what France is doing now. You see the republic has voted one thousand millions of dollars, as much as the German indemnity, to build railroads, improve harbors, and so on. This is a magnificent work. In America the mistakes we made in the building of the Pacific railway has deterred our people from going any further. If that road had been built by our own engineers, with the system of accountability that exists in the army, millions would have been saved. But because we made a mistake then, we should not oppose all plans for developing the country. I gave

much thought, when I was President, to the subject of a canal across Central America, a ship canal connecting the two oceans. But, somehow, I had not influence enough with the administration to make it an administration measure. I did all I could to pave the way for it. My old friend Admiral Ammen did some admirable work. Mr. Fish did not feel the same interest, but he did all that was necessary. There are several routes for such a canal, but the best one is that through Nicaragua. The Lesseps plan cannot succeed. I studied the question thoroughly, and read all the reports. As a young officer I crossed the continent on the Nicaragua route, and I have no doubt that it is the true one. I may not live to see it done, but it must be some day. The route through Columbia is expensive and difficult on account of the rocks and streams. The Panama route would be difficult and expensive. There would be tunnels to cut. The tropical winter rains, and the torrents that would sweep into the canal, carrying rocks, trees, stones, and other *débris*, would make the keeping of the canal in order a costly business. On the Tehuantepec route the water would have to be raised so high, by a system of locks, that it could not pay. Nature seems to have made the route through Nicaragua. Ammen collected an immense mass of information on the subject, which now is in the Navy Department. It will be found of inestimable value when the time comes. Ammen showed great ability and industry in doing this work for another generation. Mr. Fish made drafts of all the treaties necessary with Costa Rica and Nicaragua. He also considered and arranged all the questions that might arise with foreign powers as to the control of the canal, and left everything to the State Department ready for action when the time comes. After Mr. Hayes came in, I called on Mr. Evarts and spent an hour with him going over the whole subject, telling him what we had done, and explaining the exact position in which I had left the question. I urged upon him the value of the work. I suppose, however, Mr. Hayes finds the same difficulty that I encountered, the difficulty of interesting people in the subject. But it will come, it must come. If we do not do it, our

children will. The governments of Costa Rica and Nicaragua are favorable. They would be the gainers. Our capital, our enterprise, our industry would go in and make a garden on



IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

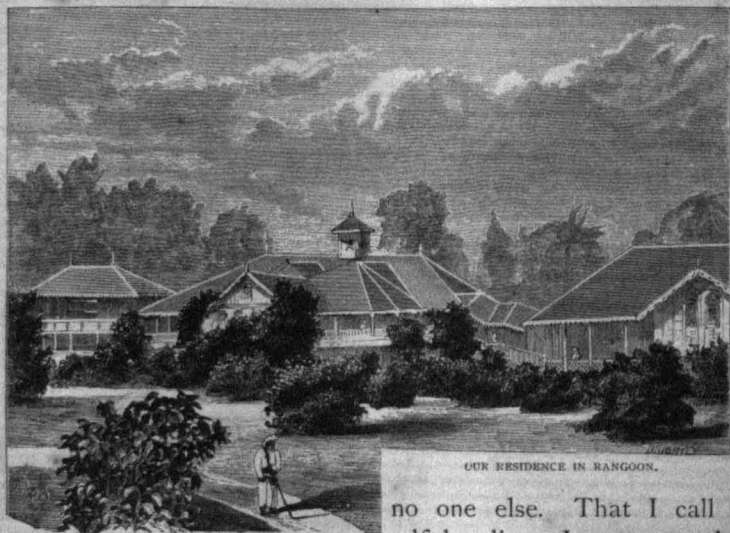
the banks of the canal, a garden from sea to sea. Coffee would be raised and other tropical crops

enough for our own use and to supply other nations. It would be a great gain to the Pacific coast. When I talked to Stanford of the Pacific road, in the anticipation that his railroad interests would make him inimical to another trans-

port route, I found that he favored it. It would divert the tea trade from China. Ammen made a calculation showing that in the carrying of wheat alone enough would be saved to pay the interest on the eighty millions of dollars necessary to build the canal. And wheat is only one of the many products that would be benefited. I estimate eighty millions as the maximum figure. I counted the cost. Then I added twenty-five per cent. to the cost to cover waste and profit, then a hundred per cent. to allow for the unusual difficulties in the way of labor in the tropics. It would aid in solving the Chinese question. California would find a place for the Chinese laborers who are now worrying her. The more this question is studied the more our people will see its wisdom. Public opinion should be educated so as to press the subject upon Congressmen. The press could do no better work than to agitate the question. The only people who would be injured would be some of the South American States. My opinion is, it would add largely to the wealth of the Pacific coast, and, perhaps, change the whole current of the trade of the world."

An allusion was made to the differences of opinion that exist among a people as numerous as the English on great questions, and especially on the Eastern Question. "I did not know much," said the General, "about the Eastern Question until I came to Europe. The more I looked into it, the more I was drawn irresistibly to the belief that the Russian side was the true one. Perhaps I should say the side of Mr. Gladstone. On the Eastern Question there is more diversity in England than elsewhere. As I was traveling through the East, I tried hard to find something in the policy of the English government to approve. But I could not. I was fresh from England, and wanted to be in accord with men who had shown me as much kindness as Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues. But it was impossible. England's policy in the East is hard, reactionary, and selfish. No one can visit those wonderful lands on the Mediterranean, without seeing what they might be under a good government. I do not care under which flag the government flourished, English or French, Italian or Russian, its in-

fluence would be felt at once in the increased happiness of the people, toleration to all religions, and great prosperity. Take the country, for instance, that extends from Joppa to Jerusalem!—the plain of Sharon and the hills and valleys beyond. What a garden the French would make of that! Think what a crop of wheat could be raised there, within easy sail of the best markets! As I understand the Eastern Question, the great obstacle to the good government of these countries is England. Unless she can control them herself she will allow



OUR RESIDENCE IN RANGOON.

no one else. That I call a selfish policy. I cannot see the humanity of keeping those noble countries under a barbarous rule, merely because there are apprehensions about the road to India. If England went in and took them herself I should be satisfied. But if she will not, why keep other nations out? It seems to me that the Eastern Question could be settled easily enough if the civilizing powers of Europe were to sink their differences and take hold. Russia seems to be the only power that really means to settle it, and it is a mistake of England that she has not been allowed to do so with the general sympathy of the world."

This led to a rambling talk about the countries of Europe which the General had visited. "The two sections of my tour," said the General, "which, as a mere pleasure-jaut, were most agreeable, were Sweden and Norway, and Egypt. If I were to indicate a model European trip, I would say, Egypt in the winter, Sweden and Norway in the summer. I would like nothing better than to take a dahabeeah and go up the Nile next winter. It is the perfection of winter climate, just as Sweden and Norway have the perfection of summer climate. England was of course the most enjoyable part of the trip in other respects. It was the next thing to going home. Scotland was especially interesting. I enjoyed my visit to Dunrobin, where the Duke of Sutherland lives, and also to Inverary, the home of the Duke of Argyle. I was prepared to like the Duke of Argyle from his course in our war, and I left Inverary with the greatest respect and esteem for him. I met no man in Europe who inspired a higher feeling than the Duke. I received nothing but the utmost kindness from every Englishman, from the head of the nation down. Next to my own country, there is none I love so much as England. Some of the newspapers at home invented a story to the effect that the Prince of Wales had been rude to me. It was a pure invention. I cannot conceive of the Prince of Wales being rude to any man. I met him on several occasions in London and Paris, and he treated me with the utmost courtesy and kindness."

"Speaking of the notable men I have met in Europe," said General Grant, "I regard Bismarck and Gambetta as the greatest. I saw a good deal of Bismarck in Berlin, and later in Gastein, and had long talks with him. He impresses you as a great man. In some respects his manners and his appearance, especially when you see him in profile, remind you of General Butler. Gambetta also impressed me greatly. I was not surprised when I met him to see the power he wielded over France. I should not be surprised at any prominence he might attain in the future. I was very much pleased with the Republican leaders in France. They seemed a superior body of men.

My relations with them gave me great hopes for the future of the republic. They were men apparently of sense, wisdom, and moderation."

"I remember in Gibraltar," said the General, "talking with Lord Napier of our Mexican war. Lord Napier said he understood that there was a great deal of very savage fighting between the United States soldiers and the Mexicans, that he had read stories at the time of bowie-knife encounters and other savage performances. I told him that when we were in the army in Mexico we used to be amused at reading of the



SIGNAL PAGODA, RANGOON.

deeds of heroism attributed to officers and soldiers, none of which we ever saw. The Mexicans were badly commanded, and there was very little hard fighting during that war, at least nothing to be compared with what was seen afterward in our own. Our soldiers had only to show the bayonet at the Mexicans and they would run. As to the bowie-knife, I do not think one was used during the war. It was a pity to see good troops used as the Mexican soldiers were in those campaigns. I do not think a more incompetent set of officers ever existed than those who commanded the Mexicans. With an able general the Mexicans would make a good fight, for they are a courageous people. But I do not suppose any war was ever

fought with reference to which so many romances were invented as the war in Mexico."

"When our war ended," said General Grant, "I urged upon President Johnson an immediate invasion of Mexico. I am not sure whether I wrote him or not, but I pressed the matter frequently upon Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward. You see, Napoleon in Mexico was really a part, and an active part, of the rebellion. His army was as much opposed to us as that of Kirby Smith. Even apart from his desire to establish a monarchy, and overthrow a friendly republic, against which every loyal American revolted, there was the active co-operation between the French and the rebels on the Rio Grande which made it an act of war. I believed then, and I believe now, that we had a just cause of war with Maximilian, and with Napoleon if he supported him—with Napoleon especially, as he was the head of the whole business. We were so placed that we were bound to fight him. I sent Sheridan off to the Rio Grande. I sent him post haste, not giving him time to participate in the farewell review. My plan was to give him a corps, have him cross the Rio Grande, join Juarez, and attack Maximilian. With his corps he could have walked over Mexico. Mr. Johnson seemed to favor my plan, but Mr. Seward was opposed, and his opposition was decisive."

The remark was made that such a move necessarily meant a war with France.

"I suppose so," said the General. "But with the army that we had on both sides at the close of the war, what did we care for Napoleon? Unless Napoleon surrendered his Mexican project I was for fighting Napoleon. There never was a more just cause for war than what Napoleon gave us. With our army we could do as we pleased. We had a victorious army, trained in four years of war, and we had the whole South to recruit from. I had that in my mind when I proposed the advance on Mexico. I wanted to employ and occupy the Southern army. We had destroyed the career of many of them at home, and I wanted them to go to Mexico. I am not sure now that I was sound in that conclusion. I have thought

that their devotion to slavery and their familiarity with the institution would have led them to introduce slavery, or something like it, into Mexico, which would have been a calamity. Still, my plan at the time was to induce the Southern troops to go to Mexico, to go as soldiers under Sheridan, and remain as settlers. I was especially anxious that Kirby Smith with his command should go over. Kirby Smith had not surrendered, and I was not sure that he would not give us trouble before surrendering. Mexico seemed an outlet for the disappointed and dangerous elements in the South, elements brave and warlike and energetic enough, and with their share of the best qualities of the Anglo-Saxon character, but irreconcilable in their hostility to the Union. As our people had saved the Union and meant to keep it, and manage it as we liked, and not as they liked, it seemed to me that the best place for our defeated friends was Mexico. It was better for them and better for us. I tried to make Lee think so when he surrendered. They would have done perhaps as great a work in Mexico as has been done in California."

It was suggested that Mr. Seward's objection to attack Napoleon was his dread of another war. The General said: "No one dreaded war more than I did. I had more than I wanted. But the war would have been national, and we could have united both sections under one flag. The good results accruing from that would in themselves have compensated for another war, even if it had come, and such a war as it must have been under Sheridan and his army—short, quick, decisive, and assuredly triumphant. We could have marched from the Rio Grande to Mexico without a serious battle."

In one of our conversations upon the General's desire to drive Maximilian out of Mexico at the close of the Secession war, the observation was made that such a war would have had an important bearing upon the fortunes of Napoleon. "No one can tell what the results would have been in France," said the General; "but I believe they would have been very important. Maximilian's life would have been saved. If Sheridan had gone

into Mexico, he would of course have saved Maximilian. We should never have consented to that unfortunate and unnecessary execution. I don't think Napoleon could have rallied France into a war against us in defense of slavery. You see that he could not rally it against Prussia. His empire, never really strong, would have had such a shock that it would most probably have fallen, as fall it did five years later, and France would now be a republic—minus Sedan. Mr. Seward's objection to my Mexican plan cost Maximilian his life and gave the



A BURMESE PLAY.

emperor five more years of power. Still, Mr. Seward may have been right. War is so terrible that I can conceive of no reason short of a defense of the national honor or integrity that can justify it."

This led to a conversation upon the character of the French emperor and of Napoleonism generally. "I have always had," said General Grant, "an aversion to Napoleon and the whole family. When I was in Denmark the Prince Imperial was there, and some one thought it might be pleasant for me to meet him. I declined, saying I did not want to see him or any

of his family. Of course the first emperor was a great genius, but one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. Outside of his military skill I do not see a redeeming trait in his character. He abused France for his own ends, and brought incredible disasters upon his country to gratify his selfish ambition. I do not think any genius can excuse a crime like that. The third Napoleon was worse than the first, the especial enemy of America and liberty. Think of the misery he brought upon France by a war which, under the circumstances, no one but a madman would have declared. I never doubted how the war would end, and my sympathies at the outset were entirely with Germany. I had no ill-will to the French people, but to Napoleon. After Sedan I thought Germany should have made peace with France, and I think that if peace had been made then, in a treaty which would have shown that the war was not against the French people, but against a tyrant and his dynasty, the condition of Europe would now be different. Germany especially would be in a better condition, without being compelled to arm every man, and drain the country every year of its young men to arm against France."

"Any one," said the General, "who looked at the conditions of the war between Germany and France, and who knew anything about war, could not help seeing the result. I never in my own mind doubted the result. The policy of Germany had been to make every male over eighteen years of age and under forty-five a trained soldier, enrolled in some organization. When reinforcements were required the new levies were fit for the most desperate work from the first moment of taking the field. The French policy under Napoleon was far different. The empire distrusted the people—never gave the people its confidence. The people were not only distrusted, and kept from the discipline of arms, but were rendered as unfit as possible to become soldiers in an emergency. Losses sustained by the Germans were at once replaced by men as effective as those who had been disabled. Losses sustained by the French, if replaced, were by men who were an element of weakness

THE GANGES



until they could have a few months training out of the way of a hostile force. Under these circumstances how was it possible for any one on reflection to doubt the result. There exists, and has since the foundation of our government always existed, a traditional friendship between our people and the French. I had this feeling in common with my countrymen. But I felt at the same time that no people had so great an interest in the removal of Napoleonism from France as the French people. No man outside of France has a deeper interest in the success of the French republic than I have."

"I never shared the apprehension felt by so many of our leading men," said General Grant, "as to the recognition of the Southern rebellion, as a Confederacy, by England or France, or by both. It used to be the great bugbear during the war that the Confederacy might be recognized. Well, suppose it had been recognized! It would not have interfered with Canby, or Meade, or Sherman, who would have kept on marching. I am sure I should not have drawn away from Richmond. It would not have interfered with our money supplies, as we were buying our own loans. It would not have affected supplies of men, as we did not have more than three per cent. of our army who were not full citizens when the war began. We would have gone on about the same, and ended about the same. The difference would have been with England. We could not have resisted a war with England. Such a war, under the conditions of the two countries, would have meant the withdrawal of England from the American continent. Canada would have become ours. If Sheridan, for instance, with our resources, could not have taken Canada in thirty days he should have been cashiered. I don't mean this as a reflection upon the patriotism or bravery of the people of Canada, they are as good a people as live, but facts were against them. We could have thrown half a million of men into their country, not militia but men inured to war. They would have covered Canada like a wave. Then, if you look at the map, you will find that the strategic and defensive points of the Canadian frontier are within our lines. It seems odd that Eng-

land should have consented to a treaty that leaves her colony at the mercy of another country, but so it is. There is no English soldier who would risk his reputation by attempting to defend such a line against the United States. Well, England might have bombarded or occupied the Atlantic cities, or laid



THE GRAND PAGODA.

them under contribution. It does not do a town much harm to bombard it, as I found out at Vicksburg. If she had occupied the cities she would have had to feed the people, which would have been very expensive. If she had laid them under contribution the nation would have paid the bill, and England would have lost ten dollars for every one she exacted. She

might have blockaded our coasts. Well, I cannot think of anything that would do America more good than a year or two of effective blockade. It would create industries, throw us back upon ourselves, teach us to develop our own resources. We should have to smuggle in our coffee—we could raise our own tea. It would keep our people at home. Hundreds if not thousands of privateers would have preyed upon English commerce, as English-built ships preyed upon ours. The war would have left her carrying trade where our trade was. If England were to blockade our ports, she would succeed in nothing so effectively as in cutting off her own supplies of food. America really depends upon the world for nothing. England might have sent troops to help the South, but she would have to send many more than she did to the Crimea to have made herself felt. Her soldiers would not have been as good as Lee's, because they lacked training. They would have been simply so many raw levies in Lee's army. So far as I was concerned I see no end to such an intervention but the destruction of the English power on the American continent. Other nations would have come in. The moment England struck us, she would have been struck by her enemies elsewhere. It would have been a serious matter to have made such a war, so far as English opinion was concerned. For these reasons I never feared the bugbear of intervention. I am glad it did not take place, especially glad for the sake of England. I never desired war with England. I do not want an inch of her territory, nor would I consider her American possessions worth a regiment of men. They are as much ours now as if they were under our flag. I mean that they are carrying out American ideas in religion, education, and civilization. Perhaps I should say we are carrying out English ideas. It is the same thing, for we are the same. But the men who governed England were wise in not taking an active part in our war. It would have been more trouble to us, but destruction to them. We could not have avoided war, and our war would have begun with more than a million of men in the field. That was our aggregate force when the war ended, and it was a match for

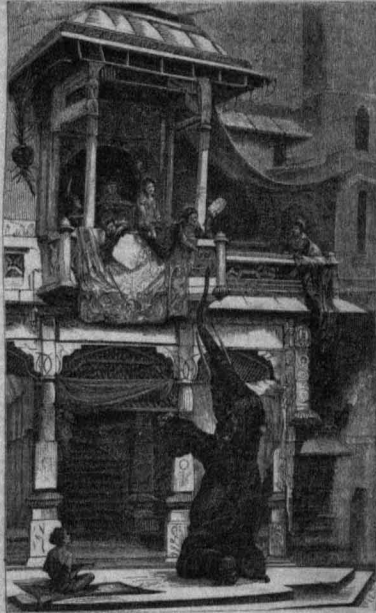
any army in the world, for any at least that could be assembled on the American continent."

On the 19th of March we had crossed the Bay of Bengal, and when the morning rose we found ourselves at the mouth of the river, waiting for the tide to carry us up to Rangoon. It was noon before we reached Rangoon. Two British men-of-war in the stream manned their yards in honor of General Grant. All the vessels in the stream were dressed, and our jaunty little "Simla" streamed with bunting. The landing was covered with scarlet cloth, and among the decorations were English and American flags. All the town seemed to be out, and the river banks were lined with the multitude looking on at the pageant in passive Oriental fashion. 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 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 of 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 requires 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 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 toward which we are steering. Politically Burmah is a part of the British empire, but it is commercially one of the outposts of China, and from now until we leave Japan we shall be under the influence 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

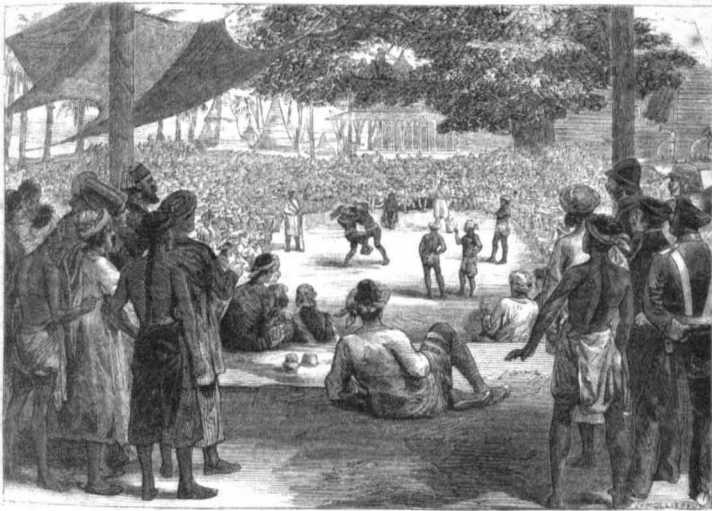


A KNOWING ELEPHANT.

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.

In the sixth century before Jesus Christ came upon the earth there lived near Benares a man whose influence has not been exceeded by that of any spiritual teacher known in history. This was Sakya Muni, better known as Buddha—"The Wise." He belonged to the military caste descended from the sun, whose descendants still reign in Rajpootana, among them our friend the Maharajah of Jeypore. Sakya Muni was the son of a prince who reigned in a small territory about a hundred miles north of Benares. He was not a priest, but, on the contrary, belonged to a class upon which the priests looked down—the "military class," who governed states and commanded armies. He lived until he was thirty, as such princes are apt to do, seeking pleasure and excitement, ever ready for the camp or the chase. There came upon Sakya Muni in his thirtieth year a sense of unworthiness—a feeling that there were better things than physical gratification. He became an enthusiast, and, like Loyola, dedicated himself to religion—to the practice of the most severe forms of asceticism. Christian monasticism is pale in its exactions when compared with what an Indian devotee will undergo. To sit under a tree with an arm uplifted for years until the member shrinks and withers; to lie on the ground under the rain and sun; to stand all day on one foot; to go naked in winter and summer; to accept death in the most cruel forms, walking to a funeral pile and lying down among the flames; to live in the woods and the jungle, subsisting on roots and fruits and leaves—these are among the methods of the devotion which Sakya Muni embraced. He sat down under a tree and there remained in meditation for five years. He thought of the sins and sorrows of the world, its vanity and selfishness, the canker of ambition, the shame of vice, of the immorality of priests, the disrespect shown to sacred

things, and the general unsettling of all goodness and virtue. For five years he remained in silence, in seclusion, with no roof but the tree, exiled from court and palace and throne and the attraction of a military career. During these years of meditation he devised a new faith, and rising journeyed to Benares, the holy city, and preached his faith. The essential principle was that man by meditation might make himself so holy as to come into the possession of that knowledge which



ATHLETIC SPORTS.

God only bestows upon the most holy, and which raises the man himself to the rank of deity. In other words, that man by goodness might become God.

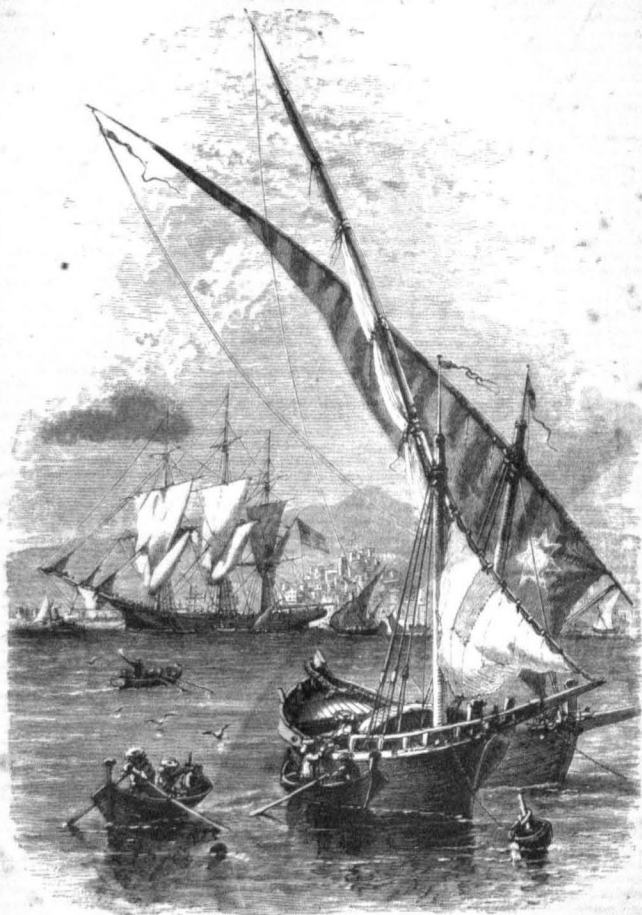
Many dogmas have been proclaimed by the various religious teachers who have arisen from age to age to control and lead mankind. But I know of none more daring or more fascinating than this which came to Sakya Muni as he sat under his tree, that man by virtue and holiness may make himself God. He became at the end of five years Buddha, and in this character, as the human expression of deity, visited Benares. For forty-five

years he preached his faith in Benares, and from place to place throughout India, making converts, encouraging disciples, planting the seeds of his religion, until when he died he had won a divine recognition, and his religion was so firmly planted that for centuries it was the religion of one-half the human race. Even now, although the Brahmins have expelled it from a greater part of India, you find it here in Burmah; and you know that it rules in China, in Thibet, in Japan, and is, perhaps, the dominant religion of the world. What is pleasant to know in the progress of this faith is that no blood was ever shed to enforce it. Mohammed founded a creed and an empire, but he carried his religion at the point of his sword. Sakya Muni, like Jesus Christ, was content with preaching and teaching, and, apart from the blasphemy which Christians see in the rejection of the deity, his teachings form a commendable code of moral law. Subtle expounders of these teachings have changed this law. Some believe in a Supreme Being, an eternal God, who remains in a state of everlasting repose—not an active and an angry God like that of the Jews, who slew enemies and visited his punishments upon the third and fourth generations of those who disobeyed the commandments. Others believe that this Supreme Being is only another name for nature, and that with him is a second deity associated, something like the Father and Son in our own Holy Trinity. These two gods unite and form a third being, who created the world, thus shadowing forth in a startling manner the mystery of the Trinity, and showing that the idea of the Trinity had been dimly seen by good men of the Indian race before our Saviour preached it. The leading theory in the Buddhist faith is repose, that with repose there may be meditation, and from meditation felicity. Another dogma is that there were other Buddhas before Sakya Muni; that each Buddha belonged to a separate world; that Sakya Muni's world will last five thousand years, when another will come and bring a new world with him. In this dogma one sees the doctrine of geological ages—of a Messiah coming again—of the destruction of the world. Each world leads into a higher stage of existence, so that even the exponents of Darwin's

theory of evolution may find that its essential principle was thought out more than two thousand years ago by an Indian prince sitting under a tree. There are many variations of this faith, the most important of which is that there are stages of moral development, men rising into higher grades of felicity by the sanctity of their lives. No one has ever succeeded in reaching to the knowledge which came to Sakya Muni, the profession of which is the creed of every Buddhist. There are various translations of this creed, which one finds written over the temples—"All things proceed from cause. Their cause hath Buddha explained. Buddha hath also explained the causes of the cessation of existence." This lacks the ringing, martial force of the creed of Islam—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." It wants the supreme, majestic declaration recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures—"I am that I am." It fails in that lofty beauty with which John records the creed of Christians—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men." But one notes a resemblance between the two creeds—the one of Buddha and that of John. Each recognizes the beginning of things, the Divinity which then reigned, and the end of things over which Divinity will reign; and the mystery which arose from the meditations of the Indian prince, as well as that which was revealed to the beloved disciple, is the mystery which to-day possesses and perplexes every Christian soul, and which will only be known in that day when all things are made clear.

There are other phases in the Buddhist faith which are worthy of mention. 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 sense,



THE MERGUI ARCHIPELAGO.

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 waxlights, 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. They have convents for women. The temples are places of rest and refuge. Hither come the unfortunate, the poor, the needy, the halt, the 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 barnyard, 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 center 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



A BURMESE BEAUTY.

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.

Interesting, however, as Rangoon has been in its religious aspect, it was even more so as an illustration of the growth of an Asiatic colony under the rule of Great Britain. When Burmah was taken by the British it was believed that the East India Company would find it a costly and useless acquisition. Now it is one of the most valuable of the colonies, presenting a good field for capital and enterprise. Property is secure; the climate, under the sanitary regulations, as good as in any of the tropics, and labor is very cheap. The rice crop is the largest, reaching nearly 2,500,000 acres. About six-sevenths of the soil under cultivation is given to rice. Then comes tobacco, the betel-nut, and the banana. Unsuccessful efforts have been made to raise wheat, flax, and tea. Petroleum exists, although the New York brand was seen in every village we visited. There are mines of lead, iron, copper, antimony, and tin. But as all the mines yielded in 1877 only \$30,000, they must be largely developed; but they add to the resources of the province. For generations there has been a trade in rubies and sapphires, gold and silver, and one of the titles of the king is the "Proprietor of the Mines of the Rubies, Gold, and Silver." These mines are undeveloped, and there is no correct knowledge of their value. The growth of Burmah, and especially the position of Rangoon, as the com-

mercial center, made a deep impression upon General Grant, who finds no part of his visit to Asia so interesting as the study of the resources of these countries and the possibilities of advancing American commerce. There is no subject, the General thinks, more worthy of our attention as a nation than the development of this commerce in the East. Practically we have no place in these markets. If our merchandise comes at all, it is in English ships. Americans who come to Asia see the fruits of American



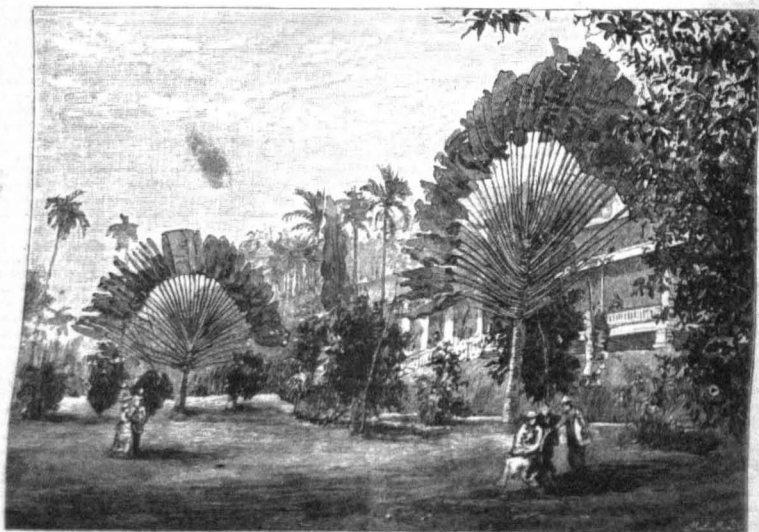
STREET IN RANGOON.

industry and capital, which before they enter the market must pay a tax to England in the shape of freights and the profits of English business. The whole trade is with Great Britain, British India, and the Straits Settlements. The Burmah trade embraced in one year four hundred and fifty-six vessels, while America entered and cleared thirty vessels. England has a virtual monopoly, and especially in calico prints and light silk and gauze goods. In one year this ran up to 30,000,000 yards. Clocks and watches, beads and false pearls, also form a large part of the imports. Machinery, matches, leather, salt, and

silks are also principal articles. The United States sent direct only forty dollars' worth of provisions. Even the petroleum came under other flags. The exports during the same time were rice, raw caoutchouc, a little cotton, raw hides, cutch, and jewelry—not an ounce going to the United States. Rice pays an export duty, which seems to be a hardship. Of course the fact that the British government rules Burmah aids largely in the monopoly of the trade. But the ports are as free to American ships as Liverpool and Cardiff. General Grant, speaking of these facts, and of the impression made upon him by British India, said he knew of no point which offered as good an opening for American enterprise as Rangoon. The principal articles of export—rice and hides—are always in demand in the United States. This gives a basis for trade upon which you can rely. The articles which Burmah receives can be manufactured as cheaply in America as in England. There is no reason why in cotton goods we could not surpass England, as we have our own cotton and our own labor. To meet this demand it is necessary to study the Oriental taste—what the natives fancy in the way of color, texture, and decoration. The English manufacturers send to the East for Oriental patterns and reproduce them. Ingenious men sometimes create a market, and there are no people more impressible than the Orientals. Some time ago the king put a new top on the pagoda. The occasion was observed as a fête. An enterprising dealer had a cheap calico handkerchief printed with a cut of the pagoda as it appeared with the new top, and opened his consignment in time for the fête. The result was that all Burmah ran after this handkerchief. Another article that could be imported from America so as to become a constant trade is ice. Ice is made by machinery; but it is poor, dear, and unsatisfactory, and the machinery is always getting out of order. Ice is a necessity in the tropics all the year round. An ice famine is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a European community. If proper houses were built for storing the ice it could be made a steady and profitable trade. Then we have petroleum and that infinite variety of knick-knacks called Yankee

notions. A trade based on those articles, established in Rangoon, would supply Burmah, permeate Upper Burmah, Siam, and China, and make its way into the islands and settlements.

I throw out these ideas for any of my enterprising readers who care to seize an opportunity, even if they come to Asia to find one, and because it is a part of that interesting subject which now appears to be occupying the attention of our government—the extension of American trade. If, as Mr. Gladstone says, America is passing England in a canter in the race for



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commercial supremacy, the time would seem to be at hand when we should do something in Asia. To do this we should increase and strengthen our consular service. We should have as consular agents Americans, or gentlemen whose interests are in the development of American trade. Our consuls out here, so far as I have seen them, are good men, and you would not wish a better American, or one more alive to the business interests of the nation than the Consul-General for British India, General Litchfield. But in Rangoon we have a member of an

English firm—a gentleman who has never been in the United States—a most worthy man, but not interested in American trade. The reason he has been appointed is because there are no Americans in Rangoon but the missionaries, and in character, social standing, and so on, the appointment is a good one. The point I am making is, that the consular representatives of a great nation like America should have its own people looking after its own affairs. Englishmen know little and care less about our trade, and the government should do its part toward extending our commerce in the East by putting our interests in American hands; private enterprise will do the rest; and I am giving not merely my own opinion, which is nothing, but that of one whose judgment on such matters is surpassed by none other of our statesmen, when I say that no country in the East is more worthy of the attention of our merchants than Burmah; that the harvest is ripe, and whoever comes in will reap a hundred-fold.



ELEPHANTS HAULING LUMBER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.



AFTER leaving Rangoon we ran across to the little town of Moulmain. 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 Moulmain Volunteer Rifles, a militia organization composed of the merchants of Moulmain and young men in the service of the government. This dinner was given in the mess-room 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 Moulmain 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.

We have seen more or less of the elephant in our Indian travels, but always under circumstances to inspire respect—petted, decorated with joyous trappings in the suite of a rajah, or as a war animal in the British army. It seemed like a degradation to see an animal holding so high a place in our imagination hauling logs around a lumber yard. The elephant on the peninsula is a more amiable creature than his brother in Africa, and all through the Malay peninsula he serves as a beast of burden. In Ceylon and some parts of India he has done duty as game, but the Indian government has interfered and prevented the killing of the elephant, or even capturing him in his wild state except by permission of the authorities and for specified useful purposes. The extent to which the elephant can be trained is remarkable. His strength is enormous, and to this power he adds intelligence. He will lift the largest teak logs, and teak is among the heaviest of woods, and arrange them in piles. He will push a log with his foot against the saw, and carry the sawed wood in his tusks or his trunk. In all these maneuvers he is directed by the mahout, who sits on his neck and manages him with a goad, or more generally by a word. Sometimes an elephant is so wild and untamable as to be dangerous, and yet he will serve his masters. We saw one animal, who was pushing logs about, who had killed four or five of the workmen. He was kept in order by a lad who carried a sharp spear keeping the spear always near the elephant's eye. The elephant submitted to the moral influence of a pointed blade in the hands of a puny boy.

The spear is really only a moral influence. If the elephant really wished to attack the keepers a spear would be of little use beyond a stab or two. The memory of these stabs, however, was as effective to the elephant as chains or thongs,

and he rolled his logs about in the most submissive manner. The manner in which the elephant kills a victim is to rush upon and trample him, or to throw him in the air with the trunk and trample him when he falls. The animal has im-



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mense power in the trunk, delicacy and precision in touch, as well as crushing strength. He will pick up a banana or a wisp of grass as surely as a log. The difficulty about using the elephant as we saw it used is the cost. He is an expensive animal, and the cost of supplying him with fruit or bread is large. This

cost is diminished at such places as Moulmain or Rangoon by allowing him to roam in the jungle and eat branches and leaves, just as we turn the horse loose on the village common. Even this, however, is attended with trouble, for the elephant will sometimes wander into the jungle and not return. In that case the tamer elephants are sent after, who capture and punish the recusant brute. There is no efficient way of punishing the elephant except by the aid of other elephants. A few days before we came to Rangoon one of the animals demurred to go on a boat. Two others were marched up, and, under the directions of the mahout, they pounded the resisting animal with their trunks until, for his life's sake, he was glad to embark. Elephants learn the ways of civilized labor. When the bell rings for dinner he will drop his log and march away. If he has been trained to rest on Sunday, no power can make him work on the seventh day of rest. He must have that day for his frolic in the jungle. As a general thing the elephant never becomes really dangerous except at periodical times. There is a belief that he will not breed in captivity; but this is not borne out by the experiences of those who own elephants in Burmah. As labor-saving machinery is introduced, the use of the elephant is abandoned, and in a short time I suppose he will be given up altogether as a laborer in lumber yards and saw-mills.

On March 28th we came to Penang. It was necessary for us to advance slowly on account of the narrow channels and treacherous current. The authorities received General Grant with great distinction, regretting they could not fire a salute because of the serious illness of a British officer in the fort. Mr. Borie did not feel equal to the task of the long drive to the Government House. On the 29th of March there was a reception at the town-hall. Addresses were presented to General Grant by the British residents and the Chinese.

Penang is a British island, embraced in the colony known as the Straits Settlements, and is under the rule of the Governor of Singapore. It is on the western end of the Straits of Malacca, and in north latitude $5^{\circ} 25'$, east longitude $100^{\circ} 21'$.