

we were carried to the Consulate. Here there was luncheon. After luncheon General Grant strolled about the town, and in the evening attended a dinner at the house of the customs commissioner, Mr. Simpson. At the end of the dinner there was a ball, attended by most of the officers of the "Richmond" and the "Ashuelot," and the principal residents. There were fireworks, lanterns, and illuminations, and the little conservative town had quite a holiday.

At midnight General Grant and party, accompanied by Captain Benham, returned on board the "Richmond." There was one incident on the return of a novel and picturesque character. According to the regulations of the American navy no salutes can be fired by men-of-war after the sun goes down. But the "Richmond" was to sail as soon as the General embarked, and before the sun arose would be out at sea. So the Chinese gun-boats sent word that they would fire twenty-one guns as General Grant passed on his barge. The announcement caused some consternation in the well-ordered minds of our naval friends, and there was a grave discussion as to what regulations permitted under the circumstances. It would be rude to China not to return her salute. There were especial reasons for going out of the way to recognize any honor shown us by the Chinese. Our mission in those lands, so far as it was a mission, was one of peace and courtesy and good-will. Captain Benham, with the ready ability and common sense which as a naval officer he possesses in an eminent degree, decided that the courtesy should be honored and answered gun for gun, and that in so doing he would be carrying out in spirit, at least, the regulations which should govern a naval commander. So it came to pass that Lieutenant-Commander Clarke found himself performing a duty which, I suppose, never before devolved upon a naval officer, holding a midnight watch with the gun-crew at quarters ready for the signal which was to justify him in startling the repose of nature on sea and shore with the hoarse and lurid menace of his guns. General Grant's launch had hardly moved before the Chinese gun-boats thundered forth, gun after gun, their terrifying compliment. These

boats have no saluting batteries, and as the guns fired were of heavy caliber, the effect of the fire was startling. The General's launch slowly steamed on, the smoke of the guns rolling along the surface of the waves and clouding the stars. When the last gun was fired there was a pause, and far off in the darkness our vessel, like a phantom ship, silent and brooding, suddenly took life, and a bolt of fire came from her bows, followed swiftly by the sullen roar of the guns. A salute of cannon under any circumstances is imposing. There is so much sincerity in the voice of a cannon that you listen to it as the voice of truth. The power it embodies is pitiless and awful, and felt at night, amid the solemn silence of the universe, it becomes indescribably grand. I have seen few things more impressive than the midnight salute fired at Chefoo in honor of General Grant.

So it came to pass that at midnight, in fire and flame—the angry echoes leaping from shore to shore, and from hill to hill, and over the tranquil waters of a whispering sea—we said farewell to China. Farewell, and again farewell to the land of poetry and romance, antiquity and dreams, of so much capacity, of so little promise, whose civilization is in some things a wonder to us, and in others a reproach. We are but as children in the presence of an empire whose population is ten times as large as ours, whose dominions are more extensive, whose records have gone back unbroken and unquestioned to the ages of our mythology, whose influence has been felt in every part of the world, whose religion and culture and achievements excite the admiration of the learned, and whose conservatism has stood the shock and solicitation of every age. Ancient, vast, unyielding, impenetrable, China sits enthroned in the solitude of Asia, remembering that she was in her splendor before the Roman empire was born, and that her power has survived the mutations of every age. What is her power to-day? That is the question of the nineteenth century, and it is a question which cannot be asked too seriously.

We have had many talks about China among the members of our party—many discussions of this Chinese question. Gen-

eral Grant, during one of these talks, made one or two observations worthy, perhaps, of remembrance. "To those who travel for the love of travel," said the General, "there is little to attract in China or to induce a second visit. My own visit has, however, been under the most favorable circumstances for seeing the people and studying their institutions. My impression is a very favorable one. The Chinese are enduring, patient to the last degree, industrious, and have brought living down to a minimum. By their shrewdness and economy they



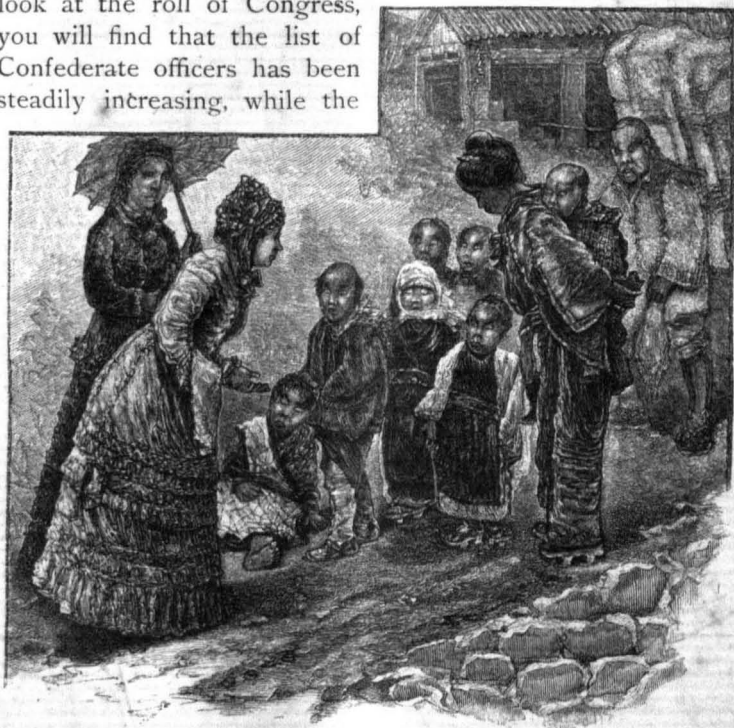
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

have monopolized nearly all the carrying trade, coastwise, of the East, and are driving out all the other merchants. Through India, Malacca, Siam, and the islands from the shores of Africa to Japan, they are the mechanics, market gardeners, stevedores, small traders, servants, and in all callings that contribute to material progress. The Chinese are not a military power, and could not defend themselves against even a small European power. But they have the elements of a strong, great, and independent empire, and may, before many years roll around, assert their power. The leading men thoroughly appreciate

their weakness, but understand the history of Turkey, Egypt, and other powers that have made rapid strides toward the new civilization on borrowed capital and under foreign management and control. They know what the result of all that interference has been so far as national independence is concerned. The idea of those leading men of China with whom I have conversed—and I have seen most of those in the government of the empire—is to gradually educate a sufficient number of their own people to fill all places in the development of railroads, manufactories, telegraphs, and all those elements of civilization so new to them but common and even old with us. Then the Chinese, with their own people to do the work, and with their own capital, will commence a serious advance. I should not be surprised to hear within the next twenty years, if I should live so long, more complaints of Chinese absorption of the trade and commerce of the world than we hear now of their backward position. But before this change there must be a marked political change in China. It may even affect the dynasty, although that will depend upon the dynasty. The present form gives no State powers whatever. It may take off the heads of weak offenders or of a few obnoxious persons, but it is as weak against outside persons as America would be if States rights, as interpreted by Southern Democrats, prevailed. There are too many powers within the government to prevent the whole from exercising its full strength against a common enemy."

During our trip over the China seas it was pleasant to resume our conversations on home subjects and home memories. I remember a conversation with General Grant on war mementos, and the theory of some public men in the North that no memory of the war—no monument—should be preserved. "I never saw a war picture," said the General, "that was pleasant. I tried to enjoy some of those in Versailles, but they were disgusting. At the same time, there was nothing in our war to be ashamed of, and I believe in cherishing the memories of the war so far as they recall the sacrifices of our people for the Union. Personally, I have reason to be more than satisfied

with the estimate the American people have placed upon my services. I see no reason for dissatisfaction on the part of any of the chiefs of the army. But the South has been kinder to her soldiers than the North to those who composed her armies. In the South there is no surer way to public esteem than to have served in the army. In the North it is different. If you look at the roll of Congress, you will find that the list of Confederate officers has been steadily increasing, while the



THE CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.

list of Federal officers has decreased. I can only recall two senators who had any rank in our army, Burnside and Logan. In the House there are very few—Banks, Butler, and Garfield are all that occur to me. It makes one melancholy to see this diminishing roll. While I would do nothing to revive unhappy memories in the South, I do not like to see our soldiers

apologize for the war. Apart from the triumph of the Union, and the emancipation of the slaves, one of the great results of the war was the position it gave us as a nation among the nations of the world. That I have seen every day during my residence abroad, and to me it is one of the most gratifying results of the war. That alone was worth making a great sacrifice for."

"When I took command of the army," said General Grant on one occasion, "I had a dream that I tried to realize—to reunite and recreate the whole army. I talked it over with Sherman. Sherman and I knew so many fine, brave officers. We knew them in West Point and the army. We had the sympathy of former comradeship. Neither Sherman nor I had been in any way concerned in Eastern troubles, and we knew that there were no better soldiers in the army than some of those who were under a cloud with Mr. Stanton. Then I wanted to make the war as national as possible, to bring in all parties. I was anxious especially to conciliate and recognize the Democratic element. The country belonged as well to the Democrats as to us, and I did not believe in a Republican war. I felt that we needed every musket and every sword to put down the rebellion. So when I came East I came prepared and anxious to assign McClellan, Buell, and others to command. I had confidence in their ability and loyalty, confidence which, notwithstanding our differences in politics, has never faltered. But I was disappointed."

The question was asked as to whether Lincoln's administration prevented General Grant from carrying out this purpose. "Not at all," said the General, "the difficulties were not with the administration. The generals were not in a humor to be conciliated. I soon saw my plan was not feasible, and gave it up. I was very sorry, as I should have liked to have had McClellan and Buell, and others I could name, in important commands.

"In looking back at the war," said the General, "it seems most unfortunate both for themselves and the country that these officers should not have made the place in the war which

their abilities would have commanded, and that they should not have rendered their country the service which every soldier is proud to do. I have always regretted that. We had work for everybody during the war, for those especially who knew the business. What interfered with our officers more than anything else was allowing themselves a political bias. That is fatal to a soldier. War and politics are so different. I remember my own feelings about the war when it commenced. I could not endure the thought of the Union separating. When I was in St. Louis the year before Lincoln's election, it made my blood run cold to hear friends of mine, Southern men—as many of my friends were—deliberately discuss the dissolution of the Union as though it were a tariff bill. I could not endure it. The very thought of it was a pain. I wanted to leave the country if disunion was accomplished. I could not have lived in the country. It was this feeling that impelled me to volunteer. I was a poor man, with a family. I never thought of commands or battles. I only wanted to fight for the Union. That feeling carried me through the war. I never felt any special pleasure in my promotions. I was naturally glad when they came. But I never thought of it. The only promotion that I ever rejoiced in was when I was made major-general in the regular army. I was happy over that, because it made me the junior major-general, and I hoped, when the war was over, that I could live in California. I had been yearning for the opportunity to return to California, and I saw it in that promotion. When I was given a higher command, I was sorry, because it involved a residence in Washington, which, at that time, of all places in the country I disliked, and it dissolved my hopes of a return to the Pacific coast. I came to like Washington, however, when I knew it. My only feeling in the war was a desire to see it over and the rebellion suppressed. I do not remember ever to have considered the possibility of a dissolution. It never entered into my head, for instance, to consider the terms we should take from the South if beaten. I never heard Mr. Lincoln allude to such a thing, and I do not think he ever considered it. When the commissioners came

to Hampton Roads to talk peace, he said peace could only be talked about on the basis of the restoration of the Union and the abolition of slavery. That was my only platform, and whenever generals went beyond that to talk of conciliation, and hurting brethren, and States rights, and so on, they made a fatal blunder. A soldier has no right to consider these things.

His duty is to destroy his enemy as quickly as possible. I never knew a case of an officer who went into the war with political ideas who succeeded. I do not mean Democratic ideas alone, but Republican as well. The generals who insisted upon writing emancipation proclamations, and creating new theories of State governments, and invading Canada, all came to grief as surely as those who believed that the main object of the war was to protect rebel property, and



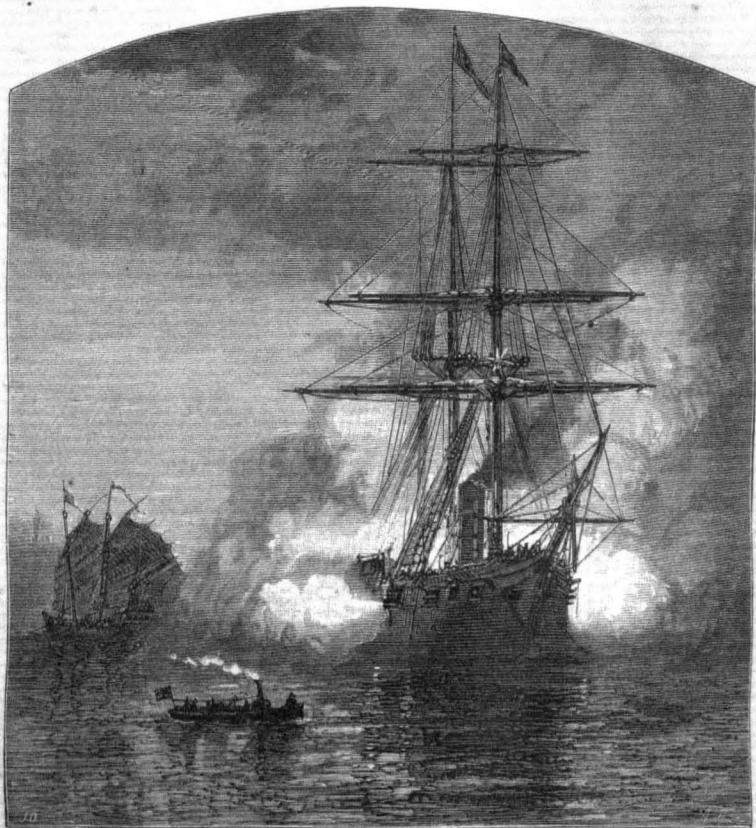
CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

keep the negroes at work on the plantations while their masters were off in the rebellion. I had my views on all of these subjects, as decided as any man, but I never allowed them to influence me.

"With a soldier the flag is paramount," said the General. "I know the struggle with my conscience during the Mexican War. I have never altogether forgiven myself for going into that. I had very strong opinions on the subject. I do not

think there was ever a more wicked war than that waged by the United States on Mexico. I thought so at the time, when I was a youngster, only I had not moral courage enough to resign. I had taken an oath to serve eight years, unless sooner discharged, and I considered my supreme duty was to my flag. I had a horror of the Mexican War, and I have always believed that it was on our part most unjust. The wickedness was not in the way our soldiers conducted it, but in the conduct of our government in declaring war. The troops behaved well in Mexico, and the government acted handsomely about the peace. We had no claim on Mexico. Texas had no claim beyond the Nueces River, and yet we pushed on to the Rio Grande and crossed it. I am always ashamed of my country when I think of that invasion. Once in Mexico, however, and the people, those who had property, were our friends. We could have held Mexico, and made it a permanent section of the Union with the consent of all classes whose consent was worth having. Overtures were made to Scott and Worth to remain in the country with their armies. The Mexicans are a good people. They live on little and work hard. They suffer from the influence of the Church, which, while I was in Mexico at least, was as bad as could be. The Mexicans were good soldiers, but badly commanded. The country is rich, and if the people could be assured a good government, they would prosper. See what we have made of Texas and California—empires. There are the same materials for new empires in Mexico. I have always had a deep interest in Mexico and her people, and have always wished them well. I suppose the fact that I served there as a young man, and the impressions the country made upon my young mind, have a good deal to do with this. When I was in London, talking with Lord Beaconsfield, he spoke of Mexico. He said he wished to heaven we had taken the country, that England would not like anything better than to see the United States annex it. I suppose that will be the future of the country. Now that slavery is out of the way there could be no better future for Mexico than absorption in the United States. But it would have to come, as San

Domingo tried to come, by the free will of the people. I would not fire a gun to annex territory. I consider it too great a privilege to belong to the United States for us to go around gunning for new territories. Then the question of annexa-



FAREWELL TO CHINA.

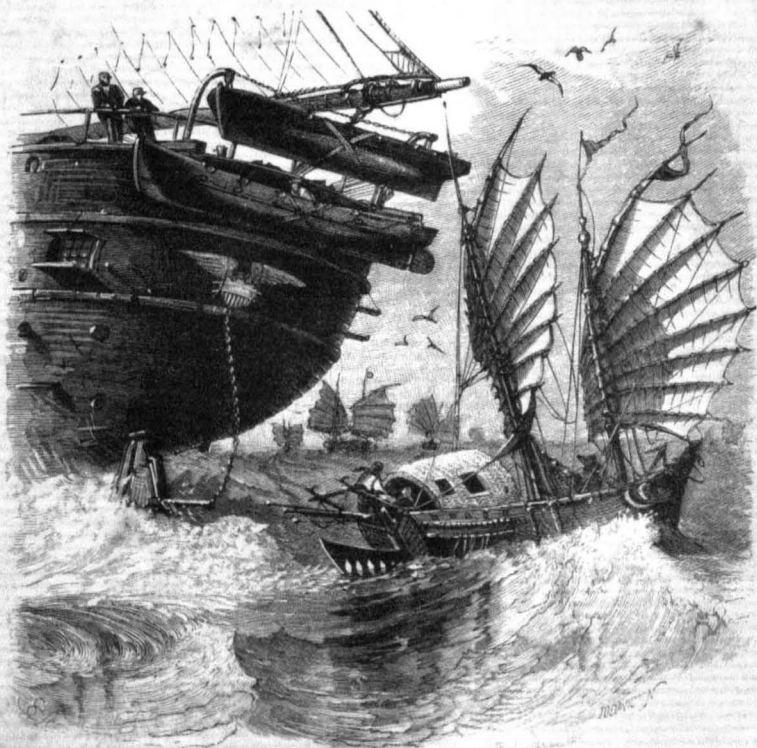
tion means the question of suffrage, and that becomes more and more serious every day with us. That is one of the grave problems of our future.

"When the Mexican War broke out," said the General, "my ambition was to become an assistant professor of mathematics

in West Point. I think I would have been appointed. But so many officers from my regiment had been assigned to other duties that it was nearly stripped, and although I should have been glad to have found an honorable release from serving in a war which I detested and deplored as much as I did our war with Mexico, I had not the heart to press the matter. But in that day conduct counted against a cadet to such a degree that any special excellence in study would be affected by the manner in which he tied his shoes. 'Conduct' did not mean necessarily bad, immoral conduct, but late rising, negligence in dress, and so on. Schofield is one of the best mathematicians in the country, and in other respects a very superior man. Yet his marks in conduct kept him down. The same with Sheridan. Poor Sheridan was put back a year in his course for a row with one of his cadets, and was so low in conduct that in the end he only squeezed through. This conduct rule was an injustice in its old operation; and one reason why I assigned Schofield to command West Point was, that knowing how the rule worked in his day, and against so able a man as himself, he might amend it. I think West Point is the best school in the world. I do not mean the highest grade, but the most thorough in its discipline. A boy to go through four years in West Point, must have the essential elements of a strong, manly character. Lacking any of these he must fail. I hear army men say their happiest days were at West Point. I never had that experience. The most trying days in my life were those I spent there, and I never recall them with pleasure.

"I was never more delighted at anything," said the General, "than the close of the war. I never liked service in the army—not as a young officer. I did not want to go to West Point. My appointment was an accident, and my father had to use his authority to make me go. If I could have escaped West Point without bringing myself into disgrace at home, I would have done so. I remember about the time I entered the academy there were debates in Congress over a proposal to abolish West Point. I used to look over the papers, and read the Congress reports with eagerness, to see the progress

the bill made, and hoping to hear that the school had been abolished, and that I could go home to my father without being in disgrace. I never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when a battle was over. I never want to command another army. I take no interest in

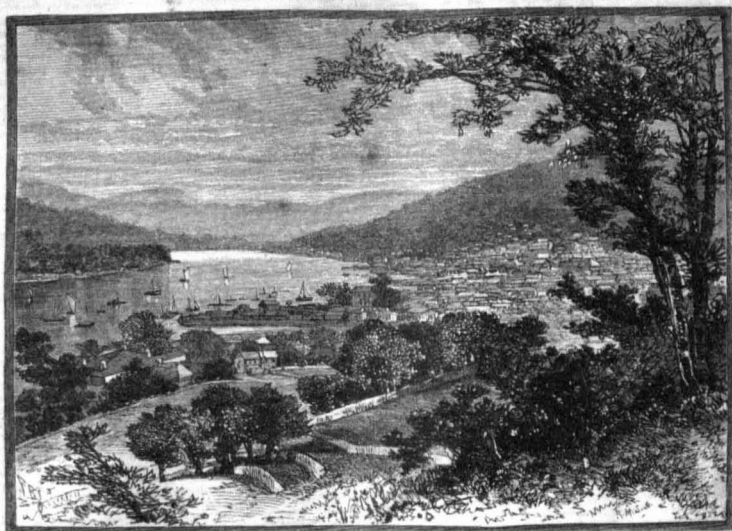


A CLOSE SHAVE.

armies. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershott I told his Royal Highness that the one thing I never wanted to see again was a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty. I had no thought of rank; all I did was to try and make myself useful. My first commission as

brigadier came in the unanimous indorsement of the delegation from Illinois. I do not think I knew any of the members but Washburne, and I did not know him very well. It was only after Donelson that I began to see how important was the work that Providence devolved upon me. And yet after Donelson I was in disgrace and under arrest, and practically without a command, because of some misunderstanding on the part of Halleck. It all came right in time. I never bore Halleck ill will for it, and we remained friendly. He was in command, and it was his duty to command as he pleased. But I hardly know what would have come of it, as far as I was concerned, had not the country interfered. You see Donelson was our first clear victory, and you will remember the enthusiasm that came with it. The country saved me from Halleck's displeasure. When other commands came I always regretted them. When the bill creating the grade of Lieutenant-General was proposed, with my name as the Lieutenant-General, I wrote Mr. Washburne opposing it. I did not want it. I found that the bill was right and I was wrong, when I came to command the Army of the Potomac—that a head was needed to the army. I did not want the Presidency, and have never quite forgiven myself for resigning the command of the army to accept it; but it could not be helped. I owed my honors and opportunities to the Republican party, and if my name could aid it I was bound to accept. The second nomination was almost due to me—if I may use the phrase—because of the bitterness of political and personal opponents. My re-election was a great gratification, because it showed me how the country felt. Then came all the discussions about the third term. I gave my views on that in my letters to Senator White, of Pennsylvania. It is not known, however, how strongly I was pressed to enter the canvass as a candidate. I was waited upon formally by a distinguished man, representing the influences that would have controlled the Republicans in the South, and asked to allow my name to be used. This request was supported by men in the Northern States whose position and character are unquestioned. I said then that under no circumstances would I be-

come a candidate. Even if a nomination and an election were assured I would not run. The nomination, if I ran, would be after a struggle, and before it had been unanimous. The election, if I should win, would be after a struggle, and the result would be far different from what it was before. If I succeeded, and tried to do my best, my very best, I should still have a crippled administration. This was the public view. I never had any illusions on the subject, never allowed myself to be swayed for an instant from my purpose. The pressure was great. But personally I was weary of office. I never wanted to get out of a place as much as I did to get out of the Presidency. For sixteen years, from the opening of the war, it had been a constant strain upon me. So when the third term was seriously presented to me I peremptorily declined it."



NAGASAKI.

CHAPTER XL.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL GRANT—ARRIVAL IN JAPAN.

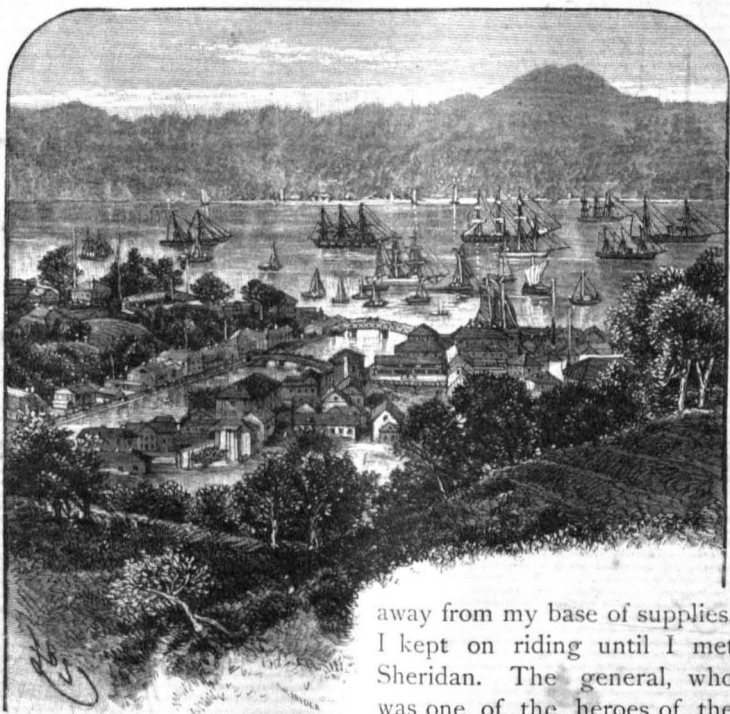
THERE was no special incident on our journey from Chefoo, except on the morning of June 18th, when the sea rose and the wind became a gale. We had had so much good weather since we left Marseilles, that when we came on deck and saw a white, frothing sea, the thermometer going down, and Captain Benham leaning over the rail and looking anxiously at the clouds, we were not in a critical but a grateful mood, for has it not been written that into all lives some rain must fall—some days be dark and dreary? At dinner in the ward-room one of my naval friends had expressed a disgust at the condition of the weather, saying that if these calm seas continued, our grandparents would take to a seafaring life, as the most comfortable way of spending their declining years. Captain Benham watched the storm for

an hour, and then sent word to the "Ashuelot," which was in our rear, to run for a harbor. Our storm was a circular cyclone, a species of tempest that sometimes prevails in these seas. We were on the edge of it, and by moderating our pace, and keeping out of its way, we avoided its fury. By seven o'clock Lieutenant Patch came in from the watch with the cheerful news that the thermometer was going up and the sea was going down. In the morning all was clear and calm again, and we rejoiced in the sunshine and looked for the green shores of Japan.

I again take advantage of the pleasant hours of sailing over a calm sea to recall my memories of the conversations with General Grant.

Here before me is the narrative of Lee's surrender: "On the night before Lee's surrender," said General Grant, "I had a wretched headache—headaches to which I have been subject—nervous prostration, intense personal suffering. But, suffer or not, I had to keep moving. I saw clearly, especially after Sheridan had cut off the escape to Danville, that Lee must surrender or break and run into the mountains—break in all directions and leave us a dozen guerilla bands to fight. The object of my campaign was not Richmond, not the defeat of Lee in actual fight, but to remove him and his army out of the contest, and, if possible, to have him use his influence in inducing the surrender of Johnston and the other isolated armies. You see the war was an enormous strain upon the country. Rich as we were I do not now see how we could have endured it another year, even from a financial point of view. So with these views I wrote Lee, and opened the correspondence with which the world is familiar. Lee does not appear well in that correspondence, not nearly so well as he did in our subsequent interviews, where his whole bearing was that of a patriotic and gallant soldier, concerned alone for the welfare of his army and his state. I received word that Lee would meet me at a point within our lines near Sheridan's head-quarters. I had to ride quite a distance through a muddy country. I remember now that I was concerned about my personal appearance. I had an

old suit on, without my sword, and without any distinguishing mark of rank except the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general on a woolen blouse. I was splashed with mud in my long ride. I was afraid Lee might think I meant to show him studied discourtesy by so coming—at least I thought so. But I had no other clothes within reach, as Lee's letter found me



INNER HARBOR OF NAGASAKI.

away from my base of supplies. I kept on riding until I met Sheridan. The general, who was one of the heroes of the campaign, and whose pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy, told me where to find Lee. I remember that Sheridan was impatient when I met him, anxious and suspicious about the whole business, feared there might be a plan to escape, that he had Lee at his feet, and wanted to end the business by going in and forcing an absolute surrender by capture. In fact, he had his troops ready for such an assault when Lee's

white flag came within his lines. I went up to the house where Lee was waiting. I found him in a fine, new, splendid uniform, which only recalled my anxiety as to my own clothes while on my way to meet him. I expressed my regret that I was compelled to meet him in so unceremonious a manner, and he replied that the only suit he had available was one which had been sent him by some admirers in Baltimore, and which he then wore for the first time. We spoke of old friends in the army. I remembered having seen Lee in Mexico. He was so much higher in rank than myself at the time that I supposed he had no recollection of me. But he said he remembered me very well. We talked of old times and exchanged inquiries about friends. Lee then broached the subject of our meeting. I told him my terms, and Lee, listening attentively, asked me to write them down. I took out my 'manifold' order-book and pencil and wrote them down. General Lee put on his glasses and read them over. The conditions gave the officers their side-arms, private horses, and personal baggage. I said to Lee that I hoped and believed this would be the close of the war; that it was most important that the men should go home and go to work, and the government would not throw any obstacles in the way. Lee answered that it would have a most happy effect, and accepted the terms. I handed over my penciled memorandum to an aide to put into ink, and we resumed our conversation about old times and friends in the armies. Various officers came in—Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett, from the South; Sheridan, Ord, and others from our side. Some were old friends—Longstreet and myself, for instance, and we had a general talk. Lee no doubt expected me to ask for his sword, but I did not want his sword. It would only," said the General, smiling, "have gone to the Patent Office to be worshiped by the Washington rebels. There was a pause, when General Lee said that most of the animals in his cavalry and artillery were owned by the privates, and he would like to know, under the terms, whether they would be regarded as private property or the property of the government. I said that under the terms of surrender

they belonged to the government. General Lee read over the letter and said that was so. I then said to the general that I believed and hoped this was the last battle of the war; that I saw the wisdom of these men getting home and to work as soon as possible, and that I would give orders to allow any soldier or officer claiming a horse or a mule to take it. General Lee showed some emotion at this—a feeling which I also shared—and said it would have a most happy effect. The interview ended, and I gave orders for rationing his troops. The next day I met Lee on horseback and we had a long talk. In that conversation I urged upon Lee the wisdom of ending the war by the surrender of the other armies. I asked him to use his influence with the people of the South—an influence that was supreme—to bring the war to an end. General Lee said that his campaign in Virginia was the last organized resistance which the South was capable of making—that I might have to march a good deal and encounter isolated commands here and there; but there was no longer any army which could make a stand. I told Lee that this fact only made his responsibility greater, and any further war would be a crime. I asked him to go among the Southern people and use his influence to have all men under arms surrender on the same terms given to the army of Northern Virginia. He replied he could not do so without consultation with President Davis. I was sorry. I saw that the Confederacy had gone beyond the reach of President Davis, and that there was nothing that could be done except what Lee could do to benefit the Southern people. I was anxious to get them home and have our armies go to their homes and fields. But Lee would not move without Davis, and as a matter of fact at that time, or soon after, Davis was a fugitive in the woods."

This led to a remark as to the great and universal fame of Lee—especially in Europe—a reputation which seemed to grow every day.

"I never ranked Lee as high as some others of the army," said the General, "that is to say, I never had as much anxiety when he was in my front as when Joe Johnston was in front.

Lee was a good man, a fair commander, who had everything in his favor. He was a man who needed sunshine. He was supported by the unanimous voice of the South; he was supported by a large party in the North; he had the support and sympathy of the outside world. All this is of an immense advantage to a general. Lee had this in a remarkable degree. Everything he did was right. He was treated like a demi-god. Our generals had a hostile press, lukewarm friends, and a public opinion outside. The cry was in the air that the North



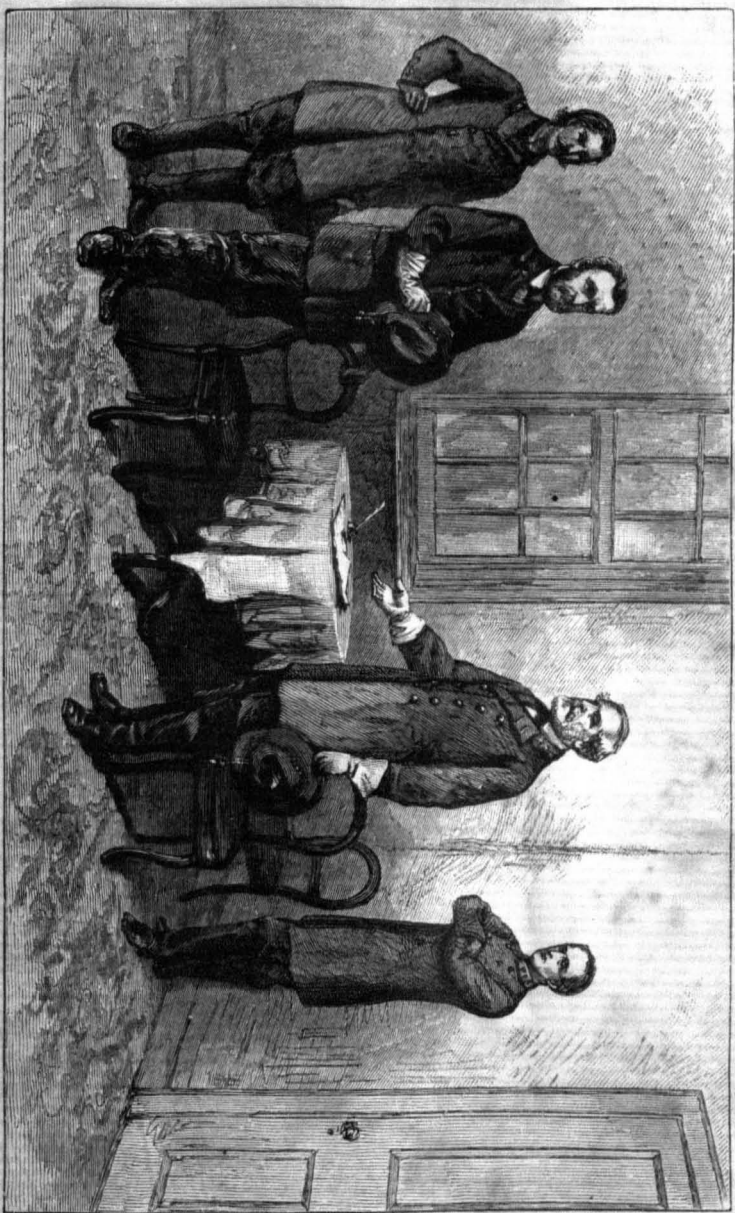
THE JINRICKSHAW.

only won by brute force; that the generalship and valor were with the South. This has gone into history, with so many other illusions that are historical. Lee was of a slow, conservative, cautious nature, without imagination or humor, always the same, with grave dignity. I never could see in his achievements what justifies his reputation. The illusion that nothing but heavy odds beat him will not stand the ultimate light of history. I know it is not true. Lee was a good deal of a head-quarters general; a desk general, from what I can hear, and from what his officers say. He was almost too old for

active service—the best service in the field. At the time of the surrender he was fifty-eight or fifty-nine and I was forty-three. His officers used to say that he posed himself, that he was retiring and exclusive, and that his head-quarters were difficult of access. I remember when the commissioners came through our lines to treat, just before the surrender, that one of them remarked on the great difference between our head-quarters and Lee's. I always kept open house at head-quarters, so far as the army was concerned.

"My anxiety," said the General, "for some time before Richmond fell was lest Lee should abandon it. My pursuit of Lee was hazardous. I was in a position of extreme difficulty. You see I was marching away from my supplies, while Lee was falling back on his supplies. If Lee had continued his flight another day I should have had to abandon the pursuit, fall back to Danville, build the railroad, and feed my army. So far as supplies were concerned, I was almost at my last gasp when the surrender took place."

The writer recalled a rumor, current at the time, about the intention of President Johnson to arrest Lee. "Yes," said the General, "Mr. Johnson had made up his mind to arrest Lee and the leading Southern officers. It was in the beginning of his administration, when he was making speeches saying he had resolved to make all treason odious. He was addressing delegations on the subject, and offering rewards for Jefferson Davis and others. Upon Lee's arrest he had decided. I protested again and again. It finally came up in Cabinet, and the only Minister who supported my views openly was Seward. I always said the parole of Lee protected him as long as he observed it. On one occasion Mr. Johnson spoke of Lee, and wanted to know why any military commander had a right to protect an arch-traitor from the laws. I was angry at this, and I spoke earnestly and plainly to the President. I said, that as General, it was none of my business what he or Congress did with General Lee or his other commanders. He might do as he pleased about civil rights, confiscation of property, and so on. That did not come in my province. But a general com-

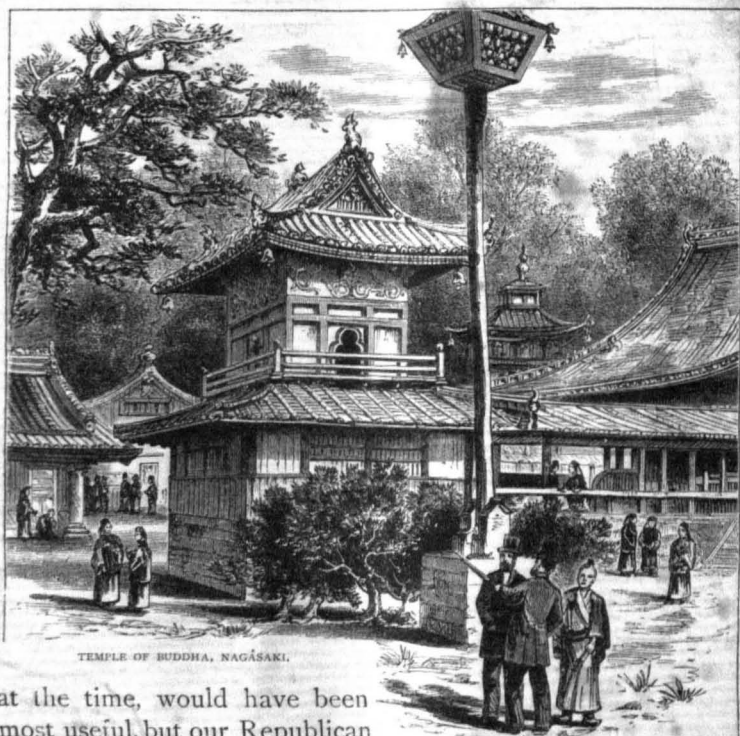


SURRENDER OF LEE.

manding troops has certain responsibilities and duties and power, which are supreme. He must deal with the enemy in front of him so as to destroy him. He may either kill him, capture him, or parole him. His engagements are sacred so far as they lead to the destruction of the foe. I had made certain terms with Lee—the best and only terms. If I had told him and his army that their liberty would be invaded, that they would be open to arrest, trial, and execution for treason, Lee would never have surrendered, and we should have lost many lives in destroying him. Now my terms of surrender were according to military law, and so long as Lee was observing his parole I would never consent to his arrest. Mr. Seward nodded approval. I remember, feeling very strongly on the subject. The matter was allowed to die out. I should have resigned the command of the army rather than have carried out any order directing me to arrest Lee or any of his commanders who obeyed the laws. By the way, one reason why Mosby became such a friend of mine was because as General I gave him a safe-conduct to allow him to practice law and earn a living. Our officers in Virginia used to arrest leading Confederates whenever they moved out of their homes. Mrs. Mosby went to Mr. Johnson and asked that her husband might be allowed to earn his living. But the President was in a furious mood, and told her treason must be made odious, and so on. She came to me in distress, and I gave the order to allow Mosby to pass and repass freely. I had no recollection of this until Mosby called it to my attention. Mosby deserves great credit for his sacrifices in the cause of the Union. He is an honest, brave, conscientious man, and has suffered severely for daring to vote as he pleased among people who hailed him as a hero and in whose behalf he risked his life.

“I was anxious to pardon Breckenridge,” said the General, “during my administration, but when I mentioned the matter to some of my colleagues of the Senate, I found it could not be done. Breckenridge was most anxious to restore the Union to good relations. He was among the last to go over to the South, and was rather dragged into the position.

I believe the influence of a man like Breckenridge in Kentucky would have been most beneficial. I talked with my father a good deal about it—he knew a good deal about Kentucky politics. I thought if we pardoned Breckenridge, he could become a candidate for governor, not on the Republican but on the Anti-Bourbon ticket. The influence of a man like Breckenridge,



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, NAGASAKI.

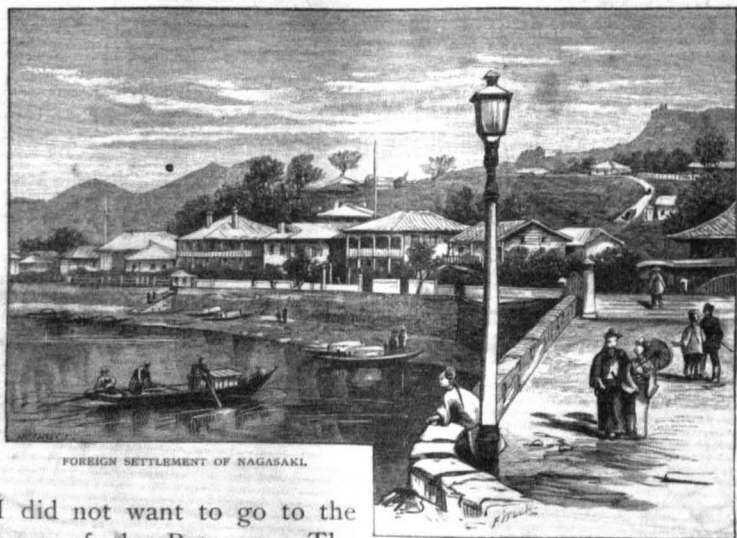
at the time, would have been most useful, but our Republican friends would not let me do it. That was one of the cases where the President had little influence in the administration."

An allusion was made to the feeling in the South that Jefferson Davis was an injury to the Confederacy, and did not do his best. "I never thought so," said the General. Davis did his best, did all that any man could do, to save the Confederacy. This argument is like some of the arguments current in his-

tory—that the war was a war against windmills; that if one man or another had been in authority the result would have been different; that some more placable man than Davis could have made a better fight. This is not true. The war was a tremendous war, as no one knows better than those who were in it. Davis did all he could, and all any man could, for the South. The South was beaten from the beginning. There was no victory possible for any government resting upon the platform of the Southern Confederacy. Just as soon as the war united and aroused the young men of the North, and called out the national feeling, there was no end but the end that came. Davis did all he could for his side, and how much he did no one knows better than those who were in the field. I do not see any evidence of great military ability in the executive conduct of the war on the part of the South. How far Davis interfered I don't know. I am told he directed Hood's movements in the West. If he did so, he could not have done us a greater service. But that was an error of judgment. As President, I see nothing in his administration to show that he was false to his side, or feeble in defending it. Davis is entitled to every honor bestowed on the South for gallantry and persistence. The attacks upon him from his old followers are ignoble. The South fell because it was defeated. Lincoln destroyed it, not Davis.

“Speaking of McClellan,” said the General, “I should say that the two disadvantages under which he labored were his receiving a high command before he was ready for it, and the political sympathies which he allowed himself to champion. It is a severe blow to any one to begin so high. I always dreaded going to the army of the Potomac. After the battle of Gettysburg I was told I could have the command; but I managed to keep out of it. I had seen so many generals fall, one after another, like bricks in a row, that I shrank from it. After the battle of Mission Ridge, and my appointment as Lieutenant-General, and I was allowed to choose my place, it could not be avoided. Then it seemed as if the time was ripe, and I had no hesitation.

"My first feeling with regard to the Potomac army," said the General, "when I undertook the command was, that it had never been thoroughly fought. There was distrust in the army, distrust on both sides, I have no doubt. I confess I was afraid of the spirit that had pervaded that army, so far as I understood it in the West; and I feared also that some of the generals might treat me as they treated Pope. But this distrust died away. I went among the generals, saw what they really felt and believed, and saw, especially, that they obeyed orders.



FOREIGN SETTLEMENT OF NAGASAKI.

I did not want to go to the army of the Potomac. The command was about to be offered to me after the fall of Vicksburg. I feared that I should be as unsuccessful as the others, and should go down like the others. I suppose I should have been ordered to the command but for the interference of the Under-Secretary of War. I am indebted to him for not having been disturbed in the West. After I became Lieutenant-General, and could select my place of service, I saw that the time had come for me to take the army of the Potomac. The success of that army depended a good deal on the manner in which the commissariat and quartermaster departments were

arranged. It is an unfortunate position for a man to hold so far as fame is concerned, and Ingalls always suffered from that fact. I think it is greatly to the credit of General Ingalls that he spent hundreds of millions of dollars in the handling of the army under the various generals, and yet has never been accused of squandering a cent. But the fact is that Ingalls has wonderful executive ability. As a merchant he would have made a fortune. Nothing ever disturbed or excited him. He was ready for every emergency. He could move and feed a hundred thousand men without ruffling his temper. He was of the greatest service to me, and indeed to every general he served. I knew Ingalls at West Point and out on the Pacific coast. We were young officers together, and nothing but his holding a staff place kept him from rising to a high command. Still, men in his position have the satisfaction of having served their country, and perhaps that is the highest reward after all.

"In the early part of the war," said the General, "Halleck did very good service in a manner for which he has never received sufficient credit—I mean in his civil administration. Some of his orders were in anticipation, I think, of those of Butler's, which gave him so much fame in New Orleans. There was one about making the rebels support the families of those whose heads had gone to the war. This was a severe order, but a just one. When our troops occupied St. Louis, the secession ladies resolved to show their contempt by ostentatiously parading a white and red rosette. Instead of suppressing this by an order, as Butler did, Halleck quietly bought a lot of these rosettes. Then he sent his detectives and had them distributed among improper characters, who were instructed or employed to wear them. Then in a short newspaper article attention was called to the singular fact that all the loose characters were coming out in white and red rosettes. In a flash that rosette disappeared from the persons of all respectable St. Louis ladies who were anxious to show their secession sympathies.

"By the way," said the General, "there was some splendid work done in Missouri, and especially in St. Louis, in the

earliest days of the war, which people have now almost forgotten. If St. Louis had been captured by the rebels it would have made a vast difference in our war. It would have been a terrible task to have recaptured St. Louis—one of the most difficult that could be given to any military man. Instead of a campaign before Vicksburg, it would have been a campaign before St. Louis. Then its resources would have been of material value to the rebels. They had arranged for its capture, to hold it as a military post, and had even gone so far as to arrange about the division of the Union property. I have heard this from sources that leave no doubt in my mind of its truth. We owe the safety of St. Louis to Frank Blair and General Lyon—mainly to Blair. That one service alone entitles Blair's memory to the lasting respect of all Union men. The rebels, under pretext of having a camp of instruction, sent their militia regiments into a camp called Camp Jackson. The governor did it, as was his right. But the governor was in sympathy with the rebellion, and he had never done such a thing before. The purpose, of course, was evident. Under pretext of a militia camp, he would quietly accumulate a large force, and suddenly proclaim the Confederacy. At this very time the rebel flag was hanging out from recruiting stations, and companies were enrolled for the South. The best families, the best young men in the city, leaned that way. There were, no doubt, many Union men in the ranks of Camp Jackson; but when the time came they would have been taken into the rebellion at the point of the bayonet, just as so many of their brethren were carried in East Tennessee. It was necessary to strike a decisive blow, and this Blair resolved to do. There were some regular troops there under the command of Lyon. Blair called out his German regiments, put himself under the command of Lyon, went out to the camp, threatened to fire if it did not surrender, and brought the whole crowd in as prisoners. That was the end of any rebel camps in St. Louis, and next day the rebel flags all came down.

"I happened to be in St. Louis," said the General, "as a mustering officer of an Illinois regiment at the time. I remem-

ber the effect it produced. I was anxious about this camp, and the morning of the movement I went up to the arsenal. I knew Lyon; but, although I had no acquaintance with Blair, I knew him by sight. This was the first time I ever spoke to him. The breaking up of Camp Jackson had a good effect and



A STREET IN THE SUBURBS.

a bad effect. It offended many Union Democrats, who saw in it an invasion of State rights, which," said the General, with a smile, "it certainly was. It was used as a means of exciting discontent among these well-disposed citizens, as an argument that the government was high-handed. Then the fact that Germans were used to coerce Americans—free Americans in

their own camp, called out by the governor of the State—gave offense. I knew many good people, with the North, at the outset, whose opinions were set Southward by this incident. But no really loyal man, to whom the Union was paramount, ever questioned the act. Those who went off on this would soon have gone on something else—emancipation or the use of troops. The taking of the camp saved St. Louis to us, saved our side a long, terrible siege, and was one of the best things in the whole war. I remember how rejoiced I was as I saw Blair and Lyon bring their prisoners into town.”

An expression of regret that Lyon, who did so well then, was so soon to fall, led the General to speak of him. “I knew Lyon well,” he said, “at West Point and during Mexico. He was a peculiar man, a fanatic on religious questions, like Stonewall Jackson; except that while Jackson was orthodox, Lyon was the reverse. He had more of Stonewall Jackson’s peculiar traits than any one I knew. In fact I call him Stonewall Jackson reversed. He was a furious Union man, hated slavery, was extreme in all his views, and intolerant in his expressions of dissent. He went into the war with the most angry feelings toward the South. If he had lived, he might have reached a high command. He had ability enough, and his intense feeling would have carried him along, as it carried Jackson. Still you cannot tell how that may have been. Jackson’s fame always seemed to be greater because he fell before his skill had been fully tested.

“No battle,” said General Grant on one occasion, “has been more discussed than Shiloh—none in my career. The correspondents and papers at the time all said that Shiloh was a surprise—that our men were killed over their coffee, and so on. There was no surprise about it, except,” said the General, with a smile, “perhaps to the newspaper correspondents. We had been skirmishing for two days before we were attacked. At night, when but a small portion of Buell’s army had crossed to the west bank of the Tennessee River, I was so well satisfied with the result, and so certain that I would beat Beauregard, even without Buell’s aid, that I went in person to each

division commander and ordered an advance along the line at four in the morning. Shiloh was one of the most important battles in the war. It was there that our Western soldiers first met the enemy in a pitched battle. From that day they never feared to fight the enemy, and never went into action without



THE STORY OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

feeling sure they would win. Shiloh broke the prestige of the Southern Confederacy so far as our Western army was concerned. Sherman was the hero of Shiloh. He really commanded two divisions—his own and McClelland's—and proved himself to be a consummate soldier. Nothing could be finer than his work at Shiloh, and yet Shiloh was belittled by our Northern people so that many people look at it as a defeat.

The same may be said of Fort Donelson. People think that Donelson was captured by pouring men into it ten to one, or some such odds. The truth is, our army, a new army, invested a fortified place and compelled a surrender of a force much larger than our own. A large number of the rebels escaped under Floyd and Pillow, but, as it was, I took more prisoners than I had men under my command for the first two days of my investment. After the investment we were reinforced, so that at the surrender there were 26,000 Union troops, about 4,000 of which were sent back to guard the road to where the steamers lay with our supplies. There were 22,000 effective men in Donelson at the beginning of the siege. Of course there was a risk in attacking Donelson as I did, but," said the General, smiling, "I knew the men who commanded it. I knew some of them in Mexico. Knowledge of that kind goes far toward determining a movement like this."

"Suppose Longstreet or Jackson had been in command at Donelson," said the writer.

"If Longstreet or Jackson," said the General, "or even if Buckner had been in command, I would have made a different campaign. In the beginning we all did things more rashly than later, just as Jackson did in his earlier campaigns. The Mexican War made the officers of the old regular armies more or less acquainted, and when we knew the name of the general opposing we knew enough about him to make our plans accordingly. What determined my attack on Donelson," said the General, "was as much the knowledge I had gained of its commanders in Mexico as anything else. But as the war progressed, and each side kept improving its army, these experiments were not possible. Then it became hard, earnest war, and neither side could depend upon any chance with the other. Neither side dared to make a mistake. It was steady, hard pounding, and the result could only be ruin to the defeated party. It was a peculiarity in our war that we were not fighting for a peace, but to destroy our adversary. That made it so hard for both sides, and especially for the South.

"Speaking of Shiloh," continued the General, "notwith-

standing the criticisms made on that battle by my military friends in the press, if I were to name the two battles during the war with which I myself have reason to be satisfied, I would say Shiloh and Mission Ridge. Mission Ridge was a tactical battle, and the results obtained were overwhelming when we consider the loss sustained. Shiloh was a pitched battle fought in the open field. And when people wonder why we did not defeat the Southern army as rapidly and effectively as was done at other places, they forget that the Southern army was commanded by Sydney Johnson, and that to fight a general as great as Sydney Johnson was a different thing from fighting Floyd. I have every reason to be fully satisfied with the battle of Shiloh. In its results it was one of our greatest victories. To that battle, I repeat, we owe the spirit of confidence which pervaded the Western army. So far were we from being surprised, that one night—certainly two nights before the battle—firing was heard at the front, and it was reported that my army was making a night attack. On one of these evenings I mounted my horse and started for the front. I met McPherson and W. H. L. Wallace coming from the front. They reported all quiet and I returned. It was raining very hard, and on the way my horse stumbled in a hollow and sprained my ankle, so that during the battle I was in the greatest physical pain from this wound. If Buell had reached us in time we would have attacked Sydney Johnson; but, of course, Johnson knew Buell was coming, and was too good a general to allow the junction to take place without an attack. Another criticism on that battle is the statement that I did not happen to be present in person at the point of our line where the attack was made. The reason for this was that I did not happen to be in possession of Sydney Johnson's order of battle. The trouble with a good many of our critical friends in the press is that they look upon a battle in the field as they would do a battle upon the stage, where you see both armies as the scenes shift, and consequently know just what is going to be done. It was my misfortune that I did not know what was going to be done; but at the point of the line where

the attack was delivered Sherman's command was thoroughly ready to receive it, and nothing could be finer during the whole day than Sherman's conduct. I visited him two or three times during the action, for the purpose of making suggestions, and seeing how things were going on; but it was not necessary. Sherman was doing much better than I could have done under the circumstances, and required no advice from me."

The question was asked of General Grant, whether the death of Johnson, during the battle, affected the result. General Grant said: "I never could see that it did. On the con-

trary, I should think that the circumstances attending the death of General Johnson, as reported by his friends, show that the battle was against him when wounded, that he was rallying his troops at the time he was struck in the leg by a ball, and that he lost his life because he would not abandon his troops in order to have his wound properly dressed. If he had gone to the rear and had the wound attended to, he might have lived. If he had had no anxiety about his army, to see if it was victorious, there could be no reason why he

should not go to the rear; but the battle was so pressing that he would not leave his command, and so he bled to death. This, at least, is my judgment from reading the statement. I never could see that the course of the battle was affected, one way or another, by the event. The death of so great a man as Johnson was a great loss to the South, and would have been to any cause in which he might have been engaged. But all he could do for the battle of Shiloh was done before he was killed.

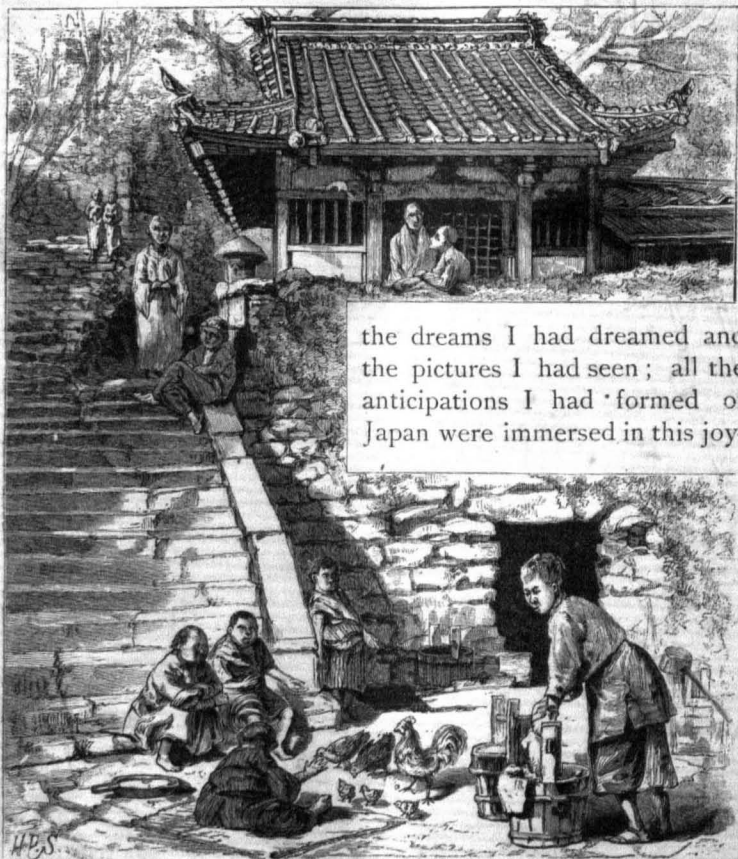


JAPANESE GIRL.

The battle was out of his hands, and out of that of his army. What won the battle of Shiloh was the courage and endurance of our own soldiers. It was the staying power and pluck of the North as against the short-lived power of the South; and whenever these qualities came into collision the North always won. I used to find that the first day, or the first period of a battle, was most successful to the South; but if we held on to the second or third day, we were sure to beat them, and we always did."

On the 21st of June we found our ship threading its way through beautiful islands and rocks covered with green, looming up out of the sea, and standing like sentinels on the coast—hills on which were trees, and gardens terraced to their summits, and high, commanding cliffs. Through green and smooth tranquil waters we steamed into the bay of Nagasaki, and had our first glimpse of Japan. Nagasaki is said to be among the most beautiful harbors in the world. But the beauty that welcomed us had the endearing quality that it reminded us of home. For so many weeks we had been in the land of the palm, and we were now again in the land of the pine. We had seen nature in luxuriant moods, running into riotous forms, strange and rank. We were weary of the cocoa-nut and the brown, parched soil, of the skies of fire and forests with wild and creeping things. It had become so oppressive that when our course turned toward the north there was great joy. The Providence who gave us our share of the world no doubt considered this, and made it happen that some of us should rejoice under the tropical and others under the temperate zone. I have come to the conclusion that a longing for green is among our primitive and innocent impulses, and I sometimes think that if Adam had only had a good supply of grass—of timothy and clover—in the Garden of Eden, and less of the enticing and treacherous fruits, there would have been no trouble in his family, and all would have gone well. There is temptation in sunshine. One has a feeling of strengthened virtue as the landscape draws near and unfolds itself, and you have glimpses of Scotland and the Adirondacks and the inland lakes; and the

green is an honest, frank, chaste green, running from hill-top to water-side, and throwing upon the waters long, refreshing shadows. It was this school-boy sense of pleasure that came with my first view of Japan. All the romance, all the legends,



the dreams I had dreamed and the pictures I had seen; all the anticipations I had formed of Japan were immersed in this joy-

STREET AND TEMPLE, NAGASAKI.

ful welcome to the green that I had not seen since leaving England—our own old-fashioned green of the temperate zone. This is not a heroic confession, and I should have thought of some fitting emotion with which to welcome this land of ro-

mance and sunshine. But I can never get into a heroic vein, and my actual impressions, as I go around the world, are often of so homely a character that I ought not to confess them. How much grander it would be to intimate that my feelings overcame me and I was too much affected for speech. This would sound as a more appropriate welcome to Japan. All that I saw of the coast was the beauty of the green, which came like a memory of childhood, as a memory of America, and in which I rejoiced as in a mere physical sensation, like bathing, or swinging on the gate, or dozing under the apple-trees in the drowsy days of June.

And yet if I could only rouse myself out of this mere boy's feeling of seeing something good—good in the sense of sight and food—there are memories, even around this harbor of Nagasaki, of grand men and heroic days. Here we come again upon the footprints of Francis Xavier. The shadow of that saint rests upon Asia—or perhaps I should say halo rather than shadow, as a word more befitting a saint. Francis was never a favorite of mine, for I have a choice collection of saints with whom I hope one day to be in a closer communion, and the stories of his gifts of tongues and his taking part in the cruel wars of the European against the native were beyond me. But as I pass from land to land, and see the nature of the field in which he labored, and mark his insatiate devotion to faith and duty, he grows in my esteem, and I bow in adoration of his devotion and genius. Perhaps Xavier had no more interesting field than Japan, and one can picture him, the pale, concentrated priest, walking under these green, impending hills. This is the scene of his mission to Japan. Here began that strange movement of the Japanese people toward Christianity. Here it began, and here, also, it came to an end. This height which we now pass, and where the people of Nagasaki come to picnic, is the hill of Pappenberg. It is an island as well as a hill, and runs up like a cone and is arrayed in winning green. It is written that when the Japanese government resolved to treat Christianity as a crime, and extirpate the faithful, that thousands of the Christians were taken to the brow of the hill

and thrown into the sea. Not far from here is a village, the site of the massacre of thirty-seven thousand Christians who would not bow to the imperial edict, but preferred to die with the cross in their hands.

These are painful memories, but why recall them in Japan? Let us imitate our beloved mother, who has covered with consoling and beautiful green the harsh places—the sites of massacre and death—and forget the dark deeds of an early age, while we rejoice in the bright deeds of our own age, of the men who in our time have taken Japan out of the sepulchre, and given her room and a chance in the arena. There are statelier memories—memories of the daring navigators who forced the seas in heroic days. It was the dream of a north-west passage, of discovering a new road to the Indies—it was the influence which Japan and the East had thrown over the imaginations of men—that led to the series of enterprises in unknown lands and over unknown seas which culminated in the discovery of America. You see how closely our world is knit together, and that you cannot touch a spot which has not some chords, some memory, some associations, responsive to every other spot; and thus it is, strange to say, that Japan and America have so close a relation. In those days Nagasaki was a renowned city, and alone of cities in Japan she touched the outside world. When the warrior-king tumbled the missionaries and converts into the sea, and visited upon the followers of the cross untold misery, even the sacred, crowning misery of crucifixion, Nagasaki was still held as a foothold of the merchant. It was only a foothold. You can see the small, fan-shaped concession where the Dutch merchants were kept in seclusion, and whence their trade trickled into Japan. A flag floats over one of the bazaars, and by the arms of Holland, which it bears, you can trace out the memorable spot.

The "Richmond" steamed between the hills and came to an anchorage. It was the early morning, and over the water were shadows of cool, inviting green. Nagasaki, nestling on her hill-sides, looked cosy and beautiful; and it being our first

glimpse of a Japanese town, we studied it through our glasses, studied every feature—the scenery, the picturesque attributes of the city, the terraced hills that rose beyond, every rood under cultivation; the quaint, curious houses; the multitudes of flags, which showed that the town knew of our coming and was preparing to do us honor. We noted also that the wharves were lined with a multitude, and that the available population were waiting to see the guest whom their nation honors, and who is known in common speech as the American Mikado.



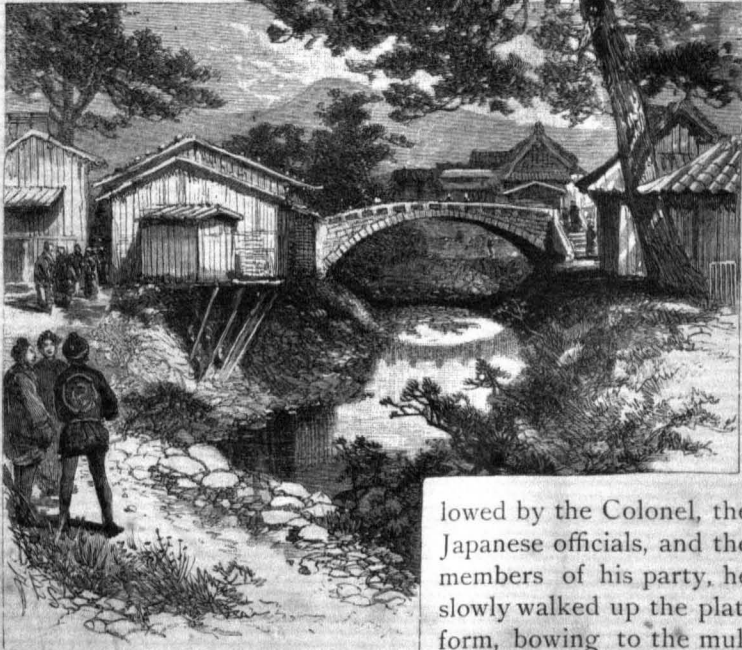
THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

Then the "Richmond" ran up the Japanese standard and fired twenty-one guns in honor of Japan. The forts answered the salute. Then the Japanese gun-boats and the forts displayed the American ensign, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of General Grant. Mr. W. P. Mangum, our consul, and his wife came on board. In a short time the Japanese barge was seen coming, with Prince Dati and Mr. Yoshida and the Governor, all in the splendor of court uniforms. These officials were received with due honors, and escorted to the cabin. Prince Dati said that he had been commanded by the

Emperor to meet General Grant on his landing, to welcome him in the name of his Majesty, and to attend upon him as the Emperor's personal representative, so long as the General remained in Japan. The value of this compliment can be understood when you know that Prince Dati is one of the highest noblemen in Japan. He was one of the leading daimios, one of the old feudal barons who, before the revolution, ruled Japan, and had power of life and death in his own dominions. The old daimios were not only barons but heads of clans, like the clans of Scotland; and in the feudal days he could march an army into the field. When the revolution came Dati accepted it, not sullenly and seeking retirement, like Satsuma and other princes, but as the best thing for the country. He gave his adhesion to the Emperor, and is now one of the great noblemen around the throne. The sending of a man of the rank of the Prince was the highest compliment that the Emperor could pay any guest. Mr. Yoshida is well known as the present Japanese Minister to the United States, a discreet and accomplished man, and among the rising statesmen in the empire. Having been accredited to America during the General's administration, and knowing the General, the government called him home so that he might attend General Grant and look after the reception. So when General Grant arrived he had the pleasure of meeting not only a distinguished representative of the Emperor, but an old personal friend.

At one o'clock on the 21st of June, General Grant, accompanied by Prince Dati, Mr. Yoshida, and the Governor, landed in Nagasaki. The Japanese man-of-war "*Kango*," commanded by Captain Ito, had been sent down to Nagasaki to welcome the General. The landing took place in the Japanese barge. From the time that General Grant came into the waters of Japan it was the intention of the government that he should be the nation's guest. As soon as the General stepped into the barge the Japanese vessels and the batteries on shore thundered out their welcome, the yards of the vessels were manned, and as the barge moved slowly along the crews of the ships in the harbor cheered. It was over a mile from the

"Richmond" to the shore. The landing-place had been arranged not in the foreign section nor the Dutch Concession, carrying out the intention of having the reception entirely Japanese. Lines of troops were formed, the steps were covered with red cloth, and every space and standing spot and coigne of vantage was covered with people. The General's boat touched the shore, and with Mrs. Grant on his arm, and fol-



VILLAGE NEAR NAGASAKI.

lowed by the Colonel, the Japanese officials, and the members of his party, he slowly walked up the platform, bowing to the multitude who made their

obeisance in his honor. There is something strange in the grave decorum of an Oriental crowd—strange to us who remember the ringing cheer and the electric hurrah of Saxon lands. The principal citizens of Nagasaki came forward and

were presented, and after a few minutes' pause our party stepped into jinrickshaws and were taken to our quarters.

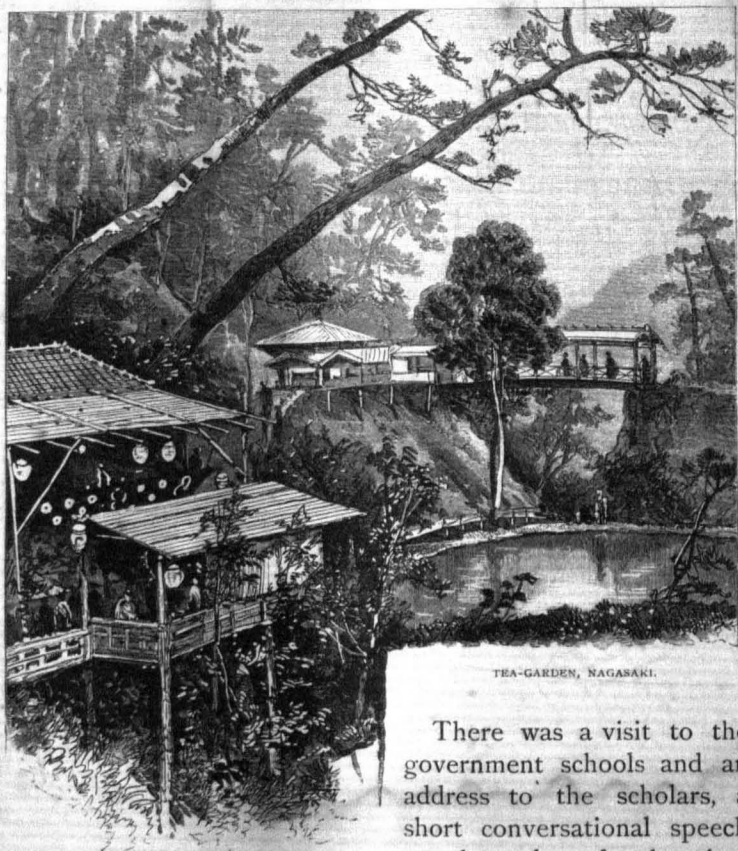
The jinrickshaw is the common vehicle of Japan. It is built on the principle of a child's perambulator or an invalid's chair, except that it is much lighter. Two men go ahead and pull, and one behind pushes. But this is only on occasions of ceremony. One man is quite able to manage a jinrickshaw. Those used by the General had been sent down from Tokio from the palace. Our quarters in Nagasaki had been prepared in the Japanese town. A building used for a female normal school had been prepared. It was a half mile from the landing, and the whole road had been decorated with flags, American and Japanese entwined, with arches of green boughs and flowers. Both sides of the road were lined with people who bowed low to the General as he passed. On reaching our residence the Japanese officials of the town were all presented. Then came the foreign consuls in a body, who were presented by the American Consul, Mr. Mangum. After this came the officers of the Japanese vessels, all in uniform. Then came a delegation representing the foreign residents of all nationalities in Nagasaki, who presented an address. Mr. Bingham, the American Minister, came as far as Nagasaki to meet General Grant and go with him to Yokohama. He brought us sad news of the pestilence ravaging the empire, which would limit our journey. Mr. Bingham was fresh from America, and it was pleasant not only to meet an old friend, but one who could tell us of the tides and currents of home affairs. On the evening of the 23d there was a dinner at the Government House, at which General Grant made a speech. This speech became a subject of so much controversy through the East that I print it in full. The Governor of Nagasaki, Utsumi Togatsu, made a speech proposing General Grant's health. This was delivered in Japanese. After the interpreter had made a translation, General Grant rose and said :

"YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN : You have here to-night several Americans who have the talent of speech, and who could make an eloquent response to the address in which my health is proposed. I have no such gift,

and I never lamented its absence more than now, when there is so much that I want to say about your country, your people, and your progress. I have not been an inattentive observer of that progress, and in America we have been favored with accounts of it from my distinguished friend whom you all know as the friend of Japan, and whom it was my privilege to send as minister—I mean Judge Bingham. The spirit which has actuated the mission of Judge Bingham—the spirit of sympathy, support, and conciliation—not only expressed my own sentiments, but those of America. America has much to gain in the East—no nation has greater interests; but America has nothing to gain except what comes from the cheerful acquiescence of the Eastern people and insures them as much benefit as it does us. I should be ashamed of my country if its relations with other nations, and especially with these ancient and most interesting empires in the East, were based upon any other idea. We have rejoiced over your progress. We have watched you step by step. We have followed the unfolding of your old civilization and its absorbing the new. You have had our profound sympathy in that work, our sympathy in the troubles which came with it, and our friendship. I hope it may continue, that it may long continue. As I have said, America has great interests in the East. She is your next neighbor. She is more affected by the eastern populations than any other power. She can never be insensible to what is doing here. Whatever her influence may be, I am proud to think that it has always been exerted in behalf of justice and kindness. No nation needs from the outside powers justice and kindness more than Japan, because the work that has made such marvelous progress in the past few years is a work in which we are deeply concerned, in the success of which we see a new era in civilization and which we should encourage. I do not know, gentlemen, that I can say anything more than this in response to the kind words of the Governor. Judge Bingham can speak with much more eloquence and much more authority as our minister. But I could not allow the occasion to pass without saying how deeply I sympathized with Japan in her efforts to advance, and how much those efforts were appreciated in America. In that spirit I ask you to unite with me in a sentiment: ‘The prosperity and the independence of Japan.’”

At the close General Grant proposed the health of General Bingham, and spoke of the satisfaction he felt at meeting him in Japan. Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Minister to the United States, also made a speech, paying a tribute to General Bingham's sincerity and friendliness. Judge Bingham responding, said that he had come to Nagasaki to be among the first to welcome General Grant to Japan, which he did in the name of his government. It had been his endeavor to faithfully discharge his duties in such a manner as would strengthen the friendship between the two countries and promote the com-

mercial interests of both. He knew that in so acting he reflected the wishes of the illustrious man who is the guest of the empire, and the wishes also of the President and people of the United States.



TEA-GARDEN, NAGASAKI.

There was a visit to the government schools and an address to the scholars, a short conversational speech on the value of education.

There was a visit to the Nagasaki Fair, which had been in progress during the summer, but was then closed. The Governor opened it for our inspection, and it was certainly a most creditable display of what Japan could do in art, industry, and science. The fair buildings were erected in the town park, a

pleasure ground with unique old temples gray and mossy with age, and tea-houses where tea was brought in the tiniest of cups by demure wee maidens from six to seven, dressed in the ancient costumes of Japan, who came and knelt as they offered their tea. The town people were out in holiday attire to take the air and look out on the bay and stare at the General. After we had made our tour of the fair grounds the Governor asked the General and Mrs. Grant to plant memorial trees. The species planted by the General was the *Ficus religiosa*, while to Mrs. Grant was given the *Saurus camphora*. The Governor then said that Nagasaki had resolved to erect a monument in honor of General Grant's visit, that this memorial would be near the trees, and that if the General would only write an inscription it would be engraved on the stone in English and Japanese characters. The General wrote the inscription as follows :

"NAGASAKI, JAPAN, June 22, 1879.

"At the request of Governor Utsumi Togatsu, Mrs. Grant and I have each planted a tree in the Nagasaki Park. I hope that both trees may prosper, grow large, live long, and in their growth, prosperity, and long life be emblematic of the future of Japan.

"U. S. GRANT"



A JAPANESE FAMILY AT DINNER.

CHAPTER XLI.

JAPAN.



DURING our visit to Nagasaki we took part in a famous dinner given in honor of General Grant, about which I propose to write at some length, because it is interesting as a picture of ancient life in Japan.

In my wanderings round the world I am more interested in what reminds me of the old times, of the men and the days that are gone, than of customs reminding me of what I saw in France. All that reminds you of the old times is passing away from Japan. Here and there you can find a bit that recalls the days when the daimios ruled, when the two-sworded warriors were on every highway, when the rivalry of clans was as fierce as was ever known in the highlands of Scotland or the plains of North America, when every gentleman was as ready to commit suicide in defense of his honor as a Texas swashbuckler to fight a duel. All of this is crumbling under the growth of modern ideas. The aim of Japanese statesmen is now to do

things as they are done in London and Washington, and this impulse sweeps on in a resistless and swelling current. It is best that it should be so. God forbid that Japan should ever try to arrest or turn back the hands of her destiny. What was picturesque and quaint in the old time can be preserved in plays and romances. This century belongs to the real world, and Japan's incessant pressing forward, even if she crushes the old monuments, is in the interest of civilization.

It seemed good to the citizens of Nagasaki to give General Grant a dinner that was to be in itself a romance and a play. Instead of doing what is done every day, and rivaling the taste of Paris, it was resolved to entertain him in the style of the daimios, the feudal lords of Japan. The place selected for the fête was an old temple in the heart of the city, from whose doors you could look over the bay. Moreover, it was to be the work of the citizens of Nagasaki. The merchants would do it, and this in itself was a delicate thought; for in the East it is not often that we have any recognition of men as men and citizens. The awakening of the people of Japan to a perception of the truth that the men who form the groundwork of the State, and upon whose genius and industry it rests, are as important as heaven-born rulers, is one of the thought-provoking incidents of the later amusements in Japan. That is a voice it is not easy to still. • It may speak with the wavering tones of childhood, but will gather strength and in time be heard. It was peculiarly gratifying to General Grant to meet the citizens of Japan, and they left nothing undone to do him honor. The company was not more than twenty, including General Grant and party, our Japanese hosts, Consul Mangum and family, and Consul Denny and family. The dinner was served on small tables, each guest having a table to himself. The merchants themselves waited on us, and with the merchants a swarm of attendants wearing the costumes of old Japan.

The bill of fare was almost a volume, and embraced over fifty courses. The wine was served in unglazed porcelain wine cups, on white wooden stands. The appetite was pampered in the beginning with dried fish, edible sea-weeds, and isinglass, in

something of the Scandinavian style, except that the attempt did not take the form of brandy and raw fish. The first serious dish was composed of crane, sea-weed, moss, rice bread and potatoes, which we picked over in a curious way, as though we



CHILDREN DANCING.

were at an auction sale of remnants, anxious to rummage out a bargain. The soup, when it first came—for it came many times—was an honest soup of fish, like a delicate fish chowder. Then came strange dishes, as ragout, and as soup, in bewildering confusion. The first was called *namasu*, and embodied fish, clams, chestnuts, rock mushrooms, and ginger. Then, in

various combinations, the following:—duck, truffles, turnips, dried bonito, melons, pressed salt, aromatic shrubs, snipe, egg-plant, jelly, boiled rice, snapper, shrimp, potatoes, mushroom, cabbage, lassfish, orange flowers, powdered fish flavored with plum juice and walnuts, raw carp sliced, mashed fish, baked fish, isinglass, fish boiled with pickled beans, wine and rice again. This all came in the first course, and as a finale to the course there was a sweetmeat composed of white and red bean jelly-cake, and boiled black mushroom. With this came powdered tea, which had a green, monitory look, and suggested your earliest experiences in medicine. When the first pause came in the dinner a merchant advanced and read an address to General Grant. This was at the end of the first course—the ominous course that came to an end amid powdered tea and sweetmeats composed of white and red bean, jelly-cake and boiled black mushrooms. After the address had been read we rose from our tables and sauntered about on the gravel-walk, and looked down on the bay and the enfolding hills, whose beauty became almost plaintive under the shadows of the setting sun.

One never tires of a scene like Nagasaki, as you see it in evening more especially, the day ending and nature sheltering for repose in the embraces of night. Everything is so ripe and rich and old. Time has done so much for the venerable town, and you feel as the shadows fall that for generations, for centuries, they have fallen upon just such a scene as we look down upon from the brow of our hill. The eddies of a new civilization are rushing in upon Nagasaki, and there are many signs that you have no trouble in searching out. That Nagasaki has undergone a vast change since the day when Dutch merchants were kept in a reservation more secluded than we have ever kept our Indians, when Xavier and his disciples threaded those narrow streets preaching the salvation that comes through the blood of Jesus, when Christians were driven at the point of the spear to yon beetling cliff and tumbled into the sea. These are momentous events in the history of Japan. They were merely incidents in the history of Nagasaki. The ancient

town has lived on sleepily, embodying and absorbing the features of Eastern civilization, unchanged and unchanging, its beauty expressive because it is a beauty of its own, untinted by Europeans. We have old towns in the European world. We even speak as if we had a past in fresh America. But what impresses you in these aspects of Eastern development is their antiquity, before which the most ancient of our towns

are but as yesterday.

The spirit of ages breathes over Nagasaki, and you cease to think of chronology, and see only the deep, rich tones which time has given and which time alone can give.

A trailing line of mist rises from the town and slowly floats along the hill-side, veiling the beauty upon which you have been dwelling all the afternoon. The green becomes gray, and on the tops there are purple shadows, and the shining waters of the bay become opaque. The ships swing at anchor, and you can see above the trim masts and prim-set spars of the

"Richmond" the colors of America. The noble ship has sought a shelter near the further shore, and as you look a light ascends the rigging and gives token that those in command are setting the watches for the night. Nearer us, distinguishable by her white wheel-house, rides the "Ashuelot," while ships of other lands dot the bay. As you look a ball of fire shoots into the air and hangs pendent for a moment, and ex-

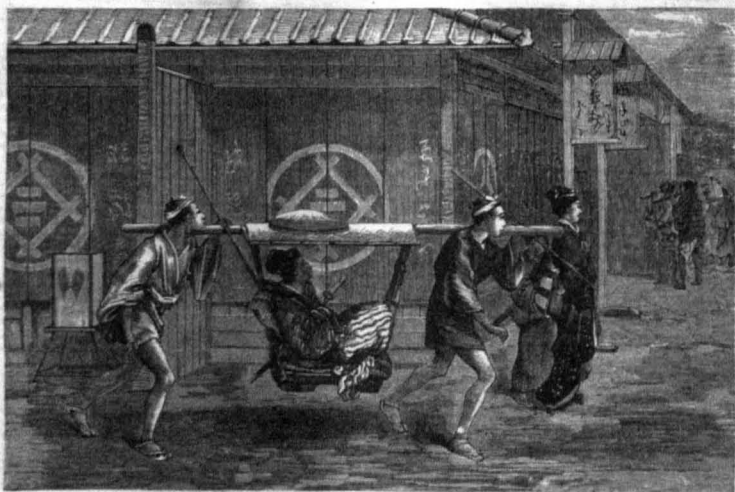


A JAPANESE MOTHER.

plodes into a mass of shooting, corruscating stars, and you know that our friends in the town are rejoicing over the presence of General Grant. From the other hills a flame breaks out and struggles a few moments, and becomes a steady asserting flame, and you know that this is a bonfire, and that the people have builded it to show their joy. Other bonfires creep out of the blackness, for while you have been looking night has come, and reigns over hill and valley and sea, and green has become black. Lines of light streak the town, and you see various decorations in lanterns, forming quaint shapes. One shapes itself into the flag of America, another into the flag of Japan, another into a triangle, another into a Japanese word—the word in red lanterns, surrounded by a border of white lanterns—and Mr. Yoshida translates the word to mean a sentiment in honor of General Grant. These lights in curious forms shoot up in all parts of the town, and you know that Nagasaki is illuminated, and that while here in this venerable temple the merchants have assembled to give us entertainment, the inhabitants are answering their hospitality with blazing tokens of approval. As you look below on the streets around the temple you see the crowd bearing lanterns, chattering, wondering, looking on, taking what comfort they can out of the festival in honor of the stranger within their gates.

But while we could well spend our evening strolling over this graveled walk, and leaning over the quaint brick wall, and studying the varied and ever-changing scene that sweeps beneath us, we must not forget our entertainment. The servants have brought in the candles. Before each table is a pedestal on which a candle burns, and the old temple lights up with a new splendor. To add to this splendor the wall has been draped with heavy silks, embroidered with gold and silver, with quaint and curious legends of the history of Japan. These draperies lend a new richness to the room, and you admire the artistic taste which suggested them. The merchants enter again, bearing meats. Advancing to the center of the room, and to the General, they kneel and press their foreheads to the floor. With this demure courtesy the course begins. Other

attendants enter, and place on each table the lacquer bowls and dishes. Instead of covering the tables with a variety of food, and tempting you with auxiliary dishes of watermelon seeds and almond kernels, as in China, the Japanese give you a small variety at a time. I am afraid, however, we have spoiled our dinner. Our amiable friend, Mr. Yoshida, warned us in the beginning not to be in a hurry, to restrain our curiosity, not to hurry our investigations into the science of a Japanese table, but to pick and nibble and wait—that there were



TRAVELING IN THE KAGO.

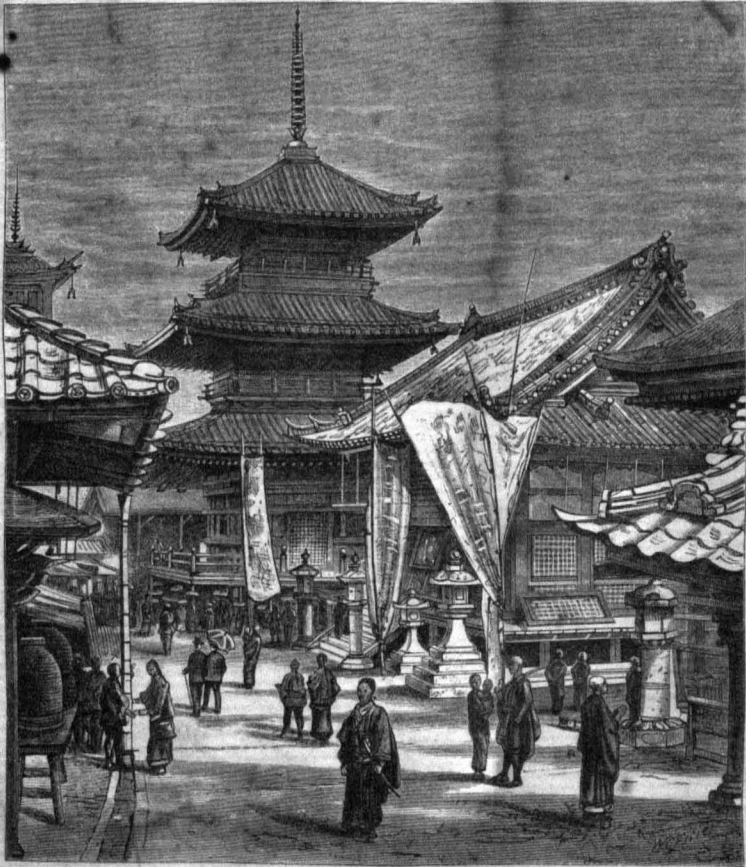
good things coming which we should not be beyond the condition of enjoying. What a comfort, for instance, a roll of bread would be and a glass of dry champagne! But there are no bread and no wine, and our only drink is the hot preparation from rice, with its sherry flavor, which is poured out of a teapot into shallow lacquer saucers, and which you sip not without relish, although it has no place in any beverage known to your experience. We are dining, however, in strict Japanese fashion, just as the old daimios did, and our hosts are too good artists to spoil a feast with champagne. Then it has been going

on for hours, and when you have reached the fourth hour of a dinner, even a temperance dinner, with nothing more serious than a hot, insipid, sherry-like rice drink, you have passed beyond the critical and curious into the resigned condition. If we had only been governed by the minister, we might have enjoyed this soup, which comes first in the course, and as you lift the lacquered top you know to be hot and fragrant. It is a soup composed of carp and mushroom and aromatic shrub. Another dish is a prepared fish that looks like a confection of cocoa-nut, but which you see to be fish as you prod it with your chopsticks. This is composed of the red snapper fish, and is served in red and white alternate squares. It looks well, but you pass it by, as well as another dish that is more poetic at least, for it is a preparation of the skylark, wheat flour-cake, and gourd. One has a sense of the violation of proprieties in seeing the soaring lark snared from the clouds, the dew, and the morning sunshine, to flavor a cake of wheat. We treat the lark better at home, and we might pass this to the discredit of Japan, if we did not remember how much the lark contributed to feasts in the Palais Royal, and that the French were alike wanting in sentiment. We are not offended by the next soup, which comes hot and smoking, a soup of buckwheat and egg-plant. The egg-plant always seemed to be a vulgar, pretentious plant that might do for the trough, but was never intended for the dignity of the table. But for buckwheat the true American, who believes in the country, and whose patriotism has not been deadened by debates on army appropriation bills, has a tender, respectful feeling. Somehow it has no business upon a foreign table, and at a daimio's dinner you feel that it is one of your contributions to the happiness of the world, that you have given it as your unit in the sum of human entertainment. You think of glowing buckwheat fields over which bees are humming—of overlaid tables in many an American home, crowned with a steaming mound of brown and crisp cakes, oozing with butter. You think of frost and winter and tingling breezes from the granite hills. It brings you October, and in this wandering round the world, disposed as one always should be to see sunshine wher-

ever the sun shines, I have seen nothing to rival an American October. But buckwheat in a soup is unfitting, and allied with the egg-plant is a degradation, and no sense of curious inquiry can tolerate so grave a violation of the harmony of the table. You push your soup to the end of the table and nip off the end of a fresh cigar, and look out upon the town, over which the dominant universe has thrown the star-sprinkled mantle of night, and follow the lines of light that mark the welcome we are enjoying, and trace the ascending rockets as they shoot up from the hill-side to break into masses of dazzling fire and illuminate the heavens for a moment in a rhapsody of blue and scarlet and green and silver and gold.

If you have faith, you will enter bravely into the dish that your silk-draped attendant now places before you, and as he does bows to the level of the table and slides away. This is called *oh-hira*, and was composed, I am sure, by some ambitious daimio, who had given thought to the science of the table, and possessed an original genius. The base of this dish is *panyu*. *Panyu* is a sea-fish. The *panyu* in itself would be a dish, but in addition we have a fungus, the roots of the lily, and the stems of pumpkins. The fungus is delicate, and reminds you of mushroom, but the pumpkin, after you had fished it out and saw that it was a pumpkin, seemed forlorn and uncomfortable, conscious no doubt of a better destiny in its New England home than flavoring a mess of pottage. What one objects to in these dishes is the objection you have to frogs and snails. They lack dignity. And when we come to real American food, like the pumpkin and buckwheat, we expect to see it specially honored, and not thrown into a pot and boiled in mixed company. The lily roots seemed out of place. I could find no taste in them, and would have been content to have known them as turnips. But your romantic notions about the lily—the lines you have written in albums, the poetry and water-colors—are dispelled by its actual presence in a boiled state, suffused with arrow-root and horseradish. Here are the extremes of life—the arrow-root which soothes

the growing palate, the horseradish which stimulates the declining tastes—and yet they are necessary to a proper appreciation of the lily and the pumpkin. The combination seems



THE TEMPLE OF ASAXA.

like a freak of the imagination, the elements are so antagonistic and incongruous. But the kettle levels all distinctions, and once that the bending lily and the golden pumpkin, with their pretentious associates, are thoroughly boiled, they are simply soup after all. It must have been a philosophical daimio who

invented this dish, meaning, no doubt, to teach his guests the solemn lesson that there is no glory, no pomp, no ambition, neither sentiment, nor virtue, nor modesty, nor pride, that can escape in the fulfillment of time the destiny to which time dooms us all.

Music! In the ancient days, when a great daimio dined his friends, music came and brightened the feast. Somehow it seems to have been always thus, even from the beginning—in Assyria, in Persia, in ancient Jerusalem, in the Indian forests. I should like to see a prize essay written in plain English on the subject of music, that would tell you something of the influence upon life of this world of harmony—how it brightens and heightens existence; how its tones follow us from the lullaby that soothes the unconscious ears of infancy to the dirge which falls unheeded upon the unconscious ears of death. Wherever we touch these ancient civilizations music comes to do us honor. At Jeypore, where our host claimed a descent from the stars, the nautch girls danced as was their wont before the shrines of Buddha. In Siam the Prince called Celestial honored us with music and dancers burdened with gold-embroidered raiment. In China music always attended our visits to princes and viceroys. Have you read what Confucius says about music? He liked bells and drums and harpsichords. "When," he said, "affairs are not carried on to success, propriety and music will not flourish, and if that is not the case punishments will not be properly awarded." Even in this seat of an antique civilization music reigns, and although the harmony is jarring to our modern ears, and you feel the want of expression and poetry, it has expression and poetry. One of the most intelligent Brahmins I met in India told me that if I once came to appreciate the music of India I would not care for any other. There was no difficulty in assenting to such a proposition, because I can conceive nothing more difficult than to find harmony in these discordant sounds. While our hosts are passing around the strange dishes, a signal is made and the musicians enter. They are maidens, with fair, pale faces, and small, dark, serious eyes. You are pleased



CENTRAL JAPAN.

to see that their teeth have not been blackened, as was the custom in past days, and is even now almost a prevalent custom among the lower classes. We are told that the maidens who have come to grace our feast are not of the common singing class, but the daughters of the merchants and leading citizens of Nagasaki. The first group is composed of three. They enter, sit down on the floor, and bow their heads in salutation. One of the instruments is shaped like a guitar, another is something between a banjo and a drum. They wear the costume of the country, the costume that was known before the new days came upon Japan. They have blue silk gowns, white collars, and heavily brocaded pearl-colored sashes. The principal instrument was long and narrow, shaped like a coffin lid, and sounding like a harpsichord. After they had played an overture another group entered—fourteen maidens similarly dressed, each carrying the small, banjo-like instrument, ranging themselves on a bench against the wall, the tapestry and silks suspended over them. Then the genius of the artist was apparent, and the rich depending tapestry, blended with the blue and white and pearl, and animated with the faces of the maidens, their music and their songs, made a picture of Japanese life which an artist might regard with envy. You saw then the delicate features of Japanese decoration which have bewitched our artist friends, and which the most adroit fingers in vain try to copy. When the musicians enter the song begins. It is an original composition. The theme is the glory of America and honor to General Grant. They sing of the joy that his coming has given to Japan; of the interest and the pride they take in his fame; of their friendship for their friends across the great sea. This is all sung in Japanese, and we follow the lines through the mediation of a Japanese friend who learned his English in America. This anthem was chanted in a low almost monotonous key, one singer leading in a kind of solo and the remainder coming in with a chorus. The song ended, twelve dancing maidens enter. They wore a crimson-like overgarment fashioned like pantaloons—a foot or so too long—so that when they walked it was with a dainty pace, lest

they might trip and fall. The director of this group was constantly on his hands and knees, creeping around among the dancers keeping their drapery in order, not allowing it to bundle up and vex the play. These maidens carried bouquets of pink blossoms, artificially made, examples of the flora of Japan. They stepped through the dance at as slow a measure as in a



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

a minuet of Louis XIV. The movement of the dance was simple, the music a humming thrumming, as though the performers were tuning their instruments. After passing through a few measures the dancers slowly filed out, and were followed by another group, who came wearing masks—the mask in the form of a large doll's face—and bearing children's rattles and fans. The peculiarity of this

dance was that time was kept by the movement of the fan—a graceful, expressive movement which only the Eastern people have learned to bestow on the fan. With them the fan becomes almost an organ of speech, and the eye is employed in its management at the expense of the admiration we are apt at home to bestow on other features of the amusement. The masks indicated that this was a humorous dance, and when it was

over four special performers, who had unusual skill, came in with flowers and danced a pantomime. Then came four others, with costumes different—blue robes trimmed with gold—who carried long, thin wands, entwined in gold and red, from which dangled festoons of pink blossoms.

All this time the music hummed and thrummed. To vary the show we had an even more grotesque amusement. First came eight children, who could scarcely do more than toddle. They were dressed in white, embroidered in green and red, wearing purple caps formed like the Phrygian liberty cap, and dangling on the shoulders. They came into the temple inclosure and danced on the graveled walk, while two, wearing an imitation of a dragon's skin, went through a dance and various contortions, supposed to be a dragon at play. This reminded us of the pantomime elephant, where one performer plays the front and another the hind legs. In the case of our Japanese dragon the legs were obvious, and the performers seemed indisposed even to protect the illusion. It was explained that it was an ancient village dance, one of the oldest in Japan, and that on festive occasions, when the harvests are ripe, or when some legend or feat of heroism is to be commemorated, they assemble and dance it. It was a trifling, innocent dance, and you felt as you looked at it, and, indeed, at all the features of our most unique entertainment, that there was a good deal of nursery imagination in Japanese fêtes and games. A more striking feature was the decorations which came with the second course of our feast. First came servants, bearing two trees, one of the pine the other of the plum. The plum-tree was in full blossom. One of these was set on a small table in front of Mrs. Grant, the other in front of the General. Another decoration was a cherry-tree, surmounting a large basin, in which were living carp fish. The carp has an important position in the legends of Japan. It is the emblem of ambition and resolution. This quality was shown in another decoration, representing a waterfall, with carp climbing against the stream. The tendency of the carp to dash against rocks and climb waterfalls, which should indicate a low order of intellect and per-

verted judgment, is supposed to show the traits of the ambitious man. Perhaps the old philosophers saw a great deal of folly and weakness of mind in the fever of ambition, and these emblems may have had a moral lesson for those who sat at the daimio feasts. This habit of giving feasts a moral feature,



A COUNTRY ROAD.

of adding music for the imagination and legends for the mind, if such were the purpose, showed an approach to refined civilization in the ancient days. I am afraid, however, if we were to test our dinner by such speculations it would become whimsical, and lose that dignity which princes at least would be supposed to give to their feasts. You will note, however, as

our dinner goes on it becomes bizarre and odd, and runs away with all well-ordered notions of what even a daimio's dinner should be. The soups disappear. You see we have only had seven distinct soups served at intervals, and so cunningly prepared that you are convinced that in the ancient days of Japanese splendor soup had a dignity which it has lost. One of the mournful attributes of our modern civilization is the position into which soup is fallen. It used to be the mainstay of a feast, the salvation of bad dinners, something always to be depended upon when all went to the bad. Now the soup has been abandoned to the United States, where we have the gumbo and the oyster, the clam and the terrapin, to justify the proud pre-eminence of America. I am afraid, however, from what I see of bills of fare at home at the great feasts, that the clam and the oyster are in abeyance; that the soups of America, our country's boast, and the birthright of every patriot—that the soups which bring you memories of New England beaches, and the surf that tumbles along the shores of the modest Chesapeake, and the sandy reaches of New Jersey, are following the fate of these soups of Japan, which you only see at these solemn daimio feasts, which are as much out of keeping with even the feasts of to-day as the manners and costumes of Martha Washington's drawing-room in a Newport drawing-room. With the departure of the soups our dinner becomes fantastic. Perhaps the old daimios knew that by the time their guests had eaten of seven soups, and twenty courses in addition, and drank of innumerable dishes of rice liquor, they were in a condition to require a daring flight of genius.

The music is in full flow, and the lights of the town grow brighter with the shades of darkening night, and some of the company have long since taken refuge from the dinner in cigars, and over the low brick wall and in the recesses of the temple grounds crowds begin to cluster and form; and below, at the foot of the steps, the crowd grows larger and larger, and you hear the buzz of the throng and the clinking of the lanterns of the chair-bearers—for the whole town was in festive mood—and high up in our open temple on our hill-side we have become a

show for the town. Well, that is only a small return for the measureless hospitality we have enjoyed, and if we can gratify an innocent curiosity, let us think of so much pleasure given in our way through the world. It is such a relief to know that we have passed beyond any comprehension of our dinner, which we look at as so many conceptions and preparations—curious contrivances, which we study out as though they were riddles or problems adjusted for our entertainment. The dining quality vanished with that eccentric soup of bassfish and orange flowers. With the General it went much earlier. It must be said that for the General the table has few charms, and long before we began upon the skylarks and buckwheat degraded by the egg-plant, he for whom this feast is given had taken refuge in a cigar, and contented himself with looking upon the beauty of the town and bay and cliff, allowing the dinner to flow along. You will observe, if you have followed the narrative of our feast, that meat plays a small and fish a large part in a daimio's dinner—fish and the products of the forest and field. The red snapper has the place of honor, and although we have had the snapper in five different shapes, as a soup, as a ragout, flavored with cabbage, broiled with pickled beans, and hashed, here he comes again, baked, decorated with ribbons, with every scale in place, folded in a bamboo basket. Certainly we cannot be expected to eat any more of the snapper, and I fancy that in the ancient feasts the daimio intended that after his guests had partaken freely they could take a part of the luxury home and have a subsequent entertainment. Perhaps there were poor folk in those days who had place at the tables of the great, and were glad enough to have a fish or a dish of sweetmeats to carry home. This theory was confirmed by the fact that when we reached our quarters that night we found that the snapper in a basket with various other dishes had been brought after us and placed in our chambers.

Here are fried snappers—snappers again, this time fried with shrimps, eggs, egg-plants and mashed turnips. Then we have dishes, five in number, under the generic name of “shima-

dai." I suppose shimadai means the crowning glory, the consummation of the feast. In these dishes the genius of the artist takes his most daring flight. The first achievement is a composition of mashed fish, panyu, bolone, jelly and chestnut, decorated with scenery of Fusi-yama. A moment since I called your attention to the moral lessons conveyed at a certain stage of our dinner, where the folly of ambition was taught by a carp trying to fly up a stream. Here the sentiment of art is gratified. Your dinner becomes a panorama, and when you have



VISIT TO HIGO.

gazed upon the scenery of Fusi-yama until you are satisfied, the picture changes. Here we have a picture and a legend. This picture is of the old couple of Takasago—a Japanese domestic legend, that enters into all plays and feasts. The old couple of Takasago always bring contentment, peace, and a happy old age. They are household fairies, and are invoked just as we invoke Santa Claus in holiday times. Somehow the Japanese have improved upon our legend; for instead of giving us a frosty, red-faced Santa Claus, riding along the snow-banked house-tops, showering his treasures upon the just and the un-

just—a foolish, incoherent old fellow, about whose antecedents we are misinformed, of whose manner of living we have no information, and who would, if he ever came into the hands of the police, find it difficult to explain the possession of so many articles—we have a poem that teaches the peace that comes with virtue, the sacredness of marriage, and the beauty of that life which so soon comes to an end. Burns gives you the whole story in “John Anderson, my Jo,” but what we have in a song the Japanese have in a legend. So at our daimio feasts the legend comes, and all the lessons of a perfect life of content and virtue are brought before you. The old couple are represented under trees of palm, bamboo, and plum. Snow has fallen upon the trees. Around this legend there is a dish composed of shrimp, fish, potato, water potatoes, eggs, and seaweed. The next dish of the shimadai family is decorated with pine trees and cranes, and composed of varieties of fish. There is another decorated with plum trees, bamboo, and tortoise, also of fish, and another, more curious than all, decorated with peony flowers and what is called the shakio, but what looked like a doll with long red hair. This final species of the shimadai family was composed of mashed fish—a Japanese fish named kisu, shrimps, potatoes, rabbits, gold fish and ginger. After the shimadai we had a series called sashimi. This was composed of four dishes, and would have been the crowning glory of the feast if we had not failed in courage. But one of the features of the sashimi was that live fish should be brought in, sliced while alive, and served. We were not brave enough for that, and so we contented ourselves with looking at the fish leaping about in their decorated basins and seeing them carried away, no doubt to be sliced for less sentimental feeders behind the screens. As a final course we had pears prepared with horse-radish, a cake of wheat flour and powdered ice. The dinner came to an end after a struggle of six or seven hours, and as we drove home through the illuminated town, brilliant with lanterns and fireworks and arches and bonfires, it was felt that we had been honored by an entertainment such as we may never again expect to see.