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Our admiral's flag abroad.



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D. G. Hamaguch  
Admiral  
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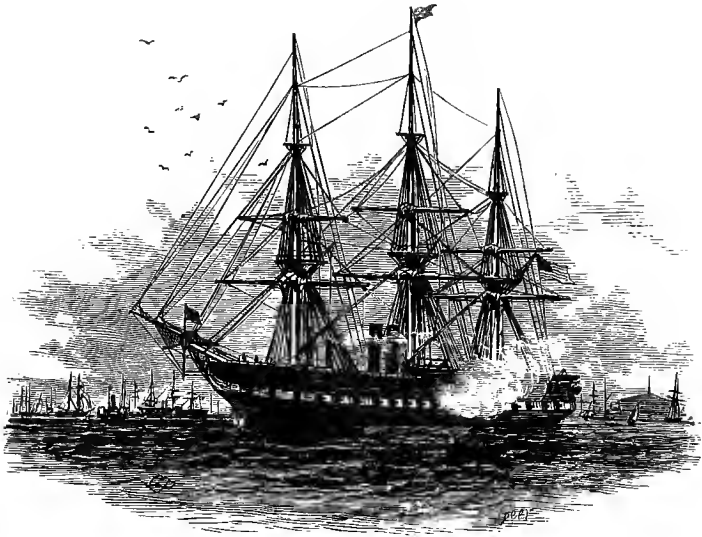






Our Admirals Flag Abroad

The Cruise of The Franklin



New York  
G. P. Putnam & Son  
1869





OUR ADMIRAL'S FLAG ABROAD.

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THE CRUISE OF

ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT,

COMMANDING THE EUROPEAN SQUADRON IN 1867-68,

IN THE

FLAG-SHIP FRANKLIN.

BY

JAMES EGLINTON MONTGOMERY, A.M.,

OF THE ADMIRAL'S STAFF.

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NEW YORK:

G. P. PUTNAM & SON.

1869.

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81, 83, and 85 Centre Street,  
NEW YORK.







NEW YORK, 1869.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL:—It is with feelings of no little pleasure, not unmingled with anxiety, that I dedicate to you this volume, the offspring of your late remarkable cruise in European waters, with a few observations of my own upon many of the principal scenes and incidents connected with that world-famous tour.

I am conscious of its many demerits, and am fully sensible of the fact that it is unworthy of you and the support of your honored name; but if you will accept it as an imperfect tribute of my affection for you personally, a memento of the many months of delightful companionship enjoyed in the cabin of the *Franklin*, and as an assurance that the chief pleasure in writing it was derived from its associations with you,—you will confer additional kindness upon one whose respect for you as a true patriot and an exemplary Christian is only surpassed by his love for you as a man.

That you may long be preserved in health, a glory to the country you have so long and faithfully served, and the pride of the service you have so elevated, is the heartfelt wish of

THE AUTHOR.

TO ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.



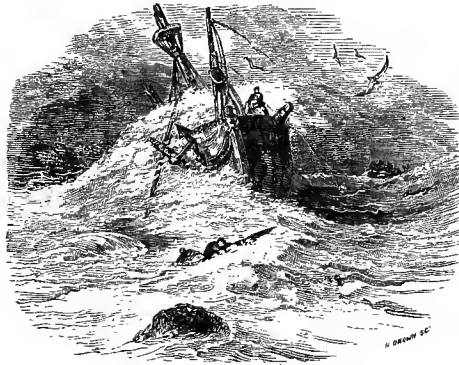
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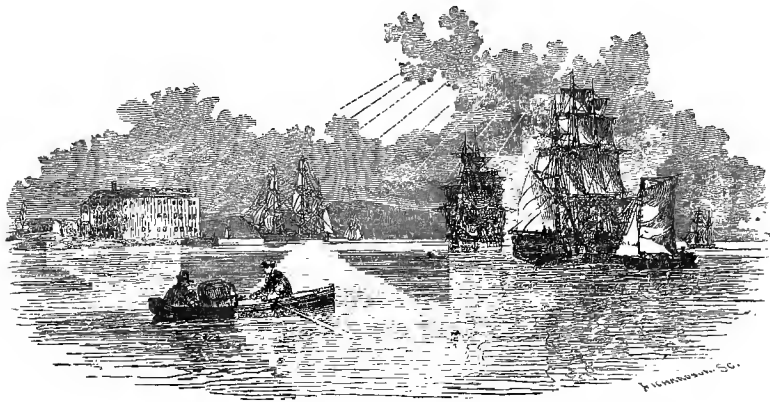
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS volume is simply what its title implies, a journal of the principal events which occurred during the cruise of Admiral Farragut abroad, embracing a period of about seventeen months, during which time he visited every country in Europe, touched at Asia and Africa, and was everywhere received in a manner and with an enthusiasm which is unparalleled in the annals of international courtesies.

From the time of his arrival in the harbor of Cherbourg to the hour of his departure from Gibraltar, on his way home, the representatives of nations and the people thereof vied with each other in doing him honor, and in offering tributes of respect to, and admiration for, the country whose cause he had so gallantly defended, and which had just emerged triumphantly from a long and destructive civil war.

In sketching this interesting and exceptional cruise, it has been found impossible to enter into details as minutely as might be desired, and to enumerate all the pleasant and curious incidents which belong to it. The author has therefore only attempted to describe the more important scenes, in order that our people may judge of the national significance of the enterprise.

Few can be aware of the great benefits which have resulted from this extended tour. In the language of one of our own diplomatists, whose position enabled him to judge of its results, the visit was one of "unmixed advantage to our reputation and to our political interests ; and," he added, "I congratulate the Government and people of the United States on the very favorable impression which has been made in Northern Europe by your cruise in the Baltic and adjacent waters. Our naval science has been illustrated and our political institutions honored, while socially and politically Americans have acquired an increased consideration."

This language reflects public sentiment in every country of Europe, and in many instances found more emphatic expression in the spontaneous official assurances that Admiral Farragut was the best ambassador ever sent from America ; for while all saw in him the eminent vindicator of our national rights, those in authority were charmed by the manner in which he invariably recognized the same privileges and duties in other lands and races.

In all his interviews with royalty and officers of state he never forgot his true mission ; and while appearing always as the representative of our republican form of government, he was careful to respect the claims and observe the courtesies due to legitimate authority and popular sentiment.

The entertainments on board the flag-ship, many of them costly and absolutely demanded by the circumstances, were given entirely at the expense of the Admiral ; and while thus cheerfully reciprocating the hospitalities and honors so lavishly bestowed, no doubt was left on the minds of our illustrious guests of the friendly sentiments of the American Government and people.

J. E. M.

NEW YORK, *April*, 1869.



# OUR ADMIRAL'S FLAG ABROAD.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OUTWARD-BOUND.

FRIDAY, *June 28, 1867.*

IN commencing this narrative I pass over the arrival of the *Franklin* in New York harbor; the interest created by her appearance as she swung at anchor in the waters of the majestic Hudson; the ceremony of hoisting and saluting the first four-starred flag that ever floated from an American spar; and the brilliant reception given by Admiral Farragut, a few days before his departure, to the President of the United States, several members of the Cabinet, and a large number of prominent citizens of the Metropolis, with their wives and daughters.

These are scenes which belong to the home circle, and are cherished by the participants therein as pleasant souvenirs of our short detention in American waters.

The cruise, now so famous, commenced on the date given above, and in becoming an official though silent member of the noisy company on board the flag-ship, I had certainly undertaken a rôle entirely new, and one in

whose duties previous experience as a soldier had not afforded the benefits of a very extended acquaintance.

About meridian of that day, in company with the Admiral, Mrs. Farragut, and several others, I passed over the gangway of the *Franklin* and became an admiring spectator of the active preparations on her capacious decks.

Mrs. Farragut's *entrée* had been as sudden and unexpected to her as it was agreeable to all on board. She had taken passage for Europe in the steamer *Fulton*, and had made all her arrangements to meet her husband in the most convenient port on his programme, when her plans were happily changed by a telegram from the President, received only the night but one preceding her departure, and addressed to her in the following language:—

“I will be pleased to have you accompany the Admiral in the *Franklin*, and if there is any rule or regulation of the service to prevent you from doing so, it is in your case suspended.

“ (Signed)

ANDREW JOHNSON.”

This graceful attention on the part of the National Executive was the more welcome as it had been entirely unsolicited, and was gladly accepted; the Admiral immediately requesting that Mrs. Pennock, wife of the commanding officer, might be permitted to accompany her—a request which was readily acceded to by the Secretary of the Navy.

The vessel was at anchor in the lower bay, adjusting her compasses; and as soon as the Admiral appeared on deck, orders were given to prepare for sea. The words

produced a magical effect upon all, and awakened reflections which may readily be imagined.

I was a novice on board a man-of-war ; my knowledge being limited to a few nautical terms learned in childhood, when constructing my own little pleasure-boats, and extended in after years to a fair understanding of the difference between the main and the mizzen-mast, the spanker-boom and the bowsprit ; and standing almost alone on the aristocratic poop-deck, I became a quiet "looker-on in Vienna." Our great ship resembled an immense "caravanserai," a "little warlike world within ;" her stainless deck swarmed with sailors, many of whom were still "landsmen" in the theory as well as the practice of seamanship,—all of whom were moving quickly about or scrambling up the rigging with careful step and steady nerve in obedience to the stern and authoritative commands of the Executive,—whilst officers of all grades, from the staid lieutenant who held command of the deck, down to the noisy boatswain whose whistle trilled above the general din, superintended a prompt execution of the many directions given by the commander.

It was precisely at half-past two o'clock that the anchor was weighed, and immediately thereafter the steam hissed—the great engines groaned, the propeller, technically termed the "wig-wag," dashed against the water, and our immense vessel glided gracefully and majestically out towards Sandy Hook in charge of a pilot, and accompanied by a diminutive tug-boat, which contained several warm-hearted friends of the Admiral, who had come

down the bay to give us their last greetings. Amongst those who thus clung to us to the very last were Miss Loyall, sister of Mrs. Farragut; Mrs. Welles, wife of the Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Folsom, who had been chaplain and instructor to Admiral Farragut in 1816;\* Captain Lahrbush, aged 102; General Wilson, and Mr. Edgar Welles.

In about half an hour afterwards we crossed the bar, discharged our pilot, spread our canvas to the light breeze, bid a long and lingering adieu to our companions in the tug-boat, and moved proudly out upon the broad Atlantic. At sunset every vestige of land had disappeared beneath the gilded horizon, and as our ship glided almost noiselessly through the heaving sea, glistening with all the glory of a summer's evening, she seemed the only moving object in the wide expanse around us.

Before proceeding further, it is proper to make a formal introduction of our gallant frigate and of the officers who accompanied her on this cruise.

The *Franklin* was built at the Portsmouth Navy-yard,

\* There is a circumstance connected with Mr. Folsom's early association with Admiral Farragut which is so remarkable, from its apparent prophetic accuracy, as to strengthen one's faith in clairvoyance, and induce a feeling of respect for the Highlander's doctrine of "second sight." That gentleman has always been much attached to the Admiral from the time of his entrance into the Navy; and when at Tunis, fifty-three years ago, presented him with a Turkish ataghan, the scabbard of which is ornamented with an embossed figure representing a frigate passing between the fire of two forts, having three tiers of guns—the very ordeals by which the then Midshipman Farragut rose to be Admiral of the American Navy, and our greatest naval commander.

and presents to the eye one of the most beautiful models of ship-building now afloat. She measures 315 feet in length over all, and has a breadth of beam of 55 feet. Her capacity, by the old standard, amounts to 4000 tons. She inherits her name from the old seventy-four which flourished in the time which tried men's souls, and over half a century ago sustained the honor of our flag in the Mediterranean under the command of Commodore Charles Stewart, surnamed "Old Ironsides," amongst whose midshipmen was the present Admiral of the American Navy. She has enough of the old stock in her—in the way of a few pieces of iron and copper, and a stray timber or two—to preserve the association, and to prove that the life of the old frigate is not yet extinct. Her peace armament consists of thirty-nine heavy guns, and a crew of 750 men; but during war times she would carry fully sixty guns of heavy calibre, and over 1000 seamen—a formidable battery to oppose single-handed! When she sailed from New York, the following officers were registered upon the rolls in the Paymaster's department:—

## ROSTER OF THE FLAG-SHIP.

DAVID G. FARRAGUT, Admiral, Commanding Squadron.  
 ALEXANDER M. PENNOCK, Captain, do. Franklin.  
 WILLIAM E. LE ROY, do. Fleet Captain and Chief of Staff.  
 JAMES M. SHIRK, Commander, Staff.  
 JONATHAN M. FOLTZ, Surgeon, Fleet Surgeon.  
 JOHN O. BRADFORD, Fleet Paymaster.  
 JOHN W. MOORE, Fleet Engineer.  
 EDWARD E. POTTER, Lieutenant Commander.  
 AUGUSTUS P. COOKE, do. do.

H. DE HAVEN MANLEY, Lieutenant Commander.  
 JOHN H. ROWLAND, do. do.  
 FREDERICK PEARSON, do. do.  
 GEORGE W. COFFIN, do.  
 W. BAINBRIDGE HOFF, do.  
 JOHN S. WALLACE, Chaplain.  
 DOUGLASS R. BANNAN, P. Assistant Surgeon.  
 ROBERT REDINGTON, A. do. do.  
 EDWARD I. AMORY, Ensign.  
 H. HOWARD BROWNELL, Ensign.  
 THOMAS G. WELLES, Fleet Secretary.  
 ALEXANDER MCKINLEY, Admiral's Secretary.  
 JAMES E. MONTGOMERY, do. do.  
 JOHN A. WELLES, Captain's Clerk.  
 FRANCIS H. ELLISON, Fleet Captain's Clerk.  
 J. HENRY PRIEST, Paymaster's Clerk.  
 EDWARD S. BRADFORD, do. do.  
 CHARLES HEYWOOD, Bvt. Lieut.-Colonel, Comd'g Marines.  
 MANCIE C. GOODRELL, Lieutenant M. C.  
 S. NICHOLSON KANE, Midshipman, A. D. C. to Admiral.  
 WASHBURN MAYNARD, do.  
 HUGH W. MCKEE, do.  
 CLIFFORD B. GILL, do.  
 WILLIAM W. GILLPATRICK, do.  
 BENJAMIN F. TILLEY, do.  
 HARRY KNOX, do.  
 FREDERICK COLLINS, do.  
 SIDNEY A. SIMONS, do.  
 JOSEPH L. STICKNEY, do.  
 WILLIAM B. H. FRAILEY, do.  
 WILLIAM M. PAUL, do.  
 CORNELIUS R. MEEKER, do.  
 LEWIS D. WEBSTER, do.  
 CHARLES P. SHAW, do.

PHILIP J. MILLER, Boatswain.  
 AUGUSTUS F. THOMPSON, Gunner.  
 WILLIAM D. JENKINS, Carpenter.  
 FRANCIS BOOM, Sailmaker.  
 GEORGE P. HUNT, First Assistant Engineer.  
 GEORGE W. STIVERS, Second do.  
 WILLIAM A. WINDSOR, Second Assistant Engineer.  
 HENRY L. SLOSSON, do. do.  
 WILLIAM H. PLATT, A. Third do.  
 WARREN B. BAYLEY, do. do.  
 JOHN H. BURCHMORE, do. do.

In addition to the above, Lieutenant Commander J. Crittenden Watson, Lieutenant Ira Harris, Jr., and Midshipman W. McCarty Little, were transferred to the *Franklin* from the *Colorado*, on the arrival of the flagship in the harbor of Cherbourg; the former being assigned to duty as Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Farragut, and the others as watch officers, a most pleasant position, particularly when the barometer indicates a stormy night!

Before many months had passed away several promotions took place—the three lieutenants being advanced one step up the professional ladder, and seven midshipmen authorized to wear the coveted epaulettes.

Mr. G. W. A. Jenkins, an artist of New York, accompanied the frigate as passenger as far as Sweden, and there left us, for the purpose of visiting the interior of that and the adjoining countries.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE VOYAGE—ARRIVAL AT CHERBOURG.

OUR voyage occupied just sixteen days, and during this time my daily journal is somewhat barren of events. I recur to its monotonous pages, and in the midst of latitudes and longitudes, and numbers of miles logged, discover that, up to noon of July 4, we were favored with beautiful weather—our noble ship gliding along over a calm and almost unruffled sea, affording all on board opportunities, eagerly embraced, of plunging into the fathomless depths of encyclopædias, and ancient and modern histories of the transatlantic world.

The first incident worthy of notice occurred on the anniversary of our National Independence, when, at meridian, the national ensign was raised to the masthead, and a salute from the heavy Dahlgrens reverberated over the waters, dying far away in the distance. As there was not even a sail in sight at the time, we were forced to the conclusion that our *feu-de-joie* was heard only by those on board, and simply disturbed the quiet of our own repose, and perhaps awakened the spouting sensibilities of some stray monsters of the deep.

During the evening of this day, when off the dreary banks of Newfoundland, a cold and cheerless rain set in, accompanied by most suggestive gusts of wind, which



soon converted our pleasant "tenant-house" into a rather disagreeable abiding-place, and all, except such as were on duty, made precipitate retreat into the regions below, glad to find shelter. A squall also favored us with its presence, and soon stirred up the rising emotions of the sensitive ocean into a state of fury, the consequence of which was that our vessel made some very unpleasant evolutions—at one moment pirouetting gayly to the right, and at the next taking a side-plunge to the left, until it became a feat of Blondin-like nerve and steadiness to sustain a proper equilibrium. During the continuance of these nautical performances, my own feelings can be better imagined than described; but still pride came to the rescue, and while I must undoubtedly have looked unutterable things, and may have resembled a picture of despondency endeavoring to smile like hope, I managed to maintain myself as a sailor, and put a favorable face upon my discomforts.

The weather from this time continued favorable, although very variable, and the days flew by under the double inspiration of present duties and future anticipations. There is not much variety at sea, especially in a man-of-war. Each day has its appropriate exercises, each hour its duties, and every officer and man his sphere of action. The various calls are as regular, and the different movements as sure, as if all were governed by machinery; and the sounds of the kettle-drum daily told the passage of time and the steady progress of our voyage.

Hours of leisure were devoted to poring over histories

of France and Russia, to which countries we were hastening; and when these became irksome, the mind of the wearied reader would find relaxation in communing with those, at home or in joining the livelier circle "forward," where the animated jest or tale of wonder found its eager listeners amidst the fumes and smoke of the popular meerschaum or the more aristocratic cigar, while the sweet strains from the band spoke eloquently of joys deserted, and recalled happy memories of the past.

Early on the afternoon of July 13 all eyes flashed with delight, as the welcome cry of "Land ho!" descended from the maintop. As may be supposed, a general stampede followed this announcement. Officers stumbled up the ladders in haste, and thronged the coveted poop, from which, with the aid of powerful glasses, we were soon enabled to descry the long-sought lighthouse on the Scilly Islands, at the entrance to the English Channel. The science of navigation had conducted our vessel across the great and mysterious ocean to the precise spot fixed upon. Although it appeared but as a speck upon the wide waste of waters, yet the heart of every landsman leaped toward it as gladly as does the weary traveller's to an oasis in the desert.

During the evening we were enabled to trace in the distance the undulating surface rising boldly from Land's End, and shortly afterward enjoyed a clear view of the hills of Cornwall, the southwest peninsula of Old England. American as I am in all my feelings and prejudices, and at that time realizing the full force and truth of the adage, that "absence makes the heart grow

fonder," I could not suppress a feeling of pride upon gazing for the first time upon the shores of our "fatherland."

A beautiful morning, radiant with all the smiles of a summer sky, ushered in the returning Sunday which closed upon our arrival in France. A few spiteful little squalls, peculiar to this part of the Channel, occasionally dimmed, but for a moment, the glistening skies above us, and as rapidly passed away, only to make the pleasant atmosphere more serene and lovely.

About mid-day we passed Alderney Island, with its green hills clothed in the richest verdure, and its well-tilled pasture fields smiling with abundance; and shortly thereafter, crossing the memorable battle-ground of the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*, our noble vessel moved majestically into the celebrated harbor of Cherbourg, bristling with guns mounted upon rows of fortifications, and conveying the impression that it was placed in its present position to resist an attack from the combined navies of the world, and as a standing warning to all cruisers from the other side of the Channel.

Our arrival within this famous roadstead was announced by a salute from the *Colorado*, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Goldsborough, who was about to turn over his command to his distinguished successor; and immediately thereafter the great anchor was "let go" for the first time in European waters. We had crossed the broad Atlantic, and our beautifully modelled ship now lay comparatively motionless in a foreign port—her sails all neatly furled, and her broad decks bustling with prepara-

tions to receive the official visitings, which, inaugurated here, were followed up in every country of the Old World to an extent unparalleled in the history of our navy.

Upon coming-to, we were quarantined by the authorities, and the warning yellow flag waved from the mast-head until the return of the Fleet Surgeon, who had been sent ashore by the Admiral with the bill of health representing the sanitary condition of the ship, and who announced that the restrictions were removed and communication with the shore established. Upon this the hospital flag was lowered, the tri-color raised, and saluted with twenty-one guns. The compliment was returned from the principal fort, with the American ensign floating from the flagstaff; and immediately thereafter these expressive salutations were exchanged between Admiral Farragut and Vice-Admiral Reynaud, commanding the French squadron in these waters, the famous iron-clad *Magenta* being his formidable flag-ship. She is certainly a suggestive-looking craft, and would prove a disagreeable adversary; but as we measured her strength and gazed upon her frowning battery from the decks of our own vessel, we recalled the maxim of our fighting commander, the Old Salamander of the sailors,—“Ships of wood and hearts of iron”—and then viewed her immense metallic proportions with comparative indifference. At this time the appearance of the harbor was decidedly of a warlike character—quite an imposing number of vessels of war lying within its extensive breakwaters. Of these no fewer than ten belonged to the French navy, including several iron-clads; and five, viz.: *Franklin*, *Colorado*,

*Canandaigua*, *Ticonderoga*, and *Frolic*, bore the American ensign. This squadron was shortly increased by the addition of the *Macedonian*, *Dale*, and *Savannah*, containing the practice-crews from the Naval Academy, under Commander S. B. Luce.

The remainder of this memorable day was unanimously devoted to dispatching letters to loved ones at home, announcing the safe arrival, and renewing assurances of unfailing affection. The various cabins, ward-room, steerages, and, indeed, every deck and corner of our floating caravanserai would have afforded an admirable illustration of the principal room in the New York Exchange or Custom-House. Officers could be seen in every conceivable position writing rapidly, to avail themselves of the mail, which the Consul maintained was already starting. Many added postscript upon postscript, as if the pleasure of communing, like a "linked sweetness long drawn out," was really intensified by every moment's delay. The sailors themselves soon caught the raging fever, and speedily appropriated every available box, board, chest, or drum upon the berth and quarter decks, and taxed their epistolary powers to the uttermost to produce favorable impressions among the expectant friends across the great mill-pond. I venture to assert that there went forth from the *Franklin* that day more earnest protestations of unfailing devotion, and more faithful assurances of continued attachment, to as many "sweet Evelinas" and adorable "Emma Janes," than would soothe the most jealous nature which ever distracted the heart of woman; and to prove that benefits

in this world are evenly distributed, it may be well to report that the obliging Postmaster of Cherbourg was observed to smile most blandly that evening upon his wonderful receipts, and that he retired to the quiet of his own hearth with visions of Aladdin opening joyfully before him.

This first duty on board ship being concluded, the thoughts of all flew quickly from home to Paris, and the excitement had scarcely lulled in behalf of the mail ere it arose again to fever heat, with desires to visit that great emporium of the world's fashion; and that night bright phantoms of the magnificent capital passed in review in the agitated minds of the fortunate few who had received permission to visit it on the morrow, and pleasure, in anticipation, brooded over the fancies of all during their slumbers through the first night in France.



## CHAPTER III.

### FRANCE.

THE *Franklin* remained at anchor in the harbor of Cherbourg for sixteen days, during which time a large number of her officers availed themselves of the proffered opportunity of visiting Paris. On the day after our arrival, the "advance guard," consisting of eight of the most enthusiastic, went to the city before us in the steam launch. The sea was very rough at the time, and every one became perfectly saturated with the rain, and spray from the tossing waves. We managed, however, to reach the beautifully-built quay without further drowning, and, as if going from bad to worse, were at once surrounded by a legion of youthful half-clad Normans of both sexes, all clamoring loudly for the coveted privilege of conveying our portmanteaus "*à la gare, à la gare,*" some holding up one finger, some two, and others three, as indicating the number of sous for which they would perform this precious duty. I have had considerable experience in this business in my lifetime, and have more than once run the gantlet of New York cabmen, but I am forced to confess that I have never stumbled upon a more persevering, leech-like set of beggars; they are greater plagues than the locusts of Egypt, and, I should imagine, far more tormenting. However, we managed to force our way

through the narrow streets of this old seaport, treating with tormenting indifference the decreasing army which flanked and followed us to the dépôt. There we took possession of a car, and soon started off quite merrily, as persons generally do when visiting some famous watering-place, and for an hour or more we gazed upon the green fields of Normandy with an interest greatly intensified by the associations aroused. The entire journey to Paris becomes doubly attractive to the tourist, not only from these historic memories, but from the anticipated pleasures its very name insures. The country through which we passed on this occasion is, perhaps, the most beautiful in this luxurious kingdom. Clothed in the richest verdure, and everywhere evincing the very perfection of cultivation, even the Saxon has to admit that the appellation of "La Belle France" has been fairly won; and studded as it is with cities, towns, and hamlets, rich in their historic records and stirring legends, it is not surprising that this beautiful country has become a favorite camping-ground for European travellers.

We paused for a breathing-spell to the iron horse in the ancient city of Caen, where rest the remains of William the Conqueror; hurried on to Bayeux, famous for its tapestry; and afterward passed through Evreux, once the residence of the Empress Josephine, and Conches, which seems to boast of little beyond its antiquity and primitive condition.

But the most zealous and indefatigable antiquarian cannot master impossibilities, nor can he stretch his neck out of a car window for hours without experiencing a feeling



of drowsiness; and as it is equally impracticable for the sharpest eye to discover relics through the intervening shades of twilight and darkness, it is not strange that, in spite of the attractions around us, this enthusiastic party of sight-seers soon succumbed to the demands of exhausted nature.

Commander Shirk assumed the air of a philosopher, leaned his head against the window, smoked away at a huge cigar, and resigned himself to the circumstances of the hour. Dr. Bannan held out famously for a long distance, appearing to delight in the sudden return to "land-cruising," but finally followed his companion to the happy land of dreams. Chaplain Wallace presented an imposing picture of repose under difficulties, his conformation and that of the apartment we were occupying not appearing to harmonize. Mr. Brownell, after making a fruitless but praiseworthy effort, with a powerful glass, to trace the outlines of some ruin designated in "Murray" as the scene of a most tragic event in Gallic history, became overpowered, and, managing to obtain an angle of forty-five degrees, was soon dead to all surrounding landmarks. Mr. Jenkins, the artist, stared wildly at the effect produced upon the landscape by the deepening shadows, "made a note of it" for future delineation, and immediately passed away into a peaceful slumber from the effort, and its effects upon his nervous system. The others gradually "followed suit;" and the writer, choosing a more recumbent position, amused himself for a time in sketching a mental picture of the "seven sleepers" breathing heavily around him, until a feeling of pure sympathy induced him

to yield to the same influences which had produced such a narcotic effect upon his *compagnons de voyage*.

Early on the following morning, ere the busy hum of active life had disturbed the mystic stillness of the dawning day, we reached the beautiful city which has well been styled "the great centre of European civilization and learning;" and so impatient was our corps of observation to trace out its historic lights and shadows, that in a few hours we were under full headway, in detached bodies, upon a tour of sight-seeing which would have astonished the wildest antiquarian, and fully justified any one in supposing that we were either escaping from justice, or were on a wager to inspect all the highways of that immense city within a space of time rapidly expiring.

With the stately palace of the Tuileries as a *grand point d'appui* of operations, our army of occupation scattered in all directions to every point of historic interest. We drove rapidly in our several cabriolets along the famous Champs Elysées, and through the beautiful Place de la Concorde, with all its terrible associations forced from the memory by the grandeur of its surroundings, up to the magnificent Arc de l'Etoile, whose simple yet stupendous proportions stand forth a colossal monument to the glory and power of the great Emperor. From this point we made a retrograde movement, in the same rapid manner, to the famous old cathedrals of Notre Dame and Sainte Chapelle; gave the cheerless Morgue a passing glance; roamed wonder-stricken through the well-filled rooms of the dismally-antique Hôtel de Cluny; paid our respects to the earthly remains of the "greatest Captain of the Age," who sleeps

his last sleep in the magnificent tomb under the imposing dome of the Hôtel des Invalides ; lingered in admiring stillness before the wonderful Pantheon ; and wound up the day's programme and much of our ardor by a flank attack upon the great Exposition, which would have brought an approving smile to the rigid countenance of the great *flanker* himself.

During the day, an amusing incident occurred in our tour of sight-seeing, which, being somewhat illustrative of a national characteristic, I have deemed worthy of recording in these desultory sketches.

It arose from the fact that we were unfortunately endeavoring to "do" Paris upon a day when many of the public buildings were closed to visitors ; and although our well-thumbed Guide-books had warned us upon this order, and informed us of the stated periods when they were open, yet our time was too precious to permit an abandonment of the field before making an assault. It was with this feeling of confidence that we advanced upon the Hôtel des Invalides, in spite of every assurance that it was a useless expedition, where we found a large number of disappointed sight-seers appealing earnestly, but in vain, to a pompous old grenadier of the Guard, whose coat was brilliant with decorations and medals, and whose ideas of discipline and obedience to law seemed as fixed and immovable as those of the "Little Corporal" himself. Affairs certainly looked discouraging, almost hopeless, until Dr. Bannan, who is brilliant in an emergency, pushed rapidly through the murmuring throng, confronted the astonished guardsman, and politely re-

requested permission for *officers* to visit the tomb of Napoleon. The old veteran scanned the doctor's uniform, measured him from head to foot, fixed his glance upon him, as a detective would upon one around whom there lurked suspicion, and then inquired, somewhat imperiously: "*Quel pays, Monsieur?*" With much of the *suaviter in modo*, and more of the *fortiter in re*, the Doctor informed him of our nationality, upon which he raised his hand slowly to the visor of his shako, strictly *à la militaire*, then waved it towards the entrance as tragically as if he were Kemble himself, and turning to the swelling crowd, who had remained passive spectators of the scene, and were preparing to follow the footsteps of their benefactor, cried out, in a voice which betokened an end to all hope of resistance, "*Tout le monde peut entrer!*" an invitation accepted with a rush like that of many waters, the eyes of all turning with expressive delight upon the officer who had secured their admittance.

The result of this very successful demonstration was that the Doctor's reputation as a *commissionnaire* rose high in our estimation, and we very gladly installed him thereafter in chief command of our corps of observation.

This day's *skirmishing* may be said to be illustrative of our entire sojourn in the great metropolis. Day after day, and night after night, it was an incessant tramp, tramp, tramp after the countless objects of curiosity and remarkable works of art for which that city is celebrated, until "the labor we delighted in physicked pain," and we gradually learned to welcome the fatigues of the daily routine from the pleasure derived as a result.

The Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Pennock, Captain Le Roy, Lieut.-Commander Watson, and Mr. Kane, arrived on the day following, and at once joined actively in the general movements, coursing about the city with as much zeal and interest as the most indefatigable sight-seer among us, and exhibiting powers of endurance not unworthy of a California trader, or even Leatherstocking himself.

The morning hours would invariably herald our approach to some quaint old cathedral, whose foundation dates centuries back in the tragic history of France, or to one of the great monuments of art associated with the rising glory of Parisian magnificence; while the afternoon was devoted almost exclusively to the wonders of the Great Exposition, through whose intricate mazes we would slowly wend our way, joining the vast throng in its extended avenues and passages. Here, indeed, in this vast storehouse of the world's industry, there was abundant food for contemplation,—ample opportunity for estimating the wonderful progress of the age in which we live. Surrounded on all sides by the grandest specimens of man's handiwork,—the costly gems of India and Arabia glistening near the polished brilliants of Western Europe, and Russian furs and malachite, exposed in adjoining apartments devoted to French silks and perfumery,—we threaded our way through this great labyrinth; at one moment lingering before some stupendous piece of mechanism in the shape of a monstrous locomotive, whose very appearance might well impress some unfortunate Hindoo with frightful visions of the all-destroying Juggernaut;

at another, stopping to examine the suggestive proportions of a gigantic gun, capable of discharging half a ton of metal with a force before which wooden walls would be but trifling obstructions. Thence passing by long rows of articles of every-day use and manufacture, our steps would be suddenly arrested by a prominent display of the last cunning invention of American ingenuity, whose simplicity would astonish every beholder, and force from many some complimentary observation upon the wonderful genius of "those confounded Yankees!"

There was one feature in the Great Exposition which, if it did not contribute much to our national pride and patriotism, certainly afforded no little amusement to Americans, as well as to the wonder-stricken visitors of every nation here represented. I need scarcely observe that it was the capacious *drinking saloon*, over which the waving of the Stars and Stripes gave unmistakable proofs of its nationality, and from which the enterprising proprietor offered to supply the Circean cup to all those who were athirst. The initiated were prepared for the "occasion," and knew very well the power and effect of the several decoctions for which they applied; but aliens to the language of American bar-rooms read over the formidable catalogue of beverages, with poetic and seductive titles, "with countenances more in sorrow than in anger," and speculated long ere they called for the refreshing "cobbler" and "morning dew," or any of the various combinations of spirits in the preparation of which the proprietor claimed to be an experienced professor.

In his first visit to the Exposition, the Admiral was

particularly attracted by the great gun from Krupp's foundery, in Prussia, which he subsequently visited. He seemed chained to the spot by some irresistible agency, his genial face lighting up with admiration as he calmly surveyed its huge dimensions and measured its great calibre, as if he would derive additional pleasure in running an entire battery of such leviathans! Strange fascination! that one whose life has so often rested upon the chance shot of hundreds of guns of immense power, and who has so often exposed himself to all the dangers incident to war, should look with an approving smile upon such instruments of destruction, and calmly calculate the effect of their shot upon the wooden sides of a passing frigate! I mildly ventured the natural observation, that it would be anything but pleasant to storm such a battery, and received in reply the chilling assurance that it would be nothing when we became accustomed to it! I inwardly exclaimed, Save me from the experience which would make *this* nothing, and mentally lamented the combative proclivities of poor fallen humanity.

While examining this gun we were much amused, as well as edified, by the different effects produced upon a group of French and Prussian soldiers, as they respectively paused before it and scanned its wonderful proportions. It was at the time when the war-fever between those two great powers was at its highest degree of intensity, and shortly after Count Bismarck had plainly informed the shrewd Emperor of France that under no considerations could the smiling fields of his kingdom stretch out to the lovely banks of the Rhine.

The Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders characteristically, and looked with an air of supreme indifference upon the great mass of metal before them as the invention of their enemy; the Prussians gazed triumphantly upon it, and contemplated its destructive properties with a smile of national pride and satisfaction: the one deriding its introduction, and the other glorying in its power; both willing to test its merits whenever occasion might require its use.

In examining this great cannon, as well as many other improvements in weapons of war, all having for their object the more effective and wholesale slaughter of man, we have often wished that the millennium would come upon us, if only to establish harmony among all the nations of the earth; but until that happy day shall arrive we presume the quarrelsome propensities of our race will cling to us tenaciously, and we may as well, therefore, prepare to "fight it out on this line," even if it requires all the intervening space between this and the promised dawn of universal peace.

I remember another little circumstance associated with our tour of observation in Paris, which illustrates in a measure one of the most constant scenes witnessed by those who class themselves, *par excellence*, as sight-seers. As we passed slowly through a course of inspection of the time-honored cathedral of Notre Dame, we were accompanied, as usual, by one of the guides appointed specially for this service, and it so happened that the one allotted to us amused us so much by his wonderful flow of language, that we absolutely lost sight of much of the superb



architecture of the interior construction of that historic old pile. This man was a genius in his line, was exceedingly voluble, and delivered his well-conned descriptions of every picture and every shrine with a fluency truly alarming from its continued vehemence and endurance.

He was a true Frenchman—his ancestors in all probability were auctioneers from the earliest period, and all their volubility concentrated in the last scion of the stock—and, as he rattled off his oft-repeated lines in one unchanging monotone, and in the same breath advised us to “proceed to the next” object of curiosity, it was plain to be seen that he lost no opportunity of glorifying his own country at the expense of every other, and interlined his remarks with every possible rhapsody on her power and magnificence. The Admiral was very much amused, and gave this remarkable specimen of humanity the usual fee for his services, and a handsome *pourboire* extra for his loquacity, which started him off afresh until he had talked us all out of hearing. It was the prevailing opinion that this man would be a dangerous competitor of the famous Vermonter who once destroyed a Kentuckian in a talking-match which continued unabated for eighty consecutive hours!

During our brief sojourn in Paris several officers accompanied the Admiral on a visit to the city of Versailles, to see the great palace whose very name recalls the “pride, pomp, and circumstance” which surrounded the brilliant reign of the monarch whose favorite motto, “*l'état, c'est moi,*” fitly reveals the power he possessed over his empire.

In this magnificent old kingly residence we passed

many hours in examining the rare works of art which decorate its seemingly endless galleries, especially a series of fine paintings arranged in chronological order, and representing the history of France from the earliest period down to the present day; and also many of the wonderful relics of former luxury which still attest its primitive grandeur and brilliancy.

Without, this immense structure bears sad evidence of Time's unsparring hand, and the fragmentary pavements and neglected approaches prepare the visitor for beholding a vast monument of departed glory; but it is impossible to enter within its capacious walls, and contemplate the gorgeous *salons*, the gilded corridors, and the luxurious chambers which open in all directions, without feeling that the very atmosphere is impregnated with the essence of royalty. The imagination speedily flies back over the intervening gulf of years which separates the present from the past, and re-peoples those superb apartments with the great actors of the golden period when the *beaux esprits* of France thronged the brilliant court which held high carnival there throughout the entire reign of the great monarch. The very sound of our stranger footfall seemed to awaken memories of that remarkable era; and we moved slowly about, as if the martial spirits of Condé and Turenne stalked at our elbows, to remind us of the times when these gorgeous halls were trod by them and their famous contemporaries.

Leaving the palace we strolled along the beautiful avenues, gayly adorned with innumerable statues and vases, and over the luxuriant parterres, studded with fountains

and jets, to the Grand Trianon, the favorite villa of the great Napoleon; and, after indulging every curiosity to the uttermost, retraced our steps toward Paris, much gratified with our day's experience, and more than ever astonished at the enormous extravagance which has been lavished upon these royal residences, for the gratification of the luxurious vanity of kings and queens and their satellites.



## CHAPTER IV.

### FRANCE—THE EMPEROR'S RECEPTION.

ON the evening of the 22d, Major-General Dix, the very popular and accomplished Representative of the United States at the Court of France, gave a superb entertainment in honor of Admiral Farragut, at his handsome apartments in Rue Presbourg, at which were present the officers of his staff, and a large number of prominent and well-known Americans then resident in Paris.

The Admiral and Mrs. Farragut were, of course, "the observed of all observers" in that agreeable circle of "fair women and brave men." Every possible attention was extended to them by their distinguished and courteous host, and the Admiral received the most gratifying assurances that his name and fame had preceded him to Europe, and were free passports to the respect and admiration of those who love true manhood, and in him recognize one of the principal defenders of our great Republic.

On the morning of the 26th of July, accompanied by part of his staff, Admiral Farragut, having devoted as much time as he could spare to the labor of "doing" Paris, took French leave of that superb metropolis, returning to Cherbourg, by invitation of Vice-Admiral Reynaud, commanding, to participate in the honors to be extended to the Empress Eugénie on her arrival from England, and

purposing at the same time to prepare for his next cruise up the waters of Northern Europe.

Although the heavens were open on the day we started, and the clouds dropped rain in abundance, the scenes along that interesting route fully compensated for the dullness of the weather, and we arrived at our journey's end without feeling the distance, which a monotonous country would render tedious.

Strange as it may appear, I absolutely felt at home when I trod once more the broad decks of the flag-ship, and derived no little pleasure in the comparative quiet which her wooden walls afforded.

The Admiral, on the other hand, was not even permitted to enjoy the rest he so much required, in the manner which to him was second nature, for immediately after his arrival on board, he received a telegram from General Dix, enclosing an invitation from the Emperor to dine with him on the following day at the Palace of the Tuileries. This made it necessary for him to return to Paris at once, in order that he might be able to respond in person to the request of His Majesty. Before leaving, however, he left particular orders with Captain Pennock, directing that all the vessels of the European Squadron should unite in paying honors to the Empress on her arrival within the harbor, and that nothing should be omitted which could in any manner contribute to the success and brilliancy of her reception.

With the full knowledge and assurance that he would be well represented on this occasion, he repaired with General Dix to the Imperial residence, where he was most

courteously received by the Emperor, and cordially welcomed to France, His Majesty expressing much regret that he was not sooner informed of his presence in the capital.

As may be supposed, the imperial entertainment was a most magnificent affair, and afforded the Admiral an excellent opportunity of conversing with that wonderful man who controls the destinies and glory of France, and keeps all Europe in a state of perplexing anxiety by the magical power of his far-reaching diplomacy.

He spoke freely and unreservedly upon many topics of peculiar interest among the improvements of the present age; asked particularly about the power and availability of the ram *Dunderberg*, which the French Government had then lately purchased; and seemed deeply interested in the success of a new motive power for vessels, a model of which he had had constructed for experimental purposes. This subject seemed to be one of deep anxiety to His Majesty, as it was an invention of his own fertile genius, and consisted in the propulsion of vessels by water. A large working model of this, called the *Water Witch*, was subsequently inspected by the Admiral, during his visit to Portsmouth, England, and pronounced by him a wonderful invention. The Emperor remarked to his guest, that he had submitted his own model to a commission composed of scientific men, who pronounced it simply a mechanical contrivance, which would work well in small things. "Like a German toy," interposed the Admiral. "Precisely," continued the Emperor; "and not supposed to be of practical benefit." The Admiral told His Majesty,

that as soon as he had examined the one constructed in England he would be happy to furnish him with some information as to its power—which assurance greatly gratified the imperial host.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT CHERBOURG.

WHILE the Admiral and the great “nephew of his uncle” were fraternizing within the gorgeous palace of the Tuileries, preparations on a grand scale were making in the harbor of Cherbourg for the fitting reception of one “lesser than Macbeth, yet greater”—for if the graceful and accomplished partner of His Majesty does not govern the grand empire of France, no one will be rash enough to question the acknowledged fact that she rules absolutely over the hearts of men and women everywhere, and holds complete possession of the tender susceptibilities of naval officers in particular.

All the ships in the harbor, comprising about thirty vessels of war, of all grades and classes, from the *Franklin* and *Magenta* down to the smallest tugboat, were beautifully dressed with bunting, while the houses on shore displayed flags and wreaths of flowers gracefully festooned in profuse clusters about the streets and along the quay. From the forts and dockyards, the arsenals, breakwaters, and public buildings also floated the gay tri-color, while every available spot of ground was occupied by the eager and enthusiastic people of the place, awaiting in breathless



silence to greet their sovereign queen. The whole harbor presented a grand and brilliant parterre of flags, while upon the stainless deck of each vessel the entire corps of officers, in their holiday attire, and their mustaches trimmed and twisted *à l'Empereur*, waited anxiously to make their most elegant bows to the expected visitor, and to rival Beau Brummel in the flourish of their reception. Captain Pennock made a rapid survey of his beloved vessel, to see that all was in proper order, and a significant smile, which was observed to light up his countenance, assured the officers drawn up in line on the starboard side that "all was serene." Captain Le Roy, the acknowledged Chesterfield of the squadron, waited in silent dignity for the time when he should be sent upon his mission to attend upon Her Majesty and express a cordial welcome in behalf of the Admiral.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the royal yacht, *La Reine Hortense*, was first signalled off the harbor, and shortly afterward was distinctly seen steaming in toward the appropriate anchorage. As she passed the outer fort, her appearance was greeted with a storm of artillery-fire such as has seldom been witnessed even in battle.

At a given signal the American vessels fired the national salute, while the French pealed forth in three distinct salvos, which consist in the discharge of entire broadsides—gun after gun in rapid succession, sounding like one prolonged and deafening roar.

At this moment the yards of all the ships were thoroughly manned by thousands of admiring tars in their summer costume, who from their exalted airy obtained a

grand view of the brilliant pageant before and around them.

The royal yacht moved slowly in, passing around each vessel, the crews cheering most lustily—the Frenchmen shouting most frantically, “*Vive l’Impératrice! Vive l’Impératrice!*” and intermingling their cries with the Americans, who contented themselves with the more simple Saxon “Hurrah!” until the whole harbor resounded with the exultant shouts of welcome to the Empress of la belle France.

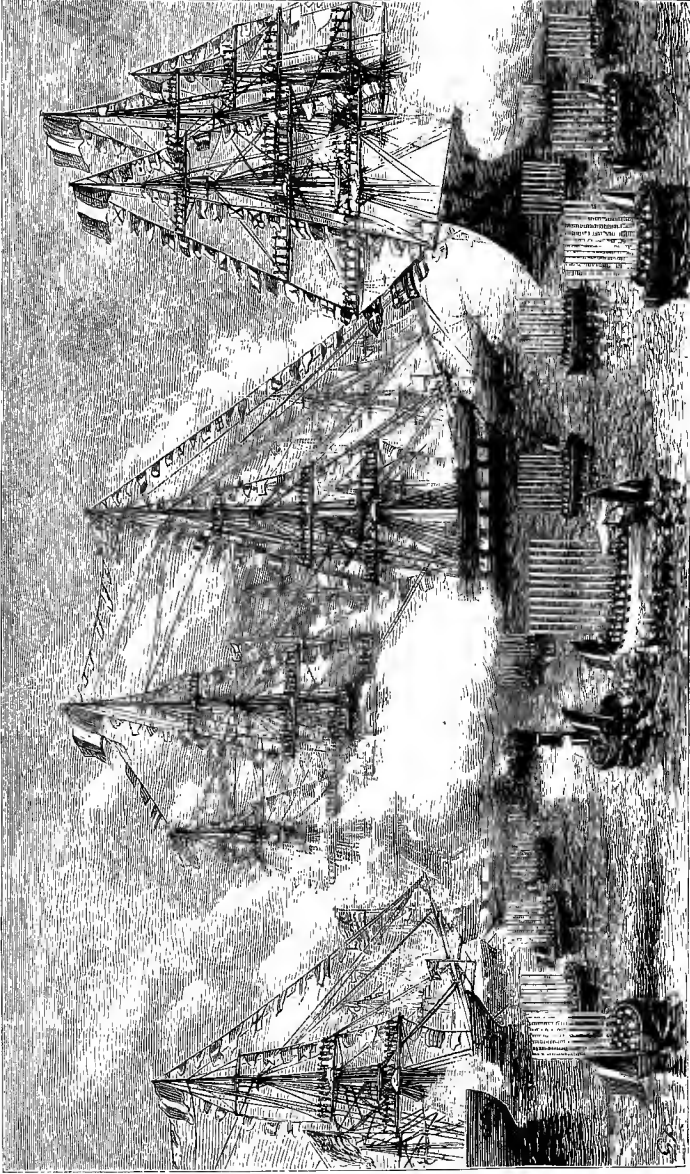
As the yacht successively passed the different vessels in the anchorage, the bands struck up the beautiful air of the nation, “*Partant pour la Syrie*”; the officers stood uncovered on the poop, and the jolly tars, from the top-gallant down, sent forth a cheer which rang out merrily above the booming of cannon.

As soon as the review was finished, the yacht anchored near the *Magenta*, and immediately thereafter, by direction of Captain Pennock, Captain Le Roy went on board to pay his respects to Her Majesty.

Upon being presented to the Empress, the Captain, who is famous for his gallantry, very gracefully offered his congratulations upon her safe arrival at Cherbourg, and, in behalf of Admiral Farragut, who had purposely left Paris to participate in her reception, but who had been recalled suddenly to dine with the Emperor, tendered her the hospitalities of the American Navy.

Her Majesty expressed herself much gratified by this reception, and remarked with great *naïveté* that she had never been on board of an American vessel of war, and





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would be most happy to avail herself of the opportunity to visit the flag-ship "of our distinguished Admiral." This brought a most complimentary rejoinder from Captain Le Roy, who expressed the great honor it would afford them to welcome her to the *Franklin*. The invitation being accepted, Captain Le Roy returned to his post with a speed which challenged admiration, the oarsmen pulling at their oars until their muscles swelled like cords, and in less time than I have taken to describe it, the announcement of the Empress's intention was circulated over the vessel. Of course everything was put in readiness in a twinkling; the Executive's voice was heard above the din, directing every one to his position; the officer of the deck thundered after some one to adjust a rope or reset a box, which an officer in his haste had suddenly capsized; the marines held themselves unusually straight, and Colonel Heywood looked the grim veteran of a hundred battles. The French boats formed a cordon in two lines from the *Magenta*, between which approached the royal barge, and in a few minutes, amidst the din and uproar of hundreds of cannon, Her Majesty was received by Captain Pennock at the foot of the ladder, cordially welcomed by him to the flag-ship of the American Squadron, and then escorted along the deck, receiving the salutations of all the officers and a salute from the marines. All these she acknowledged so gracefully and smilingly, that the officers became individually and collectively impressed, and rushed off the next day to Cherbourg to purchase her photograph—a compliment which the artist should certainly have appreciated, as it made a run upon his stock

which must have yielded handsome dividends. There is a report, filed away in the archives of the *Franklin*, that Captain Pennock still jealously preserves in a glass case the gloves he wore when conducting Her Majesty up the starboard ladder and down the Admiral's stairway.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

The Empress was accompanied on this occasion by the Duchess of Bassano, chief Lady of Honor, and two other ladies of her suite, as well as by the Grand Chamberlain, Equerry, and others of the imperial household. She was simply attired in travelling costume, and looked "every inch a queen;" "grace shaped her limbs, and beauty decked her face." After visiting all parts of our noble vessel, inspecting everything with much apparent interest, and inquiring into many of the details of our service; examining the cabins, ward-room, and steerage, and manifesting a wonderful friendship for the midshipmen, who were greatly delighted thereat, she repassed along the line of admiring officers, receiving the same salutations and marks of respect, the band performing "*Partant pour la Syrie*," the men on the yards cheering, and the artillery pealing forth its thunder. Having requested Captains Pennock and Le Roy to dine with her on the royal yacht in the evening, and having asked for a photograph of Admiral Farragut, which the Captain promised to present to her, Her Majesty left the *Franklin* and returned to her barge with the same honors which had greeted her arrival, leaving the pleasantest remembrances in the hearts of all the ship's company.



The dinner on board the *La Reine Hortense* is described by the gentlemen who had the good fortune to be present, as a most magnificent affair. The table was arranged on the quarter-deck, under a canopy lined with flags, and it was a source of much pride and gratification to our officers to observe that immediately behind the chair of the Empress, and rising slightly above it, the American colors were gracefully draped.

Captains Pennock and Le Roy received marked courtesy and attention from every one present. They occupied seats to the right and left of the Duchess of Bassano, immediately *vis-à-vis* to Her Majesty, who was supported on her right by the Bishop of the province, and on her left by Vice-Admiral Reynaud, the Préfet of the maritime district.

Both of the officers who represented our navy on this grand occasion speak in the most exalted terms of the affability and courtesy of the Empress. She conversed freely upon many subjects, manifested much interest in America and the naval service, of which she is particularly fond, and, before the close of the entertainment, reminded Captain Pennock of his promise to present her with the *carte de visite* of the Admiral, which that officer at once produced and transferred to her safe-keeping. Thus Admiral Farragut's photograph is now doubtless a prominent object in some gorgeous album of the beautiful Eugénie.

The evening seemed to be specially reserved, however, for the crowning honors to the Imperial visitor. Every possible preparation had been made for a reception worthy

of the occasion, for no sooner had darkness veiled the earth than all the French vessels in the harbor were illuminated, as if by magic, with thousands upon thousands of variegated lights, extending in many rows along their sides and hanging in clusters along the spars and rigging, until, seen at a little distance, they looked like brilliant constellations, flashing out in the dark blue sky, and by their liquid fire hiding the lesser light of the starry hosts beyond.

Our own vessels had lanterns at the yards and along the ports, and at intervals displayed blue lights and Roman candles, adding to the grandeur of a scene which it is almost impossible to describe. At ten o'clock, in answer to a signal from the *Magenta*, a dense cluster of rockets streamed serpent-like through the air from all the vessels of the French squadron, and from various localities on shore, and upon reaching their towering altitude curved slowly and burst into thousands of brilliantly colored stars, by which the whole harbor and the surrounding scenery were lighted up, and the very heavens became resplendent with the coruscations they created.

The effect of this incessant discharge of fireworks was not only grand, it was sublime and thrilling, and called up many indistinct but splendid visions of scenes described in the wild pages of Oriental romance. The officers of our fleet agreed with one consent that it surpassed every display they had ever witnessed. It was midnight ere the pageantry ceased. Then the harbor became once more lulled, and the waters, so recently agitated, sunk into rest, to be disturbed and retossed early on the

ensuing day, when the brilliant scenes of the preceding afternoon were renewed. The grand spectacle entered upon its last act ; the drama was not yet closed, for as the Empress went on board the *Magenta* to attend mass, the shouts of assembled thousands pealed forth their homage, and the band performed its sweetest melodies in honor of the joyful occasion. At nine, precisely, the royal yacht, with the Empress on board, moved slowly out toward the sea, on her way to Havre. This was the signal for a second tornado of artillery, which swept with tremendous fury over the enclosed bay, and was prolonged by the outer forts in a continuous salvo, until the little vessel was fairly hull down in the east. Even then, the enthusiastic French did not seem satisfied with the brilliant reception they had given to one so popular among them, but would fain have continued their rejoicings until the safe return home should be telegraphed from Paris. It was in all respects a most superb ovation, and, it is said, gratified Eugénie amazingly.

But fortunately the French, as a people, are not much troubled with constancy or vain regrets : every excitement is ephemeral, and rages high until some fresh theme makes its appearance, when they cast off the old love as suddenly as they welcome the new, and prepare for the succeeding ovations with a zeal and spirit which quickly effaces all memories of recent fêtes.

During the same evening, officers of the squadron assembled in various knots upon the decks of their respective ships, and freely discussed the scenes and events of the drama upon which the curtain had just fallen ; and it was

a noticeable feature, that while one and all had some fault to find with the coil of a rope, or the position of an unfortunate sailor on the yards, there was an entire unanimity of opinion upon the fascinating appearance and captivating manners of the Empress Eugénie.

All were delighted with her natural ease and courtesy, and among the volume of memories which cluster around every record of our eventful cruise, none afford a pleasanter souvenir than her visit to the old *Franklin*—though her decks were subsequently trodden by many of the sovereigns of Europe.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE NORTH SEA.

ON the morning of the 30th of July, the Admiral having returned from Paris, the *Franklin* was placed under sailing orders, and at noon of the same day she sailed out of the harbor of Cherbourg, followed by the *Canandaigua*, Captain Strong, and the *Frolic*, Commander Harmony; the *Ticonderoga*, Captain Wyman, remaining for a day or so to complete certain repairs, such as all ships will occasionally require, in spite of ribs of oak and bands of iron.

Few tears were shed upon this occasion, and no wavings of handkerchiefs attested the presence of fair spectators upon the quay from which we were receding, as fortunately no hearts had been broken or even damaged, and the great fortress itself had not made any of those tender impressions which require the soothing influences of time to efface.

Our destination was known to be the Russian Empire, and as we had the prospect of a ten days' cruise before us, every conceivable plan was put into requisition to while away the time, and destroy the unvarying monotony of everyday life on board of a man-of-war.

Passing along the coast of England, we were constantly occupied in observing the various features of her sea-coast and its landscapes. We brought our glasses to bear

upon the long white terraces of Brighton, and visions of Long Branch and Newport danced before us and recalled the annual pleasures of those favorite watering-places; we gazed upon Hastings, with thoughts of Harold the Saxon and William of Normandy, until the beautiful chalk cliffs of Dover came in view, and transferred us mentally to the scenes connected with its past history.

Even the innumerable sails which skimmed along those commercial shores, proclaiming the maritime power of the island before us, afforded much amusement to the disconsolate, and enabled the artists to fill up many blank leaves in their sketch-books, and the journalists to record many little incidents which constantly passed in review before them. While crossing the dreary German Ocean, however, and threading our way through the tortuous channels of the Great Belt,—once the favorite resort of the famous Vikings, and the scene of many an old Scandinavian legend,—and thence along the cheerless Baltic, we were compelled to fall back upon our own resources and trust to native ingenuity to give the necessary relish to our sea-faring life.

Without the great resources of a library, and the incalculable benefits which flow unremittingly from its source, a man-of-war would be a comparative wilderness, deprived of one of the principal pleasures of life; and I well remember when, upon a subsequent occasion, I stood before the monument erected in Strasburg in honor of Guttenberg, how gladly I paid homage to his genius, and inwardly offered my grateful tribute to his memory.

After such a prelude, it seems almost superfluous to say

that books were eagerly sought for, and, among others, Motley's spirited and absorbing history of the Rise of the Dutch Republic passed rapidly around, until its well-thumbed pages attested its general popularity.

During this northern cruise the weather became unusually cold, insomuch that overcoats were in demand, and *stag dances* were improvised on the gun-deck, as the most pleasurable means of sustaining a comfortable degree of caloric.

It is certain that these impromptu "*quadrilles des officiers*" were but cold and melancholy substitutes for the inspiring home institution; and yet, upon every repetition, we manifested our exalted appreciation of "nature's last, best gift to man" by selecting the most favored of the uniformed group as their representatives in our mournful banishment, and the distinguishing handkerchief, gracefully folded around the arm, soon became unnecessary to distinguish our partners' position in the hurry-scurry dance that followed. By this little variation in the compass of our daily action, we contrived to serve the double purpose of recalling absent friends and at the same time enjoying physical recreation.

The only incident of an unusual and melancholy nature which occurred during this trip happened while passing Nyborg, in Denmark, when the flag-ship was stopped to allow the interment on land of a marine who had died on the preceding day.

His body was conveyed ashore by Colonel Heywood and the chaplain, and a small party of his late companions, and was received by the generous and warm-hearted

people of the little village with all the respect and attention which their limited means permitted them to bestow. The Burgomaster and the English Consul rendered every assistance in their power, and many of the citizens, sympathizing in the solemnity of this unexpected visitation, accompanied the little *cortége* to the last resting-place of the departed, in the cemetery by the seaside, and, while the guard discharged their farewell shots, strewed flowers upon the stranger's grave, and assured one and all that it would not be neglected.

This melancholy duty performed, the escort returned to the ship, which soon bounded merrily on her course, leaving the soldier to sleep his last sleep in a foreign land while we were dashing far away on the billow, enjoying the novel scenes unfolding themselves in those great northern seas.

After passing Kiel Bay we enjoyed a fine view of the northern coast of Prussia, and obtained a distant glimpse of Rostock, which enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of the famous General Blucher. At this point the *Frolic* was sent on to Stettin, with orders to rejoin the Squadron at Cronstadt.

The visit of the *Frolic* to this important commercial entrepot of the kingdom of Prussia is described by Commander Harmony, in his official report, as a continual series of ovations, from the time of her arrival until the last hour preceding her departure. She was the first American vessel of war that had ever entered the Oder, and the people seemed determined to produce such a favorable impression as to insure frequent opportunities of saluting



the Stars and Stripes near the capital of their great empire.

The American Minister, Mr. Bancroft, was very attentive to the officers of the *Frolic*, and to the representatives of the flag-ship then in Berlin, who had come overland from Paris, and were about to re-embark for passage up the northern seas.

Commander Harmony estimates that as many as thirty or forty thousand people lined the wharves and assembled on the housetops in and near Stettin as the vessel passed down the river on her outward-bound cruise, many of whom became very enthusiastic in their demonstrations, and afforded abundant evidence of their delight in welcoming an American war-ship. From the civil, military, and other authorities he received the kindest attentions, and every assurance of a general desire to cultivate and promote the most friendly intercourse and relations between the two powers.

The passage up the tideless Baltic was particularly interesting in the eyes of all strangers to such high latitudes, from the wonderful shortness and peculiar loveliness of the nights. Nature indeed made a "short, melancholy pause between the hour when the long summer twilight weeps itself away" and the first gray streaks of approaching dawn, for it seemed that the night's last shadows had scarcely dimmed the face of nature ere it reflected once more the flickering beams of another day.

As we paced the broad decks of our great frigate, moving steadily onward, there was something grand and inspiring in contemplating the mystic vault above us;

something truly elevating in the lambent beauty of the stars, "that are the poetry of heaven," and the unusually resplendent purity of the moon, and we nightly enjoyed the soothing influences they diffused until our position, far up the Gulf of Finland, warned us that we were rapidly approaching our anchorage in the waters of the great Northern Empire.



## CHAPTER VII.

### ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN RUSSIA.

IT was about six o'clock on the evening of the tenth of August that we entered the impregnable harbor of Cronstadt.

No one who had the good fortune to be on the flag-ship at that time can ever forget the warmth and brilliancy of the grand reception given to Admiral Farragut in that world-famous stronghold, which has so recently enacted a conspicuous part in Russian history.

Fully prepared as we were to receive a cordial welcome from a nation whose friendship for our own has become proverbial—a nation which, during the darkest hours of our late struggle for nationality, was among the few powers of Europe which maintained her sympathies in behalf of the great cause for which our Government “drew the sword and threw away the scabbard”—we had not anticipated the generous outburst of enthusiasm which hailed our advent within their northern waters.

It was a welcome which appealed directly to the heart, and made “assurance double sure” that it sprang not from the cold forms and requirements of international ceremony, but from a cherished desire to cement the friendly relations which have always existed between the two countries.

Mere words can never adequately describe landscapes or sounds, and still less such feelings as those which evidently dictated the warmth of this northern welcome; but I must attempt a brief sketch of this brilliant pageantry. No sooner had we passed the outer fort than the discharge of a gun gave the signal for a general salute in honor of the Admiral, and peals of the dread artillery from all quarters greeted the flag-ship as she moved slowly and majestically on between lines of vessels of war, all enveloped so densely in smoke that it was with great difficulty we managed to recognize their dark broadsides, or trace the excited figures of sailors swarming like bees upon their rigging, cheering as if they were endeavoring to drown the booming roar of cannon, and waving their caps with the wildest exultations of joy.

In the midst of all this uproar, the *Franklin* steamed slowly on to her anchorage; the Admiral was stationed in the centre of the poop-deck, surrounded by his officers, and gracefully bowed his acknowledgments to the right and left, respectively, as the cheers of his entertainers happened to meet him, and all the others joined in the general recognition. Much as we were delighted with these manifestations of pleasure at our arrival, our hearts were made more than glad, when, in every momentary lull in the wild tumult around us, we heard the magic sounds of our own national melodies pealing forth a beautiful tribute to our own far-distant land.

During these exciting scenes the *Franklin* was by no means a silent spectator or actor. She had her own part

to perform, and when the curtain arose she made her *début* in a most spirited manner; for, as it was impossible to ascertain from whom the salutes came, and the number of guns in each,—batteries on shore and saluting ships thundering away indiscriminately,—the Admiral directed Captain Pennock to return them all, gun for gun, and immediately thereafter her own great broadside added to the general uproar; her own crew returned cheer for cheer, with “tigers” *ad libitum*, and her own band sounded forth the lovely strains of the Russian National Hymn.

In his official communication to the Navy Department from Cronstadt, written shortly after his arrival, Admiral Farragut says: “Our reception here by the Russian authorities, naval and civil, was most gratifying, both nationally and individually. From the time we passed the first vessel we were greeted by cheers and salutes until we anchored, the harbor becoming so dense from smoke that we could no longer distinguish whence the guns were fired, whether from forts or ships, the Russians always taking the initiative. We returned in kind cheers and salutes, cheering when they cheered, and firing when they fired; but it was one burst of the most cordial welcome.”

As the foregoing description naturally suggests, the arrival of Admiral Farragut’s squadron in Russian waters created an unusual furore in the army and navy circles of that vast empire, and inaugurated a series of *fêtes* and ovations in his honor unsurpassed in the history of international courtesies.

It is conceded that no such welcome has ever been extended to a foreign dignitary. Without even waiting for the customary salute from the visiting ship, with the flag at the fore—the rule which governs all nations—the warm-hearted Russians opened the ball before we were aware of their intentions, and while we were quietly preparing our own batteries for an expressive greeting.

The Admiral confessed that his hosts “had got the start of him,” but he hoped to “catch up,” and immediately after their opening roar the blue cross of St. Andrew streamed gayly from the mast-head of the flag-ship, and our broadsides thundered away until the very air resounded with the terrible reverberations of hundreds of “war’s most mortal engines.”

The crews of the *Franklin*, *Canandaigua*, and *Ticonderoga* were kept aloft, with instructions to shout themselves hoarse, and for some minutes the contest between them and the Russian tars became very exciting; but it is conceded that the latter insisted, as an act of hospitality, in having the last hearty round.

During the entire period of our anchorage in their principal port, attentions were showered upon us everywhere, and my journal daily records some fresh evidence of the kindly feelings entertained by all classes of that great Northern Power for the government and people of the United States, and is filled with instances, strong as proof of Holy Writ, of a sincere desire to promote and foster the good understanding which now happily exists—a desire which every American endorses, and joyfully exclaims, *Esto perpetua!*

As soon as our vessel was fairly anchored, Rear-Admiral Lessovski, Governor of Cronstadt, came promptly on board, and, in behalf of the government he represented, tendered Admiral Farragut and his officers a most cordial welcome, assuring him that every Russian in the kingdom was anxious to do him honor. At the same time, the Governor offered the Admiral the Government House at Cronstadt for his own use and accommodation, and placed at his disposal a gunboat to convey him and his officers to and from St. Petersburg, whenever he or they might desire to visit that city.

The meeting between these two naval dignitaries was not a bad illustration of Damon's reception of Pythias: they had known each other in America, and each entertaining a very exalted opinion of the other, their reunion in Russia was characterized by the most friendly remembrance of former associations.

When the quiet of night reigned once more in the harbor, its dark and lowering aspect seemed to have no visible check upon the good spirits which prevailed on ship and on shore, as all were happy under the cheerful influences of the recent scenes of welcome and the promised ovations which were to follow.

Early the next morning, notwithstanding that the wind blew and the "rain came dancing on the earth," Commodore Sundon, commanding the Swedish iron-clad squadron of four monitors, then lying off Cronstadt, paid an official visit to Admiral Farragut, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in greeting his arrival in the waters of Northern Europe—assuring him that his own Government

was anxiously awaiting the opportunity to pay its tribute of courtesies, national and individual.

The following day the harbor presented quite a lively appearance, occasioned by a general reception by Admiral Farragut of all the principal officers of the Russian army and navy stationed around St. Petersburg, ordered by the Government to call at once upon the nation's guest, and also those of the Swedish fleet, amounting in all to about one hundred; all of whom approached the *Franklin* in their respective boats, each with its ensign flying, and thus creating an unusual scene of naval pomp and circumstance.

They were all most cordially received by the Admiral and his officers, in full uniform, upon the quarter-deck, with the guard of marines and the crew mustered at quarters. The appearance of so many distinguished officials in their bright, showy uniforms, glittering with decorations which told of great merit and gallantry, made quite an imposing display upon the polished decks of the flag-ship, and presented to our republican vision the first picture of the pride and pomp which surrounds both services in Europe. Mingling freely and almost fraternally with our own line and staff, in their more simple dress, they were escorted through all parts of the ship on a tour of inspection, and then to the Admiral's cabin, where a very handsome entertainment had been provided for them, and where officers of both nations enjoyed the opportunity of touching glasses that foamed and sparkled with the purest *Veuve Cliquot* to future friendships, and indulging in sentiments testifying to hearty mutual admiration for the Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine, Admirals Les-



sovski and Farragut, and Russians and Americans generally.

As all these officials conversed freely in French, and many of them wonderfully well in English, conversation became general and animated, and an interchange of views seemed the ruling passion of the hour.

Our guests remained on board for about two hours, appearing delighted with their visit, and expressing their high appreciation of the friendly reception accorded them ; and as they left, the heavy battery of the *Franklin* thundered forth salutes to the senior officers, according to their several ranks ; and these, returned gun for gun by the batteries on shore, again enveloped the harbor in smoke, and presented, in miniature, the battle-scenes of the preceding day.

On the identical evening, entertaining the same irresistible desire to visit the Russian capital which had made us winged Mercuries from Cherbourg to Paris, I embarked with my friend Hoff and several officers upon a pleasant little passenger-boat, whose title I can neither write nor pronounce, and in about two hours was promenading along the broad and imposing thoroughfares of that wonderful monument of genius, energy, and perseverance which that indomitable monarch, well surnamed the Great, built on the marshes of the Neva ; and although founded as late as the beginning of the last century, now presenting a splendor and magnificence which place it in the front rank of European capitals.

Did occasion require it, it would be impossible to write too extravagantly about this imperial city. Its successful

rise and progress is a marvel to those familiar with its history, while its present population, prosperity, and grandeur, in despite of the greatest natural disadvantages which ever combined to check a city's growth, astonish the visitor, and at the same time arouse feelings of admiration for the unflinching enterprise of its illustrious founder.

It was difficult at first to realize that we were residents, *pro tempore*, of this great northern capital; but the dress of the soldiery and natives, the "sackcloth and ashes" garments of the numerous priests, and, above all, the illegible and mysterious sign-boards, showing a number of fierce-looking consonants in fearful proximity with some modest little vowel, soon convinced us that we were in the very source of Russian power and glory.

For several days thereafter it would have afforded much amusement to our transatlantic friends to have obtained even a momentary view of their representatives, hurrying rapidly about in pairs, seated within the narrow limits of a break-neck *drosky*, driven furiously by a long-bearded, long-cloaked, and excited *isvoshtchick*; from the gorgeous Winter Palace of the Czar, with its mines of wealth and superb gallery of paintings, and the scarcely less grand and colossal Hermitage, built by the famous Catherine II. as a simple place of retirement from the exciting cares of state; down the broad Nevskoi Prospect, the Regent Street of St. Petersburg, to the beautiful cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, or to the more chaste and elaborate Isaac Church, with its granite monoliths, its interior decorations of malachite and lapis lazuli, and its huge

gilded dome, which flashes like the sun, and dazzles the eye for many miles. No one learns to circumnavigate a city as rapidly as an American, particularly when the time at his disposal is limited. His watchword then becomes, *en avant!* and from that moment he resembles Noah's weary dove, for he truly finds no rest for the soles of his feet. On such occasions he rejoices in the possession of a drosky at the moderate sum of twenty copeks an hour, equivalent to about fifteen cents; for it increases his amount of exercise, and, at the same time, contributes materially to the expedition of his sight-seeing tour.

A Russian drosky is an institution doubtless extremely serviceable in its way, and I have frequently had occasion to praise and condemn the profound genius who invented it, let him be native or foreign to the soil; but without stopping to suggest an improvement in the way of elasticity in the springs, I am compelled to state, that to fully appreciate it, it is necessary to undertake a trip in one, at the moderate speed of fifteen miles an hour, over a rough or corduroy surface, and without the power to explain to the driver that your constitution is rapidly becoming shattered! I can assure the world in general that a better or more certain cure for dyspepsia or *spring fever* cannot be found in the whole pharmacopœia.

Nevertheless, these little vehicles became wonderfully popular among the officers, and were so liberally patronized as to cause the simple-minded possessors to make an extra pilgrimage to the shrine of some favorite saint, in token of gratitude for the incursion of so many patrons.

From this time until the day of our departure, the Amer-

ican uniform shone conspicuous upon the principal streets of this imperial city, and along the beautiful drives which skirt the banks of the clear and smiling Neva. The *button* was such a sure passport to the heart of every *Russki*, that it was worn on this visit without the least compunction of conscience.

Naval officers have a programme for the hours devoted to occupations and visits, which experience has gradually reduced to a system.

While the junior members of the service are invariably expressing their preferences as to the places to be visited, to the senior it becomes a matter of comparative indifference whether he is cast adrift in a desert or within reach of the gayest capitals of the old world—at all times content to serve out his cruise, wherever the winds and waves may bear him.

To the former there is the all-absorbing novelty and fascination of the shifting scenes upon the stage of an historic world ; to the latter it is the old play they have seen so oft, the hackneyed drama in which they have for so many years sustained the parts of the principal characters.

All avoid ceremonials as much as possible, and devote themselves to the sights and pleasures of the city they are visiting ; the antiquarians, enthusiasts, and landsmen *par excellence* attacking it without mercy, or even a breathing spell ; the older salts quietly contenting themselves with the sure results of a regularly conducted siege.

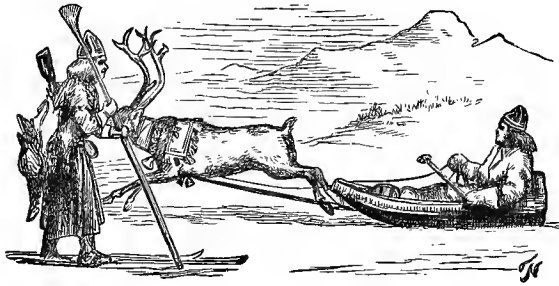
St. Petersburg offered a magnificent field for all such operations, and presented opportunities for the gratification of every taste, unsurpassed in any other capital of Europe.

In point of colossal dimensions and interior embellishments, her palaces and public buildings stand unrivalled ; the Winter Palace—the imperial residence—being the largest in the world, and all the apartments furnished with every luxury which can delight the eye or please the fancy ; and the adjoining Hermitage, the favorite boudoir of the ambitious Catherine, a perfect museum, loaded with the choicest works of art and *virtu*, and containing a long gallery devoted exclusively to specimens of the wonderful mechanical ingenuity of the great founder of the city, who passed several years in the dockyards of England and Holland, simply for the purpose of learning the science of ship-building.

These, with the Michaeloff ; the “ Taurida,” once belonging to Potemkin, the Annitchkoff, the Monastery of St. Alexander-Nevskoi, and the immense Admiralty buildings, the public monuments and museums, and the numerous cathedrals, many of which combine exquisite taste with beautiful symmetry of architecture, and all constructed of the choicest materials, occupy the attention of the tourist for hours during each day ; while the gay promenades and gardens furnish the necessary recreation and amusement by night.

We leave them, therefore, in the rare enjoyment of “ doing ” this superb metropolis and its beautiful surroundings ; in the judicious selection of malachite and lapis lazuli brooches and bracelets for well-remembered friends across the sea ; and in their race after pleasure in the odoriferous and brilliantly-illuminated gardens of Isler, Catharineschoff, and others, along the winding Neva ; and

transfer our attention to the line of march adopted by Admiral Farragut, as the most feasible one to reach the heart and examine the resources of the vast empire of the Czar.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### RECEPTIONS AND OVATIONS—VISIT TO MOSCOW AND CENTRAL RUSSIA.

ON the morning of August 13th the Admiral paid an official visit to Commodore Sundon, commanding the Swedish squadron, and on his return found General Pomutz, United States Consul at St. Petersburg, awaiting him on the flag-ship. Shortly after, a deputation from Cronstadt, comprising Mayor Stepanoff and the City Council, were received on board with all the honors, and, after extending the city's welcome, were escorted over the ship and invited into the cabin, where a lunch had been prepared upon tables set out in the form of a Russian flag. Toasts, bumpers, and cheers followed each other in quick succession: then "pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly we swore" eternal amity, ratifying the friendly obligation with expressions which spoke volumes for mutual goodwill; and when the delighted guests left the ship in a tug flying the American flag, the usual salutes were fired, which they acknowledged by loud cheering and the waving of hats, to which the band responded by playing the Russian National Hymn, creating quite an excitement in the harbor. On the afternoon of the same day, accompanied by his staff, the Admiral dined with Rear-Admiral Lessovski, in the old cottage once occupied by Peter

the Great, which still contains many relics of that extraordinary genius.

The next morning, with his usual escort, and Captain Rikatscheff, Aid-de-camp to Governor Lessovski,—who was the very impersonation of kindness and hospitality during our entire sojourn in Russia,—the Admiral proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he was met by General Cassius M. Clay, U. S. Minister, and by him conducted to the residence of the Prime Minister, Prince Gortschakoff; the Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Crabbe, and the other members of the Russian Cabinet, for each and all of whom he left his pasteboard representative. Thence he visited, with General Clay, the most prominent objects of attraction in the city, and returned to Cronstadt just in time to welcome the arrival of the *Frolic*, with Mrs. Farragut and Mrs. Pennock on board, both of whom—with Mrs. Harmony, Mrs. Shirk, and Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Kane—had taken the overland route from Paris to Stettin, in Prussia, and thence to the anchorage of the *Franklin*, as above stated, in the vessel commanded by Captain Harmony.

Upon this happy reunion, the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut at once accepted the pressing invitation of Admiral and Madame Lessovski, and transferred their headquarters to the Government House, where they were most delightfully established and most hospitably entertained.

On the morning following, accompanied by the commanding officers of all the vessels of his squadron, Rear-Admiral Lessovski, and the Swedish officers, the Admiral proceeded to St. Petersburg in a Russian gunboat, with



the American ensign flying at the main, and upon arriving in the capital continued on, in a handsome car provided for this special occasion, to Pavlosk, one of the imperial summer palaces. Here he and his officers were presented to the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor, who was at that time travelling with his family in Southern Russia, for the benefit of his health, but who, upon being advised of the arrival of the Admiral within his kingdom, at once issued an imperial order, directing that every attention should be bestowed upon their distinguished guest.

His Royal Highness received the Admiral most courteously, and expressed much pleasure at his visit; and the latter, alluding to this short but most agreeable interview, says: "I found him affable and highly intelligent, with a most astonishing memory of men and events in relation to our country and navy. He invited us to dine with him that afternoon, and in the mean time begged we would amuse ourselves in riding around the grounds of the palace."

Nothing can possibly exceed the exquisite taste displayed in this as well as in the other summer palaces of the Emperor, situated respectively at Peterhoff and Tsarskoe-Selo.

The beautiful walks are shaded by noble trees of all varieties; they course, serpent-like, through velvety lawns studded with lovely parterres and classic fountains, and often encircle glimmering lakes fringed with the choicest plants and flowers, upon whose placid surface are lying boats of every form and variety, from the primitive

kayak of the Esquimau, to the graceful gondola of the Venetian and the light caique of the Mussulman.

While musing in this earthly paradise, the Admiral and his party were suddenly called away to the armory, filled with weapons of war of every description, from the war-club of the Sandwich Islander to the needle-gun of Prussia.

In this armory there are immense numbers of relics and treasures, among which is shown a toilet-set of gold, presented by Napoleon I. to Alexander of Russia, immediately after the treaty of Tilsit. At the appointed hour on that same day, the Admiral, with his commanding officers and part of his staff, together with those of the Swedish squadron and several distinguished naval commanders of Russia, repaired once more to the palace, and after partaking of the usual appetizer, a custom honored in the observance in Russia, dined with the Grand Duke, the Admiral occupying the post of honor, as the guest of the occasion.

In speaking of this dinner, the Admiral remarks: "He (the Grand Duke) conversed very affably and with perfect understanding about improvements in marine architecture and the implements of the present day; spoke of himself as a sailor, and desired me particularly to visit his iron-clad squadron, stationed in Trongsund Roads, and added that he intended his eldest son to enter the navy, but that he was compelled to abandon it, as he always became sea-sick." After the expression of a desire by His Highness to visit the American squadron, and stating his intention to gratify it on the morrow, and a free interchange of views and

sentiments, the guests took their leave and returned to their respective quarters, much gratified with their reception at Pavlosk, and particularly charmed with the courtesy and intelligence of their imperial entertainer.

The morning of the 16th August was employed in active preparations for the promised visit of the Grand Duke Constantine. The flag-ship was in excellent condition, but for this great occasion an extra amount of holy-stoning and scrubbing was required, in order that not even the slightest stain should arrest the attention of the royal visitor as he paced her polished decks. A Philadelphia housekeeper would have gone into ecstasies over her trim and neat appearance.

At 4 o'clock precisely, the royal yacht approached to within a short distance of the *Franklin*, and immediately afterward His Royal Highness, accompanied by a brilliant suite, was conducted in the barge to the flag-ship, and there received with all the honors due his rank: the yards were manned, the big Dahlgrens thundered forth a national salute, the crew cheered heartily, and the Russian Hymn pealed forth its melodious and heart-stirring welcome.

After the usual interchange of courtesies, the Grand Duke was escorted by the Admiral on a tour of inspection through the ship, in the course of which he manifested the deepest interest in all the details of her construction, and made inquiries of a nature which proved him to be a close student of the science of ship-building, and possessed of a wonderful knowledge of the equipment of all classes of vessels.

He remained on board for a considerable length of time,

and on his departure was greeted with the same honors which had welcomed his arrival. Before leaving he repeated his request, only giving it additional earnestness, that the Admiral would visit his iron-clad squadron; and upon the latter assuring him that he would be most happy to accompany him, the Grand Duke replied that he preferred the Admiral should go when he himself was not present, as he desired all the honors to be the nation's guest's, which would unfortunately not be the case should he go with him. Thus ended the second visit of royalty to the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut.



## CHAPTER IX.

### EXCURSION TO CENTRAL RUSSIA.

ON the ensuing day, having completed all the arrangements for a "double-quick" excursion to Central Russia, the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, with several officers of the staff, proceeded in a Government steamer to St. Petersburg and there took the cars of the Nicolai Railroad, having before them as an objective point the great Slavonic capital of Moscow, the pride and glory of the Russian Empire. After passing a long stretch of four hundred miles, over a well-cultivated and almost prairie-like country, they arrived in that historic city on the following morning, and there received a most cordial greeting from the Mayor and the U. S. Consul, Mr. Young, who had been advised of their coming, and who were very assiduous in their courtesies and attentions throughout the period of the Admiral's visit.

As my own experience subsequently told me, Moscow, the former metropolis of the Russian Empire, presents a grand and imposing picture of an oriental city, and, from its great historic associations alone, should be a point of attraction to all travellers making a pilgrimage through Europe. In almost every feature it differs materially from every other metropolis on the continent, with the exception of Constantinople. The approach to it is picturesque beyond

description, particularly toward evening, when the rays of the setting sun are reflected from the gilded spires and domes, the spangled belfries and clustering minarets, which rise above a dense forest of houses; while in the very centre the entranced eye rests upon the hill upon which stands the famous Kremlin, surrounded by the old walls, which even the mighty armies of the great "Scourger" could not destroy, and which still stand, a noble monument to the devotion and patriotism of the Muscovites in the terrible campaign of 1812. This celebrated citadel is alone worthy of a visit to Moscow: it may be called Moscow itself, for within its imposing circuit is written and read the history of its rise and power; its destruction and resurrection.

As the tourist truly observes, "it is crowded with palaces, monasteries, arsenals, museums, representing various styles of architecture,—Grecian, Gothic, Italian, Tartar, and Hindoo,—rude, fanciful, grotesque, gorgeous, magnificent, beautiful, overtopped by upward of thirty gilt cupolas, blending eastern and western styles in most singular forms."

Through such scenes, Admiral and Mrs. Farragut and the officers who accompanied them were kindly escorted by Count Posniak, Colonel in the Russian Army, who explained every object of interest and curiosity disclosed in their inspection. They remained several hours within the limits of the fascinating Kremlin alone, and were lost in amazement in contemplating the Aladdin-like wealth which is treasured up within its walls, in every variety of article and relic, from gold and silver thrones and coro-

nets down through the long catalogue of emerald, pearl, diamond, and sapphire ornaments, to the rich embroidery worked upon the vestments of former priests. The Admiral was gratified beyond description with his visit, and remarks: "We were shown many relics of departed saints of immense value. Every one was kind and polite, and took pains to show us everything worthy of an inspection. We visited a church, the walls of which are covered with pictures representing the sacrifice of heretics by every means of torture which human ingenuity could possibly devise. The senior prelate presented me with a couple of pictures of saints painted on blocks of wood, and apparently very old."

After visiting many other places of interest, including several convents, each of which claims a legend of its own connected with the marvellous and almost mystical growth of the empire, the Admiral and his body-guard made a sudden *détour* to the east, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated city of Nijni-Novgorod, situated in the very heart of Russia, at the confluence of the Oka river with the Volga, and, since the year 1817, when the fair was removed from Macariev, a vast central bazaar for the rich manufactures of the favored Orient, and the inexhaustible resources even of the distant Vale of Cashmere,

"With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave."

Our American naval excursionists were very cordially welcomed to this great emporium by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Schultze, who, shortly after their arrival, escorted them through the extensive fair-grounds

situated on the triangular space between the junction of the two rivers. As they drove slowly through this vast storehouse, their eyes were dazzled by the profuse display of articles of every variety and description, from rich Persian shawls of the finest texture to the simplest bauble of native manufacture. All were conspicuously exhibited for sale, the gayly-costumed vendors appealing, after the manner of their respective countries, and most facetiously, to the plethoric purses of the naval visitors from the far-off land of the West, where it is generally believed gold rains in torrents, and can be picked up *ad libitum*, in quantities to suit the most avaricious. The faith of the uneducated, throughout large portions of Europe, in the wonderful gold productions of America, and in the amazing wealth of all classes and conditions in that imagined El Dorado, is about as firm as that of the primitive savages of Hispaniola in the belief that Columbus and his crew were celestial beings making a tour through their islands.

Upon finishing this novel inspection of an oriental bazaar, the Admiral received an official visit from the governor of the province, who holds the rank of general in the army, and by him was greeted in a most friendly manner, and tendered every attention and hospitality. It was not long before the American pilgrims became the principal lions in the commercial city, since it is said that representatives of our nationality are about as seldom seen in Nijni as the monarch of the forest himself; and it is currently reported that to Mrs. Farragut belongs the honor of being the first of our fair countrywomen who ever visited the far-distant waters of the Volga.



On the afternoon of the Admiral's arrival a great banquet was prepared in his honor by the merchant princes of the city, representing many nationalities, who had received information by telegram during the day of his proposed visit.

About forty persons occupied seats at this dinner, all of whom joined heartily and enthusiastically in the complimentary sentiments proposed in behalf of their distinguished guest, and the powerful republic of which he is a prominent citizen. Admiral Farragut and Captain Le Roy found themselves compelled to acknowledge their high appreciation of this unexpected compliment to their far-off country, and express their profound gratitude for the many evidences of a friendly feeling which had met them everywhere throughout their extended tour in Russia.

One of the principal features of this pleasant entertainment consisted in the production, for the second course, of a large sturgeon, three feet in length, which had been brought alive from the Caspian Sea at a cost of four hundred roubles, equivalent to about three hundred dollars—truly a “most dainty dish to set before a sea-king!”

Toward the close of the feast, and while the coffee was circulating, the usual routine of dinner-parties was most pleasantly varied by the introduction of two tribes of Bohemian gypsies of both sexes, in grotesque costumes, who had been commanded by the governor to appear before his American guests for their amusement, and who first chanted songs of a wild Russian character, wherein “music, heavenly maid, was old,” and then performed a species of dancing somewhat similar in style to

that of the Spanish fandango, but to which grace and beauty may be said to have been strangers indeed. However, as their songs and dances were intended for the amusement and edification of the "foreigners from the New World," the Admiral did not hesitate to compliment the performance, and to manifest his appreciation by the substantial donation of a "*pourboire*," which those nomadic people are doubtless treasuring to this day as an offering from the land of gold.

Advantageously situated at the confluence of two navigable rivers, both of which, with their branches, extend far across the vast plains of Central Russia, and afford outlets for the resources of the country to the Caspian Sea and the East, this city has become the great depot for exchanging the merchandise of Eastern Europe and Asia. For the accomplishment of this purpose a great fair is held annually, in the months of July and August, upon the low ground lying between the forks of the two rivers, which brings to the city an immense number of laborers from the provinces adjoining, and thousands of merchants from the different countries represented.

During this season the city presents a most animated appearance, and the period of the fair no sooner approaches than from a quiet, almost lifeless condition, there springs up, as if by magic, a population of mixed races, which changes entirely the aspect of the place. Admiral Farragut remarks, that the view from the high ground above the city is surpassingly grand, and that, with the aid of a little imagination, a visitor might fancy himself at Baton Rouge on the Mississippi. Both rivers are

covered with freight-barges and steamboats, there being generally two thousand of the former and several hundred of the latter constantly plying up and down the streams, conveying an amount of freight which is almost incredible.

From this hasty sketch it will readily be seen that Nijni-Novgorod is a place of considerable importance, as the great commercial centre of all the countries bordering upon Eastern Europe, and that its future growth must be commensurate with the progress and development of the great Russian Empire, at present so rapidly advancing, from the wise system of internal improvements now adopted by that Government.

After visiting as many parts of this strange city as his time would permit, the Admiral returned to Moscow and thence to St. Petersburg; and although he had travelled day and night over fourteen hundred miles, and had been untiring in his tour of sight-seeing, he had no sooner arrived in the capital than he resumed this laborious duty by starting out immediately, with as much zeal and energy as if he had just been roused out of a Rip Van Winkle nap, to visit the Hydrographic and Engineering Departments, and the plans of the military fortifications of Russia.

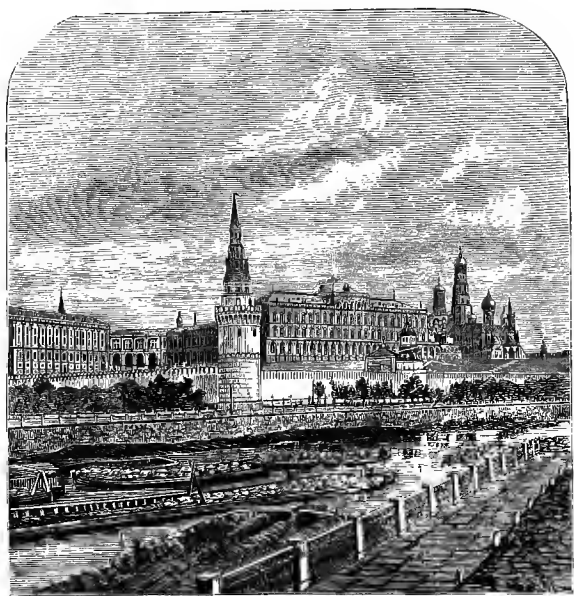


## CHAPTER X.

MOSCOW.

LEAVING the Admiral in the enjoyment of examining old charts of harbors, new plans of earthworks, and scientific details in the vast labyrinth of marine architecture, in all of which he takes a deep interest, I shall devote a brief space to a somewhat similar visit, at the same time, of another party from the flag-ship, collected together hurriedly from detachments straggling about the broad avenues of St. Petersburg, in response to a very kind invitation from Major Whistler, of the well-known firm of Winans & Co., principal contractors for supplying the rolling-stock on the Nicolai Railroad. We gladly accepted this generous offer, and, in company with thirteen other officers, equally fortunate in being discovered, set out for Moscow, in a special car provided by Major Whistler, and furnished with many little "creature comforts" which he wisely foresaw would contribute to the wants of all, and relieve the tedium of the twenty hours required for the journey. To insure our enjoyment, and at the same time guard against all possible interruptions to the course of pleasure mapped out for us, he detailed the Chief Controller of the road, Mr. P. G. Wahlin, to accompany us as generalissimo of the forces, and as chaperon, *par excellence*, of the expedition. In this respect we were also





THE KREMLIN.







peculiarly fortunate, for a better *compagnon de voyage* could not have been found, even by advertisement or proclamation. Mr. Wahlin was the very personification of kindness and amiability, and by his unwearied efforts to promote the interest of our tour, and his thoughtfulness in pointing out and explaining everything of note along the entire route, effectually secured our friendship and esteem.

We reached Moscow on the morning of the following day, and without a moment's delay were hurried rapidly forward toward the principal objects of curiosity in that oriental city; and from that moment until our departure our movements resembled the charge of the Light Brigade, with the single exception that we paused in our mad career through the streets to permit the passage of a funeral procession, preceded by seven or eight priests chanting solemn dirges, and then entered, with respectful dignity and uncovered, the famous *Spass Vorata*, or Redeemer's Gate, which leads to the Kremlin, and which, from the many traditions connected with it, is held in great reverence by all Russians. Over this celebrated gateway there is suspended a picture of our Saviour, placed there at the time the city was founded; and it is said that in the memorable invasion of 1812, the French attempted to destroy the wall and the picture, but that the powder would not ignite; and they even add, that when they built fires under their guns and caused them to explode, they burst, killed many of their own troops, and left the picture unharmed! Such faith is surely entitled to future reward.

Within the walls of the Kremlin we joined the Admiral and suite, and with him examined the inexhaustible treasures contained therein—noting particularly a *Bible*, having set in on its binding jewels and gold work valued at one million dollars! After devoting several hours to this tantalizing species of sight-seeing we entered the palace, and were soon lost in wonder and admiration of its superb suites of apartments, and its magnificent halls of the three Orders of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Vladimir, which are by many esteemed the most chaste and elegant saloons in all Europe.

Forcing ourselves away from this wonderful pile—every portion of which is historic—we made a *détour* through the great space included within the circuit enclosing the Kremlin proper; stopped to examine the big bell—the monarch of bells—weighing two hundred tons, and near it an immense gun, the diameter of whose bore measures thirty-six inches; also the grotesque church of St. Basil, and the tower of Ivan Veliki, with its forty bells; and then drove over the “Moskva” to “Sparrow Hills,” the celebrated spot from which Napoleon reviewed his grand army as it defiled before him to enter the fated city, from which it was soon destined to retire, a baffled and demoralized horde.

The view of the broad plains of Moscow from this spot is surpassingly grand and picturesque. From no other point can a better idea be obtained of the oriental characteristics of that city. The countless domes, minarets, spires, cupolas, steeples, and turrets of all varieties of shape and architecture, and of every possible device and

color, present a picture which cannot be described; and it ceases to be a wonder that the modern tourist should find himself almost unable to turn his back upon the enchanting panorama before him.

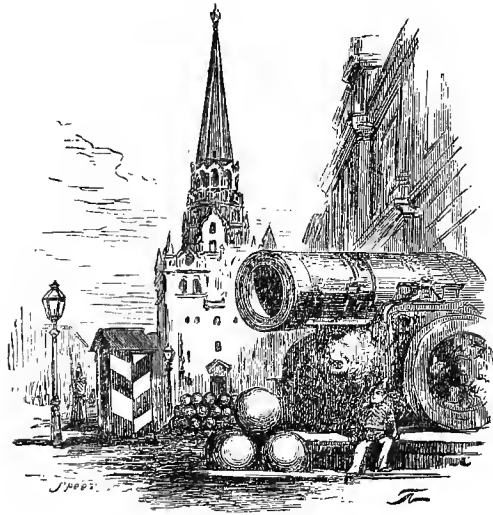
We remained, delighted beholders, as long as time would permit, and then returned to the city to complete our tour of observation.

I need scarcely remark that our appearance in this old metropolis became the occasion of a nine-days' wonder among the quiet Muscovites, who had perhaps dreamed of no such invasion of foreign uniforms since the days of the great Napoleon.

Wherever we stopped to purchase a trifling souvenir, or to examine some remarkable specimen of eastern manufacture, we were at once surrounded by an excited throng of youthful representatives of every tribe and race, from the haughty Circassian to the reckless Cossack, all gazing upon us intently, with mouths and eyes distended, as if to fathom our character and intentions. In driving along the streets, the same curiosity attended us from the windows, balconies, and sidewalks; and I am sure that if we had been preceded by a band of music, playing "See, the conquering heroes come!" we could not have created greater excitement. American-like, we withstood the attack of these thousands of eyes with imperturbable gravity and nonchalance, and were rather amused at the passing greatness which was thrust upon us so far from home.

Our visit to this intensely interesting city was necessarily limited, but still, when the time came for our depar-

ture there were few regrets expressed for objects not seen. The return trip to St. Petersburg was simply an "enlarged and improved edition" of the one from that capital, our thoughtful host and guide anticipating every want; and upon our arrival "home" we embraced the opportunity of visiting Major Whistler at his beautiful villa on the banks of the Neva, and there personally expressed our obligations for his kindness in contributing so much to the pleasure of our excursion to Moscow.



## CHAPTER XI.

OFFICIAL VISITING—SIGHT-SEEING—DINNER ON BOARD RUSSIAN FRIGATE RURIC—ALSO AT PRINCE GALITZIN'S—VISIT TO GOVERNMENT FOUNDERY—GRAND BALL AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CRONSTADT—ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD THE FRANKLIN.

WE left the Admiral deeply immersed in studying the different plans of the fortifications of Russia, and in the hands of one whose enthusiasm in having an attentive listener was only surpassed by his deep interest in this branch of military and naval science. When able to coax him away from these "scenes so charming" to his nautical eye, he was escorted to the Michaeloff Palace, occupied by the School of Engineers, of which he says: "I would recommend it to all military and naval men as one of the most interesting places to visit in St. Petersburg. It is doubly so to us, from the kindness and courtesy with which everything is explained to us. I was particularly indebted to Colonel Guern for his attentions to me on this and other occasions."

On the 23d of August, Admiral Farragut, with his commanding officers and staff, dined officially with the Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral Crabbe, on board the *Ruric*, lying off Cronstadt. The banquet was in all things characteristic of Russian hospitality and munificence,

and cannot be better described than by using the Admiral's own language: "At the hour designated we went alongside the *Ruric*, found her beautifully decorated with flags, and a sumptuous dinner prepared on the spar-deck. We were received with all the honors and with the greatest kindness; found there nearly all the Russian naval officers; toasts were offered; the dinner went off delightfully, and when we left they burned blue and white lights, cheered most lustily, and were very enthusiastic in their demonstrations." The effect of this short illumination in the harbor was remarkably fine.

On the following day he paid a visit to the Winter Palace and Hermitage, where he examined an endless profusion of highly finished specimens of the most precious fruits of the Siberian mines: porphyry, malachite, and lapis lazuli, chiselled most beautifully into large vases and grotesque figures; together with numerous curiosities combining beauty of finish with costliness of material; seeing, in fact, as he remarks, "everything but the snug domestic room, so essential to human happiness." From these marble halls he was conducted to the various cathedrals, and, after inspecting their gorgeous architecture, rested for the day, to prepare for a more congenial tour on the morrow.

This was an expedition up the Neva to one of the principal government founderies, then under the superintendence of a Colonel in the Russian army who had visited America, and made himself familiar with the internal workings of our largest establishments. At the time of this visit, work was principally confined to the boring and

rifling of the famous Krupp guns and to the manufacture of steel rails.

The Admiral and suite were very cordially received by the superintendent, and by him shown everything connected with the foundery ; at the same time he explained details with a willingness and pleasure which alone proved his high appreciation of the visit. The Admiral was delighted beyond measure, seemed to envy the Colonel's position, and after lingering as long as possible among those huge engines of iron, returned to his headquarters in the great city, and, doubtless, enjoyed unusual tranquillity that night from the pleasing reminiscences of his excursion,—visions of immense guns forming the prominent figures in his dreams.

On the evening of the 26th, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut and Captains Pennock and Le Roy, was very handsomely entertained by Prince Galitzin, Acting Secretary of the Navy, and his Princess, at their beautiful residence, situated on one of the islands of the Neva. He returned to Cronstadt in the royal yacht, placed at his service by the Grand Duke Constantine, and on his arrival at the flag-ship was saluted by the French frigate in the harbor, the courtesy being instantly returned, gun for gun.

On his return from the capital he was accompanied by the U. S. Minister, General Clay, and our Consul, General Pomutz, both of whom were received with the usual honors ; and shortly afterward, ere the smoke had cleared away, still another salute, with the tri-color at the fore, announced the visit of Monsieur Talleyrand, the Minister of France.

These ceremonies continued until the middle of the afternoon, when a temporary lull ensued, only, however, as the calm preceding a hurricane, for it scarcely afforded the officers a breathing-spell to prepare for the grand ball to be given by Admiral Lessovski "in honor of Admiral Farragut and the officers of the American Squadron."

At eight o'clock, all the officers of the four ships who could be relieved from duty accompanied the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut to the landing-place, from which they walked in procession up to the Government House, preceded by a band of music and a number of Russian officials, and surrounded by crowds of people.

A large number of these lookers-on bore Roman candles and white and blue lights, which they ignited as we landed, and as we moved up the avenue the whole multitude cheered vociferously for the *Americanskies*.

The scene was most brilliant and inspiring, and became still more grand when calcium lights cast their radiance over the surrounding masses, and hissing rockets darted through the air. On reaching the Government House we were cordially welcomed by Admiral and Madame Lessovski and their charming nieces, and then by a large number of Russian officers of distinguished rank and service, who, forming a double line, received us courteously as we passed down the centre. The large saloons were gorgeously decorated with flowers of every description, and with the Russian and American ensigns entwined in loving embrace, hanging in suggestive festoons in every available space. Many officers of distinction were present, and quite a number of the principal noblemen of Russia, with



their wives and daughters, all of whom contributed to the general enjoyment of the evening. The inspiring strains of our own national melodies had scarcely ceased to peal forth their tribute of welcome when the music of the dance "arose with its voluptuous swell," and became the signal for the usual scenes of the ball-room. We made wonderful progress in the difficult study of the Russian language, and received glowing eulogiums for the correct pronunciation of the marvelous names of our fair and considerate partners. We struggled spasmodically in our efforts to master a complimentary sentiment in the language of our hosts, and were encouragingly congratulated on the result; and the evening passed away so pleasantly that we took no note of time, and were only advised of the flying moments and the hour for retiring by the first faint streaks of the coming day stealing gently through the outside gloom.

It was "just five o'clock in the morning" when the worn-out officers returned in detachments, and in as many diminutive shore-boats, to the quieter precincts of their respective vessels, and there indulged in dreamy reveries of the brilliant scenes in which they had so recently been willing actors. The Admiral had submitted to the alarming amount of hand-shaking which had become his portion with a fortitude worthy of a successful and experienced politician, and had withstood the attacks of the countless bright eyes which were constantly levelled upon him with much *sang-froid* and composure. But his powers of endurance were not exhausted, for on the following morning, accompanied by Admiral Lessovski and a colonel of engi-

neers, he paid a visit to Fort Constantine, and while a majority of the officers were dozing away the effects of the evening before, he was examining the wonderful construction of that immense mass of iron, granite, earth, and concrete, and calculating its powers of resistance against shot and shell. Shortly after his return he was officially visited by Prince de Lichtenberg, who was received with the customary honors and a salute in accordance with his rank.

On the afternoon of the next day, August 29, a grand entertainment was given by Admiral Farragut, on board the *Franklin*, "to the military, naval, and civil authorities of St. Petersburg and Cronstadt," and their respective families, as a slight recognition of the unbounded hospitality so liberally extended to him and his officers during their sojourn in Russia. It was on the eve of our departure from an anchorage where all had been made to feel so much at home that many regrets were experienced in anticipation of the appointed hour, and a general desire was manifested to make this, our last meeting, expressive of our friendship and gratitude.

The flag-ship was beautifully decorated, in the style peculiar to the naval service. The poop and quarter-deck awning was spread, and the flags of all nations handsomely festooned underneath, and along the sides of the ship from the deck up, forming a brilliant ball-room of bunting. The capstan was artistically ornamented with cutlasses and pistols, and the steerage-hatch covered over and arranged to resemble a miniature bivouac, to which many gladly resorted during the fatigues of the afternoon;

the gun-deck was also handsomely lined with flags, and on the starboard side enclosed an immense table, laden with the good things of this world, and "set out" in a style which would have won the heart of Delmonico himself.

All the officers of the highest rank in the army and navy about St. Petersburg and Cronstadt were present with their families; among them, Admirals Crabbe and Lessovski, and Prince Galitzin; and also the Mayor and Council of Cronstadt; our Minister, General Clay, and the United States Consul, General Pomutz. The guests were received at the gangway by Captains Pennock and Le Roy and the officers of the flag-ship, and escorted to the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, who did the honors in the cabin; and when all had assembled the scene became brilliant beyond description. The *Franklin* was suddenly transformed into a large floating ball-room, glittering uniforms contrasting beautifully with gay dresses—emblems respectively of "grim-visaged war" and "white-robed peace." The quadrille of honor, composed of the principal dignitaries, inaugurated the festivities, and at once music and dancing enlivened the hour. The *Russkis* and *Americanskis* mingled freely in the enjoyment; new acquaintances were formed as if by magic, and older ones most wonderfully extended to the very limits of Platonic friendship; sundry hearts were slightly damaged, and various others received wounds from which it required time and the soothing influences of change of scene to recover. When the departures from the ship commenced, the officials were saluted according to their rank, while the ladies lingered sufficiently long on the

ladder to express deep regrets that the “ American Squadron came so seldom to Russia, and whenever it did come was always in such haste to leave ! ”

This was our first foreign entertainment, and its success proved a happy omen to the many which followed during the course of the cruise.



## CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO TRONGSUND ROADS, FINLAND—GRAND REVIEW  
OF THE IMPERIAL IRON-CLAD FLEET—OVATIONS AND  
FÊTES—AND FINAL DEPARTURE FROM RUSSIA.

EARLY on the following morning Admiral Farragut left Cronstadt with the *Franklin*, *Canandaigua*, *Ticonderoga*, and *Frolic*, and proceeded down the gulf to Trongsund Roads, Finland, a distance of about seventy miles. This trip was made in accordance with the earnest desire of the Grand Duke Constantine that he should visit the Russian iron-clad fleet, assembled there during the summer months for the purpose of naval exercise.

Madame Lessovski, with her niece and the Countess Rehbinder, accompanied the flag-ship on this excursion, having been specially invited by Admiral Farragut to form part of the "ship's company" to witness the anticipated festivities. The sequel showed that the invitation was prompted by a sincere desire on the part of the Russian Government to compliment the Admiral with a grand naval review, and honor him and his officers with a farewell which would forever shed a halo around every remembrance of their visit. In this they succeeded beyond expectation, for these final demonstrations dimmed, if possible, the brilliancy of their inaugural greetings.

On our way down the gulf we met several Russian corvettes, with each of whom we exchanged salutes and cheers from the sailors on the rigging, and on entering the Sound leading to Trongsund, the programme for our reception was opened by a sloop-of-war approaching rapidly as an advanced picket, and saluting with seventeen guns, as a signal to the Russian squadron of the arrival of the *Franklin* within the station limits.

A short distance beyond we discovered the entire fleet of monitors, ten in number, approaching in line abreast, flanked by two sloops-of-war, who fired a salute of seventeen guns, each vessel taking part.

Immediately thereafter we were received by the whole Russian fleet—consisting of twelve vessels of various classes, besides the monitors—and escorted to the station of honor assigned us in advance of the large iron-clads moored in line, when the flag-ship *Petropavlosk* saluted, and the crews of the entire squadron gave three times three and a tiger.

As soon as our little squadron was anchored, the monitors passed slowly around the *Franklin*, as in review, firing a salute of seventeen guns—each vessel, when fairly broadside-on, firing her proportion, and the men in each, stationed in and around the turret, cheering most lustily after the respective discharges.

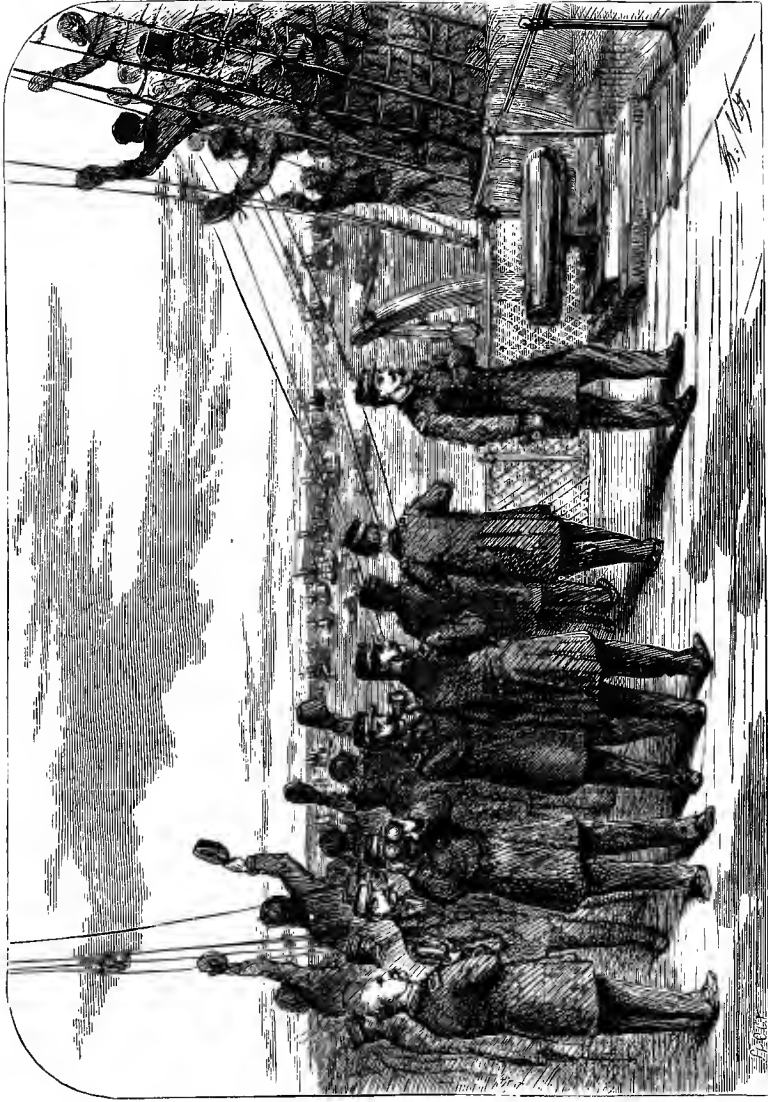
The compliment of each monitor was responded to by our own crew, who swarmed the rigging, cheer answering cheer, and caps waving an enthusiastic “thank you.”

As the Admiral observed, “the salute was novel, but the effect was beautiful. They steamed past us in line,









REVIEW AT TRONGSUND, RUSSIA.



fired consecutively from right to left, turned in line by a general movement, admirable for its accuracy, and moved rapidly in rear of the heavier iron-clads." No sooner had this glorious and exciting review fairly terminated than all the commanders of the vessels composing the Russian fleet, headed by Vice-Admiral Gregory Boutakov, commanding the squadron, came on board the *Franklin* and paid their respects to Admiral Farragut, tendering him and his officers a most cordial welcome to Trongsund, and Admiral Boutakov inviting them to visit Viborg on the following day, and on their return to dine with him on board his flag-ship. Our distinguished guests were received with all the honors, and remained on board for a brief visit to the ship, making her decks again merry with the cordial intercourse of the representatives of two nations so firmly allied by interest and association.

In the evening we were honored with a display which was not only novel, but brilliantly beautiful and interesting. The night was unusually dark, and well adapted for the scenes which ensued; all nature around us was hushed and tranquil; the officers of the flag-ship, assembled in detachments, were discussing the stirring events of the day, when a single rocket hissed through the air, and at once a thousand brilliant white, red, and blue lights, held by as many sailors, disclosed all the boats of the Russian fleet, formed in two divisions in line ahead, each division towed by a small steamer, moving slowly and forming a dazzling cordon around the *Franklin*. As one division passed around the bow, the other surrounded the stern of the vessel; and as soon as the lights expired and darkness

again became visible, the men in the boats sang wild Russian peasant songs, giving a mysterious charm to the scene, and affording one of the most pleasant serenades ever tuned to lady's ear. We acknowledged these handsome compliments with cheering by our crew, and our band playing, in every interval of the programme, the Russian National Hymn, displaying a few blue lights from the yard-arms, to show our position and to prove that we were fully awake to their honors.

As soon as this brilliant display was over, the surrounding sea resumed its tranquillity, the crews were "piped down," and every one dreamed, or might have dreamed, that night, of excursions to the imaginary fields of fairy-land.

While all are supposed to be enjoying such delightful visitations, I shall remain on the earth and present a list of the vessels which composed the Russian imperial iron-clad squadron in Trongsund Roads. It consisted of twenty-two, arranged in three divisions, all under the command of Vice-Admiral Gregory Boutakov, as follows :

PETROPAVLOSK, Frigate, flag-ship.....Captain Stackelberg.  
NETRONE MENIA, Battery.....Captain Selivanoff.

REAR-ADMIRAL BARON DE TAUBE.

KREMLE, Battery.....Captain Pilkin (1st).  
PERVENETZ, Battery.....Captain Kopytoff.  
YACHOUT, Sloop-of-War..... Captain Kaznakoff.  
VSADNICK, Sloop-of-War..... Captain Mykhailoff.  
SMERTCH, Two-turret ship..... Captain Korniloff.  
SMELOY, Steamer..... Captain Korchounoff.  
VLADIMIR, Steamer..... Captain Koudriavoy.

## REAR-ADMIRAL PAPOFF.

EDMOROY, Monitor.....	Captain Baron de Klott.
LARA, Monitor.....	Captain Vogock.
BRONENOSSETZ, Monitor.....	Captain Kouprianoff.
OURAGAN, Monitor.....	Captain Gervais.
PEROUN, Monitor.....	Captain Kurpoff.
LATNICK, Monitor.....	Captain Serkoff.
STRELETZ, Monitor.....	Captain Papoff.
TYPHON, Monitor.....	Captain Pilkin (2d).
KOLDOUN, Monitor.....	Captain Klotchkoff.
VESTCHOUN, Monitor.....	Captain Schamischin.
LESCHY, Gunboat.....	Captain Sharrietz.
TOLTSCHERIA, Gunboat.....	Captain Yanoff.
YLMEN, Steam Yacht.....	Captain Valitzky.

On the following day, accompanied by his staff and commanding officers, and escorted by Vice-Admiral Boutakov, Admiral Farragut went on board the two-turreted ship *Smertch* and steamed over to Viborg, a sea-port town of Finland. A large number of his officers followed in the Government steamer *Ylmien*, and after visiting many places of interest in that little capital, exciting the natives almost to the limits of madness, driving through the famous Monrepos Park, and partaking of a very handsome entertainment prepared on a little island near the town, he returned to the *Franklin*, and shortly afterward went on board the *Petropavlosk*, the Russian flag-ship, to participate in a grand dinner given in honor of himself and officers by Vice-Admiral Boutakov. A large number of Russian and American officers were present at this superb entertainment. Toward the conclusion of the feast, sentiments of a most complimen-

tary nature were freely offered and expressions of good fellowship liberally exchanged ; but the kindest and most generous compliment of all was offered to our navy and the American people by the distribution among the guests of a card, upon which was prettily printed, in the two languages, an extract from the Russian signal orders, arranged and reading as follows :

“EXTRACT FROM THE SIGNAL-BOOK OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL IRON-CLAD SQUADRON IN 1867.”

8284.



[The upper of the three compartments of the signal, is blue with a white centre, the middle one half red and half white, and the lower yellow, with a blue centre.]

“Let us remember the glorious examples of FARRAGUT and his followers at New Orleans and Mobile.”

Copies of this, beautifully embossed and embellished, were presented to Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, Mrs. Harmony, and Mrs. Shirk, by all of whom they are treasured up as souvenirs which recall some of the most agreeable associations of the cruise.

During the same afternoon a very large number of people of both sexes, citizens of Viborg and the neighboring provinces, thronged on board the *Franklin*, and swept in an ebbing and flowing tide through all parts of the frigate, appearing perfectly delighted with their reception and

with all they saw of their American visitors. As they seemed to be excursionists, who had made this visit a general jubilee and holiday, a dance was improvised for their benefit, which so harmonized with their feelings and desires that they remained until after night had set in, and then returned to their various homes with hearts full of gratitude for the "kindness of you Americans," freely expressed as they passed over the gangway into the boats awaiting to convey them ashore.

Shortly after their departure, and when, as on the evening before, the harbor had lulled into that mystic calm which always succeeds every storm of excitement, all on board hurried on deck, to witness a display which, in point of grandeur and brilliancy, has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. All the vessels of the Russian squadron were illuminated with white lights, distributed along the bow-rails and around the turrets of the monitors, and along the rail, and aloft, in "rainbow fashion," upon all the frigates and heavier iron-clads; casting a most silvery glow over the sparkling waters, and glistening in all the glory of their pale effulgence around the favored vessels of their guests, thus made the centre of a planetary system which outrivalled the twinkling little worlds above.

The lighting up was instantaneous upon the appearance of a signal, and was shortly succeeded by a shower of rockets which, bursting into thousands of variegated stars, illuminated the heavens with a brilliancy which contrasted beautifully with the silvery lustre of the waters below.

Upon the conclusion of this pyrotechnical display, a Russian steamer passed slowly around the *Franklin*, the

men in the rigging cheering vociferously ; to which we replied cheer for cheer, and added the popular strains of their National Hymn, as the best evidence of our appreciation of the beautiful compliments of the evening.

The entire scene was imposing in the extreme, and yet lingers in the memory of all as the crowning glory of our visit to Russia.

The only incident which disturbed the stillness which followed close upon the exciting scenes of the evening, was created by an agitated sailor, who doubtless had become so much aroused by the brilliancy of the fairy-like display he had witnessed, that an over-heated imagination had produced nightmares indescribable, and the result was that he raced frantically along the gun-deck of the ship, shouting and storming as if all the fiends of darkness were close upon his heels. His headlong career was speedily checked by the guard, and upon being warned by the officer of the deck that a repetition of such a John Gilpin race would consign him to the unenviable duty of "toeing the seam" for four consecutive hours, he retired to his hammock a wiser and better man.

A delightful day ushered in the morning of September 1st, the day which was to witness our departure from Russian waters.

After issuing the necessary orders to prepare for sea, Admiral Farragut, escorted by Vice-Admiral Boutakov, a noble specimen of the true sailor, made a rapid tour of inspection of the monitors and heavier iron-clads, being everywhere received with the utmost kindness and distinction ; and on his return the *Franklin* presented the



usual scene of activity and preparation ; the capstan was manned ; the anchor soon reported a-weigh ; many cordial farewells were spoken ; and shortly thereafter our four vessels moved slowly forward, the flag-ship hoisting the Russian ensign to the fore, and saluting it with twenty-one guns.

The *Petropavlosk* returned the compliment at once, gun for gun, with the "stars and stripes" floating gayly from her masthead, and then followed a well-contested struggle for friendly victory.

Yards and riggings of both squadrons were speedily manned ; men cheered most enthusiastically ; bands played the respective airs of the two nations ; and we finally sailed out of the harbor in the midst of an excitement which beggars description.

We passed a Russian corvette, and the fire was rekindled. A sloop-of-war accompanied us far down the gulf as an escort, and when we parted on the following morning the wildest demonstrations again ensued, and three loud and deafening cheers reverberated along the ruffled waves, as the last greeting of our friends of the far-off kingdom of Russia, "concluding a visit," as the Admiral observes, "which, from first to last, has been marked by the interchange of the warmest friendliness."

For three weeks we had been the guests of that hospitable people, and during the entire period witnessed nothing to mar the harmony and good understanding which everywhere prevailed. A universal desire was constantly manifesting itself to promote our pleasure, and to contribute in every possible way to our enjoyment. We

became hourly recipients of the most marked attentions, and nothing seemed to afford more satisfaction to our entertainers than the assurance that we felt at home in their country. With one and all of my brother-officers, I recur to the scenes associated with our well-remembered visit to that gigantic empire with the liveliest interest, and often my imagination passes in review before my mental vision the many incidents which gave such agreeable relish to our sojourn within her extended limits.

During the entire time of our stay, our vessel was daily thronged with visitors from near and far, who poured over her dark sides in unremitting streams, and then groped their way to all parts of her interior, from the sunny poop down to the gloomy orlop.

Even a steamer, chartered for the season by an enterprising *Russki*,—who must have imbibed the notion from some itinerant American,—plied daily between St. Petersburg, Oranienbaum, and Cronstadt, and brought down excursion parties to see the “big American frigate,” and especially that part of her rigging to which the Admiral was lashed in the trying ordeal at Mobile Bay!

Thus the *Franklin* always appeared like an immense fair-ground; for thousands of people of all classes and conditions, from the oldest noblemen of the realm to the poorest peasant just freed from serfdom, availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying a holiday upon her capacious decks.

It happened one day to fall to my lot to escort through the ship a very distinguished-looking officer, whose uniform was glittering with decorations, and his

family, consisting of some seven persons, all of whom evinced an unusual anxiety to examine everything connected with her construction. In the course of their inspection they manifested the deepest interest in her battery, and alluded, with unmistakable gestures and glances, to the excellent condition of our floating tabernacle. When about to take their departure, the courteous *pater-familias* expressed the pleasure derived from his visit, and invited me to dine with his family on the following day at Peterhoff, presenting me at the same time with his card, which I herewith transcribe *verbatim et literatim*, to the best of my ability, that my readers may form some idea of the Russian language. It is, or seems to be, as follows :

“ *Смау спour Тохуімеунз*  
*Тенепан Агриомарунз*  
*Ево Хунепамопчказо Беғузесмба.*”

Universal sympathy would naturally be extended to any one attempting to unravel this sphinx-like enigma, but its terrors did not deter me from improving an acquaintance so auspiciously begun, and on the following day, accompanied by two brother-officers, I proceeded to Peterhoff, one of the imperial residences, and a Saratoga Springs for the fashionable world of St. Petersburg, and after some difficulty found the summer-house of my host. We were most cordially received, and very handsomely entertained; escorted through the beautiful and luxuriant grounds surrounding the palace, all of which recall the grandeur and loveliness of Versailles, and finally conducted to the picturesque little chateau formerly

tenanted by Peter the Great, where many relics of that wonderful man are sacredly and jealously guarded.

Thence we visited every other point of special interest connected with this superb palace, and during our peregrinations in and around it, my readers will be happy to learn that I succeeded in obtaining a literal translation of the mysterious card which had so bewildered me at the time of its presentation. Transformed into our own pure Saxon, it was

“Staal Von Holstein,  
Adjutant-General  
of His Majesty the Emperor,”

with whom I had the pleasure of associating, and whose kindness and that of his entire family had afforded me such unusual gratification. We parted from them with regret, and, returning to Oranienbaum, made ourselves at home in the principal *gostinitsa*, where signs and motions took the place of language, and on the following day were kindly entertained by Captain Varvadzy of the Navy and his family, who, during our sojourn near Cronstadt, had become very popular among the officers, and particularly so to a few of the more fortunate of the uniformed group who daily thronged the walks and gardens of this pleasant little city.

I mention these little incidents simply as illustrative of the feelings which everywhere greeted the officers of the squadron during our entire anchorage in Russian waters, and as pencillings by the wayside of international friendship.

Indeed, nothing could surpass the courtesy and hospitality extended to us by all with whom we were brought in contact. Our nationality was a ready passport in every quarter, and seemed to invite attentions from all classes and conditions, to such an extent that we had ample cause for believing that we were "dearly-beloved brethren" in every acceptance of the phrase.

Our residence in that kingdom was sufficiently prolonged to enable us to form some little conception of the Government as well as the people. In many particulars our views seem to accord unusually well with the opinion and experience of those who have enjoyed better opportunity of studying the policy of the one and the character and tendencies of the other.

Like America, Russia is comparatively a new country. Her extent of territory is immense, covering an area of more than two millions of square miles, and, including her Asiatic possessions, her dominions extend from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from the borders of the oriental world to the regions of the frozen zone. Over this vast surface is scattered a mixed and heterogeneous population, variously estimated from eighty to one hundred millions of people, representing a score of races, many of whom are poor and ignorant—the natural result of the enervating and depressing influences of serfdom, which retarded the progress of the country until the reign of the present Emperor, whose wise policy has blotted out an institution which for many years has been the mill-stone around the neck of enterprise.

But, great as Russia undoubtedly is, and boundless as

are her resources, she is still in her national infancy. When her projected school system is in full operation throughout all portions of her wide domain, and the numerous lines of railway now in course of construction—ramifying in all directions, and connecting the Baltic with the Black Sea, and the entire country with the Amoor, the great highway to the markets of the affluent East—are fully completed, it is almost impossible to conceive the high and prosperous condition she must sooner or later attain.

Her people seem happy and contented, are willing to labor for small wages, and are imbued with a spirit of patriotism which affords the most gratifying assurances of the stability of the Government; and although many of the nobility complain of severe losses in their revenue by the emancipation act of the Emperor, yet all concur in the opinion that it must soon redound to the benefit of all classes in the kingdom.

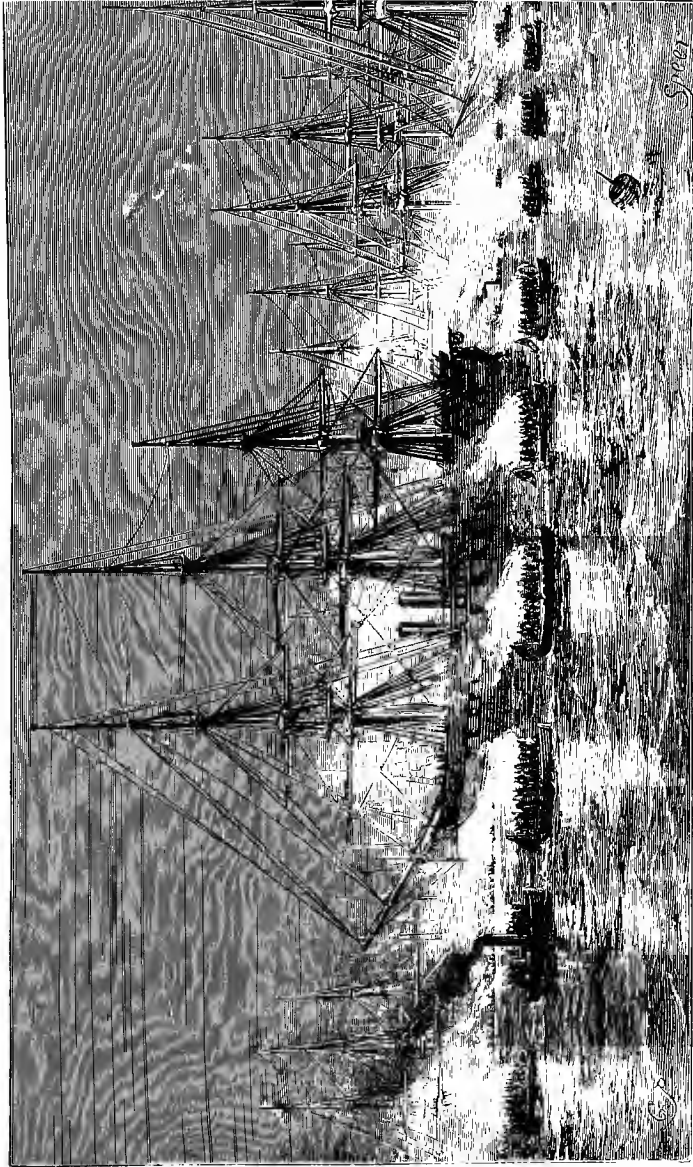
We are happy to add, that we witnessed none of that despotism on which story-books dilate, and which formerly was synonymous with the fearful title of “Autocrat of all the Russias!” On the other hand, there is everywhere visible a freedom of action and immunity from restraint which could be imitated to advantage elsewhere; the best evidence of which is found in the fact that the people universally speak fondly and proudly of their government, and are devotedly attached to the wise ruler who governs them, and to the members of his family.

It is superfluous to add that we left Russia and the Russians with the deepest regret, and their last shouts of









TORCHLIGHT SCENE.—FINLAND.



farewell lingered long in our ears as we moved down the Gulf of Finland, past Helsingfors, into the Baltic, where a chopping sea which set in from the Gulf of Bothnia produced unpleasant sensations among all but veterans in the service, and made every one on board hail with no little pleasure the dim outlines of the Swedish coast, and welcome the old pilot who conducted us into harbor.



## CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—BANQUETS  
OF THE MINISTER OF MARINE AND KING CHARLES XV.—  
SCENES IN STOCKHOLM—DEPARTURE.

PERHAPS one of the most attractive experiences of our cruise was the passage of the *Franklin*, followed in single file by the *Canandaigua*, *Ticonderoga*, and *Frolic*, from the shores of the Baltic to her anchoring-ground immediately below Waxholm, situated on one of the "Thousand Isles" between Lake Maelar and the sea. This entire distance, about fourteen miles, is occupied by innumerable little islands thickly studded with forests of fir-trees, and formed by very narrow water-ways which course in all directions, bearing some resemblance to the celebrated Maze in the gardens of Hampton Court. Many of these channels have a sufficient depth of water for the passage of vessels of the heaviest draught, and it required considerable experience to navigate without returning to the starting-point, or at least without being lost in the labyrinth they create. At one moment our great frigate would move close along one shore, to the infinite wonder of groups of smiling islanders waving handkerchiefs and napkins, all of whom had left their pots boiling and their children running loose, to witness this unexpected inroad into their dominions. Then turning sharply round

the menacing point of a projecting rock, we skirted close along the edge of a silent *vis-à-vis*, from which the smoke curling gracefully out of its hidden centre was our only evidence that it, too, was inhabited.

It was about two o'clock on the afternoon of September 3d that we anchored in a very comfortable harbor a short distance below Waxholm, fifteen miles from Stockholm, and exchanged national salutes with the fort, situated on an island in the centre of the strait connecting Lake Maelar with the Baltic.

Immediately thereafter, our Minister, Major-General Bartlett, formerly in command of a division in the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac, and our Consul, Mr. Perkins, having been apprised by telegram of the approach of the flag-ship, came down from Stockholm in a government steamer, cordially welcomed the Admiral to the kingdom of Sweden, and made the necessary arrangements for his visiting the capital on the morrow.

On the following day, the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, accompanied by a regiment of officers from the several ships, went on board of a steamer placed at his disposal during his entire sojourn in Sweden, and then flying the American flag; and proceeded up the beautiful and picturesque strait to the city of Stockholm. Upon his arrival he was saluted by a naval battery at Shipsholm, and escorted to his quarters at the Hotel Rydberg, while his officers, true to their habits and instincts, scattered off in all directions to ferret out the sights of the city.

Upon this trip, and during his entire residence in Stockholm, he was also accompanied by Captain Malmberg, of

the Coast Artillery, who had been detailed by the Minister of Marine as a special aid. He was a most pleasant companion, and performed his duties in the most delicate and assiduous manner.

With his assistance, and the indefatigable attentions of General Bartlett, our deservedly popular minister, there were few matters of interest in this capital not brought to the Admiral's attention.

First impressions of this little Scandinavian metropolis were decidedly favorable, and a better acquaintance simply served to render them more pleasant and enduring. It appeals most strongly to the sensitive hearts—perhaps we should say pockets—of all naval officers, from the fact that it is one of the very few places within the limits of the known world where the true meaning of the word “economy” is understood. Its only rival in this respect is its sister city of Copenhagen, peopled by a branch of the same stock; and as we made our purchases of garments, furs of all descriptions, etc., we experienced the singular and welcome sensation of having an overplus of money.

On the day after his arrival, Admiral Farragut, accompanied by part of his staff and commanding officers, and escorted by General Bartlett, called officially upon Count Platen, Minister of Marine, and upon the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, by both of whom he was received with the utmost kindness and cordiality, the former inviting him, Mrs. Farragut, and his officers to dine with him on the ensuing afternoon.

This entertainment was a very elegant affair. It was

given in a large building in the "Djurgarden," and was attended by about thirty officers of the American squadron and a number of the most prominent dignitaries of the Swedish government, including Admirals Annerstedt and Lilliehöök; Commodore Ahlgren, Chief of Navy Board; General Lagercrantz, Chief of Marine Artillery; Commodores Herkepé, Adlersparre, and Sundin; Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Stackelberg, Major Virgin, and Captain Malmberg, of the Marine Artillery; Admiral Haffner, Norwegian Minister of Marine; Lieutenants Von Horn and Westman, of Count Platen's staff; M. Wallenberg, General Bartlett, and Mr. Perkins.

The table was also graced by the presence of a number of ladies, principally the wives of the above officials, Miss Bartlett, sister of the United States Minister, and the four American lady excursionists; and the gay scene was greatly enlivened by a well-selected band, which, during the banquet, "discoursed most eloquent music." Toward the conclusion of this feast of honor, Count Platen began the speech-making, and with others, offered very complimentary sentiments, introducing them with many graceful remarks about our country and its "famous representative," which caused the wine-glasses to be uplifted with wonderful unanimity, and produced return broadsides of friendship for the Scandinavians from Admiral Farragut, in behalf of the Americans present. After the usual toasts to the King, the President of the United States, the officers of the navy of the two countries, the American ladies, and numerous individual sentiments, the guests retired in the best of spirits, and on the same

evening the Admiral received an invitation, through Count Platen, to dine with His Majesty, King Charles XV., on the following day, at his summer palace of Ulrichsdahl, the invitation embracing Mrs. Farragut, the United States Minister, the commanding officers of the vessels, their executive officers, and two officers of the Admiral's staff.

The Admiral's description of this kingly reception and entertainment is as follows :

“ At the appointed time we repaired to the palace and were received by Count Platen, by whom we were presented to His Majesty. The King was not only courteous but cordial in his manner, drank my health, and expressed his gratification at again having vessels of war of the United States in Swedish waters. In return, I expressed the great pleasure it would give me to receive His Majesty on board my ship, if he desired to visit the *Franklin*, but His Majesty regretted that his health would not permit him to do so.”

There were also present at this royal banquet the Queen, her daughter, the Princess Louise, and the ladies of the court.

Mrs. Farragut occupied a position on the left of the King, and during the course of the evening received much attention from His Majesty, and after dinner was escorted by him through his suites of apartments, shown many objects of interest, and presented with his photograph, upon which he readily placed his sign-manual upon an intimation that it would enhance its value. Upon retiring from the palace, the guests adjourned to the residence of



the American minister, where a sumptuous entertainment was given them; many citizens coming in to pay their respects to the nation's guest.

Amid all these festive and ceremonial occasions, the time was occupied by one and all in skirmishing about the city, each day disclosing something new, and discovering the avenue to more beyond. The officers made frequent excursions along the beautiful drives of the Djurgården. This is a magnificent park, occupying a rugged peninsula, dotted over with classical villas and cottages of various designs,—verandas, cafés, places of amusement, and monuments,—and presenting the varied beauties of nature in all their pristine glory.

This park contains the superb palace of Rosendal, and Bystroms Villa, and is the favorite place of resort for the citizens of Stockholm on the long summer's afternoons; and its picturesque grounds afford amusement to the gay and relaxation to the weary.

The noblest panorama of the city is obtained from Mosebacke Hill. From this elevated point the eye roams over the capital and its beautiful environs, built upon seven islands, and bearing no small resemblance to Venice, to which it is often compared, but which, with all its grandeur and historic interest, cannot claim the superior natural beauty of its sister of the North.

The plethoric guide-books which swell the pockets of every visitor to Europe so faithfully enumerate the objects of special interest within this Swedish capital, that a brief notice of one or two of the most prominent will be sufficient in this place. The old Ridderholm church is

especially interesting from its character and associations. It is now used as a mausoleum, and is regarded as the Westminster Abbey of Sweden; but its chief attraction consists in its enclosing the ashes of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, whose very name seems to be held in sacred reverence by all classes in the kingdom to which he contributed so much glory. There is also much to be seen in the rooms of the Museum of Antiquities, where they display innumerable relics: paintings, statuary, specimens of the armor of knights and infantry-men, and weapons of war used by celebrated Swedish warriors. While we derived much gratification from our entertainments, and an occasional inspection of these souvenirs of a past age, the pleasure of this visit to Sweden was greatly enhanced by the great kindness and hospitality extended to us, and the interest awakened by our presence in the capital.



It was not the offering of a few, but the voluntary tribute of all classes and conditions, from the very popular monarch who governs so wisely, down to the gay and happy-looking Dalecarlian peasant-women in their grotesque costumes, who annually migrate from the regions of perpetual snow in Lapland, to work for a rix-dollar a day in the gardens or at the ferries in Stockholm; returning in the autumn, with pockets full of money, to enjoy a winter of comfortable retirement with the reindeer and his kind in their Arctic homes.

These Dalecarlians are noble-looking women. They are always smiling and contented; they know nothing of the great world of fashion beyond their own "visiting-list" among the snow huts of Lapland; retain the same costume for centuries; and appear living witnesses that ignorance may be a comfort, if not a bliss.

Every one seemed anxious to take part in the general welcome; soldiers and sailors saluted on all occasions; citizens embraced every opportunity to manifest their delight upon meeting the strangers from across the sea; and if not descendants of the "immortal Gustavus Adolphus," nor "bulwarks of the Protestant faith," we were certainly "lions of the North," for the time, in that lovely city.

Our excursions to the Djurgarden often became amusing from the excitement aroused by our presence. Our entrée, sometimes in considerable numbers, always became the signal for the brisk performance, by a band stationed in a central pagoda, of the American national melodies. There was considerable diplomacy in this

tribute to our pride and nationality, inasmuch as it always resulted in a substantial acknowledgment to the politic musicians in the shape of a most liberal supply of the popular beverage ; but, whether dictated by policy or affection, it was a gratifying attention, and a welcome compliment.

On the afternoon of September 7th, Admiral Farragut gave a magnificent entertainment, on board the flag-ship, to the principal dignitaries of the Swedish Court and capital, their families, members of the diplomatic corps, and others ; returning, as far as possible, the many civilities which had been extended to him during his week's sojourn in that city. The frigate was dressed and decorated as usual for the occasion, with the exception that flowers and evergreens of fir and pine, which abound in that neighborhood, were profusely distributed along the decks and over the capstan, imparting to the whole scene the appearance of a *fête champêtre*, — the beauty of nature blending well with the gay dresses and uniforms which swept the decks. The officers of the ship had evidently devoted a little more time than usual to embellishments, and had given an extra finish to every little fixture which was likely to attract the notice of the expected guests. At all events, Captain Pennock looked unusually proud as he paced her decks and awaited the arrival of the first visitor ; Captain Le Roy smiled placidly as he surveyed the scene from the elevated poop ; the Executive was forced to admit that it "would do very well," and the officer of the deck, Lieutenant-Commander Hoff, gazed upon the successful fruit of his labors with mute

astonishment, in which the old Quartermaster, Collins, did not hesitate to unite.

Count Platen, the Minister of Marine, was received with the first honors upon coming on board; and Baron Richthofen, the Prussian Minister, received a salute upon leaving.

Many of the government officials were present, with their wives and daughters, and also our Minister, Major-General Bartlett, and his much-admired sister, and our Consul, Mr. Perkins.

The scene became a miniature representation of that at Cronstadt. The Admiral and Count Platen contended for the prize of the saltatory art with the youngest midshipman on board; our delighted officers admired the smiling, radiant blondes around them; souvenirs were exchanged, and we all regretted the short duration of such moments of enjoyment.

Early on the following morning, the Admiral issued orders for our departure, and we hurried away from the pleasant scenes of Stockholm. At the same time, the ladies of our party, accompanied by Captain Le Roy and Mr. Kane, took the overland route, through Sweden, to rejoin the ship at Copenhagen.

Our associations with the Swedes had been such as to impress us most favorably. They are generous, frank, and noble-minded, and still retain many of the ennobling qualities of their hardy ancestors. Although their country borders upon the inhospitable regions of Lapland, and their coast is swept by the rude blasts of the long Arctic winters, and they themselves subjected to all the rigors of

their severe northern climate, yet nothing can ever congeal the true, warm-hearted friendship which stamps its image upon the mind of every one who has been brought much in contact with them.

To Americans they should always be endeared by their unswerving and generous sympathies throughout the long and trying years of our late conflict for national preservation. When the assassination of President Lincoln was announced, the Swedish people assembled in their respective churches, by request of the authorities, there to offer up prayers for our deliverance from the sorrows and troubles which environed our nation. I was assured by many that there was a universal response to this proclamation.



## CHAPTER XIV.

GUN-PRACTICE AT SEA—THE FRANKLIN ASHORE—LAMENTABLE CONDITION OF THE MIDSHIPMEN'S MESS—ARRIVAL AT COPENHAGEN.

ON the morning of September 9th we weighed anchor, and registering Waxholm and its associations on the tablets of memory, proceeded once more to sea. Our progress down to the Baltic, among the clustering islands of Maelar, was continually enlivened by the appearance of our friends the peasants, who had hailed the approach of the squadron a week before, and now stood watch near their own rude habitations, to wave a last adieu to the "strangers from America."

The appearance of these happy-looking people, in their simple and fantastic costumes, a majority of whom have doubtless never visited the capital of their own country, indicated a primeval simplicity quite refreshing. As we contemplated them through our glasses, and observed the content and peace of mind pictured upon their smiling countenances, we reflected upon the comparison between the extremes of their immovable life and our own wandering experiences; and, doubtless, had some of us expressed our convictions at the moment, the pretty Swedish women (with an island and a cottage) would have had the verdict in their favor. Fortunately for all, however, the

rising emotions of our vessel told of our entrance into the Baltic, and dreams of love in a cottage, with all its romance, vanished in a moment before the stern realities of an "ugly sea."

On the following day, while passing between Gottland and Oeland, a little diversion from the ordinary routine of a cruise was created by an exercise in target-practice. An unfortunate trio of doomed barrels were lashed together and cast overboard, and the four vessels hove to, and at the distance of about one mile discharged shot and shell with profusion and rapidity enough to resemble a somewhat spirited engagement, the only difference being that all broadsides were given, none received. The firing was unusually good, and would have pounded into atoms a much more formidable-looking object than the scarcely perceptible speck which rose and fell on the waves before us. These pugnacious demonstrations were indulged until the quarterly allowance of ammunition was expended, when the vessels resumed their line and order of sailing, and went on their way rejoicing toward the Pomeranian coast.

Two days subsequently a diversion of an entirely different nature again interrupted our course, and for a while interfered materially with our progress. We were steaming most prosperously through Kiel Bay, enjoying occasional glimpses of distant headlands, and anticipating a speedy passage to our next way-station, when our vessel was stopped to take on board a pilot or revenue officer, whose papers attested his responsibility, and sounded a flourish over his wonderful knowledge of the passage into



the Great Belt. With such an experienced navigator at the helm, we were reassured at once of continued prosperity, and as our good frigate moved majestically on, we indulged in day-dreams of approaching pleasures, and thought not of the possible delays which might arrest her course. But we had not proceeded very far when this descendant of Norse Vikings succeeded in running the flag-ship ashore on a sand-bar, about five miles south of Nyborg, from which it was for a time impossible to release her. Here was a dilemma of the first magnitude, considerably heightened by the assurances of Dr. Redington that under the circumstances officers were simply entitled to "shore pay," an announcement which cast a gloom over the usually placid visages of those who had experienced the trials of such reductions. Of course, there was a little excitement on deck, in the midst of which the infuriated Captain, who loved his ship even as David loved Jonathan, delivered a lecture to the trembling pilot upon the art of navigation, and the punishment usually meted out to those who proved unworthy of their trust, in such an emphatic manner that the official, apprehending that a nod to the crew was sufficient to cast him overboard, actually deserted the ship in haste, and left the Commander master of the deck.

Hawsers were at once run out to the *Canandaigua* and *Frolic*; both vessels pulled and tugged together; the crew of the *Franklin* were set racing from port to starboard and from starboard to port; but still the frigate refused positively to resign her soft resting-place until the tide arose, and then, with a united effort,

she moved gracefully off, and was ready to resume her course.

We got under way again at daylight next morning, and proceeded on through the Great Belt. Rounding the northern cape of Seeland, the vessel was headed southwardly, passed through the Sound, and the same night anchored a short distance below Elsinore.

Notwithstanding the little *contre-temps* which disarranged our plans and projects of the preceding day, the trip along the bay-indented shores of Jutland and the other provinces in our course proved unusually interesting. It is impossible to gaze upon the primitive little hamlets of the hardy and daring fishermen, many of whom proudly claim descent from Norsemen who have figured conspicuously in song and story, without realizing that you are in the land of the great Vikings of old, who for so many centuries held such wide and undisputed mastery over the seas.

Every cape and promontory along this rugged coast has its legends. The imagination lingers with delight over a past so replete with interest and romance, and wanders amid the ruins of bygone years with a zeal and energy which reveal the natural fondness of our species for the marvellous.

In passing the straits separating Denmark from Sweden, a fine view was afforded of Helsingborg and Helsingor, and of the famous castle of Kronberg, a massive fortress commanding the entrance to the Sound, and famous for the part it has enacted in the history of the province. We passed this citadel at twilight, and it

required no great effort of the imagination to outline the "majesty of buried Denmark," armed *cap-à-pie*, stalking deliberately along the platform beneath the frowning battlements; but unfortunately the officers concluded that it was too much of a matter-of-fact age to permit any belief in "spirits in arms" or "ghostly visitors," and consequently faith in Hamlet's sorrows was restored to its proper niche in the memory.

On the following morning we arrived and anchored off Copenhagen (Kjöbenhavn, in Danish vernacular), the capital of the oldest monarchy in Europe, and immediately thereafter exchanged salutes with the celebrated citadel of Frederickshavn; and as the sounds of artillery ceased to reverberate, the mail-bags were deposited on board, and a miniature and temporary post-office was established. While they are all busy over letters from loved ones at home, I must not forget to record a very important page in the diary of the cruise between the two great centres of Scandinavian power.

It so happened during this memorable trip, that through some unaccountable and mysterious agency, there suddenly became a fearful dearth of supplies in the larder of the midshipmen's mess; so much so that visions of gaunt famine stalked before the mental mirror of many an affrighted young officer, whose ideas of abundance had been considerably elevated by his recent luxurious living near the well-stocked markets of St. Petersburg and Stockholm; and these phantasmagoria assumed frightful proportions, and were succeeded by feelings of hopeless despair when the flag-ship ran ashore.

The different items of provision (and they were lamentably few) were dealt out in diminutive and decreasing quantities; the daily messes, like Viola's history, became alarmingly blank; the last remaining representative of two well-sinewed and impenetrable birds, not improbably, to judge by their enduring texture, members of the very flock whose cackling once saved Rome, and which at any rate had been daily companions since we departed from Swedish waters, had disappeared at last under the effects of constant assaults from a voracious army of eighteen. The *cuisine* showed symptoms of a rapid decline, and the economizing steward, whose know-

Look at this picture.



ledge of seven languages had sustained him in many an emergency, was forced to yield the air of authority he was accustomed to assume, for he was absolutely "lord of nothing" but a few ship's biscuit and a small bottle of lifeless champagne.

But the darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn, for the tide rose, and the *Franklin* was again set free; the winds were favorable and brought relief just as the last lingering spark of hope was flickering. A rapid and

determined foray upon the plenteous markets of Copenhagen restored flesh, blood, and courage to larder and to stomach, and, for the moment, dispelled all memories of

And at this.



recent privations, only to be revived on future occasions, when temporary depletions in the stock of provisions should afford the opportunity for recalling them.

Such are some of the hardships and perils which beset the midshipman's life at sea.



## CHAPTER XV.

COPENHAGEN—BANQUETS OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER,  
KING CHRISTIAN IX. AND THE MINISTER OF WAR—RECEP-  
TION ON BOARD THE FRANKLIN—ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AS  
THE GOOD SAMARITAN—CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

**A** PPROACHED from the Sound, the city of Copenhagen presents a novel and somewhat singular appearance. It occupies portions of the islands of Zealand and Amager, covering an extensive flat, so low as to require heavy embankments as a protection from the almost tideless Baltic, and is surrounded by bastions and windmills innumerable, and along the sea front by formidable batteries, two fortresses of which are now deemed impregnable, and all rendered necessary for the safety of the city by the sad experiences of 1801 and 1807, when the English fleet poured death and destruction among the unyielding Danes.

From various parts of this expansive level arise majestically the massive palaces of Christiansborg and Amalienborg; the picturesque castles of Charlottenborg and Rosenborg; the graceful spires and bold towers of numerous churches; the heavy, Egyptian-like proportions of various museums—all interspersed with the richest foliage of parks and gardens, and affording a beau-

tiful panorama upon which the eye lingers with delight, and the imagination pictures pleasures innumerable.

Shortly after the arrival of the flag-ship in front of the city, Admiral Farragut paid an official visit to the Hon. George H. Yeaman, United States Minister, and with him called upon M. Raasloff, the Minister of War, and Admiral Van Dockum, Minister of Marine, the only cabinet ministers of the Danish government then in Copenhagen; by both of whom he was most cordially received and welcomed to Denmark. Both these officials returned this visit at once, and extended to Admiral Farragut all the civilities in their power, detailing an aid-de-camp to escort him and his suite to all places of public interest in and around the city.

During the preparations for the festivities intended in honor of the nation's guest, the Admiral embraced the opportunity of establishing his headquarters at the Hotel Royal, while the officers made their usual descent or raid upon their new campaigning ground; leaving the ship in detachments, and straying indefatigably through all portions of the city.

The principal point of attraction seemed to be the famous gardens of Tivoli, a very fashionable place of resort for the citizens during the summer solstice, and, judging from the number of blue uniforms visible, not unpopular with the officers of the fleet.

The "Tivoli" stands almost unrivalled in point of artistic brilliancy; it is nightly illuminated with hanging lights of different colors, sometimes clustered together in figures representing stars or jets, and occasionally, along

the broader avenues, pendent in graceful festoons, presenting a scene not unworthy the pictures of Eastern romance. Within its gay precincts our officers whiled away many leisure moments, listening to the sweetest music, and observing the wide difference between the tastes and customs of the old and new worlds.

On the 16th of September, Mr. Yeaman gave a very handsome entertainment in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Farragut at his residence in the city. Invitations for this banquet had been extended to all the members of the diplomatic corps, cabinet officers, and prominent dignitaries, and were gladly responded to by all those at that time in Copenhagen, including M. Dotejac, Minister of France; Count Paar, of Austria; Count Koskuhl, Chargé d'Affaires of Russia; M. Conté, Minister of Spain, and Madame Conté; General Raasloff and daughter; and Admirals Van Dockum, Suensen, and Irminger.

These, with the commanders of the four vessels and part of the staff, composed the circle of pleasure which discussed the affairs of the world and the luxuries of life around the festive table of the American Minister.

The entertainment passed off most delightfully, and, strange to relate, without even a resort to the after-dinner speeches and orations, an omission which so much charmed the Admiral, that he expressed the hope that all future *fêtes* might deal as gently with him.

On the 18th, the Admiral gave a reception on board the flag-ship, which, while not as general as those offered in the capitals we had visited, on account of the absence of a large number of the officials, and also from the fact



that the Court was in mourning for the death of the Queen's father, the Landgrave of Hesse, made up for the want of numbers in an extra amount of dancing, and in the sound and fury of four separate salutes, fired respectively for the Danish Ministers of War and Marine, and the Spanish and American envoys.

The frigate was dressed off in her Sunday suit, and looked very attractive, and the guests seemed to enjoy the passing moments as thoroughly as if her decks were crowded with the gayest of the gay. We have Mr. Yeaman's assurance that "every one admired the elegant hospitality of the affair; the Danish naval officers thought the *Franklin* the best wooden vessel afloat, and all the ladies present pronounced the dance on her decks the best they have enjoyed in Copenhagen."

On the same evening, the Admiral and his officers, with Mr. Yeaman, were very superbly entertained by General Raasloff, Minister of War, at a magnificent supper given in the Tivoli Gardens, during which the surrounding grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and showers of rockets discharged in honor of his visit.

This ovation was very numerous attended, became very informal, and seemed an effusion of perfectly genuine friendship on the part of the representatives of both countries.

Toasts were proposed in honor of the nation's guest and the country whose flag he served, and were responded to with a readiness justifying the reputation of Americans for not being behind-hand in a convivial emergency. The Admiral became the modest recipient of many eulo-

gistic remarks from the good-natured Danes, all of whom seemed to be as familiar with his great achievements, as if possessed of a journal describing minutely every action in which he had won an imperishable name.

All hopes of his being permitted to enjoy a speechless supper vanished upon the offering of the first sentiment, and after a very short enjoyment of quiescence he found himself in the position of an orator addressing the assembled guests, and acknowledging in appropriate terms their kindness and hospitality.

On the following day, accompanied by his staff and commanding officers and the United States Minister, Admiral Farragut was presented at Court, and on the same evening the entire party dined with His Majesty Christian IX., King of Denmark, at his country palace.

To this royal banquet they were welcomed with marked kindness and cordiality, not only by the King himself but by all the members of his household, comprising his two brothers and his two sons,—Frederick, the Crown Prince, and George, King of Greece,—all four of whom were so anxious to be presented to the Admiral and his officers, that they reversed the usual etiquette which surrounds a Court and requested Mr. Yeaman to present them—a compliment fully appreciated by our representatives.

During the entertainment, His Majesty proposed to the Admiral that they should unite in a sentiment “to the happiness and prosperity of the United States,” which was responded to by all present in a becoming draught of the purest *eau de vie*. He speedily followed this complimentary tribute to our country by sentiments expressive of

his pleasure at meeting so many Americans, officials and civilians, and finally wound up the series of toasts by proposing: "Admiral Farragut, the most renowned of naval captains," which, according to Mr. Yeaman, who witnessed the entire scene, and therefore speaks as one having authority, "disconcerted the patriot hero far more than the battle of Mobile or the gantlet of the forts."

In his official report upon this grand entertainment, the American Minister says that all the members of the royal household "spoke with enthusiastic admiration of the Admiral's naval exploits, with which they seemed quite familiar, especially the King of the Greeks, who was educated for the Danish navy, was in the service when elected King, and has a keen appreciation for daring naval feats."

Prince Julius, one of the King's brothers, took quite a fancy to Captain Pennock, who occupied an adjoining seat, and they fraternized most lovingly, exchanging photographs as an earnest of enduring friendship.

The present sovereign of Denmark is a very accomplished man, and as a ruler is deservedly popular with his subjects. The laws by which he governs are thought to be among the best in the world, and are administered with a promptness and decision which might serve as an example to many others in equally responsible positions. Although the Lutheran is the established religion, unlimited toleration is enjoyed by every sect: and the thrift and industry which are manifest, the enterprise which characterizes all classes, and the paucity of beggars, afford unmistakable and pleasing evidence of the sound and happy condition of this beautiful little kingdom.

During our short sojourn in Copenhagen, we managed to steal a march occasionally upon our kind entertainers, and in that way contrived to visit the many places of interest for which the city is famous. The Admiral was specially delighted with his beloved armories, in which he saw cannon and small arms of every species similar to those now in use, and claiming to be inventions of the present day, but hundreds of years old, which caused him repeatedly to exclaim, that with the exception of steam and the telegraph, there is absolutely nothing new under the sun.

Within the massive walls of the Museum of Northern Antiquities are jealously guarded vast collections of the wonders of the past, chronologically arranged and representing every age in the history of the world, from the rude era of stone to the present time. In our visits to these relics of departed worth, it always became a matter of Bismarckian diplomacy with us to curtail the Admiral's inspection of each specimen, for his love for old implements of destruction surpasses comprehension, and might naturally induce a stranger to suppose that his bump of combativeness was unusually developed ; but when he was shown an entire battery of breech-loading cannon, of wrought iron, taken out of a vessel sunk during the 17th century, which seemed to contain all the essential points of modern breech-loading guns, he stood a firm and unyielding sentinel over the great curiosity, and refused peremptorily to yield an iota to our pleadings for time and other engagements, until he had examined the ancient battery to his thorough satisfaction. These antique specimens under-

went an inspection to which they were not accustomed, and afforded the astonished Admiral more satisfaction and real pleasure than the handsomest article of modern invention.

Among the many places of absorbing interest in this city, Thorwaldsen's Museum stands pre-eminent. It was erected by public subscription in honor of that truly great man, and contains a large and superb collection of his works, which offer the grandest study to be found in Northern Europe. It is impossible to make even such a rapid survey as all officers are frequently compelled to satisfy themselves with without experiencing feelings of reverence for that surprising genius, who, from a poor carpenter's son in Iceland, became a student of the great Canova, and ultimately surprised the world by the marvellous beauty and symmetry of his designs, and attained the name of the first sculptor of the age.

The metropolitan church of the kingdom, or Frue Kirke, as it is generally called, contains over the altar Thorwaldsen's colossal figure of Christ; along the body of the church are set the twelve Apostles, and its baptismal font is supported by the celebrated kneeling angel. These fourteen figures are among the noblest works of the great artist, whose memory is still held dear throughout Denmark.

There are many other places of deep interest in this beautiful city which will repay the traveller for a visit, but we must refer the reader to the guide-books, or to the travellers who frequent these regions.

During his sojourn in Copenhagen, Admiral Farragut,

accompanied by several officers and Mr. Yeaman, accepted an invitation from the Minister of War to inspect the celebrated Crown Battery, a work whose ramparts were made of concrete, moulded into shape as they were built. After a careful examination, the Admiral concluded that the effect of a shot upon this fort would be to mash the part struck, and not to disintegrate it.

During this excursion, a tremendous torpedo was exploded by a galvanic battery under a raft of timber prepared for the occasion, a few hundred yards from the excursionists. The effect was highly suggestive of the disagreeable results of similar infernal machines upon hostile vessels of war entering the harbor; an immense column of water was forced high into the air, and the fragments of timber falling at great distances guaranteed the destructive power of the hidden enemy.

This was simply one of a series of experiments at that time in progress for the better defence of the city, and evidently gave great satisfaction to the Danish officials, who saw in the flying timbers above them the torn masts and spars of a hostile frigate.

During these visits with the Ministers of War and Marine, Admiral Farragut was everywhere received with that marked cordiality and distinction which made assurance doubly sure that his reputation had become European, and that in the remotest parts of the Continent his fame had reached the very meridian of greatness.

A little incident of the Admiral's visit at Copenhagen throws a pleasant light upon more than one manly trait of his character.

From the moment of his arrival in the city he had instituted a diligent search for the family of his old friend Mr. Gierlew, who had been uniformly kind to him nearly fifty years ago, while Consul-General of the kingdom of Denmark to the Government of Tunis. At that time Admiral Farragut was a midshipman on board the *Washington*, and during the cruise along the coast of Africa received much attention from Mr. Gierlew, who seems from the first to have conceived a wonderful fancy for his youthful friend.

After several days' inquiry, the United States Consul, Mr. Heckscher, informed him that his old friend was deceased, but had left a daughter married to a blind man, a literary gentleman, living at Elsinore, who made a scanty living by writing for periodicals. The Admiral at once sought them out, and, ascertaining their condition, took immediate steps to relieve their distress by presenting them with a very substantial token of his regard.

While with them, he was shown a letter written by him to her father half a century ago. It reads as follows:—

“ UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL,  
“ PISA, *January 27, 1819.*”

“ MY DEAR SIR—I am happy to inform you that I had a pleasant ride out last evening with a young Jewess, who was very easy and agreeable in her conversation, so that I did not repent in the least my late ride, as we contrived to make the time pass.

“ I have also to inform you that this morning, after rising from my bed at eleven o'clock (to my shame), and

after mature reflection, I determined to repair immediately to Messina and join the Squadron. You may be a little surprised at so sudden a determination, but you know it is the duty of a person of my profession to decide quick, and execute with promptness and spirit.

“ I have the honor to inform you that

“ Sincerely I remain your young friend,

(Signed)

“ D. G. FARRAGUT.

“ To MR. A. C. GIERLEW,

“ *Consul-General to His Danish Majesty for Tunis.*”

From the foregoing it will be observed that our Admiral's well-known admiration for the society of the fair sex commenced at a very early age, and also that the same feelings which nerved him to brave the dangers of New Orleans, Port Hudson, and Mobile Bay were simply the development of the early-instilled principles of duty, which taught him to “decide quick and execute with promptness and spirit” in 1819.

This action of the Admiral was reported to the King, and on the occasion of the royal entertainment His Majesty said: “Admiral Farragut, I have heard to-day of your doing an act which does credit to your head as well as your heart: in your prosperity, even, you have not forgotten the friends of your childhood,” and added that he knew the family whom the Admiral had sought out and relieved, and assured him that in times past they had always been good subjects and firm supporters of his Government.

On the afternoon of September 20, Admiral Farragut re-



turned to his flag-ship, and orders were at once given to "prepare for sea." Officers came lazily off from the shore, with their carpet-bags stored with amber and gloves, the two specialties of the city; and bumboats crowded around to make their sales to the "floating hotel," which daily consumed sufficient provisions to maintain a regiment.

Shortly afterward, the cry of "All hands up anchor!" was heard from the boatswain, and at two o'clock our vessel moved slowly forward, followed by the *Canandaigua* and *Ticonderoga*, who parted company on the following day, each proceeding on a special cruise. Immediately after getting under way, the Danish ensign was hoisted at the fore and saluted, a compliment speedily acknowledged by the fort, with the Stars and Stripes flying, and answering with gun for gun.

Thus terminated our visit to this delightful capital, where, as in Sweden and Russia, our reception was more than a simple recognition to the representative man of our nation.

In our brief sojourn in Denmark we became much attached to the people, for there is a manliness about them which appeals most strongly to Anglo-Saxon hearts. This feeling was much enhanced by the kindness and attention of the Government officials, and of our very popular representative, Mr. Yeaman, and his accomplished family, and also by our deep interest in the wonderful history of the kingdom.

It is impossible to recall the prominent scenes of her long, tragic life, without entertaining an admiration for the resolute will which has maintained her territorial

boundary and national dignity for so many centuries against so many formidable combinations.

Originally the ruling centre of the Scandinavian race, Denmark now appears but as a spot upon the map of the world; and yet her people can point with just pride to a past record which is brilliant with examples of the daring and prowess of their ancestors, and to annals resplendent with the names and works of some of the greatest poets and philosophers of the age.

Who that is fond of the mysteries of early periods has not read of the mythological power of Odin, and of his fabled pleasures in his superb palace of Valhalla? or who does not linger with delight over the wonderful history of good old King Canute? Who has not heard of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor; of Baggesen and Oehlenschläger, the great poets; of Ingermann, the romance-writer; of Henrik Hertz, the dramatist, and Hans Christian Andersen, the novelist? What school-boy does not know of Malte Brun's geography? What savans do not revere the memory of Tycho Brahe, the illustrious astronomer?

It is not surprising that a nation which has produced such spirits, and which has enacted such a conspicuous part in the world's drama should possess a more than ordinary interest in the eyes of the travellers who annually visit her well-diked shores.

It was in the midst of such ruminations that we lingered upon the deck of the frigate, and contemplated the receding landmarks of Denmark. It was Friday afternoon, and the sailors, true to their ancient superstitions, looked ominously upon our departure, and prophesied

all manner of evil for the Admiral's temerity. The officers, too, were not slow in endorsing the augury; for it was a rather "squirmy" season of the year, and the weather-signs looked "ugly"—but we reflected that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and let the barometer tumble down unheeded. In this mood we re-passed Elsinore, and then, sweeping along the Cattegat, headed toward Skagen, the northern cape of Jutland, looked defiantly at the elements, and prepared for the worst.

Before leaving his anchorage, the Admiral addressed the following letter to Mr. Yeaman, expressive of his appreciation of his great kindness and attention:

"U. S. FLAG-SHIP *Franklin*,  
"OFF COPENHAGEN, *Sept. 20, 1867.*

"MY DEAR SIR—I cannot leave without expressing to you my sincere thanks for your kind attention, not only to me, but to the officers of my squadron, both officially and unofficially, during our short stay at Copenhagen, and I assure you that it will at all times be most gratifying to me to hear of your prosperity in the important position you now hold, or in any other which it may please the Government to bestow upon you.

"With my kind wishes to Mrs. Yeaman and family,

"I remain, very truly yours,

(Signed)

"D. G. FARRAGUT.

"Admiral Commanding

"European Squadron.

"To His Excellency GEO. H. YEAMAN,

"U. S. Minister, Copenhagen."

To this Mr. Yeaman returned the following reply :

“LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,

“COPENHAGEN, 23d *Sept.* 1867.

“MY DEAR SIR—I know not how to thank you sufficiently for your kind and flattering letter of the 20th inst., addressed to me just before your departure from Copenhagen.

“I and my family have so much enjoyed the visit of yourself and officers, and of Mrs. Farragut and the other ladies, that your parting attention seems to us like double and unexpected happiness.

“In testimony of my own appreciation, I beg your permission to borrow, and adopt as my own, the last sentiment which the King of Denmark proposed to you at his table on Thursday evening.

“Mrs. Yeaman, Miss Triplett, and myself desire to be remembered with the liveliest regard to the ladies, and to your gallant officers.

“Personally and officially I thank you and them, and congratulate the Government and people of the United States for the very favorable impression which has been made in Northern Europe by your cruise in the Baltic and adjacent waters.

“Our naval science has been illustrated, and our political institutions honored; while socially and politically Americans have acquired an increased consideration.

“I remain, very truly, your friend,

(Signed)

“GEO. H. YEAMAN.

“Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT, etc.”

On another occasion, Mr. Yeaman spoke of the "sincerity of the respect and admiration shown to the Admiral;" and in his letter upon the subject of his reception in Copenhagen remarks: "Of course he was honored as the first character of the American navy; but there was something in his history, his appearance, and his manners that drew people to him as a man, and reminds one of the interest taken in Franklin at several capitals in Europe during the Revolution." Several instances are mentioned by him where accomplished officers expressed the greatest desire even to "see the American Admiral;" all of whom were extremely gratified at their courteous reception, by the Viking himself, on board the flag-ship.

In referring to this visit in his diplomatic correspondence, Mr. Yeaman concludes a letter in the following eulogistic terms:—

"I desire to render my distinct and emphatic testimony of the extremely happy and favorable impression which the accomplished officers of the Admiral's fleet have made on this Court and on public opinion here. \* \* \* Wherever they have gone, the effect of their visit and their intercourse with society has been an unmixed advantage to our reputation and to our political interests."

In a subsequent letter from our Minister, written after the return home of the flag-ship, that gentleman congratulates the Admiral upon the real service rendered by his cruise to Denmark, and adds: "Often have you been inquired after here by all your friends, for I may truly call them such, from the King and the whole royal family to the naval cadets and *attachés* of legations. Indeed, it has

often seemed to me that the feeling toward you on the part of many here was something more than respect and admiration, and that it amounted to an affectionate regard."

Testimonials from such a source afford the most gratifying evidence that among the Danes, the Admiral's visit was one of advantage to our country and to our people, and that the great "pleasure-trip," as it has been called, did more to elevate and illustrate our naval power than any expedition ever fitted out for foreign seas.



## CHAPTER XVI.

PASSAGE TO ENGLAND—STORM IN THE NORTH SEA—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN LONDON—VISITS TO DOCK-YARDS WITH LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY—BANQUETS OF PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, VICE-ADMIRALS MILNE AND DACRES, AND THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SOMERSET—VISITS TO TWICKENHAM, WINDSOR, HAMPTON COURT, AND SYDENHAM, AND PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE METROPOLIS—VISIT TO GUNNERY PRACTICE AT SHOEBOURNE—RECEPTION ON FRANKLIN.

IT was during our short voyage to England that I had the pleasure of experiencing my first storm at sea, and I confess that I inwardly prayed it might prove my last. I am a firm believer in the majesty and grandeur of the ocean, and when standing upon its shores can apostrophize its glories with due fervor. I love its ceaseless roll, its mighty roar, and the dashing of its waters, and when viewed from “Old Long Island’s sea-girt shore,” or the bolder sand-bluff of Long Branch, can fully appreciate the spirit which its mysterious wonders inspire; but I have yet to learn to recognize any particular romance in being tossed about like a shuttlecock in the midst of a raging nor’wester, or in the wonderful poetry of motion which “ancient mariners” discover in the evolutions of a huge frigate in the trough of an equinoctial sea.

It was with these sentiments that I arose on the eventful morning of September 21st, shortly after our vessel had passed the “Skaw,” and we were steaming against a

head-wind into the German Ocean on our way to England, with full assurance of the equinoctial whispering "beware" in our hearts, and the heavens over us multiplying their omens of the approaching storm.

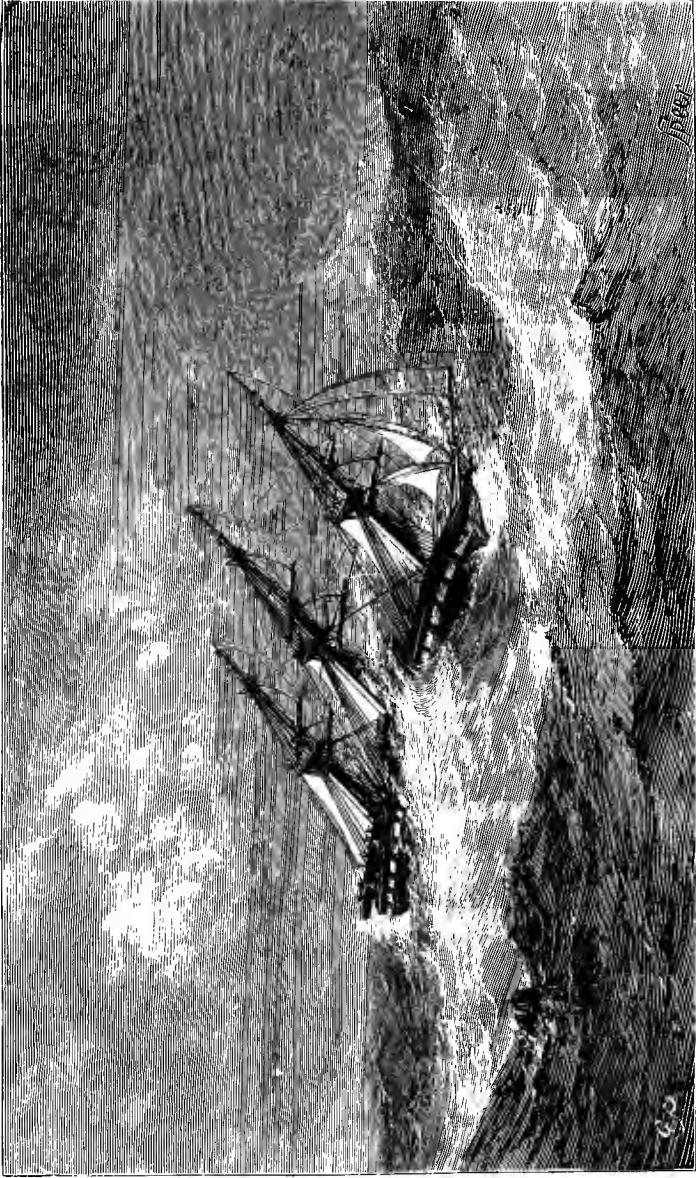
For three days and a half our frigate contended nobly against the elements, and suffered many shocks from the unequal contest; and although we came out victor in the end, yet the discomforts of that seemingly endless period forever cured me of all anxiety to witness a second performance.

We tossed and plunged, rolled and heaved; at one moment taking a side-step to the right, and at another making an indescribable lurch to the left, until all landsmen looked unutterably miserable, and old tars gloried in their discomfiture. The ward-room and steerage became the arenas of most astonishing gymnastic performances, greatly diversified by every roll of the ship, and varied by many a crash of crockery and glassware. Chairs pirouetted across the decks; officers raced frantically from one support to another, hugging the stanchions most affectionately, and adding to the general joy of the occasion by singing "Away down South in Georgia;" and servant-boys tumbled and scrambled about after "dishes running away with the spoons;" while the author, presenting to the best of his ability a picture of patience on a monument, endeavored to smile at the medley before him, reflected deeply upon the coveted joys of those at home, and heartily wished for a few square feet of firm earth, even in the frozen regions of Kamschatka, upon which to "stand at ease," for a change.









THE FRANKLIN IN A STORM IN THE NORTH SEA.



The storm was not even a respecter of persons, for the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, while endeavoring to enjoy the blessings of repose in their cradle on the deep, were unceremoniously flung out upon the floor of their cabin.

To prevent a repetition of such an unpleasant catastrophe, the thoughtful Admiral resorted to the expedient of fastening his astonished and submissive wife to the *fighting-bolt*, with the identical sword-belt which had girded him during the memorable battles of Mobile, Port Hudson, and New Orleans.

During the prevalence of this gale an incident occurred, the narration of which has often caused a smile to flit over the countenance of many an attentive listener. Mrs. Farragut and Mrs. Pennock, with all their Spartan bravery, had been alarmed by the merciless buffet of a very heavy sea which had struck the ship with resistless fury, and caused her to plunge somewhat disagreeably, when the thoughtful Captain, anxious to allay any unnecessary anxiety and to soothe their nervous excitement, entered the cabin and assured them that the storm was rapidly *subsiding*, and that the recent wave was indicative of an expiring sea. While engaged in this Christian-like mission, the midshipman of the watch appeared at the door and announced: "The officer of the deck directs me to inform you, Sir, that the gale is increasing in violence!"

But there must be an end to all things, even to gales. On the morning of the 25th we had the infinite pleasure of discerning a bright spot in the sky, the barometer took an upward start, and shortly afterward the distant shores

of Old England burst upon our view, and all recollections of recent troubles were stored away in the warehouse of the past.

On the same afternoon we found a pilot, and shortly afterward we entered the broad mouth of old Father Thames, and, anchoring below Sheerness, enjoyed the quiet of the river in contrast with the agitated surface of the German Ocean.

On the following morning we moved up to Sheerness, a heavy fog preventing further progress, and saluted with twenty-one guns, the English ensign at the fore, which was immediately returned by the fort, followed by a personal salute to the Admiral from H. B. M. ship *Formidable*. On that very day an article appeared in an English daily paper, expressing surprise that Admiral Farragut, after visiting Russia and the countries of Northern Europe, *should pass by England*; and endeavoring to account for this slight by the supposition that the unsettled condition of the Alabama claims had induced our Government to advise such a course.

Shortly after anchoring, several English officers came on board to tender their services to the Admiral, and, on behalf of the military and naval authorities, to offer him a welcome to England. One of these, a staff-officer, conveyed a dispatch from Vice-Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, commanding at Gravesend, very kind and cordial in its greeting, offering the facilities of the dock-yard, and enclosing a telegram just received from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in London, stating, "The Board will be happy to render any assistance and atten-

tion to Admiral Farragut and his squadron that may be agreeable to him;" thus inaugurating a reception in the mother country among the most pleasant in the records of our cruise.

On the succeeding day the frigate steamed up the river to Gravesend, where the Admiral returned all the visits he had received and made preparations to proceed to the great metropolis; the officers at the same time meeting with a most cordial welcome to the regimental club-houses on shore, and enjoying the hospitality of the line and staff of the garrison.

On reaching Gravesend, Admiral Farragut addressed a note to the United States Minister, Hon. Chas. Francis Adams, informing him of his arrival and of his desire to pay his respects to him at any time he might appoint; to which he received a very friendly reply from Mr. Moran, the accomplished Secretary of Legation, through Mr. Alward, Assistant Secretary, stating that "Mr. Adams being absent on the Continent, it would afford him great gratification to contribute to his comfort and pleasure during his sojourn in England."

On the 28th, accompanied by his staff, Admiral Farragut proceeded to London, and took apartments at the Clarendon Hotel, where he was at once visited by Mr. Moran, and the United States Consul, Mr. Morse.

Accompanied by the former and part of his staff, he called upon Lord Stanley, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and the Lords of the Admiralty, none of whom were in the city at this season, when, indeed, London is considered depopulated.

The day following, Sunday, was welcomed as a comparative rest from festivities and ovations, and our party gladly seized the opportunity of attending divine service in the same quiet manner to which they had been accustomed at home. In the morning we visited old St. Paul's, where, over the crypt which contains the ashes of England's greatest heroes, Nelson and Wellington, we listened to a very excellent discourse from the Rev. Dr. Hamilton; and in the afternoon, a desire as earnest as it was irresistible led us within the walls of Westminster Abbey, architecturally one of the noblest edifices ever constructed, and historically the most intensely interesting to the members of the Anglo-Saxon family throughout the world. Here we listened to an excellent sermon from Dr. Wordsworth, the son of the poet, in which the eloquent divine paid a handsome compliment to American energy and perseverance, and the great work our country was doing in the cause of Christianity; and upon its conclusion were escorted by Mr. Moran and a shrivelled-up beadle, the impersonation of the old sexton of the ballad, through the various chapels and along the adjoining cloisters, and then returned by way of Whitehall, passing the spot where Guy Fawkes was executed, the place where the regicides were beheaded, the house where the author of "Tristram Shandy" died, and many other famous landmarks.

Early on the following morning Admiral Farragut received a most agreeable visit from Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, who tendered our own Admiral a most cordial and friendly welcome to England, and placed at his disposal anything



and everything which might facilitate his visiting all points of interest within the United Kingdom.

On the same day, and shortly after the departure of Sir Sydney Dacres, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty transmitted a cordial invitation to Admiral Farragut and his staff to accompany them on their annual tour of inspection of the famous dock-yards of Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, and Portsmouth; an offer, perhaps, more consonant with the desires of our naval chieftain than any possible festivity or ceremony of welcome in the world. The entire tour was made as proposed, and the Admiral was everywhere received with all the honors due his rank, and entertained in the kindest and most friendly manner.

The Admiralty Board of Great Britain, then the host of our naval hero, was composed of six members, selected principally from the Navy and partly from civil life. These were, Rt. Hon. H. T. L. Corry, M. P., President; Vice-Admirals Sir Alexander Milne, K. C. B.; and Sir Sydney Dacres, K. C. B.; Rear-Admiral George Henry Seymour, C. B., M. P.; Rear-Admiral Sir John Charles Dalrymple Hay, Bart., M. P.; and Charles Du Cane, M. P.—accomplished gentlemen, experienced and able in their profession, and most hospitable and agreeable in their social and official intercourse.

With such companions and such opportunities, the Admiral's tour of inspection proved a thoroughly delightful one. The most unrestricted examination was afforded him of the principal naval establishments of the most famous country in the world for seamanship and naval war; and this technical enjoyment was enhanced by con-

stant evidence of the pleasure which his visit afforded to his professional brethren. There is something singularly hearty and genial in the pride so usually felt by sailors of one nation in the achievements of those of another. Besides this cosmopolitan professional sympathy, the Briton admires pluck; and history proves that our Admiral is no bad impersonation of that quality, so that it was with both reason and good feeling that the English naval men complimented him as "the Nelson of the age."

In his official dispatch to the Department, written shortly after his departure from London, Admiral Farragut alludes in some detail to the pleasure afforded him by this tour, and concludes by saying that he "was much gratified not only by what he saw, but by the great courtesy invariably bestowed upon him and his officers."

Upon the return of the Admiral from his professional excursion he was fairly besieged with visitors, and invitations to entertainments proffered by many of the most prominent citizens of the metropolis. Although London was said to be deserted, and we were constantly assured that all the world and his family had gone into the country, yet the number of eminent personages who daily called at the Clarendon seemed to justify the presumption that either the world had suddenly returned, or that a new population had been extemporized on purpose to represent the capital and to entertain the Admiral. Every possible moment was occupied with engagements, and not unfrequently the hours of rest were encroached upon by attentions so freely and generously bestowed.

On October 1st, armed with a special order to Colonel

Whimper from Sir John Burgoyne, Constable of the Tower,—who says in his note, “If I can be of any use in procuring the Admiral facilities for seeing anything else, or recommendations to anybody, I will attend to it at once,”—we made an excursion to that historic state-prison and palace, and there passed several hours in examining the tower itself, its collections and its records.

Escorted by a stout old English yeoman, we entered the gloomy portal, passed by the traitors' gate, ascended the narrow staircase to the spot beneath which rest the ashes of the unfortunate Princes, and then crossed to the White Tower, where are fantastically grouped and displayed the weapons and armor of every century.

With a morbid desire to “feed our thoughts upon the lotos-fruit imagination yields,” some of our party were locked up within the narrow cell in which Guy Fawkes was once allowed much time but little space to reflect upon his fate, and afterward within the more roomy dungeon where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. And then, in further imitation of the fates of these ancient sufferers, our necks were pleasantly adjusted upon the very block upon which the stateliest and the loveliest had been beheaded, and our limbs encased with the instruments with which statesmen and nobles had been tortured.

The kind-hearted Admiral considered this as evidence of a most corrupt nature, and delivered a short lecture upon this imaginary reproduction of the horrors of a cruel and vindictive age.

Shortly after our arrival in English waters, the Prince de Joinville visited the *Franklin*, and was received by

Captain Pennock with the customary honors; but finding that the Admiral was in London, he returned to that city and addressed him a very friendly note, inviting him, with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and the staff, to breakfast at his villa near Twickenham Station, saying: "I heard of your arrival in the Thames, and am very anxious to do something that may contribute to the enjoyment of your stay in this country."

An immediate acceptance of this courteous invitation of the principal representative of the House of Orleans was transmitted, and on the following day a second note was received from this distinguished nobleman, which was so expressive of his kind sentiments toward the United States that I transcribe the principal portion of it:

"Your kind note is just come to hand, and I hasten to assure you that the Princess de Joinville and myself will be highly gratified to receive you, Mrs. Farragut, and party on Tuesday morning, to breakfast at twelve; after which we could go and visit Richmond Park, Hampton Court, and Kew Gardens. . . . All these places are in close vicinity, and *very English*.

"Although so fatiguing for you, I am glad to see the Admiralty showing to you the respect that you have so gallantly won. I have admired your fine frigate, and am very thankful to Captain Pennock for his kind reception.

"Anticipating the great pleasure of your amiable visit,

"I remain very sincerely yours,

"FR. D'ORLEANS,

"Prince de Joinville."

At the appointed time, the Admiral, accompanied by

Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, Captain Le Roy, Messrs. Watson, Kane, and Montgomery, proceeded to Twickenham Station, and from thence were driven over to his beautiful country seat, Claremont, which is pleasantly situated on the margin of the gentle Thames.

Upon arriving at the villa, we were most cordially greeted by the Prince and Princess de Joinville and by the Duc de Chartres, formerly an officer upon the staff of General McClellan, and with his brother, le Comte de Paris, for some time associated with the history of the glorious old Army of the Potomac.

After partaking of a most sumptuous entertainment, modestly called a breakfast, we were escorted by our princely hosts through Bushy Park, a magnificent enclosure filled with deer ; and then, after passing Pope's villa and Walpole's house at Strawberry Hill, paid a visit to the famous old palace of Hampton Court.

After examining this relic of power and ambition, and the superb grounds surrounding it, we were driven through Richmond, from which we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Thames murmuring gently along in its course between banks fringed with the loveliest foliage. Thence we made a hurried *détour* through the celebrated Kew Gardens, and after admiring the rare palms and exotics with which it is filled, returned to our city headquarters much delighted with the entertainment and gratified beyond measure with our friendly reception.

The Admiral remained in London for two weeks, during which period his time was most pleasantly occupied in official visiting and sight-seeing by day and in entertain-

ments of a truly delightful character by night; insomuch that his sojourn resembled a continuous ovation.

During the first week after his arrival, he was entertained by Vice-Admirals Sir Sydney Dacres and Sir Alexander Milne, meeting at either place several prominent officers of the army and navy, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to extend him a most cordial welcome to England.

He also received a very friendly note from Major-General Lawrence, of the army, residing at Clapham Common, inviting him to a banquet, and offering him "a soldier's welcome to a soldier's home;" which his other engagements prevented him from accepting.

About the same time letters were received from Mr. Dudley, American Consul at Liverpool, and Mr. Abbot, Consul at Sheffield, inviting the Admiral to visit these cities; the latter enclosing a special invitation from the Cutlers' Association, requesting him to dine with them at their annual banquet, one of the principal anniversary feasts of that great manufacturing emporium; and during the same evening he received a visit from Mr. John C. Deane, Secretary of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, conveying a letter from that body, and in the handsomest terms tendering the use of the Atlantic Cable "to transmit to America, free of charge, any messages which he or Mrs. Farragut might desire to send," at the same time informing him that Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, had been telegraphed to, to arrange for similar facilities on the other side of the Atlantic. All these attentions, with many more not enumerated, conferred great

and sincere pleasure, especially as they gave every sign of springing from thoroughly genuine good feeling.

It may easily be imagined, that to accomplish the desired amount of sight-seeing at the same time with the necessary visits and returns of visits was no easy matter. Indeed, a systematic plan of operations for each day's work was a daily study in our councils, and it was only by such means that it was rendered possible to visit many places of the utmost interest.

In all such plans, and often in the tours which were executed in pursuance of them, we had the benefit of the unfailing and apparently unlimited information of Mr. Moran, Secretary of Legation.

With him as a walking gazetteer, our party one day visited the Houses of Parliament, occupied temporary seats on the woolsack, contrasted the two small chambers with the more imposing and grander halls within the Capitol at Washington, and then returned through the Zoological Gardens, Regent and Hyde Parks, along the historic by-ways of the metropolis.

At the next opportunity, chaperoned by Mr. Eykyn, and fortified with an order from the Grand Chamberlain, a pilgrimage was made to old Windsor Castle, where we were politely conducted through the private apartments of the Queen, which exhibit the comforts of a real home, and then to the battlements, from which there is a noble view, on the one side, of the Thames, and the "antique spires" of Eton beyond; and, on the other, of the castle grounds, studded with flowers and forest-trees, and among them a pretty little enclosure, marking the spot where

Herne's Oak once spread its branches above the gambols of fairies. The park and gardens are truly magnificent, and their fresh modern keeping and air of elegance contrast very strongly with the grim walls of the old kingly residence.

At the time of this visit Her Majesty was absent at Balmoral; but the order of the Grand Chamberlain secured every attention, and afforded unusual facilities for a thorough inspection of the royal homestead.

On the same evening we returned to London, in time to accept an invitation to occupy the Queen's box at the Drury Lane Theatre. King John was the play, and all save the Admiral were delighted with the representation. The scene where Hubert so resolutely assures Prince Arthur that he is about to burn out his eyes affected him wonderfully, and he observed that it seemed to be a fatality with him to witness a harrowing tragedy, either on the canvas in any picture-gallery he might visit, or enacted on the stage of any theatre to which he was specially invited.

On the following day, several hours were very pleasantly spent in strolling through the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and the lovely grounds adjoining, stopping in a little out-building to pay our respects to the disjointed timbers of the famous "raft" which crossed the Atlantic, and yet failed to win the celebrity it deserved.

These little pilgrimages by day served in some measure to counteract the many dissipations forced upon the Admiral by the banquets of every night. Among the most delightful of these were those given in his honor by Her



Grace the Duchess Dowager of Somerset, at her residence in Park Lane.

This highly accomplished lady, well known throughout England in former days as the belle of London, had conceived a great liking for Americans generally, and for Admiral Farragut in particular. On the day after his arrival she had called to pay her respects to himself and Mrs. Farragut, and during our short sojourn there it was our good fortune to dine with Her Grace upon three different occasions.

At the first banquet, Lord Stanley, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was present to meet the Admiral, with several other celebrities; and at the others we met Vice-Admiral and Lady Milne; Sir Henry Corry, President of the Admiralty Board; Sir Michael and Lady Stuart, the latter a daughter of the Marquis of Westminster; Lord Fitzroy Kelly; Mr. Babage, the celebrated mathematician; Lord Blaquière, Belgian Minister; Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson and daughter, and several of the *attachés* of the different legations.

These entertainments were as elegantly luxurious in their appointments, and the company and conversation were as brilliant, as might be expected from the high position and refined taste of the noble hostess. Everything was Americanized in honor of the distinguished guest. Even the *menus* were headed with the eagle within a cluster of stars, grasping in his talons the "red, white, and blue." The same emblem surmounted sundry of the *entremets*, while the dessert included "*meringues à l'Amiral Farragut.*"

Among the many other civilities extended to the Admiral while in London, we must not omit to mention that he and Captains Pennock and Le Roy were made non-resident members of the "Reform," "Conservative," and "United Service" Clubs, being admitted to all the rights and privileges of strangers in those celebrated institutions. He also received a very cordial invitation from the Lord Mayor to the civic anniversary dinner on October 25th, which, unfortunately, prior engagements forced him to decline. At the same time the Lady Mayoress called to pay her respects to Mrs. Farragut.

On the morning of October 12th, the Admiral, accompanied by his suite, took the cars at Charing-Cross station, and in the midst of a fog dense enough to be "cut with a knife," proceeded to Gravesend, where he went on board the *Frolic*, and steamed down the river to the *Franklin*, lying off Sheerness, and within his own comfortable cabins he enjoyed the quiet of the succeeding Sunday.

On the 14th, having received an invitation, through Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, to attend the gunnery experiments then in progress at Shoeburyness, Admiral Farragut, accompanied by his staff, Sir Baldwin Walker, and Rear-Admiral Astley Cooper Key, acting Director-General of Naval Ordnance, proceeded to the designated place, and on landing was very courteously received by Colonel Fisher and Major Curtis, of the Royal Artillery. The commanding officer, Colonel F. Eardley Wilmot, R.A., addressed him a note, deeply regretting that he was obliged to be absent, not only because he missed the opportunity of showing the practice to a distinguished officer, but also

because he remembered the many kindnesses he had received from officers of the United States navy and army."

On this occasion, experiments were being made with the terrible 15-inch gun of American invention and the English 9-inch rifled gun, and, naturally, the contest became intensely interesting to an advocate of the former, and a firm believer in the general superiority of "home manufactures."

The result of this practice proved pretty conclusively that the "Rodman" produces the more *destructive* effects; and while the English claim that the conical shot of their 9-inch gun, weighing 250 pounds, will accomplish a greater *penetration*, they readily admit that the 15-inch has the greater *crushing power*—an important difference upon the hull of a vessel.

After receiving the most distinguished attentions, inspecting everything of interest about the school and the grounds, and being entertained in the kindest and most hospitable manner, the Admiral returned to the flag-ship in time to welcome on board Vice-Admiral Sir Baldwin and Lady Walker, and many officers of the dock-yard and garrison, who, with their wives and daughters, created quite an agreeable diversion upon the decks of the *Franklin*.

Although this excursion might be considered almost an impromptu affair, it proved a most pleasant one, and became a very appropriate drop-curtain to our charming visit to the great metropolis and its vicinity. The guests remained on board until evening, and retired with the expression of many wishes for a "*bon voyage*" for the morrow, and a speedy return to the waters of the Thames.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DEPARTURE FROM SHEERNESS—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN PORTSMOUTH—VISIT OF THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY AND H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—DEPARTURE FROM PORTSMOUTH—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN PLYMOUTH.

ON the morning of October 16, we got under way and proceeding down the great commercial artery of England, passed through the Downs in the afternoon, and in exactly twenty-four hours after our departure from Sheerness arrived off Spithead, and shortly afterward anchored in that celebrated roadstead, known among sailors as the “king’s bedchamber.”

The customary salutes were exchanged with the garrison and Her Majesty’s ship *Victory*; the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Thomas S. Pasley, commander-in-chief of that station; and as soon as the necessary arrangements to receive the Lords of the Admiralty on the following day were completed, and the many tenders of welcome and hospitality conveyed to him by several officers of the royal navy were duly received and acknowledged, Admiral Farragut, with his staff, Commander Harmony, and Mr. George Baker, United States Consul, proceeded to the dockyard, where carriages were in readiness to convey them to the residences of the military, naval, and civil authorities, by

all of whom he was received with the usual flattering demonstrations. During this visit he was compelled to decline a very pressing invitation of the Mayor, to meet the corporation of the city at a breakfast.

On the following morning, the flag-ship was placed in proper order for the reception of the many visitors who had enrolled themselves for the occasion, and officers and men were soon summoned to tender a fitting welcome to Admiral Pasley, Rear-Admiral Wellesley, and Captain Seymour. Shortly afterward the excitement increased by the arrival, in a special train from London, of a deputation of the Lords of the Admiralty, consisting of the Right Hon. Henry Thomas Lowry Corry, M.P.; Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K.C.B.; Captain T. Brandreth, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Astley Cooper Key, C.B., the Director-General of Naval Ordnance.

On coming on board their Lordships were received with all the honors, the yards were manned, and the English flag, hoisted at the fore, saluted with nineteen guns, the compliment being at once returned by Her Majesty's ship *Victory*, with the American ensign floating from her masthead, and greeted with gun for gun.

Their Lordships remained on board several hours, examined the ship from top to bottom, and, after enjoying an entertainment in the Admiral's cabin, bade adieu to their host, and re-embarked in their yacht with many expressions of friendship and personal esteem for their brother sailor.

The following day had been set aside by the Admiral for a regular visitation to the Portsmouth naval establish-

ments; and, in company with part of his staff, and escorted by Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, he made a thorough and deliberate inspection of the celebrated dock-yard, where his eyes feasted upon all the naval inventions and improvements of the day.

Thence he visited the gunnery-ship *Excellent*, commanded by Captain Arthur W. A. Hood, who received him with the utmost courtesy, and exercised the officers and men in their various drills for his especial benefit.

In his official report to the Department, the Admiral expatiates at considerable length upon the experiments which followed; speaking particularly of Hale's rockets and the diving apparatus, in which the men are instructed by actual practice.

Upon withdrawing from these interesting experiments he paid a short visit to the old *Victory*, commanded by Captain H. Beauchamp Seymour, and sacred to all Englishmen as the flag-ship of Admiral Nelson and the scene of his death at Trafalgar. The very spot where the hero fell is carefully preserved, and a part of the mast shot away in that terrible action now encloses his remains in the crypt of St. Paul's.

As our own Admiral stood upon the deck of that cherished old monument of England's naval glory, and examined the place where his great predecessor looked for the last time upon the flag he had so often sustained, there was something profoundly interesting in the scene and its associations. Separated from the dead hero by only half a century, the living hero has so well exemplified the nobler qualities as to have won from Englishmen the sur-

name of "the Nelson of the age," while he holds unquestioned the same rank in the navy of his own country.

From this vessel he went on board the *Water Witch*, an iron-clad of seven hundred tons, which is propelled by water, according to the plan which the Emperor of France informed the Admiral had been suggested by him many years ago.

As this is a novel mode of propulsion, and may yet succeed the paddle-wheel and screw, I give the Admiral's description in brief, from the actual experiment witnessed by him :—

"The water rises from below into the box, whence the rotary pump, worked by steam, throws it with great violence into two square boxes placed on the outside of the vessel, one on each side, nearly amidships and about the water-line. Near the centre is a valve, under the control of the officer of the deck, and as he turns it the water is thrown with great force either forward or aft, thus propelling the vessel ahead or astern at his will. So soon as we got on board we proceeded out of the harbor, and to my amazement she went ahead at a speed of seven or eight miles an hour, against a fresh breeze and quite a sea. . . . On our return from Spithead to the wharf, she made quite as much as nine knots per hour."

So far as the propelling power is concerned, the vessel can be considered a success, although she was subsequently rejected by the Government in consequence of her not coming up to the contract in point of speed ; but, as a vessel of war, the Admiral is of the opinion that the

exposure of the boxes to an enemy's shot would be a very serious defect.

During these official visitations, many of the officers made several very pleasant excursions to the beautiful Isle of Wight, the principal point of interest being the celebrated Carisbrooke Castle, situated near the town of Newport. This old ruin, once a Roman fortress, and subsequently the prison of the unfortunate Charles I., has great historic interest. Its position is a most commanding one, its associations all that the most romantic antiquarian could desire, and it is surrounded by the richest agricultural country in England—a "land flowing with milk and honey."

To this beautiful spot Brownell, Dr. Foltz, Chaplain Wallace, and the author made a pilgrimage; from its ivy-crowned towers enjoyed the superb view, and within its deserted chambers communed with a tragic past.

On our return, an officer was particularly delighted with the flattering assurance of a lady passenger in the stage-coach that he spoke "wonderful English for an American!"

On the afternoon of the 19th there was a review of the troops at Southsea by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-chief of the Army, and many American uniforms were present on the mimic field of war. All arms of the service were represented, and the several regiments executed a number of evolutions in a manner highly creditable to their discipline and efficiency.

During the review His Highness signified his desire to visit the *Franklin*, at such time as would be most conve-



nient to the Admiral. Of course an early hour was designated, and at the appointed time he came on board, accompanied by a brilliant staff—Lord Lenox, General Puller, the Count de Paris, and others being present—and was received with yards manned, the royal standard at the main, and a salute of twenty-one guns. His Highness made quite a lengthened visit, appeared much pleased with his inspection of the frigate, “looked in everywhere,” and on his departure was complimented with the same honors with which he had been received.

The Duke was in full regimentals, and being of large stature and proportions, and very courteous in his address, looked every inch a soldier, and as one born to command.

During the same evening the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, with part of the staff, were entertained by Admiral Sir Thomas and Lady Pasley at the Admiralty House, and the presence of several prominent officers of the army and navy contributed to the enjoyment of a most pleasant reunion of the two nationalities.

Upon several occasions during his visit to this port, the Admiral received much attention and hospitality from Rear-Admiral Wellesley and Captain Seymour; but the shortness of his stay compelled him to decline all the other invitations so lavishly extended, among which was one from the Free-masons of the locality, who stated in their letter to the United States Consul that they were “desirous of tendering their hospitality to Admiral Farragut and those of his officers who belong to our order.”

Our stay at Portsmouth was brief, but extremely agree-

able. The authorities—naval, civil, and military—were assiduous and unremitting in their attentions. Upon the morning of our arrival a pretty little steam yacht, surnamed the *Fire Queen*, was sent down by the Port Admiral and placed at the disposal of Admiral Farragut during his whole stay in the harbor. In this vessel he passed daily to and from the wharf, always receiving the most gratifying attentions from her commander, Lieutenant Paul, of the Royal Navy.

In his official communication to the Department, the Admiral observes: "I cannot close this dispatch without saying that during our stay at Portsmouth we were received with every kindness and hospitality, not only by officers of the army and navy, but also by the civil authorities."

The environs of this well-fortified harbor are unusually interesting, and afford abundant gratification to the traveller. There is every diversity of scenery about the beautiful hills of the mainland, and every variety of landscape upon the lovely pasture-slopes of the Isle of Wight; all associated with an eventful history of many centuries, and blended with all the life, activity, and progress of modern enterprise.

But as we had the European world to visit, and a certain limited time in which to accomplish it, the Admiral planned his movements so as to complete his tour within the period designated; and about noon of October 20th we bid adieu to Portsmouth, and, having weighed anchor, proceeded once more to sea, passing out through the Solent Channel, and enjoying a magnificent view of Osborne House, Norris Castle, Cowes, and the entire northern coast of the Isle of Wight.

During the afternoon we passed the Needles, stood out into the Channel, and early on the following morning, in the midst of a most disagreeable, chilling rain, entered the historic harbor of Plymouth, and immediately interchanged national salutes with the authorities.

No sooner had we anchored than Captain Freedy, Flag-officer of Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, commanding station, came on board, greeted the Admiral most cordially, and placed at his disposal the steam yacht *Princess Alice*, to be used as his own during his sojourn in the harbor.

The American Consul, Mr. Fox, soon succeeded the British captain, and offered his services to all desirous of seeing the sights of Plymouth. While he was on board, a Prussian frigate hoisted the "stars and stripes," and saluted it with seventeen guns, which was immediately returned by the *Franklin*—"gun for gun."

The weather continuing very unpropitious, we were comparatively ship-bound—none desiring to brave the elements when they had the alternative of remaining within their own comfortable state-rooms. It was, consequently, a delightful and diligently improved occasion for letter-writing.

On the following morning, *maugre* a threatening wind and a cloudy sky, the Admiral and his suite proceeded to the wharf in the *Princess Alice*, and were there received in the most friendly manner by Admiral Martin and Rear-Admiral Drummond, with their respective staffs, and, escorted by them, paid an official visit to Major-General Sir Augustus A. Spencer, commander-in-chief of the

military forces in that district, by whom he was greeted with the most distinguished honors, and assured of a most cordial welcome to the city.

After a very pleasant interview with these dignitaries the visitors withdrew, and shortly afterward all the bright visions of the famous dockyards of this celebrated naval station which had floated before the mind's eye of the Admiral, the ideals of descriptions previously read to him, were fully realized by his visiting and examining the extensive works of Keyham and Devonport.

While inspecting these capacious docks he went on board the *Agincourt*, a large armor-plated frigate of 6,600 tons, then fitting for sea; and then to the *Prince Albert*, a four-turreted vessel built upon Captain Cole's principle.

Passing from there, he was conducted to the celebrated victualling establishment at Plymouth, in charge of Captain Tatham, and thence with that officer and Surgeon Stewart made an inspection of the several departments of the Naval Hospital—a very extensive establishment, fitted up with great care, and very complete in its general plan and arrangements.

Under the date of Wednesday, October 23d, my journal says: "It affords me pleasure to record a fine day in the Channel,"—an occurrence so rare in that part of the world as to deserve especial mention, and upon the occasion referred to sufficient to induce a great scattering of the "line," in order to "do" Plymouth in a style becoming the representatives of the great American Navy in general, and of the flag-ship in particular.

The Admiral and staff had the blessings of sundry

ceremonial greetings in prospect, and gazed enviously upon the merry faces of the officers as they severally reported that they had "permission to leave the ship."

The general plan of action adopted in all ports by our officers was to obtain a room at once as a transfer dépôt, in which they would speedily doff the uniform, don the citizen's garb, and then sally forth unknown to the world, and become quiet "lookers-on in Vienna," appearing, doubtless, like natives of the country in which they were sojourners.

Plymouth offered a number of inducements for such pilgrims. It was the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins, two of England's famous admirals. It was the first English port approached by the Spanish Armada; and it was the landing-place of Napoleon from the *Bellerophon*, after his surrender. Besides all this, it is a most beautiful and attractive little city.

The view of the harbor from the bastioned fortress on the ridge called the Hoe is alone worthy of a special visit; and this, with the gay thoroughfares filled with people and lined with handsome stores, proved sufficient to amuse our wandering officers during the hours spared from duty.

On the morning in question, the Admiral and his staff visited the Prussian iron-clad frigate, where he was received with all the honors, escorted over the ship, and shown everything of interest.

Upon his return he was officially visited by Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, commanding the district, Rear-Admiral Drummond, Captain Foley, and several

staff-officers, all of whom joined in a thorough inspection of the frigate, and appeared to be much interested in her armament and general equipment.

During the day a very pleasant excursion was made to Mount Edgecumbe, a magnificent estate belonging to a nobleman bearing that title, and situated on a bold promontory below Plymouth, forming the western wall of the harbor.

The residence is a palatial one, and the grounds surrounding it laid out most superbly, giving to it the appearance of a royal park. Through these the visitors were escorted in every direction, returning to the frigate quite delighted with the drive and with the courteous attentions they had received.

Although but three days off this city—scarcely time enough to become known—the Admiral received the usual constant evidences of his popularity. In a dispatch he says: “I beg to state that here, as at Portsmouth and elsewhere in England, I have been treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy.”

The day succeeding his arrival, accompanied by his staff, he dined with Admiral Martin; and on the evening preceding his departure with Major-General Sir Augustus A. Spencer, Commander-in-Chief of the military forces, to which he was specially invited to meet His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. Upon each occasion all the prominent officers of the army and navy at this station were present, the best feeling prevailed, and the representatives of the great Saxon household of nations harmonized most fraternally.

Returning from this very pleasant entertainment, orders were given to proceed to sea on the morrow, toward the region of the vine, olive, and fig-tree.

Before leaving the shores of a country in which we enjoyed such profuse and genuine hospitality, I shall present a few further instances of the invariable kindness and courtesy of our reception.

As was stated before, during his sojourn in different places in England, Admiral Farragut received many proofs of the kind feelings entertained for him by all the officials with whom he came in contact. In some instances actual friendships were engendered and cultivated to the very close of his cruise; and in others, open expressions of admiration for his gallantry and heroism were uttered with a freedom and enthusiasm as full as if England was claiming him as her own.

On the day after his arrival in London he was gratified by the presentation of a short letter from Lord Lennox, Secretary of the Admiralty Board, addressed to him as

“MY DEAR ADMIRAL FARRAGUT—I regret very much that I should not have been in London to assist in offering you a hearty welcome to this country.

“Unluckily, I am on a visit of a few days to Lord Derby. On my return, my first duty will be to pay my respects to you.

“Believe me, dear Admiral Farragut,

“Yours most faithfully.”

On leaving Sheerness he received a letter from Admi-

ral Sir Baldwin Walker, in reply to one he had addressed that officer, in which the gallant old sailor says: "Apart from the honor of making the acquaintance of so distinguished an officer as yourself, and exchanging those courtesies usual between officers of different nations, I have felt the liveliest satisfaction in reciprocating the personal kindly feeling you have shown toward me, and I trust that opportunities may be afforded us of meeting again to cement the intimacy—I hope I may say friendship—which has arisen during your short stay at this port, and which will be deeply cherished by me."

And again, shortly after his departure from Portsmouth, he was much flattered by the kind and enthusiastic manner in which a liberal-minded and warm-hearted nobleman mentioned him and his country in a letter written upon the occasion, two sentences from which I quote, as follows:

"It is needless to say that it has given me great pleasure to make your acquaintance, and as far as possible to show the respect I feel for your gallant deeds and for your enlightened country. I wish all prosperity to the United States; and it is my earnest wish that we may every year learn to know each other better, and live on those terms of peace and amity that befit the two greatest nations in the world."

With such friends behind him the Admiral left England, to return again the following summer only to find that he was well remembered by all, and most gladly welcomed back.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

DEPARTURE FROM PLYMOUTH—ARRIVAL IN LISBON—PRESENTATION TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL—LOCAL CUSTOMS—VISIT TO CINTRA.

ON the afternoon of October 24 anchor was again weighed and we looked our last upon the environs of Plymouth. The undulating and highly-cultivated fields of Devonshire gradually faded from our view; Eddystone Light-house, far to the eastward, looked like a towering monument rising boldly out of the sea, and in a few hours, ere yet the sun had sunk to rest, the last speck of our mother earth disappeared beneath the horizon, and our vessel appeared the only living thing on the face of the great deep excepting the *Frolic*, which followed steadily in our wake.

We passed the stormy channel, and upon the next day, heading southwardly, entered upon the redoubtable Bay of Biscay; and as our frigate glided smoothly over its scarcely ruffled surface, and we enjoyed our "constitutional" undisturbed by the slightest motion, I was one of the most agreeably disappointed travellers that ever committed himself to the tender mercies of old Father Neptune.

I had listened to so many thrilling stories of "Biscay's sleepless Bay," and had incidentally heard of so many marine disasters within it, that I had anticipated much dis-

comfort in our passage, and indeed had absolutely "filed my mind" for a second edition, enlarged and improved, of our experience in the German Ocean. But our "head-strong sea" was as meek as Moses, and as patient as Job; her character had been greatly belied, and we glided over her entire expanse as gayly as if cruising in a pleasure yacht across the Bay of New York.

On the third day out the stern shores of Spain appeared in view, and shortly thereafter we passed Cape Finisterre, and thence, following along the coast of the Iberian peninsula, we arrived off the mouth of the Tagus, where a Lusitanian pilot came on board and navigated the frigate up the river to her anchorage off Lisbon, the headquarters of the Mediterranean Squadron; passing in her course Fort St. Julian and the famous tower of Belem, from which shots were discharged at the *Niagara* in 1864, when that vessel appeared to be preparing to "declare her intentions" to the privateer *Alabama*.

As soon as we anchored in the upper bay, national salutes were exchanged with St. George's Battery; and when these ceremonies ceased, the officers commanding respectively the *Canandaigua*, *Ticonderoga*, *Shamrock*, *Frolic*, and *Guard* came on board, followed by Mr. Munro, United States Consul and acting Chargé d'Affaires, and orders were at once issued to refit the vessels for a winter's cruise in the Mediterranean.

Upon entering the Tagus, the city of Lisbon presents a most pleasing and picturesque appearance. It is a very old city, called by the ancient gentlemen who flourished about the time of the Cæsars, Ulysipo, after its supposed

founder, Ulysses ; and is built upon a succession of hills, which rise almost from the water's edge, and with numerous convents, castles, churches, gardens and ruins forms a grand amphitheatre, very pleasant to behold from St. Julian.

But the illusion inspired by this distant view of the city is quickly dispelled by a closer acquaintance with its interior. The appearance of many of the old streets ; of the mixed population of the lower orders,—Gallegos, negroes, mulattoes, and others,—with their slothful habits ; and of lazy muleteers, perched sleepily upon the tops of panniers, seemingly crushing diminutive donkeys, whose ears are generally the only visible portion of the animal ; all speak of the decay and enervation of a race whose glory belongs to a far-distant epoch in the world's history.

*Per contra*, the city has many attractions, particularly in that portion restored from the ruins of the great earthquake of 1755 ; many of the residences being palatial, and bordering upon the well-paved streets which unite the beautiful Praça do Commercio with the Praça de Figueira and the Rocio, the latter occupying a part of the site of the great Inquisition.

A majority of the officers of our navy have a wonderful *penchant* for Lisbon, and find in her theatres and cafés, her gold and silver streets, her bull-fights and exhibitions, many pleasures highly congenial to the taste of transient boarders. To these fascinations is added the still greater one, that it is an economical abiding-place.

This city is, above all others, a most wonderful place for the celebration of birthdays and other feasts, both national and local, diversified by occasional fasts.

On the day after our arrival, the firing of guns at meridian and the dressing of all the ships in the harbor proclaimed the birthday of Don Fernando, the King's father; which occasion demanded, as an act of international courtesy, a proper salute from our own broadsides for a person whom we had not yet seen.

The day following was the birthday of the King, Don Luis I.; and there was, of course, a second and enlarged edition of the noise and confusion of the preceding twenty-four hours, intensified by a grand reception at the Palace of Necessidades, near Belem. To this the Admiral and the officers of the Squadron were specially bidden.

The grand levee was held at noon, and the Admiral, accompanied by such officers as desired to witness a Portuguese Court presentation, and under the conduct of Mr. Munro—a most accomplished cicerone—repaired to the palace over a road which would give the nightmare to an American supervisor, and was there, shortly afterward, presented to His Majesty and to the Queen—a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel.

There was an imposing assemblage present, consisting of the members of the royal household, the principal officers of the Government, the diplomatic corps, and many other distinguished personages. All were very gorgeously uniformed, their breasts glistening with numerous medals, badges of honor, and gold and silver lace. Among this magnificent assembly were the Marquis St. Leger de Bemposta, Grand Chamberlain; Marquis de Ficalho, Chamberlain; Duke de Palmella, Grand Major Duomo; Counts De Linhares and Da Taipa, Chamber-

luis ; Viscount de Praia Grande, Minister of Marine and Colonies ; M. de Cazal Ribeiro, Minister of Foreign Affairs ; Rear-Admiral Sergio de Souza, Aid-de-camp ; Vice-Admiral Viscount Franco ; Count das Galveas, Grand Huntsman ; Count de Mesquitella, Grand Usher, and a number of military and naval aids-de-camp.

The King entered the reception-room first, with his staff, and was followed by the Queen, Donna Maria Pia, supported by eight maids of honor, all of whom looked, I fancied, very disconsolate, in spite of the rich and gorgeous dresses in which they were robed.

Their Majesties and Don Fernando, the King's father, passed around the imposing circle, saying a few words to each one present, and receiving the congratulations of all in return. The King seemed quite delighted to meet the Admiral ; but amused us very much by observing to our naval hero, upon his presentation, " You wrote a history of your late war, I believe ? " The Admiral, surprised to find himself classed so suddenly among the literary notables of the day, replied immediately that he " had not turned author yet," and was proceeding to defend himself against the accusation, when Mr. Munro interrupted the pleasant little scene, and said with great  *finesse* , " Admiral Farragut, your Majesty, has  *made*  the history of the war."

The King gracefully accepted the amendment, and after a few minutes' conversation, in which he expressed the great pleasure it gave him to meet with the chief representative of the American Navy, passed on in his tour of hand-shaking.

His Majesty is apparently a very young man—not over twenty-six years of age—and is said to be a close student; but his Government is so expensive, and the people so burdened with taxes, that it is a task of the greatest difficulty to maintain the one and to relieve the other. Even with the enormous revenues taken from the Inquisition at its abolition, in 1821, and now turned into the coffers of the State, the expenditures are still in excess of the receipts, and it does not, therefore, require a very difficult process to calculate the condition of the national exchequer.

Upon returning from the palace we witnessed a somewhat singular procession of priests and people, moving about the streets in solemn grandeur, and “begging bread for God’s sake!” The men carried large bags, and as the coarse jingling of a half-cracked bell announced their approach, people cast out of the windows money or bread, as the spirit moved them.

The procession was followed by two carts very profusely dressed with evergreens, each drawn by two oxen; one containing the proceeds of the begging or foraging expedition, and the other an immense tureen, in which soup was to be made and distributed to the poor and needy.

There are several other customs prevalent among the Portuguese which, being comparatively local in their character, and unknown outside the country, deserve brief mention in this journal of what we saw.

One of the most popular, and certainly one of the most suggestive, is that of burying a *cod-fish* at the close of Lent, in the presence of delighted thousands, in attesta-

tion of universal joy upon the long-desired deliverance from daily dieting on fish and the happy return to the good things of life.

Another, which seems to find its way to the hearts of the masses, occurs generally after a storm, or even a heavy blow. When a Portuguese vessel returns to the harbor after a very rough passage, the sails are at once rolled up and taken to a priest, who blesses them; they are then carried through the streets, partially open, and as the same bell announces their progress, alms are contributed and collected, to secure the prayers of the church and blessings upon the vessel saved. Many of the faithful have implicit confidence in these customs, and believe that the almost shipwrecked mariners return to their element with the full assurance that their crafts are henceforth safe from the dangers of the sea and the violence of enemies.

On the morning of November 2d, the Admiral of the Portuguese Navy, Viscount Soares Franco, visited the flag-ship, and was received with all the honors due his rank; and on the following Tuesday, Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, accompanied by Mrs. Pennock, Mr. Munro, and Messrs. Watson and Montgomery, made an excursion to Cintra—a most beautiful little village situated in the province of Estremadura, at the foot of a picturesque chain of mountains, and famous for the Convention of 1808, between the French and English, by which the former were permitted to evacuate Portugal unmolested.

The object of this sudden expedition was two-fold. It resulted partially from a desire to breathe the invigorating air of this famous summer resort for the Lisbonese,

and in part from a natural and most commendable anxiety to escape from the flag-ship during her terrible penance of coaling.

After a very pleasant ride of three hours we arrived at the village, the centre of a "variegated maze of mount and glen," and at once committed ourselves to the safe-keeping of the jocund Mrs. Lawrence, whose matchless rotundity of person bespoke the comfort of an English inn. Within her little caravansary the Admiral found relief from the wearying fatigues of official ceremony. The change was a pleasant one, from the marble halls and butterfly gaudiness of the Court to the seclusion of a country inn, free from the requirements of etiquette and at the same time from the heat and dust of the capital.

Between Lisbon and Cintra the road traverses a country abounding in evidences of a long-lost vitality. Convents innumerable crown the hills; dilapidated walls surround them; crumbling houses barely standing in neglected fields preserve the traces of former prosperity, while the broken arches of great aqueducts attest the engineering diligence of older days.

As we approached the mountain range the full power of the poet's picture burst upon us, and the Admiral nodded an approving smile as one of the party craved silence and read aloud—

"The horrid crags by toppling convent crowned,  
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,  
The mountain moss by scorching skies embrowned,  
The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep,  
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,



The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch below,  
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

On the following morning we rose almost with the lark and prepared to "do" Cintra. Our party, consisting of six, was shortly perched comfortably upon the padded backs of as many diminutive yet sure-footed donkeys, the stature of some of them being so small that they might have passed between the legs of a tall man; and, accompanied by two lusty muleteers, we started off bravely,—the Admiral, by virtue of his rank, having the post of honor on the right,—and "slowly clomb the many-winding way" leading to Peña Castle, "Our Lady's House of Woe," which occupies the very summit of a cone about 1,980 feet above the level of the sea.

Like all other places in the country, this elevated building has a very old history, and boasts of legends sufficient to frighten the very spirit of reality. Part of it was constructed by the Moors, but at what precise period of their power is not yet known, and perhaps never will be.

It is now owned and occupied by Don Fernando, father of the King, who has adorned and embellished it so profusely and with such exquisite taste as to give it peculiar charm and interest to the antiquarian, who will trace in a single glance the prevalent styles of architecture from centuries ago to the present time.

The building has the appearance of a grand old feudal castle, and from its towers commands a most magnificent and extensive view of the surrounding country, embracing

the sea on the west, and Mafra and the long, dark historic lines of Torres Vedras on the north.

From Peña we moved on in single file to an old Moorish castle perched on an adjoining peak, and reached only after a most tedious ascent of 199 steps, which the Admiral vowed was too much up-hill work for any sight in the world. These old ruins are very extensive, and crown the summit of the ridge with long walls for a considerable distance. They are likewise very old, and are supposed to date back to the eighth century. It is thus over a thousand years ago that the Moorish banners floated from these battlements.

From this point our "ships of the mountain" carried us over a most tortuous and rugged road, and beneath the rays of a sun which was damaging to all but the "salamanders" of our party, to the celebrated Cork Convent, a dilapidated-looking rookery, containing a number of cells, partly built and partly formed by overhanging rocks, and all lined with cork wood as a preventive against dampness. In these holes monks of old, it is said, were fond of residing, to do penance for their sins.

While here we descended into the narrow cell of the famous old Hermit Honorius, who kept house there for thirty years and then died, in 1596, at the age of ninety-five,

"Hoping to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell."

The old man who exists here is a pitiable object; like Caliban, he is all shrivelled up with rheumatism, and looks as if he were the ghost of the Hermit Honorius himself.

From here we descended a mountain-path, down which no less sure-footed animal than a donkey could be persuaded to go, for it was very steep, and one of the party twice slipped off her quadruped, from sheer inability to maintain a proper equilibrium. This part of our excursion was very amusing, made particularly so by the management of two of the donkeys by the muleteers, who held steadily on to their tails, and used those appendages either as a rudder to guide them, or as a drag to retard their progress.

We shortly reached Montserrat, a beautiful villa embosomed in superb forest-trees, belonging to an English gentleman named Cook; and then drove out to the village of Collares, celebrated for its wine.

From this point we took up a line of retreat and turned homeward, passing on the way several places of interest, among which was Sitiaes, a quinta belonging to the Marquis Loulé, in which the celebrated Convention of Cintra was held in 1808, at the very name of which, we have authority for saying, "Britannia sickens," and folks in office blush.

As the expedition was not yet finished, we resumed our programme on the morrow and paid a visit to the old Moorish palace in the village, a curious combination of Moorish and Christian architecture, with two immense towers in front shaped like champagne-bottles, and at a distance resembling somewhat a Mississippi steamboat. This was the Alhambra of the Moorish kings, and afterward became the residence of Christian monarchs.

After passing through all the apartments of this sin-

gular building, listening to prolix stories and legends from a guide whose whole life had been passed within its dark shadows, we returned to Lisbon much gratified with the excursion, the Admiral congratulating himself upon his horsemanship, which had been so thoroughly tested by riding an entire day on a donkey without being once thrown !



## CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL OF ENGLISH IRON-CLAD FLEET—ENTERTAINMENTS—  
DEPARTURE FROM LISBON—GRAND REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH  
SQUADRON.

ON the afternoon of November 8th the English iron-clad fleet, comprising ten vessels, and commanded by Rear-Admiral Read Warden, returned to the harbor of Lisbon from a practice cruise, and anchored in close proximity to their American cousins. Shortly afterward Admiral Warden, accompanied by his staff, came on board the *Franklin* to pay his respects to Admiral Farragut, and was received with the usual salute, which was immediately returned by the *Minotaur*, the English flag-ship. During the ensuing day this visit was returned, when the same courtesies were re-enacted, and followed by a general interchange of greetings among the commanding officers of all the vessels of both squadrons.

The English fleet was a most formidable one, not only in numbers, but in the amount of its tonnage, and made our own little squadron look correspondingly small. It consisted of the *Minotaur*, of 6,300 tons and carrying five masts; *Bellerophon*, *Warrior*, *Prince Consort*, *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, *Pallas*, *Royal Oak*, *Achilles*, and the store-ship *Helicon*.

Several days were occupied by the officers of the two nationalities in exchanging friendly visits on board of their respective vessels; Admiral Farragut receiving on every occasion unmistakable evidences of the good feeling which his tour in England had sown broad-cast among her people.

On the evening of the 14th, our naval commander and his staff, with some of the officers, were very handsomely entertained by our accomplished and popular consul, Mr. Munro, and his charming family, upon which occasion many distinguished personages were invited to join in the honors to the nation's guest.

Among the notables present were M. de Koudriaffsky, Russian Minister Plenipotentiary, and lady; Count de Bañuelos, Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary, and lady; M. de Crusenstolpe, Swedish and Norwegian Minister Plenipotentiary; the French, Italian, and Belgian Chargés des Affaires; the English Consul; Mr. H. G. Deman, United States Consul at Oporto; M. de Glinka, Russian Secretary of Legation; Mr. Ashburnham, *Attaché* to English Legation; M. de Casal Ribeiro, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Le Chevalier D'Antas, Portuguese Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington; Councillor Paiva Pereira, Member of Court of Claims, and many others.

The entertainment passed off delightfully and afforded much pleasure to all concerned, the lateness of the hour at which the guests separated furnishing good evidence of the enjoyment of the occasion.

On the following day Admiral Farragut and his com-

manding officers were invited by Rear-Admiral Warden to a grand banquet on board the *Minotaur*, in honor of our naval hero, but in consequence of a succession of heavy squalls, which made the harbor very tempestuous, communication between even the nearest vessels was completely cut off—two boats which essayed the passage being swamped; and for the first time in his life Admiral Farragut allowed himself to be persuaded not to attempt “the dark and stormy water.”

He murmured greatly at this encroachment upon his prerogatives, and muttered something about naval officers never hesitating to face any danger. The old hero of so many terrible battles evidently did not relish the idea of being conquered by the fury of a harbor, but nevertheless he was compelled to “accept the situation” and “endorse the platform!”

The forenoon of the 18th was devoted by the Admiral and his party to a brief tour of sight-seeing about the city, during which he returned several official visits, and then rejoined his flag-ship to prepare for the banquet he had ordered as a return compliment to Admiral Warden and his commanding officers, all of whom, with the English Chargé d’Affaires, Mr. Lytton Bulwer (the author of “Lucile”), and the American Consul, Mr. Munro, were present at the appointed hour.

Fortunately, the winds and waves were very propitious, and as the guests arrived on board they were cordially greeted, and received a fraternal welcome in the strains of their own national anthem, alternating with the livelier notes of Columbia’s melodies.

On this occasion the table was arranged on the starboard side of the gun-deck, and enclosed with the flags of all nations; and during the revolution of courses the band performed many very appropriate airs, enlivening the scene, and inspiring the speakers who were "brought to their feet" by those complimentary sentiments without which an American dinner would be robbed of a national characteristic. It was late when the guests took their departure to their several ships, passing over the gangway under the mystic glow of blue-lights, and dreaming of the friendship which should cement the two countries whose representative vessels were then lying side by side in the waters of the Tagus.

The next day the Spanish Minister, Count de Bañuelos, was received on board with all honors, and during the same evening the usual programme of sea-life was amusingly diversified by a grand concert of the "Franklin Minstrels," given on the gun-deck to an overflowing and appreciative audience. Several of the performers proved themselves worthy successors of Christy himself, and all afforded much fun and merriment to a well-filled house.

On the morning of November 20th all hands were piped to "up anchor" at a very early hour, and the busy hum of preparations for sea sounded throughout the flagship. The officers murmured somewhat at the unearthly time designated, but nevertheless moved briskly to their several posts, and aroused themselves from their morning nap by shouting to the crew to "move lively at that capstan-bar," and the like.

The *Franklin* steamed out of the Tagus, followed by



the *Frolic*, about one hour after the English fleet, which was bound out for another practice cruise between the coast of Portugal and the Madeira Islands. She came up with the iron-clads a short distance outside the bar, and at the very moment they were preparing to manoeuvre in line, whereupon she was immediately "hove to," as Admiral Farragut was very desirous of witnessing the movements at sea of such a formidable squadron. As soon as this action was perceived by Admiral Warden, that accomplished officer arranged his fleet in two parallel lines of four vessels in each, and prepared to pass the *Franklin* in review, the *Pallas* being alone on a third line.

The movement was very handsomely executed, and the appearance of so many immense vessels moving slowly and majestically under sails alone over an almost unruffled sea, with the dark mountains of Cintra forming a distant background, will long be remembered as a scene of imposing grandeur. .

The *Franklin* was very speedily prepared for this friendly emergency, and as the huge *Minotaur* passed abreast her rigging was manned, the jolly tars sent three deafening cheers across the intervening waters, and immediately afterward the notes of "God save the Queen" floated away from our band, stationed in full force upon the elevated poop.

This graceful compliment was at once responded to by the *Minotaur*. The rigging of her five masts swarmed with sailors giving cheer for cheer, and her band returned us our own soul-stirring and enlivening melodies.

A signal from the English flag-ship made this action

general in the fleet, the same courtesies being exchanged and the same scenes enacted as each vessel successively passed the *Franklin*; the *Achilles* varying it most beautifully by greeting us with the sad yet suggestive notes of "Auld Lang Syne;" and it was only when the last of their line had passed ahead that our own frigate was turned upon her course, and went on her way rejoicing towards the blue and classic Mediterranean, our ideas of English naval hospitality being once more refreshed and elevated.

Such was the impressive scene which signaled our departure from the Portuguese capital. We had been fixtures within her municipality for three weeks, and during that period had received many attentions, and enjoyed many opportunities for observing the people and familiarizing ourselves with her wonderful history.



## CHAPTER XX.

### ARRIVAL AND ENTERTAINMENTS IN GIBRALTAR—VISIT TO TANGIER, MOROCCO.

ON the day following our departure from Lisbon, as we were rounding Cape St. Vincent, the capricious wind shifted to "dead ahead," and we were favored with a rather spirited breeze, nautically styled a "Levanter," which, though not quite so uproarious as the one which tossed us about so unceremoniously in the North Sea, was sufficiently lively to be troublesome.

In the midst of all this wind, the men were exercised for two days in "wearing ship," as it was deemed an excellent opportunity for practising, "in order to make sailors of the crew." It was anything but a pleasant trip, even to the most weather-beaten tars on board; and when Trafalgar bay was crossed, and Tarifa lighthouse flickered on the horizon, the prospect of enjoying the repose of a harbor was hailed by them with as much pleasure as by the most impatient of the landmen.

On the afternoon of the 24th the flag-ship entered the Straits of Gibraltar, through which the wind raged out of the Mediterranean as through a funnel, and at night we anchored in the bay, at the foot of the great fortress. In spite of the sensational effects of the Levanter, and the unruly state of the "Mare Internum," the passage through

the narrow Straits, where "Europe and Africa on each other gaze," was a most interesting one, from the associations evoked by the view of Calpe and Abyla, the famous Pillars of Hercules.

On the day succeeding our arrival, after the customary exchange of national salutes, Admiral Farragut was visited by Mr. Horatio J. Sprague, United States Consul, and by Captain Curtis of the staff of General Sir Richard Airey, Governor of Gibraltar, who had been deputed by his commander to proceed at once to the *Franklin*, to welcome their distinguished visitor to the station, and tender him the hospitalities of the garrison. On the following morning friendly visits were exchanged between the representatives of the respective governments and many of the principal officers of the garrison, thus inaugurating a series of extremely agreeable attentions and civilities.

Visits and excursions over the celebrated fortress were rapidly planned and as promptly carried into execution. Accompanied by Mrs. Farragut and Mrs. Pennock, part of his staff, Colonels Maberly and Dixon, Lieut. Wallace of the Royal Artillery, Captain Hichens of the Engineers, and Captain Curtis, aid-de-camp to Governor Airey, all prominent officers of the garrison, and several veterans of the Crimean war, Admiral Farragut made an extended tour of observation all around the Rock, and received from his attentive escort every facility for a full and critical examination of the numerous caverns and galleries which have been blasted out of the solid mass, ramifying in all directions, and forming sheltered avenues of communication between all parts of the peninsula.

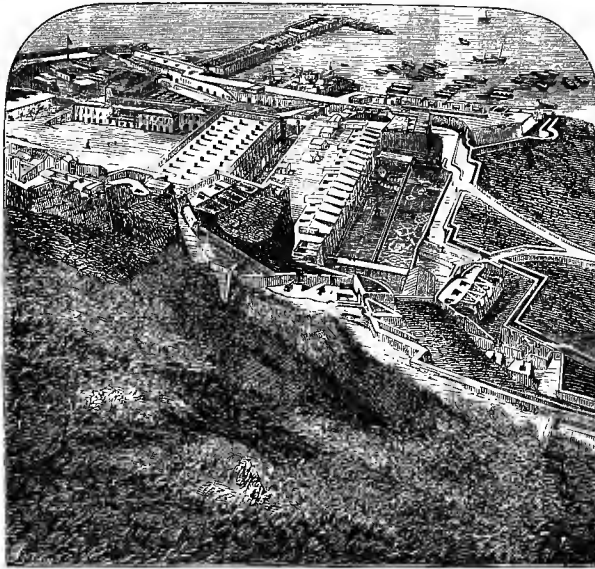
He was also conducted to the various batteries studded along the slopes, and shown every point which had borne an important part in the memorable siege of 1782, by the combined forces of France and Spain, when the fortress was so gallantly defended by General Elliot, and the siege finally broken up by the discharge of hot shot upon the floating batteries of the enemy.

Upon this excursion, while the Admiral and others returned to the *lower world*, others ascended into still higher regions, and visited the famous Rock Gun Battery, perched upon the very apex of the rock, fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level; thence, passing along the sharp and rugged summit, they reached the Signal Station, and finally O'Hara's Folly, near the "Mediterranean Stairs." This "Folly" is so styled in grateful tribute to its founder, whose object was to build a tower sufficiently high to look into Cadiz, sixty miles distant, and observe the movements of the fleets of Spain! The view from this elevated summit is surpassingly grand. Far away to the east stretches the blue Mediterranean, its shining waters wearing an emerald hue near shore; on the south, the dark mountains of Africa; while to the north the eye wanders over the neutral ground, and then rests upon the "Queen of Spain's Chair" and the long lines of the Sierra Nevada.

Even a rapid survey of this fortress is sufficient to show its security against attack. It is said that there are one thousand guns of different calibre mounted along and upon its slopes, all bearing upon points deemed liable to assault; but yet its occupation by the English is a source of great annoyance and national mortification to the

Spaniards—so much so indeed that it is reported that the Governor of Algeiras, an unimportant little seaport on the western side of the bay, in all his official dispatches invariably signs himself “Governor of Algeiras and Gibraltar, in *temporary* possession of the English!”

That this hopeful functionary is blessed with a most sanguine temperament must be evident to every one who traces the numerous batteries which frown along the rocky slope of the “*couchant lion*” and point with threatening vengeance upon the neutral ground, the barren isthmus which connects the two nationalities.



I apprehend that the worthy Governor will be forced to “hope on and hope ever,” or that he may yet awake to the full realization of the fact that his expectations are simply

“Hopes that beckon with delusive gleams,  
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams.”

On the evening of the 29th the Admiral, with Captain Pennock and a portion of his staff, were very handsomely entertained by the officers of the Royal Artillery regiment at their mess-room. The banquet was brilliantly successful; “festal joy laughed in the mantling goblet;” the intermingling of the red and the blue, with an occasional black, gave great brilliancy to the well-lighted hall, and the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family made merry together over a capital dinner, confirming the assertion that “the turnpike road to people’s hearts lies through their mouths.”

The event of the evening was the speech of Colonel Maberly, the commanding officer, accompanying a sentiment proposed by him in honor of “our highly distinguished guest.” This was not only a beautiful tribute to Admiral Farragut personally, but also to the “country he so nobly represented.” After dwelling upon the great services of the Admiral in our recent war, expressing regret that the two nations should have been estranged by perhaps mistaken sympathies, and paying a high compliment to our greatness as a people, he concluded his remarks with the expression of a “fervent hope”—a hope which he trusted would be cordially echoed by every true Englishman—that the “reunion of the two sections of that great and glorious republic on the other side of the Atlantic, which we are proud to claim as our own race, would be permanent and enduring.” This sentiment was heartily applauded, and drunk by all present.

Colonel Maberly is a noble specimen of the earnest and zealous soldier. In appearance he resembles our own great "flanker," General Sherman, and the forcible and impassioned manner in which he delivered this tribute to our country, and the energy with which he expressed his own convictions, left no doubt in the mind as to the sincerity which prompted them. It is not customary at English banquets to propose any other toast than that of "the Queen"—to which every one responds with a spirit worthy of imitation; but on this occasion Colonel Maberly said that he knew his brother-officers would pardon his departure from a good old rule, "in consideration of the presence of one whom every nation was proud to welcome as its guest." The sentiments of the gallant Colonel found even a quicker turnpike to our hearts than the most sumptuous of dinners, and so gratified their recipient that, in his response, he was too much overcome to do more than express his warm appreciation of the kindness of his hosts, and thank Colonel Maberly for his kindly sentiments, all of which he most cordially reciprocated.

This was the introduction to a series of entertainments which speedily followed, given, among others, by the United States Consul, Mr. Sprague, and Governor-General Sir Richard Airey. At the latter, all the principal officers of the garrison were present. Invitations from the 15th and other regiments were necessarily declined by the Admiral, each day of his brief sojourn being preoccupied for some special purpose.

The liberal hospitality extended Admiral Farragut showed the desire of the garrison officers to restore friend-



ly feelings between the respective countries, and also demonstrated that the eminent services and heroism of our naval hero are well understood among those whose sympathies were not with him during the long night of our intestine troubles. Upon this point there was often a frank interchange of sentiments; and while our opinions were confirmed that our real friends in Western Europe during the late war were few and far between, yet we became somewhat reconciled by the readiness with which all classes accorded to us the glory of the result.

During his sojourn in Gibraltar, with a desire to permit all who desired it to visit "Afric's sunny fountains," the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and a number of officers, made an excursion in the *Frolic* to the ancient town of Tangier, a seaport of the dusky kingdom of Morocco.

Upon arriving we exchanged congratulations with the Moorish authorities, the latter firing as soon as they had collected a sufficient quantity of powder to load twenty-one guns.

On landing, the scene almost beggars description. A perfect horde of bare-legged, ragged, miserable, unkempt, uncouth-looking specimens of Moorish humanity thronged the beach, and clamored and gesticulated wildly for the service of conveying us ashore on their backs—the small boats not being able to approach nearer than about twenty feet. The Admiral and ladies had to submit, and were borne off in triumph; but when we dispensed with their aid by jumping part of the distance, a howl of disappointed rage, as from hundreds of coyotes, sounded our death-

knell to all hopes of popularity with that part of the coast population. With American indifference, however, we followed the Admiral, and moved steadily on, attended closely by a crowd of all ages and sexes, and indisputably the "observed of all observers." As we proceeded we ventured to peep into a mosque, which raised a perfect storm of horror in our rear, and we received the chilling assurance that an Englishman had been stoned almost to death for committing no greater imprudence! By dint of wonderful perseverance, our party managed to thread their way through scenes of misery and wretchedness to the residence of Mr. McMouth, United States Consul, by whom and Mrs. McMouth, and her sister, we were cordially received, and permitted to enjoy rest and deliverance from our persecutors. Mr. McMouth has represented our Government in this uninviting place for more than five years, and is justly entitled to the lasting gratitude of every true American.

The Admiral remained here three hours or so, was very kindly and hospitably entertained, and then, surrounded by his customary body-guard, made a short tour through the city, bought *souvenirs* in abundance, visited the snake-charmers, and finally reached the beach, where was re-enacted a scene somewhat similar to the landing, only greatly enlarged, from which all were too happy to escape without the pestilence and in full possession of their reason and pocket-books.

This city of Tangier seems to be inhabited principally by Moors of the lower order, and their degraded appearance, and the filthy, pestilential condition of the narrow, tortuous, corduroy-like passages dignified by the name of

streets through which it became our misfortune to pass, followed by a small army of the more youthful population, afforded abundant evidence of the fearful decline of a race which once held dominion over so many rich provinces bordering on the Mediterranean, and whose history, during many centuries, was such a brilliant record of energy, power, and endurance.

On the morning of the 30th the Admiral and suite were present, by special invitation, to witness an inspection of the "Engineers" on the Alameda of Gibraltar, which was a very fine exhibition; and the same afternoon he attended a general review of the troops of the garrison on the northern parade, near the "neutral ground," where he occupied a prominent position with the reviewing officer, General Sir Richard Airey, and received the salutes of the passing regiments.

The troops marched admirably—their alignment and steadiness causing general comment. There were about four thousand in line, and all performed their various evolutions with wonderful precision and spirit. The English soldier is certainly the best "set up" man of his trade in Europe.

The 2d day of December was reserved by the Admiral for a return entertainment on board his flag-ship to the officers of the garrison of Gibraltar and their families.

There was a large number of guests, amongst whom were Governor and Lady Airey; Capt. and Mrs. Prevost, Royal Navy; Consul and Mrs. Sprague; General and Mrs. Crutchley; Colonels Maberly, Smith, Dixon, and Nicholson; Captain Curtis and Lieutenant Wallace, aids-

de-camp, and many officers of the 15th and Royal Artillery regiments. The entertainment afforded much pleasure; the flag-ship looked uncommonly bright, and her decks presented a most animated and brilliant spectacle.

On the following day Consul Sprague came on board with the coveted mail, and immediately thereafter we weighed anchor, and having a favorable breeze rounded Europa Point, shut off steam, and moved gayly and rapidly on before a ten-knot breeze—the band playing as we rounded the rock, and our flag dipping adieux to the many friends who watched our progress from well-known localities in the city. In the evening we passed Malaga, and then even the bold landmarks of Spain became invisible, for the curtain of night surrounded our frigate, and we beheld nothing but the murmuring sea.

Before taking leave of Gibraltar, a few observations upon its history and characteristics will not be inappropriate. Its name is modified from Jebel-Tarik, “the hill of Tarik.” This was a Berber leader, who conquered it in 711. The town is highly interesting from the number and variety of races in its population. An hour’s tour through its crowded thoroughfares brings the traveller face to face with “all sorts and conditions of men,” and women also. There seemed to be huddled together promiscuously every species of European and African humanity, from the blue-eyed Saxon to the dusky, defiant-looking Moor, and the ebony countenance of the turbaned Nubian. Jews dwell there in abundance, and monopolize much of the retail business; and Spanish muleteers flock in daily with the scanty produce of their wellnigh ex

hausted fields beyond the mountains. I am persuaded that if the authorities would import an American Indian and a Mormon elder, human nature in its every guise would find its representative beneath the dark shadows of the rock-bound citadel. It is the principal entrepôt for the distribution of British manufactures throughout the adjacent provinces, and as such exercises considerable influence over the surrounding country.

In many points of view Gibraltar is a very agreeable place of residence, and amongst the officers of the English army is considered the very paradise of stations, an assignment thereto being welcomed as a great favor, and often acknowledged by the recipient with a "farewell" amongst his friends as a scene of general rejoicing!

Many become attached to the spot, and leave it, at the expiration of their term of service, with regrets only second to those which mark a departure from home.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### ARRIVAL IN CARTHAGENA—VISIT TO MADRID—PRESENTATION TO QUEEN ISABELLA AND THE KING CONSORT.

OUR short cruise along the southern coast of Spain was made unusually pleasant by most favorable weather and the transparency of the atmosphere, which afforded the grandest views of the rugged lines of the Sierra Nevadas, while Mulahacen's lofty summit, covered with perpetual snow, rose boldly in the background, the monarch of Spanish mountains. A fine day has a wonderful effect both upon officers and men, and when, on the morning after our departure from Gibraltar, the ships' crews were practised at the guns and at fire quarters, it was noticeable that every one moved with a spirit which told at once of the atmospheric influence.

On the evening of December 4th, after passing "Tinosa" lighthouse, we hove to off the harbor of Carthagená, and on the following morning entered the beautiful roadstead and anchored in front of that old and dilapidated city, which contains the chief naval arsenal of Spain.

Immediately several cadaverous-looking officials came alongside, received the bill of health on the slit end of a long wand, toasted it over a fire, as if it were impregnated with pestilence or leprosy, and although it demonstrated

that a slight cold in the head was the greatest malady on board, with the exception perhaps of one or two cases of *nostalgia*, we were placed in quarantine for three days, while the yellow flag floating from our masthead denied all communication with shore.

This is a specimen of Spanish enterprise in the nineteenth century—the law being that any vessel coming from an English, French, or American port must be quarantined, whether healthy or not, simply, it would seem, as a measure of annoyance to those powers.

Our temporary imprisonment was not without its blessings and its comforts. The crews were exercised in the small boats, and the ship was scrubbed to a degree that would have extorted an approving smile from a lineal descendant of Penn himself, whilst the officers improved the occasion by writing up all old correspondence and obtaining a start upon the new.

The Admiral bore his confinement with patience and resignation, gazing at times upon the ancient city before him, and doubtless conjecturing how long the authorities would keep him out if he once made up his mind to *go in*. But a graphic history of the siege of Gibraltar occupied his attention and reconciled him to his quiescent state, whilst the officers rather enjoyed this temporary lull in the storm of ovations which had surrounded our frigate ever since her appearance in European waters, and made merry over their amusing incarceration.

Precisely three days afterwards the same hungry-looking officials came tremblingly on board, deposited boxes containing all the ingredients which smell of *assafœtida* and

brimstone, with which they fumigated the ship, rendering the atmosphere so noisome that in comparison the Grotto del Cane would have been a garden of roses, and after due deliberation relieved us from quarantine, when the yellow flag was lowered and communication with shore established; this process convincing the aforesaid officials that all danger of contagious disease was removed.

At meridian of this day a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, by request of the authorities, in honor of a national birthday, and immediately thereafter the Admiral was officially visited by the Consul-General of the port, and also by the French and American Consuls, all of whom were received with the customary honors.

During the afternoon the Admiral returned these calls, and the officers made their usual raid upon the city, returning shortly with elongated countenances and with dismal accounts of the place; each one earnestly hoping that the sojourn of the flag-ship in this venerable harbor would be exceedingly brief.

To the antiquarian this once celebrated city would have a more than ordinary interest. Formerly a principal colony of the Carthaginians, when that wonderful people were in the plenitude of power, and at the time of its capture by Scipio, in the year 208 B. C., one of the richest cities in the world, it was subsequently almost destroyed by the Goths, and it is now a modern seaport struggling feebly onward, but with few visible signs of progress or prosperity.

It contains a fine dry dock and arsenal for building men-of-war, and has a canal communicating with the



Segura river, and through it with the province of Murcia. Its manufactures are inconsiderable, its principal ones being of glass, and controlled and worked by an English company. The very appearance of the people suggests at once the antiquity of the province. The little monosyllable "age" is written upon every house, every field, every animal, and every countenance; and as the traveller strolls about the narrow streets and surveys the scenes, animate and inanimate, he feels that he is amongst a former generation, and that the enervation of a declining race is depressing his own meditations.

There is an old crumbling castle on the summit of an elevation in the centre of the town, and near the amphitheatre, which received the "first calls" of the visitors from the flag-ship, and particularly such of them as delight in old walls and the associations which through them bind the present with the past. It is said to have been built by Scipio, and a Latin inscription over the entrance seems to confirm the statement. This sentence is literally transcribed for the benefit of students generally, and reads as follows, viz. :

"L. Æmilius Mem F Nep—quir Rectus Domorum Quier Carthagini ensise Sicillitane Assoitan ê Lacedæmon et Argivas ê bastanus Scrib Quæstorius Scrib Ædilicius Civis Adlectus ob Honorem Ædilitatis Hoc opus Testimento Suo Fieri ius sit."

All the savans of the flag-ship, from the Admiral down, set their wits to work to decipher this enigmatical collection of old Roman words, but it remains still for other parties to furnish a perfect translation. The ward-room

officers became nearly frantic over it, and every old Latin dictionary on board was ferreted out to aid in the desired solution ; but the only satisfaction obtained was in the assurance that "it clearly demonstrated the presence of the great Carthaginian leader at a very remote period in the history of Europe."

On the morning of the 10th of December, the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, with part of the staff, set out for Madrid, by way of the provinces of Murcia and New Castile, and over a very desolate and dreary-looking country ; the route being occasionally diversified by views of distant mountains and occasional groves of olive, mulberry, cocoa, and orange trees. Upon arriving in that beautiful capital they were very courteously received at the depot by Hon. John P. Hale, United States Minister, and by him welcomed to Madrid and escorted to their hotel.

On the day after his arrival the Admiral, accompanied by Mr. Hale, made an official call upon the Duke of Valencia and the principal officials of Spain, and exchanged visits with many of the foreign ministers then in the capital.

By the Minister of Marine, and other dignitaries, he was conducted through the great Naval Museum and Library, which contain many interesting relics, and all the models of modern vessels, with their plans of construction ; and afterwards visited the Museum of Arts and Arms, which boasts the finest collection in Europe of every weapon known in ancient as well as modern times, and jealously guards the veritable helmet of "the greatest Roman of them all," and also the one worn by Hannibal,

the suit of armor in which Isabella appeared at the siege of Granada, and a countless number of swords, shields, and rapiers once used by the cavaliers of Leon and Castile.

On the morning of the 14th, in accordance with arrangements concluded between the Prime Minister and the representative of the American Republic, Admiral Farragut, with Mrs. Farragut and his suite, were presented in all due form to Queen Isabella and to the King Consort, by both of whom he was most cordially welcomed to Spain, and assured of every attention on the part of the Government.

The latter was quite happy in his reception of the Admiral, and upon his presentation said to him: "Admiral Farragut, I am glad to welcome you to Spain; but assure you your name and fame have preceded you to Madrid. I also assure you that I am proud to know that your paternal ancestors are descended from my dominions."

After a very pleasant interview, during which Her Catholic Majesty conversed very freely and unreservedly about America, the party withdrew, and returned to the labor of seeing the capital within the brief period at their command.

On the evening preceding they had been very handsomely entertained by the American Minister, Mr. Hale; upon which occasion a large number of the principal dignitaries of the city, with the members of the diplomatic corps, distinguished officers of the army, Mr. Perry, Secretary of Legation, and others, with their wives and daughters, flocked in to greet the lion of the evening.

During his short sojourn in Madrid the Admiral was

much gratified to meet the Countess Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie, with whom he had danced over fifty years ago, while at Malaga. At that time she was Miss Kirkpatrick, daughter of a Scotchman of that name, then American Consul, and had, it is natural to presume, as much idea of being the mother of the Empress of the great kingdom of France, as her midshipman partner in the dance had of becoming the Admiral of the American navy and the greatest naval hero of the age.

The reunion was very pleasant to both, and enabled them to enjoy quite an animated conversation about "auld lang syne," and the changes and vicissitudes of half a century in the cycle of time.

He and Mrs. Farragut received a very pressing invitation to dine with her Grace on the following day, but were compelled to decline, on account of their return to the flag-ship.

On the same evening, after enjoying a visit of four days in the Spanish capital, the Admiral and suite returned to Carthagena, and, accompanied by the Consul, immediately reoccupied head-quarters in the *Franklin*, where, after official visitations from a Spanish lieutenant-general commanding the troops in the district, and a captain-general in charge of the garrison, both of whom were received with the customary honors, orders were promulgated to have the ship in readiness to proceed on her cruise up the Mediterranean.

I can only refer to a very remarkable trip to the city of Murcia, undertaken by several of our officers, as the amusing scenes and incidents which occurred are "in

their memories locked," and furnish only individual recreation to those who enjoyed the honor of being, I presume, the first Americans ever let loose in that old centre of Moorish power.

Shortly after his arrival in Carthagena, copies of the following verses, printed in Spanish, and written by a well-known Spanish poetess of Madrid, were circulated amongst the officials :—

TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT,

UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT CARTHAGENA.

Hail, Farragut, great captain ! Thy swift bark,  
At her arrival on the Spanish shores,  
Old Ocean greets with rolling waves ; and hark !  
His hollow bed an echoed welcome roars.

Thy name is honored now in every land ;  
All nations hail thy flag with loud acclaim ;  
Yes ! even on the Tagus' lonely strand,  
Men know and sing thy bright, undying fame.

I am the songster, captain, who alone  
Rehearsed thy triumphs in my native land  
When Freedom's star, obscured, more dimly shone,  
And fickle Fortune strengthened Treason's hand.  
Thine and thy country's stars triumphant shine  
To-day ; thou need'st no feeble praise of mine.

CAROLINA CORONADO.

[Translated from the original by Professor Werner, of the College of the City of New York.]

## CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FROM CARTHAGENA—ARRIVAL IN PORT MAHON  
—CHRISTMAS-DAY ON BOARD SHIP.

THE sun shone most brilliantly on the 16th December, as if in token of our joy at a speedy departure from the dull region in which we had added ten days to the length of our cruise, and when the orders were issued to “prepare for sea,” they were executed with a will which spoke volumes for the general feeling of relief which prevailed.

While the officers were exercising their lungs in conveying the usual catalogue of orders, the alcalde of the city, with the mayor and councils, came on board in imposing style, and with addresses prepared to greet the Admiral and to express their pleasure at his visit. They were received with the usual salute from our nine-inch orators on the gun-deck, and after delivering themselves of many pretty little speeches, and inspecting the flag-ship *en masse*, they withdrew over the side and returned to their venerable metropolis to witness the departure of their guest. We got under way at half-past three P.M., steamed rapidly out of the harbor, and headed towards the Balearic Islands, passing Negrete and Palos light-houses early in the evening.

On the following morning we made an unusual com-

motion in that tranquil sea by practising at a target, for whose benefit we discharged one hundred and thirty-two shots, and showing an accuracy in gunnery which gratified the Admiral amazingly. Shortly afterwards we passed Ivica and Formentera, and on the succeeding day had Majorca on our port, the little island of Cabrera appearing like a dot on the smooth surface of the Mediterranean. During the same evening our vessel was hove to off the entrance to Port Mahon, on the eastern end of the island of Minorca, into which we managed to steam on the ensuing morning, although several white squalls, accompanied by heavy weather, did their utmost to keep us outside in a pretty rough sea.

Fortunately we reached our anchorage, near Rat Island, in the very nick of time, after passing along the very picturesque channel which connects the sea with the principal harbor, one of the best and most commodious in the Mediterranean. Shortly thereafter the United States Consul, Mr. Robinson, came on board to greet the Admiral, receiving in return a particularly cordial welcome from the officers and crew, from the fact that he was accompanied by a huge mail-bag; and it was not long ere letters of every class and variety, from the ponderous and imposing "officials" down to the closely written, doubly crossed "sentimentals," were distributed about the frigate, and created a silence and decorum worthy of a reading-room of savans. About this time several Spanish officers came on board, charged with messages from the authorities expressive of general joy at the arrival of the distinguished head of the American navy.

In many respects Port Mahon is a very pleasant little seaport, one of its greatest attractions consisting in its almost unparalleled cleanliness—not only in the condition of the streets, but in that of the humblest dwellings, all of which are either painted or whitewashed so frequently as to give the entire place a most thrifty and enterprising appearance, in striking contrast with such other places of Spain as it was our lot to visit.

The town has always been popular with the older officers of our navy, from the boyish days of Admiral Farragut himself, when, as a midshipman, he had first visited the island.

The name of the port, judging from the number of families bearing one surname who reside there, is a misnomer, and should be “Orfela;” for every other signboard seems to bear that honorable patronymic, and upon our arrival we were assured by our naval fathers that the best *bootmaker* was Peter Orfela; the best *tailor*, Pedro Orfela; the best *hatter*, José Orfela; and the best *everything*, Orfela in general! Many execrable puns resulted from this popular name, none of them, of course, being worthy of record.

Admiral Farragut's last visit to this island was in the year 1825, at which time he was junior lieutenant on board the frigate *Brandywine*, commanded by Commodore Morris, in which vessel General La Fayette had been conveyed from Washington to Havre, before she joined the squadron under Commodore Rodgers.

At that period Port Mahon was the headquarters of our fleet cruising in the Mediterranean, and was used by our



government as a naval depot and dockyard. It was retained as such for many years, and until the French, becoming apprehensive or jealous of our foothold in that sea, prevailed upon the Spanish authorities to rescind the contract between the two governments, and thenceforward the island was American only in the sympathies and predilections of the people, which prevail, however, to this time.

Returning to this old camping-ground, to him hallowed as the scene of his father's nativity, after a lapse of so many years, as the Admiral commanding the American navy, a title then unknown in our country, it was not surprising that his presence should have created a great excitement amongst the native population, many of whom insisted upon remembering him perfectly on the occasion of his former visit!

Even when at Gibraltar, news reached us of the great preparations making by the Minorcans to give him a most enthusiastic reception, and as we approached from Carthage the "flying rumors gathered as they rolled."

On the following morning the Admiral, with his staff, called upon the Military and Civil Governor and the American Consul, by all of whom he was most cordially received, the two former assuring him that his name was well known throughout the Spanish dominions, and that they were proud to have the opportunity of welcoming him to Minorca.

The next day there was quite a reception on board the flag-ship, the programme opening with the appearance of the Russian Consul, M. Ladiko, who was speedily followed

by the Mayor and civil authorities, then by the Military Governor of the province, and finally by a deputation from Ciudadela, formerly the capital of the island, the birthplace of Admiral Farragut's father, whose citizens claimed priority in all the honors to be extended to the distinguished son of their former townsman, and which now sent a committee to invite him to visit their city.

It may readily be imagined that the guns of the *Franklin* were unusually busy throughout this day, and kept the gunner moving about pretty actively.

During this day and night we were visited with very heavy squalls of wind and rain, causing every one on board to congratulate himself that our vessel was comfortably anchored in a snug landlocked harbor, and that the winds might blow and crack their cheeks without interfering with our ease.

The ensuing days, up to the festival of the Nativity, were by general arrangement devoted almost exclusively, on board and on shore, to preparations for a proper observance of the approaching holiday; in the pursuit of which we finally discovered several places of business which were not owned and managed by members of the Orfela family.

Vessels of war, in the smaller seaports, are the life and business of the place, and create sufficient trade to atone for long months of stagnation. The shrewd tradesmen work at such times like bees in summer, to provide for their winter of inactivity; and a flag-ship offers a harvest of which they are never slow to profit. Even as the traveller in the desert thirsts for water, and the storm-tossed

mariner longs for a harbor, so the merchants of all sea ports pray most earnestly for the arrival of a naval squadron.

Christmas-day was celebrated most merrily in our great floating tabernacle. Although deprived of the charms of the home circle, and the gambols of the juvenile throng around the grotesque figure or the bounteous gifts of Santa Claus, yet our own observance was not without its appropriate pleasures.

The Admiral and Mrs. Farragut kept open house all day, and received the calls of officers after the manner of New-Year's Day in New York ; but with far less trouble and confusion. The ward-room and steerage tables groaned under huge tureens of the customary egg-nog, which rapidly disappeared under the renewed wishes for many happy returns of the season — “ may the next one be at home.”

All work was suspended ; divine service was performed on the gun-deck, with all the chants, hymns, and carols set apart for the day ; after which vigorous preparations for the several banquets commenced. The tables for the sailors were arranged on either side of the main-deck, extending its entire length, and were bountifully supplied with all things needful ; the turkey and the porker being the principal victims of man's voracity. They were also profusely decorated with flags and bouquets, whilst appropriate evergreens hung in graceful festoons along the sides of the vessel and rested complacently upon the broad Dahlgrens, blending peace and war in most happy accord.

The several "messes" of the ship were not backward with their own preparations, but vied with each other in exterior ornamentation and in magnificence of fare, until the *Franklin* resembled an immense restaurant well patronized in every apartment.

The day passed off so pleasantly that every one drank to its speedy return, with the same associations and the same blessings.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

RECEPTION AT CIUDADELA—GRAND BALL IN PORT MAHON—  
MATINÉE ON FLAG-SHIP—DEPARTURE FROM MINORCA AND  
ARRIVAL AT TOULON—FETES IN THAT CITY.

THE following day had been designated by the Admiral for his promised visit to Ciudadela, in response to the cordial invitation of the authorities and people of that little city. All the preparations having been completed for his reception, and to convey him and his suite over the island to the home of his father, he started, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Captain and Mrs. Pennock, Messrs. Watson, Kane, Welles, and Montgomery of his staff, and Mr. Robinson, United States Consul at Mahon, and escorted by a committee duly appointed to conduct him to his destination.

The news of the tour of pleasure had spread rapidly to all parts of the island, and occasioned a general rest from labor and a popular concentration upon the lines of travel.

At the towns of Alayor and Mercadal, on the road, flocks of people of both sexes had assembled on the roadside to unite with the authorities in tendering our naval chieftain a cordial welcome, and in expressing their delight at his advent.

Although unable to accept the offers of hospitality,

even in these unpretending villages were showered upon him, the Admiral heartily acknowledged the gratification he felt at their demonstrations of personal regard; and passing along the excited lines, he yielded to a siege of handshaking which, I verily believe, would have palsied the arm of the most experienced politician whose life had been passed in daily submissions to this most exquisite torture.

At these points, and elsewhere along the route, soldiers had been stationed to pay him proper honors, and to tender him any assistance he might require throughout his journey. Upon his arrival within four miles of Ciudadela he was formally received by the Alcalde, and a large committee, comprising many prominent citizens, tendered the hospitalities of the city and cordially welcomed him as its guest. After a brief interchange of courtesies he was transferred to a very handsome barouche, and conducted forward in the van of quite a formidable-looking procession, demonstrations of every kind increasing as he approached this ancient capital of Minorca, the present residence of many of those who prefer the quiet seclusion of their island home to the more dazzling notoriety which would surround them in many of the older and gayer provinces of the mainland. Outside the walls of the city his appearance was no sooner heralded than masses of people of every age, sex, and condition rushed forward to greet him, filling the air with cheers and acclamations. As he passed the gates of the city the walls, house-tops, and balconies were crowded with throngs of anxious spectators, uniting demonstrations of welcome with equally expressive shouts from the swaying multitude who had taken

possession of the principal thoroughfares; one old man of "three score years and ten," with tears streaming down his weather-beaten face, stamping sincerity itself upon the nature of the welcome by shouting aloud, "He is ours! he is ours! but I shall never see him more." Like Coriolanus,

" the matrons flung their gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs  
Upon him as he passed: the nobles bended  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.  
I never saw the like."

The avenue leading to the residence of Signor Don Gabriel Squella, which had been kindly placed by that gentleman at the disposal of the Admiral and suite, was literally blocked with people, and the excitement rose rapidly to "fever heat" as the head of the column appeared in view, endeavoring to make a breach in a body absolutely "closed in mass." It was with no little difficulty that the procession forced a passage; and although policemen did their utmost, and jostled, crowded, and threatened, accompanying their language with all the vocabulary of Spanish expletives, it was found necessary to disembark at some distance from the hospitable mansion, and trust to the humanity of our entertainers to afford an entrance on foot. The cry, however, was "still they come," for even the temporary concealment of the Admiral within the delightful headquarters which had been assigned him seemed to be the signal for a renewed outburst, which brought him to the balcony, upon which he stood bowing his thanks, and acknowledging in every possible way his

heartfelt appreciation of the cordial welcome extended him, until it appeared that there was no prospect of a cessation of hostilities, when, for the first time in his life, he was persuaded to retreat in the face of superior numbers. The excitement continued unabated, however, throughout the entire evening, and it was not until near midnight that the crowd slowly dispersed, and the peaceful little city of Ciudadela resumed its wonted quiet, and its order-loving citizens, unaccustomed to all such "sounds of revelry by night," retired to their own little homesteads to talk over the stirring events of the day and compare notes upon the scenes they had witnessed. During this time a fine band of music was stationed in the capacious vestibule on the first floor of Signor Squella's mansion, and almost all the prominent citizens of the place, with their families, called to pay their respects to the city's guest, making the scene of excitement within as pleasant as that without was tumultuous.

On the following morning enthusiasm arose with the sun, once more took firm possession of the street fronting the headquarters of the Admiral, and there kept anxious watch. I am confident that had there been an election that day for Governor of the Balearic Islands, or for King of Spain itself, the Admiral would have been chosen without opposition.

At an early hour, accompanied by his entire suite, all surrounded and followed by an admiring and excited throng, he was escorted by the committee and other citizens to all the places of interest in and about the city, and finally to the cathedral, in which he had scarcely been seated before it



was literally packed in every part by people, their hundreds of eyes being riveted upon the pleasant countenance of the unappalled Admiral, who withstood this onslaught with as much *sang-froid* as if accustomed to such trying ordeals. Soon after the great organ pealed forth our own national melodies, recalling our far-off land even to those whose knowledge of its power and glory was limited to its history, and the sparse information derived from the few Americans who have visited that little secluded city.

Upon his return to headquarters he was visited by the Alcalde and the members of the Ayuntamiento in a body, and by them presented with a book containing the register of the baptism of his father, and also with a copy of a law passed that day making him a citizen of Ciudadela; and on the same evening he and his suite were very handsomely entertained by them at a grand banquet in the palatial residence of the Marquis de Albranca, which that nobleman had placed at the disposal of the committee for this special occasion. This entertainment was a magnificent one, not only in its style, but in its proportions. The large saloon was gracefully festooned with the ensigns of both nations, and the table profusely and elegantly decorated with bouquets and pyramids of confections, from all of which arose miniature flags of the countries represented, while the principal ornament consisted of a large centre-piece representing the castle of Ciudadela, having upon its four walls the words "Homenage," "Y Patriotismo," "Ciudadela," "De Respeto," from the centre of which towered a column of victory, surrounded by a scroll bearing in large gilt letters the inscription, "El Gran

Almirante Farragut." On the top of this shaft was perched a small figure of Fame blowing a trumpet and holding ribbons suspended from the four towers, emblematic of our national colors. This was certainly the crowning ornament, and its beauty was in no way lessened by the fact that all its parts were filled with the choicest *bonbons*. At the close of the entertainment it was very gracefully presented by the committee to Mrs. Farragut, who received it most graciously, and preserved it very carefully—giving it a passage to New York in the *Franklin* on her return home, where she still cherishes it as a bright souvenir of Ciudadela.

During the course of the evening many highly complimentary and flattering sentiments were proposed by the Alcalde and other gentlemen in honor of the Admiral, his officers, and the ladies, to which the Admiral and Captain Pennock repeatedly responded, sometimes in Spanish and sometimes in English, as the spirit and the sentiment moved them; they also, on the part of Americans generally, offered toasts which were received with the most enthusiastic *vivas*. Upon the conclusion of the entertainment the party returned to Signor Squella's, where a large company soon assembled. Pleasure ruled the hour, joy was unconfined, and the evening wore away in the most agreeable enjoyments, and in the delightful labor of instructing Spanish beauties in the mysteries of the pure English, and becoming in turn most willing pupils of their dark-eyed instructresses in their own melodious language.

Next morning the Admiral took leave of his very kind host and of his charming family, who, with that of Signor

Don Martorell, had been so unremitting in their attentions ; and braving once more the tempest of excitement before him, was escorted four miles out of the city in the same manner in which he had entered it ; the same scenes occurring, the same demonstrations following him, and the same enthusiasm manifesting itself to the very last.

This unexpected reception by the people of Ciudadela, and others residing near it, was to our naval commander one of the most gratifying incidents of his cruise, and was the more appreciated from the fact that it seemed to be prompted entirely by feelings to which no other than the most generous motives can be attached—a reception, as expressed by one of those engaged in it, simply “from the heart,” and nothing more, and as such produced an effect which many a more dazzling display would fail to excite. National receptions are certainly grand and imposing. They spring from a desire to promote friendly political relations, and to cultivate commercial intercourse and profit between powerful kingdoms ; but an outpouring of a quiet, unostentatious people, induced by no other cause than that of tendering a welcome and doing honor to one whom they claimed as a citizen, had a significance of its own, and appealed to the heart with a charm and a force which was as gratifying as it was irresistible. As may well be imagined, the Admiral was deeply affected, for “there was a sublimity in the event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy.”

The Admiral was accompanied on his return trip by Mr. Sancho, Mr. Robinson, and Count Olives, and upon reaching Mahon proceeded to the *Franklin*, where the

evening was most pleasantly passed in recalling the brilliant and imposing scenes connected with the triumphal tour to Ciudadela.

On the night of the last day of the old year—which certainly departed this life with a groan, for it was bleak and disagreeable to a degree rarely surpassed—a magnificent ball was given in honor of Admiral Farragut by the civil and military authorities of Mahon, at the Casino, a fine building used as an army club-house.

On entering with Mrs. Farragut and a large number of officers, the Admiral was received by the military Governor and the prominent officials, and presented to the assembled *ton* of the city under the inspiration of “Hail Columbia” and the “Star-Spangled Banner” from the Mahonese band.

The large saloons of this handsome building were gayly and profusely dressed with the flags of the respective countries, and embellished with flowers of every variety known to the island.

The glittering uniforms of Spanish officers assumed additional brilliancy amid the less gaudy yet neater dress of the American guests, while the frequent decorations upon the impressive black of civilian costumes proved that municipal dignitaries were present to join in the honors of the occasion. The cosmopolitan dance commenced early that night and concluded early next morning: the guests taking no note of the expiring year, and scarcely realizing the advent of 1868 amid the pleasures of the hour. The Admiral withdrew early, leaving all the others happily engaged in enthusiastic waltzes.

The new year ushered itself into the world as boisterously as its predecessor had bowed itself out. The heavens were opened, and poured the full force of their flood upon the face of nature, placing an effectual damper upon the spirits of all on board ship, and extorting occasional murmurings from those inclined to be rheumatic.

On the morning of the ensuing Friday we were somewhat aroused from our lethargy by the preparations making for a grand reception to be given by the Admiral, in acknowledgment of the kindness and hospitality which had been extended to him and his officers while in the harbor of Mahon. These ceremonials were the unfailing premonitory symptoms of an approaching departure for a new scene of operations, and, in cases where other ports were desirable, were of course always welcome.

For this occasion the flag-ship was again placed in the hands of the "dressmaker" and his corps of assistants, and in a few hours she became the queen of the harbor, for flags and bunting were used in alarming profusion, and covered the capacious decks with a combination of colors which gave brilliant effect to the appropriated scene of operations.

At the appointed hour the guests began to pour over the starboard gangway, and in a short time the frigate was converted into a crowded and happy floating ball-room.

There was a full attendance at the *matinée*, "the world and his wife" of Mahon being participants in the gay scene, and the enthusiasm with which they joined in the festivities afforded gratifying evidence that the Admiral's hospitality was appreciated. There was the usual "set

out" on the gun-deck, the tables being freighted with every possible luxury, to which the sons and daughters of Spain did full justice.

A heavy gale sweeping over the harbor induced the Admiral to postpone his departure from Mahon until the morning of January 5th, when we got under way and steamed out into a very disturbed sea, and proceeded northwardly against a head wind.

Our course lay directly across the Gulf of Lyons, in which so many vessels have been handled without gloves by the powers of the air, and where the mariner is almost sure to meet with a "blow," if one is to be had in the Mediterranean. Our apprehensions on this score had become somewhat intensified by the terrible experience of the *Canandaigua* and *Swatara* a few days before; the graphic descriptions of their officers affording us a pleasant scene in anticipation.

But, strange to relate, we crossed this unpopular salt-water Rubicon without sufficient excitement of the elements to give life to the monotonous log, and on the following evening passed Porquerolles Island, and shortly thereafter anchored in the outer bay, below the strongly fortified city of Toulon, making our second visit to La Belle France at her southernmost harbor, as our first had been to her most northern.

Early on the ensuing day the flag-ship steamed up to the principal harbor, upon entering which Admiral Farragut was complimented by a salute of seventeen guns from the celebrated armor-plated frigate *Solferino*, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Count de Gueydon, commander-in-

chief of the French fleet stationed in the Mediterranean, and the salute was immediately returned by the *Franklin*, gun for gun.

On approaching the mooring buoy, which had been specially reserved by order of the Captain of the Port for the *Franklin*, the flag-ship passed by all the iron-clads composing this powerful squadron, which were moored in two lines of five in each row ; and as she moved slowly along between those formidable-looking monsters, their several bands pealed forth a thrilling welcome, performing most beautifully those stirring melodies whose music speaks of home, and which never sound more sweetly than when heard far away from the land whose nationality they symbolize.

The *Franklin* acknowledged these graceful courtesies in a becoming manner, the lovely strains of "Partant pour la Syrie" rising gently from her decks, and blending most beautifully with the more martial sounds from our hosts.

As soon as the flag-ship was moored and the national salute fired, with the tri-color at the fore, Admiral Farragut was promptly visited by Vice-Admiral Gueydon, Rear-Admirals Bosse, Excelmans, and Pothuan, each commanding a division of the iron-clad fleet ; Rear Admiral Legras, the Préfet Maritime of Toulon, and the commanding officer of each of the ten vessels composing the squadron in the harbor.

These distinguished officers were most courteously and cordially received by Admiral Farragut in his cabin, and their repeated offers of hospitality and earnest expressions of welcome fully appreciated and acknowledged. They

remained a considerable time on board, and upon their departure very kindly renewed their proffers of attention.

On the following morning Admiral Farragut returned these visits, upon which occasion he was again greeted with personal salutes, not only from the respective flag-ships of the several divisions, but by all the vessels successively visited, creating an unusual uproar in that beautiful harbor.

While these little ceremonies were enacting, and the respective "big chiefs" of the two powers were presumably assuring one another of the blessings of peace and the honors of war, into which all would plunge with delight, the line officers had made considerable inroad into the affections of Toulon, that city being a Vale of Cashmere to them, after the uninteresting associations of a Spanish seaport.

The simplest province of France is a paradise to naval officers, and they prefer to anchor in the poorest ports along its shores than to sojourn a month within many of the larger cities outside of her imperial limits. "*Chacun à son gout.*" All pleasures are comparative, but as pleasures are abundant everywhere in France, it is not surprising that general taste should incline toward such a fascinating centre.

During our rest in this harbor a slight change came over the spirit of our day-dreams, in the operations of a diver who went down into the great deep to examine the bottom of the flag-ship. He was the impersonation of the man in the iron mask, and his appearance created quite a sensa-



tion among the astonished sailors, and afforded them several hours of absorbing interest.

During the few succeeding days, Admiral Farragut, accompanied by his staff, was escorted by officers specially detailed for that purpose on a visit to the many points of interest in and around Toulon, unusual facilities being extended him for a thorough inspection of all the works connected with the naval sciences, many of which are as near perfection as it is possible to imagine. The dock-yards are of the largest dimensions, and the buildings for naval purposes colossal in their proportions.

In the course of these professional excursions he visited the great forging establishment at La Seyne, on the west side of the bay, with which he was both astonished and charmed.

Throughout all these visitations the Admiral was most cordially received, and the thousands of eyes riveted upon him as he passed to and fro told their own story of his fame in the old world, and would have convinced the most sceptical that his name and deeds had become the wonder and admiration of every household.

As in England, and the countries of Northern Europe, his simplicity and genuineness of character, combined with his easy, unaffected deportment and suavity of manner, stole a march upon the delighted Frenchmen, who accorded him the title of the best diplomatist that ever represented America.

On the evening of the 11th he was superbly entertained by Vice-Admiral Comte de Gueydon, at a grand banquet given on board the *Solferino*, at which all the promi-

ment naval commanders of France, stationed at or near Toulon, and the commanding officers and part of the staff of our own service, were present. The greatest harmony and good feeling prevailed. The flowing bowl was filled and rapidly emptied in enthusiastic response to the many complimentary toasts which found ready utterance under the inspiration of the moment, aided by the soft strains of the most bewitching music, and the guests separated at a very late hour, apparently charmed with the cordial spirit which had characterized the happy reunion of the representatives of two great navies.

Never permitting himself to be outdone in ceremonies of kindness, Admiral Farragut returned the many civilities showered upon him in Toulon by a magnificent dinner on board the *Franklin*, to which were invited Vice-Admiral Gueydon, Rear-Admirals Bosse, Excelmans, Pothuan, and Legras, and the commanding officers of the vessels of the French iron-clad squadron.

To add to the comfort of his guests, the starboard side of the gun-deck was carpeted and enclosed with flags and bunting, which formed a gay saloon brilliantly illuminated, and disclosing a table beautifully decorated and profusely embellished with the national emblems of the two countries, which arose conjointly from every ornament, and hung in graceful festoons along the sides and from the corners of this suddenly metamorphosed space.

So far as the spirit was concerned, this entertainment was the twin-brother of the one given by the French Commander, with the exception that on this occasion, Admiral Farragut started the toasts and speeches by proposing a

sentiment highly complimentary to his distinguished guest, which brought that gentleman to his feet at once, who retorted most generously upon his host, retaliating upon our modest chief in such a manner as to necessitate from him a brief rejoinder. The ball, once started, was kept rolling on, and the representatives of France and America succeeded each other so regularly and rapidly that a mere "looker-on in Vienna" might have supposed the *entente cordiale* between the two nations had become *un fait accompli*.

Captains Pennock and Le Roy were peculiarly felicitous in their remarks, and the evening passed as pleasantly as a dream, the guests retiring to the spar-deck cabin at a late hour, to renew assurances of individual regard under the narcotic fumes of the choicest tobacco.

The Admiral and staff were also very handsomely entertained at a *déjeuner* given by Rear-Admiral Legras, Préfet Maritime of the district, which added much to the pleasure of our visit to the city.

During our sojourn a short visit was made to the famous city of Marseilles, the most important seaport in France, and the point of debarkation for passengers to all points in the Mediterranean.

Our stay in this handsome city was unusually brief. We made a rapid tour of the town, suffering no grass to grow under our feet; exhausted human nature in a fruitless effort to see all worth seeing; lost considerable breath and patience, but yet felt rewarded by obtaining a fine bird's-eye view of the city and its capacious harbor filled with shipping, with the celebrated "Château d'If" rising

out of the sea at the entrance to the roadstead—a gloomy looking dungeon-house, famous as the temporary abode of Mirabeau, the Count of Monte Christo, the Man in the Iron Mask, and other miserable sinners, doomed to linger within its dismal walls for no other cause, perhaps, than the misfortune of not being beloved by the “powers that were.”

There are many points around Toulon of special interest to the historian, from their association with the early career of the great Napoleon, whose wonderful military genius first came to light in the memorable siege conducted by him in 1793. All the points occupied by him, and the roads used for the transportation of artillery to the commanding position on the hills in the background, from which he bombarded the city, are made favorite resorts for visitors, and, of course, Eldorados of pleasure for all the hackmen to whose conveyances the traveller is rash enough to commit himself.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

TOULON—DEPARTURE FROM THAT CITY—ARRIVAL IN NICE—  
GENERAL RECEPTION AND BALL.

AT the time of the Admiral's visit to this city, ten armor-plated vessels of war, with formidable batteries, comprising many of the most powerful ships of France, were quietly moored in the harbor, evidently waiting anxiously, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up." These were the *Solferino*, *Héroïne*, *Magnanime*, *La Gloire*, *La Provence*, *l'Invincible*, *Couronne*, *Revanche*, *Normandie*, and *Valeureux*, arranged in three grand divisions, each commanded by a Rear-Admiral, and the whole under the control of Vice-Admiral Comte de Gueydon. They are all suggestive-looking vessels, and appear to be fine models of men-of-war and noble specimens of naval architecture.

Besides these, there were numerous other craft of smaller and less imposing dimensions, and quite a number of "old liners" of the last generation, when steam had not usurped authority over sails; and frigates, many of which are rotting slowly away in docks, yet each claiming a history and glory of its own which the modern iron-clads cannot yet boast.

Among these is the old *Muiron*, which brought Napoleon home from Egypt, and the *Belle Poule*, which conveyed his remains from the distant shores of St. Helena to be deposited in the grand tomb under the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. Upon these two vessels the eyes of all Frenchmen linger with an avidity and an intensity of interest only equalled by an Englishman's love for the very splinters of wood from the spars of the old *Victory*.

During our sojourn in this harbor, all the officers, from the Admiral down, had ample opportunities afforded them for social visiting, and upon several occasions very pleasant little reunions were arranged for the entertainment of the American visitors.

It was at one of these coteries that we gleaned a most interesting description of the excitement in France on the morning of the memorable combat off Cherbourg, between the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*; and afterward listened to an amusing account, told by an eye-witness, of the great anxiety of the throngs of spectators who lined the shores, thousands of whom had come down in extra trains from Paris, ninety-nine out of every hundred expecting and hoping to see the *Kearsarge* towed into the harbor a prisoner of war.

On the 14th the *Canandaigua* and *Swatara* arrived in the harbor from Nice, and at once received their orders—the former for a cruise along the coast of Italy and up the Adriatic, and the latter for a voyage to the balmy regions bordering the inhospitable shores of Africa, as far down as the parallel of ten degrees south latitude.

On the morning of January 17th the oft-heard orders, "Prepare for sea!" were passed from the commanding officers, and during the preparations that ensued accordingly, Admiral Farragut called upon Admirals Gueydon, Excelmans, Pothuan, and Legras (Rear-Admiral Bosse having gone out on a short practice cruise) to bid those officers a kind farewell, and upon returning to his flag-ship was immediately visited by those naval dignitaries for the same purpose.

At half-past four P.M., precisely, the *Franklin* got under way, and retraced her course out of the harbor between the French iron-clads, upon whose decks bands were stationed, and as the flag-ship passed our national melodies again broke upon the ear. The band of the *Franklin* was speedily summoned from below, and returned the compliment with *Partant pour la Syrie*, repeated over and over again, while the Admiral stood on the deck and waved his acknowledgments to the kindly greetings which followed him. This scene of naval courtesy continued until the flag-ship had rounded the projecting tongue of land, covered with forts and redoubts, and was laid on her cruise toward Villa Franca, the harbor of large vessels for the famous city of Nice, the capital of the Department of the Maritime Alps, and a favorite resort in winter for the fashionable world of Europe and America.

The little word which designates this city, if pronounced as English, would but feebly express the opinion in which it is held by all naval officers; and as we found numbers actually *en route* to its attractive scenes, many hopes were formed for a brief season of pleasure.

After a very pleasant passage of eleven hours, remarkable for nothing beyond its unusual quiet, our vessel was "hove to" off the harbor of Villa Franca, and at daylight moved into her anchorage near the village, affording us, on entering, a superb view of the snow-capped summits of the Maritime Alps, and to the westward the long rows of white buildings which mark the locality of Nice.

The arrival of the flag-ship within the port of this popular European Newport had been for many weeks anticipated with the liveliest interest and anxiety. Immense preparations had been made to tender the Admiral and his officers a reception which should stand unrivalled in the records of Nice entertainments, and should even dazzle the eyes of those whose long association at the several Courts of Europe had made them familiar with all such brilliant scenes. "All the world" in this intensely fashionable resort seemed anxious to unite in this grand testimonial to the Admiral, but it was reserved for the American Colony to honor his presence with a demonstration worthy of their countryman and their guest.

For this purpose a committee of twenty-one American gentlemen, comprising, among others, Mr. Aldis, United States Consul; Dr. Sargent; Mr. E. A. Stevens; Mr. Walter Langdon; Mr. Ridgway; Colonel Stebbins; Dr. Hosack; Colonel Willoughby; Mr. L. M. Kennett, and W. S. Boyd, had communicated with the Admiral by letter while his vessel was lying in the harbor of Mahon, and again when enjoying the hospitalities of Toulon, informing him of the desire of his fellow-countrymen to unite in such a testimonial as would be most agreeable to



him; adding that the ladies had, without exception, expressed a decided preference for an evening reception. The Admiral's gallantry, of course, induced him to yield to the wishes of the sex, and it was therefore decided that a magnificent ball should be given in his honor, and the 22d of January was fixed for the occasion.

In the midst of the noise and confusion of the usual preparations, the Admiral quietly landed with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and part of his staff, and was escorted to Nice by Doctor and Mrs. Hosack, where quarters had been engaged for him at the Hotel Royal. As soon as his arrival became known, he was at once visited by Judge Aldis, United States Consul, and a sub-committee consisting of Colonel Willoughby, Captain Boyd, and Mr. Thompson, and by them cordially welcomed to the city.

During the few days which intervened between his arrival and the 22d, the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut were fairly besieged with visitors, including persons of rank and distinction from every nation in Europe—all flocking in to pay their respects to the “Nelson of the age,” and to unite in the general welcome accorded him.

The reception and ball took place according to programme on the evening of January 22d, in the magnificent saloons of the Casino, a superb building recently erected, and beautifully located on the fashionable *Promenade des Anglais*.

All Nice was *en grande tenue*; fifteen hundred invitations had been distributed; and it was reported that as many more had been solicited by outside parties, desirous of witnessing the spectacle. The various halls, corridors, and saloons of the Casino were magnificently dressed and

decorated; and the exterior of the building was resplendent with gorgeous lights, which shed a fairy-like lustre over the surrounding foliage. The grand staircase was almost hidden beneath evergreens and flowers, and ornamented with garlands of flowers of our national colors. The principal saloon was handsomely festooned with the flags of the two nations, while the stage represented an immense bouquet, from which arose most delightful music.

Over the stage and stretching across its entire width were two very large flags, French and American, entwined affectionately. The centre of the atrium was occupied by a group of exotic plants and ornamented with white, red, and purple camellias in full bloom, from which arose beautiful columns.

The toilettes of the fair representatives of Europe and America upon this brilliant occasion were extravagantly magnificent enough to produce visions of so many Cinderellas floating about in their magic finery, while the jewels which shone resplendently upon every dress, and upon necks and arms which art could not improve, might well have caused one to believe himself transported to the very treasure-houses of fairy-land. A Russian princess appeared with diamonds valued at forty thousand pounds sterling, and a German baroness with precious stones said to have cost about thirty thousand. The effect was beautiful—for in the brilliantly lighted halls they glistened like hundreds of stars, and fairly dazzled the eye with their splendor. These were not the only “walking mines” which were displayed. There were many others, and it has often been a matter of curiosity with our officers, what

might be the aggregate amount of wealth concentrated in the Casino at that time.

The Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and the staff, and followed by a large number of the officers of the squadron, entered the grand saloon about ten o'clock, and as soon as his appearance was announced the whole assemblage arose simultaneously, and as he advanced up the centre he received the salutations of the company, whilst the grand orchestra performed some beautiful selections from favorite operas, though not our national melodies. Upon reaching the head of the main hall he received the congratulations of numbers of distinguished civilians and officials, who were presented by Judge Aldis, Colonel Willoughby, and Dr. Hosack and others, as the line passed in review. It may be imagined that the Admiral went through an ordeal of hand-shaking that evening sufficient to paralyze the most muscular set of fingers ever bequeathed to man. He, however, submitted to it most graciously, and stood like Patience on a monument. It was noticeable that he took the proffered hands of the ladies with far more zeal than those of the sterner sex. As this process was concluded, the grand quadrille of honor was announced as the signal for the dancing.

For the first quadrille Admiral Farragut led out Madame Gavini, wife of the Préfet, whilst that functionary performed the same service for Mrs. Farragut; and the side couples were formed by General Corréard, Commissary-General of the Department, and Mrs. Pennock; and Captain Pennock and Mrs. Ronalds.

From this time on to the dawn of another day, dances

succeeded each other in rapid order, the indefatigable Terpsichoreans scarcely noticing the magnificent supper which tempted those weary and athirst during the evening.

At three o'clock in the morning the grand cotillon—better known to Americans as the “German”—commenced, under the leadership of Lieutenant-Commander Cook, and was continued until dawn, maugre the repeated assurances of the discomfited General that he would stop it if people did not submit to his orders. That “German” would have consigned a New York leader to the lunatic asylum! The Admiral very wisely took French leave at a more seasonable hour, intrusting the national honor to the guardianship of the officers, many of whom did not think of going home until broad daylight; for which dissipation the “awful morrow” had its penalties.

It was a splendid ovation to our great naval hero, and a fitting tribute to his fame at home and his popularity abroad. Many eminent personages were present in full and dazzling regimentals, including the ex-King of Bavaria; the Dukes of Glucksbourg and Parma; the Princesses Souvaroff and Korolath; Baroness Rothschild, and hundreds of others from every country; and it was universally admitted that few historic characters now living could have created such wonderful excitement as that produced by Admiral Farragut's arrival at that great European watering-place.

The officers were charmed with the *fête*, for to them it was a happy reunion with home friends under the most fascinating circumstances. The daughters of America,

everywhere celebrated for their beauty and refinement,—their reputation for these two qualities extending to the confines of Russia and the shores of the Levant,—never appeared to greater advantage than on that occasion, and, surrounded as they were at all times by the *Navy Blues* and foreign aspirants for favor, received marked attention, and enacted a conspicuous part in that brilliant assemblage of the world of gayety.



## CHAPTER XXV.

GRAND MATINÉE ON THE FRANKLIN—DEPARTURE FROM NICE  
—ARRIVAL IN SPEZIA—TOUR THROUGH NORTHERN ITALY  
—VISIT TO PISA—ARRIVAL IN FLORENCE.

THE last of January had been selected by the Admiral for a grand matinée on board the flag-ship, in token of his appreciation of the unbounded hospitalities bestowed on him during his sojourn in Nice. Hundreds of invitations had been distributed in all directions, and still as many more seemed anxious to be included in the long list of guests, who were on the *qui vive* of expectation for the approaching *fête*.

For about the twelfth time the *Franklin* was placed in her latest ball costume; and when the finishing stroke was placed upon her, and the last coil of her ropes had been gracefully adjusted, it is certain that she looked so fresh and blooming that nobody could have helped sympathizing with the admiration expressed by the delighted Captain, who "moved the monarch of her peopled deck." The number of flags used on that occasion to decorate the frigate, and convert her spacious decks into a brilliant ball-room, would have served to enclose many a wide hall with a wall of bunting.

At an early hour of the afternoon carriages dashed

down the descending road, and shortly the decks of the flag-ship were thronged with distinguished representatives from every country in Europe, and an imposing display of Americans, well known at home and quite popular abroad.

The quadrille of honor sounded the signal for the dance, and this, once inaugurated, continued unabated until the evening shades admonished the happy guests that there must be an end to all things, when they slowly disembarked, leaving as a precious legacy many expressions of delight at the pleasure afforded them.

This was one of the grandest and most successful entertainments ever given by the Admiral, and was the more brilliant from the number of nationalities represented. England was present in the persons of the Earl and Countess of Courtown, with their three daughters, the Ladies Stopford; the Earl of Portarlington; Hon. Evelyn Ashley, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury; the Marquis and Marchioness of Camden; Lady Gilbert East; Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert; Sir Joseph and Lady Copley, and others. France, by M. Gavini, Préfet of the district, and Madame Gavini, with a number of officers of the army and navy. Russia, by Count and Countess Bonxhoevden, who came on board with a beautiful American flag,—made with red and white camellias to designate the stripes, and violets for the “aznre blue,”—which the latter presented to Mrs. Farragut; the Countess d’Oreste; Princess Souvaroff; M. Skariawski, Grand Chamberlain of the Emperor; and Prince Dolgorowski, and other “names of twelve consonants apiece;” while the Italian, German, and Sardinian

States shone in the Duke de Holstein-Glucksbourg; the Duke of Parma; the Duchess of Colonna; the Prince and Princess Stirbey; the Duchess Diesbach; Prince Comitini; Count Castelnuovo, and many others whose names dwell not within the precincts of memory, or are so difficult to decipher that "the attempt and not the deed confounds us."

If to the foregoing roster be added the long array of prominent Americans, with their families, who were present,—a list which would occupy pages of this journal,—the reader's imagination can picture the gay scene enacted on the *Franklin* on that happy occasion. For many days all Nice rang with songs of praise over the brilliancy of this matinée, and many were the regrets for the brief sojourn of a frigate whose name had become synonymous with so much of pleasure.

On the following day a number of officers were very handsomely entertained at the Cercle Massena, by Sir Joseph Copley, several members of the British Parliament alternating with their American cousins, and making merry together with them over the festive bowl.

This attention was offered as an acknowledgment by our accomplished host of the "unvarying hospitality" extended to him in America, upon the occasion of his several visits to our country. On the morning of February 3d, the Admiral made an excursion to Nice, to return some official visits, leaving orders that the flag-ship should be ready to proceed to sea at an early hour of the afternoon.

During her fortnight's detention in this harbor, the *Franklin* was daily visited by large parties from the sur-



rounding villas and cities, and became a favorite point for excursions by seekers after pleasure. The band had no rest whatever, and must have wished Nice and its attractions on the other side of Europe, for every fresh group asked particularly to hear our national airs, as a compliment to their hosts, and made them the prelude to the livelier strains required for the dance !

But even these pleasures were evanescent, for the Admiral returned at the appointed time, and shortly afterwards the flag-ship moved slowly out of the harbor, and the officers exchanged greetings with large assemblages of Niceans gathered on the heights along the western line of the bay. Handkerchiefs were waved with expressive earnestness; cheer answered cheer in rapid delight; the band of the *Franklin* performed the soft melody of "Par-tant pour la Syrie," and the very appropriate one of "The Girl I left behind Me," and in a few minutes our friends were lost to view, while to them the flag-ship became a vanishing speck on the tranquil sea.

A bright, pleasant day smiled upon our short cruise across the Gulf of Genoa ; but, the wind blowing fresh from the eastward, our progress was impeded accordingly. Notwithstanding this little obstacle, land was descried "ahead" at noon of February 4th, and a few hours afterwards our vessel rounded the long, projecting cape of Palmaria, into the beautiful Gulf of Spezia, and anchored in front of the pleasant little city of the same name.

Our entrance was at once signalized by a salute from the iron-clad *Prince de Carignano*, stationed with the *Ancona* in that harbor, which was at once acknowledged

by the *Franklin*, with the Italian colors at the fore. This exchange of compliments was immediately succeeded by a visit from Mr. Rice, United States Consul, and a government official, who came on board to tender to Admiral Farragut the hospitalities of the city, and to extend him an invitation to visit the dock-yards and naval depots in the roadstead.

As we approached the entrance to this deeply indented bay, the view along the coast was grand and picturesque, the snow-capped Apennines forming a cold and rugged background to a wide, undulating extent of foliage between them and the sea, disclosing every variety of light and shade, and presenting a lovely panorama, from the barren mountains to the rich verdure of the orange and olive groves at their base.

On the left of the entrance, perched on the very cone of Porto Venere, the eye rests upon Fort Napoleon, commenced by the great Captain himself, after he had conquered Italy, for the purpose of protecting a harbor which he had determined to make the principal one in the country.

Spezia was made an objective point by the officers for very active operations. It was in reality the centre of a short radius which embraced the entire northern part of Italy, and the flag-ship was scarcely anchored ere a general scattering of the forces commenced, in detachments of four: some going to Genoa, ostensibly to see that city, but in reality to buy velvets; others to Leghorn and Pisa; whilst those who had seen these elephants remained on board, or enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and

Mrs. Rice, and an occasional tramp along the surrounding heights.

On the day of his arrival Admiral Farragut visited, by special invitation of the commanding officers, the new navy-yard in progress of construction in that harbor. Its ground plan is very extensive, and if completed, it will become the great naval depot of Italy, and will rank amongst the largest in Europe. He also visited the grounds where experiments had been made on iron-clad targets with Armstrong guns of different calibre, and as this is one of his specialties, he managed to pass several hours in examining those pleasant little implements of modern warfare; everywhere receiving from the authorities, both civil and military, the most marked attentions and civilities, and from the laborers and others the full battery of their hundreds of wondering eyes.

Early on the morning of the 7th an excursion party, consisting of Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, Lieutenant-Commander Watson, A.D.C., and Messrs. Kane and Montgomery, having completed extensive preparations, took quiet leave of Spezia for a time and proceeded upon a grand tour of observation through the northern portion of Italy.

Taking the Pisa road, we soon found ourselves steaming rapidly along over ground where the conquering legions of Rome once tramped to battle, before railroads were dreamed of, or ever electricity was known. Passing by the towns of Sargana, Massa, Pietro Santo, and others, along the Carrara Mountains, celebrated for their marble, and at all times populated with an army of en-

thusiastic sculptors, a few hours brought us to the old city of Pisa, where a halt was ordered to examine the wonders of the place, the Leaning Tower especially, which has excited and still excites the wonder of every school-boy. At this point some little trouble was experienced in a fruitless endeavor to make the Italian station-master understand the wishes of the party, but, fortunately, a voluble *commissionnaire* came to our assistance. Conducted by this loquacious guide, we proceeded through the city to the grand square, upon which stand in all their glory the four great monuments which make the city a Mecca to antiquarians and historians. Our first visit was to the Duomo, one of the noblest ecclesiastical structures in Italy, richly adorned, and ornamented with bronze doors, which riveted the Admiral's attention, as they were old friends, and recalled his former visit of over fifty years ago, when he was a hopeful midshipman, and dreamed not of the honors in store for him.

Thence we entered the Baptistery, and listened to its wonderful echo. Then we turned to the Campo Santo, which contains earth brought from the Holy Land ; and finally ascended the famous Campanile, and from its overhanging summit looked down upon the broad plains of Tuscany.

From Pisa we continued on toward Florence, passing through Lucca, of bath notoriety, and once the headquarters of Caesar ; Pescia and Pistoja, the latter claiming the honor of the invention of pistols ; over a most beautiful country, with old ruins visible in every direction, and towers crowning the summit of every hill ; and along

the base of the noble Apennines, with their lofty tops streaked with snow ; and on the same evening reached the Capital of Tuscany and Italy, delighted with the labors of the day, and prepared for the duties of the morrow.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

SCENES IN FLORENCE—ROYAL BANQUET BY KING VICTOR  
EMMANUEL—ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE ITALIAN DEPUTIES  
AND THE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES—SPECULATIONS  
ABOUT ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S VISIT.

THE sojourn of Admiral Farragut in Florence was more prolonged than he had anticipated, covering a period of ten days, during which time he visited many of the numerous attractions of that beautiful city, and received constant attentions from the authorities, members of the diplomatic corps, and prominent citizens of our own country residing therein.

On the morning after his arrival, he and Mrs. Farragut were visited by Colonel T. Bigelow Lawrence, Consul-General of the United States for Italy, and his highly accomplished wife, and were by them subsequently attentively escorted to all points of interest in the city, from the massive Duomo to the lovely Cascine drive along the banks of the historic Arno.

He also paid an official visit, with his staff, to the Hon. George P. Marsh, American Minister, by whom he was most heartily greeted, and with whom he called upon the Italian Prime Minister, General Menabrea; the Minister of Marine, M. Ribotti; the Turkish Minister, Rustem

Bey, and the Russian Minister, M. Kisseleff, from each and all of whom he received the kindest manifestations of welcome. Thence he resumed his line of sight-seeing operations, proceeding first to the celebrated Uffizi Gallery, so well known to all tourists as to require no further mention here.

Let me observe, in passing, that this constant visiting of damp and sepulchral cathedrals, however grand and imposing their architecture, and the daily inspection of the famous frescoes and paintings which are suspended from the walls and adorn the ceilings of palaces and public buildings equally frigid, is very prone to produce a stiffness of the spinal column which requires weeks of rest and patience to relieve. The tourist who would see everything must pay the penalty of his enthusiasm, and he may find it a costly price.

The plan pursued by the Admiral was to go curiosity-hunting in the morning, and to devote the afternoon to the equally exhausting process of official visiting. By a steady adherence to this course, and under the invaluable guidance of Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence, who seemed as familiar with Florence as the Bostonians with Bunker Hill, we managed to accomplish a wonderful amount of sight-seeing. In this way we visited the Convent of San Marco, once the home of the fiery old reformer Savonarola, and thence were pioneered to the manufactory of mosaic-work, for which this city is famous. Here the Admiral was in his element, and grinly smiled at the appeals of his suite to move on, for he studied the *modus operandi* of the work until enabled to become himself

the grand showman, and then explained the details to his staff. This visit was extremely interesting, and was such a powerful tonic to the Admiral that he joined with renewed zest in the next expedition, to the Palazzo del Podesta, called the Bargello, memorable for many terrible scenes enacted in the times of the Guelphs and Ghibelines.

This building is being converted into a museum of art, and already contains the sword of Dante, and the bedstead upon which Catherine de Medicis is said to have slept, together with many other relics.

While walking across the court-yard, the Admiral suddenly exclaimed, "There's my gun!" Upon examination it appeared that a certain monster cannon exhibited there was one of the twelve which he had inspected at Tunis, fifty-two years before, and known as the "twelve apostles," from the fact that the cascabel of each gun represents the head of one of the apostles. This one was called St. Paul, and was made in Florence in 1638, was sent to Tunis, and ultimately restored to its place of nativity. It weighs 33,000 pounds, is beautifully carved, and bears on its breech the inscription, "Opera di Cosimo Cenni, Fiorentini, No. 407." The Admiral passed several minutes in affectionate communion with this old friend, became eloquent over its beautiful finish, and yielded very reluctantly to the urgent demands of his body-guard to pass on to other scenes.

The next day, Colonel Lawrence's programme was resumed at an early hour, and embraced the beautiful church of San Lorenzo; whence, crossing the Arno, we



visited the superb collection of paintings in the Pitti Gallery. Next we visited the studio of our famous countryman, Hiram Powers, and concluded with an official visit to Rustem Bey, Ambassador from Turkey, and with a refreshing drive along the Cascine.

On the evening of the 12th, the Admiral and suite, with Mrs. Farragut and Mrs. Pennock, were delightfully entertained by Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence at their beautiful residence, the Villa Torrigiani. The guests were sixteen, including M. Ribotti, Minister of Marine; Mr. Marsh, American Minister; M. Billebrahe, Danish Minister, and lady; Mr. and Mrs. Beach; Captain Racchia; Lady Orford, and Lady Willoughby de Brooke. The hospitality of our hosts was unlimited, and the enjoyment of the occasion was unbroken throughout the entire evening.

On the succeeding day, *maigre* the fact that three distinct ceremonials were announced for the evening, the zealous Consul reported early, and proposed to resume the line of operations he had mapped out. We were accordingly first conducted to the Palazzo Buonarotti, the home of Michael Angelo, where we examined relics in abundance, and gratified our love for curiosities by trying on the slippers once worn by the great sculptor. Thence we drove to the Egyptian Museum, where the Admiral was greatly invigorated by an inspection of a biga or chariot built in the time of Rameses II., 1,560 years B.C., or nearly 3,500 years ago.

From this we proceeded to the Cathedral of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where repose

“ Angelo’s, Alfieri’s bones, and his,  
 The starry Galileo, with his woes ;  
 Here Machiavelli’s earth returned to whence it rose.”

In the evening a very convivial party, consisting of Messrs. Watson, Kane, Forsyth, Kuhn, Clay, and the author, dined with republican simplicity at the Café Doney, with Mr. Wurts, Assistant Secretary of Legation ; while the Admiral, accompanied by Captain Le Roy, Mr. Minister Marsh, and Consul-General Lawrence, repaired to the King’s palace, and there partook of a royal entertainment with Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. The banquet included about eighty of the most distinguished officers of the Government, many of whom have made their mark in the history of the times.

His Majesty was supported on his right by His Excellency Count Menabrea, Prime Minister, and on his left by Admiral Farragut, with whom conversation was principally maintained. These two were flanked respectively by Lieutenant-Generals Cadorna, Gibbone, and Serpi, the latter of whom is Commander of the *Gens d’armes* of Italy ; Vice-Admiral Conte Serra ; Rear-Admiral Isola ; Major-Generals Seismit Doda, and Govone, and Colonel Michelozzi, Chief of Staff of National Guard of Florence, who looked after the interests of Captain Le Roy. Directly opposite the King was seated General Durando, who was supported on either side by Admiral Ribotti, Minister of Marine, and His Excellency the Préfet of the Palace ; while next them in order were seated Major-Generals Bertolé Viale, Minister of War ; Pescetto, Del Bono, Maraldi, Bariola, Torre, and Pralormo ; Lieutenant-Gener-

als Massida and Belluomini, Commander of the National Guard of the Department of Florence; Rear-Admirals Brocchetti and Cerutti; Count Castellengo, Grand Equerry; Conte Sonnaz, Grand Huntsman; the Minister of the Royal Household, and Colonel Bernhardi.

The American guests represent the banquet as more magnificent than anything they had ever seen, and more quickly dispatched, His Majesty disliking the modern style of lingering over dinners.

During the entertainment the King scarcely ate enough to sustain life, but conversed very freely with the Admiral, and spoke in the most friendly and complimentary manner of our country.

After the dinner there was a general movement by the guests to the residence of the Turkish Ambassador, where a brilliant reception was prepared. Within the superb apartments of the Ottoman Embassy we met all the foreign Ambassadors, the chief dignitaries of the Government, and quite a number of distinguished ladies from all countries, our own being most favorably represented.

The Admiral was "the observed of all observers," the peaceable lion of the evening, and his hand had to undergo an ordeal of pressing which few could have borne with such an appearance of pleasure.

This day's receptions and ovations were followed on the afternoon and evening of the 14th by as many more of the same kind; namely, a grand banquet given by the Deputies of the Italian Parliament in honor of Admiral Farragut, in Doney's restaurant, concluding with a most brilliant reception by the Prime Minister, Count Menabrea.

The complimentary banquet given by the Deputies took place in the grand saloon of Doney's, and was attended by fifty-two members, with no invited guests except the Admiral, Captain Le Roy, Mr. Marsh, and Consul-General Lawrence. The Italian Parliament was represented on this brilliant occasion by many of the most distinguished citizens of the nation, some of whom had borne a conspicuous part in the administration, while others had become prominent as followers of Garibaldi in 1866. There were ministers and ex-ministers, conspicuous among whom were Admiral Ribotti, of Marine; Count Menabrea, the Premier; and ex-Ministers of Finance, Sella, Minghetti, and Depretis, with Visconti Venosta, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and lately Envoy near the Sublime Porte.

Of officers of the army there were representatives from several corps and almost as many brigadiers as took possession of Washington in the winter of 1862-63. Among these were General Corte, Chief of Staff to Garibaldi; and Generals Nicotera, Fabrizi, Cadorna, Pescetto, Griffini, and Carini, most of whom were with the great Italian patriot in 1866. There were also present, M. Crispi, leader of the "left" or "party of action" in the Chamber of Deputies; General Serpi, Commander of the Gendarmerie; and Colonels Assanti, Malenchini, and Acerbi; Professor Berti; Marquis Ricci, Guerrieri-Gonzaga and Rora; Rear-Admiral D'Aste; Counts De Luca, Serristori, and Casati, and others of less rank.

At such a representative banquet there reigned, of course, uninterrupted pleasure. Toward the conclusion

of the feast, the Prime Minister arose and proposed the health of their distinguished guest, prefacing it with a few highly complimentary tributes to his bravery and patriotism, and alluding in exalted terms to the Admiral's famous maxim, "Wooden ships and iron hearts," as one which should be written in letters of gold upon the tablet of every man's memory. As Count Menabrea concluded with the sentiment, "The health and happiness of Admiral Farragut," the enthusiasm which responded to it afforded the recipient most gratifying evidences of his popularity in the land of song.

The Admiral acknowledged these compliments in an appropriate little piece of oratory, and with a sentiment expressive of his delight upon returning to Italy and observing her progress, which evidently pleased the Italian Deputies. Shortly after this the principal guests withdrew and proceeded to the residence of the Prime Minister, where a brilliant levee succeeded.

The following morning the Admiral, with a large party, set off to San Donato, the superb palace of the Russian Prince Demidoff, situated near the Porta al Prato. This building had not been opened for several years, and is seldom permitted to be visited; but, being informed of Admiral Farragut's arrival in Florence, that nobleman sent the following telegram from Paris, viz. :—

"ADMIRAL FARRAGUT,

"Commanding U. S. Squadron, Florence.

"I regret that I cannot personally receive you at San Donato. Have given orders that you shall be received with the honors due you.

"DEMIDOFF."

Every one was astonished at the grandeur and magnificence of this immense "jewel-house." Suites of apartments stretch out in long vistas, and severally contain malachite, lapis lazuli, and mosaic ornaments, garnished with gems of every description; sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds being displayed in such tempting profusion as to summon up visions of Golconda itself.

There are also great numbers of paintings, statues, and suits of armor, and all distributed in such superbly furnished apartments as to present the very *beau-idéal* of a princely residence.

After strolling through endless green-houses, abounding with the choicest plants and flowers, the ladies of the party were presented with handsome bouquets, the one given to Mrs. Farragut being a miniature bush of exotics, with three long silk streamers attached, alternately green, yellow, and white, representing the colors of the Prince's family, and the words San Donato embroidered in gold and silver on each.

On the same evening a grand farewell entertainment was given in honor of Admiral Farragut, by the American Minister and his accomplished wife; on which occasion the large apartments of their *palazzo* were thronged with the representatives of all the great European powers, cabinet officers, and as many titled grandees—from Dukes descended from the Medicis and Borghesi, to the last purchaser of the newest title of Count—as would make up a respectable regiment.

The Admiral was stationed at the head of one of the rooms, and received the never-ending tide of humanity

which flowed slowly by, some contenting themselves with an earnest look, and others insisting upon a hearty shake of the hand. He stood his ground manfully, while the staff endeavored to play the agreeable to the Princess of this and the Countess of that, and with success enough to render it a delightful evening.

On our return hotelward we stopped for a few minutes at the Palazzo Borghese, to witness a Florentine masquerade, the gay scene being the "drop curtain" of our sensation drama within that animated metropolis.

The Admiral was appealed to in vain to remain another week, to accept entertainments tendered him. He listened to these entreaties, but their assurances of further ovations were only arguments in favor of a rapid retreat, for he replied, "No one can stand this sort of dissipation very long without ruining his constitution;" and he therefore persisted in his negative, and prepared for departure.

We had enjoyed a most delightful season in Florence; had been fêted in a manner almost unparalleled; had participated in the exciting scenes of the carnival; had received every evidence of welcome from the representatives of different nationalities; and had observed with pleasure that our naval hero was a great man in the estimation of all classes in Italy.

The American Minister and Mrs. Marsh, with Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence, were most assiduous in their attentions; the two latter being our constant chaperones; while the authorities detailed Captain Racchia, of the navy, as a special aid during his sojourn in the Etrurian Athens.

The Florentines were much exercised as to the object of Admiral Farragut's mission in the Mediterranean, and their speculations on this subject extended rapidly to the adjoining countries, and even took wing to the island home of the patriot Garibaldi. There were many head-shakings and much use of ambiguous expressions,

“ As, ‘ Well, we know ; ’—or, ‘ We could an’ if we would ; ’ ”

some even insisting that the American Admiral and the Italian General had met secretly in some out-of-the-way place, and there, after embracing most affectionately, had arranged the future policy of the world; the smaller States of Europe being absorbed in a great reconstruction scheme, which was to change the boundary of empires !

A correspondent, writing from Florence to Vienna, says: “ Admiral Farragut attracts more attention than was ever caused by the commander of a feeble division of five ships of war. However, the Eastern question may break out, and the United States intend to intervene in the affairs of Europe, since France thought proper to interfere in Mexico; and they are greatly encouraged to do so by Russia, who promises them a good port in the Levant when she shall be mistress of those parts. To have a footing in Europe has always been the desire of the great republic, but at this moment more than ever. There exists, opposite the Island of Rhodes, the roadstead of Marmarizza, with an excellent bottom for anchorage. The Americans had asked Turkey to give it to them, promising to build there a large town, under the suze-



rainty of the Sultan ; but England opposed that course. Some have affirmed that Russia has taken engagements with the States on the subject. Should war break out, the Americans would have their port.

“The Russians are most courteous toward Admiral Farragut, and Prince Demidoff has telegraphed to have his villa of San Donato, a princely chateau near Florence, placed at the disposal of the American Admiral.”

The pride of our people will doubtless be much gratified at this wonderful disclosure of our national intentions in the Levant, and with the immense importance the European world attributed to Admiral Farragut's pleasant visitation abroad. It is also great news that our Government intends to intervene in Europe for the simple gratification of returning a Roland for the Oliver of France, and that Russia has promised them a good port somewhere ; but, so far as the Admiral is concerned, all mankind may be assured that he left Europe without having meddled with an intrigue ; that he had no clandestine or open meeting with Garibaldi, and that the troubled state of Europe convinced him more firmly than ever of the danger of “entangling alliances,” and of the wisdom of a policy which says “Hands off !” to the world.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

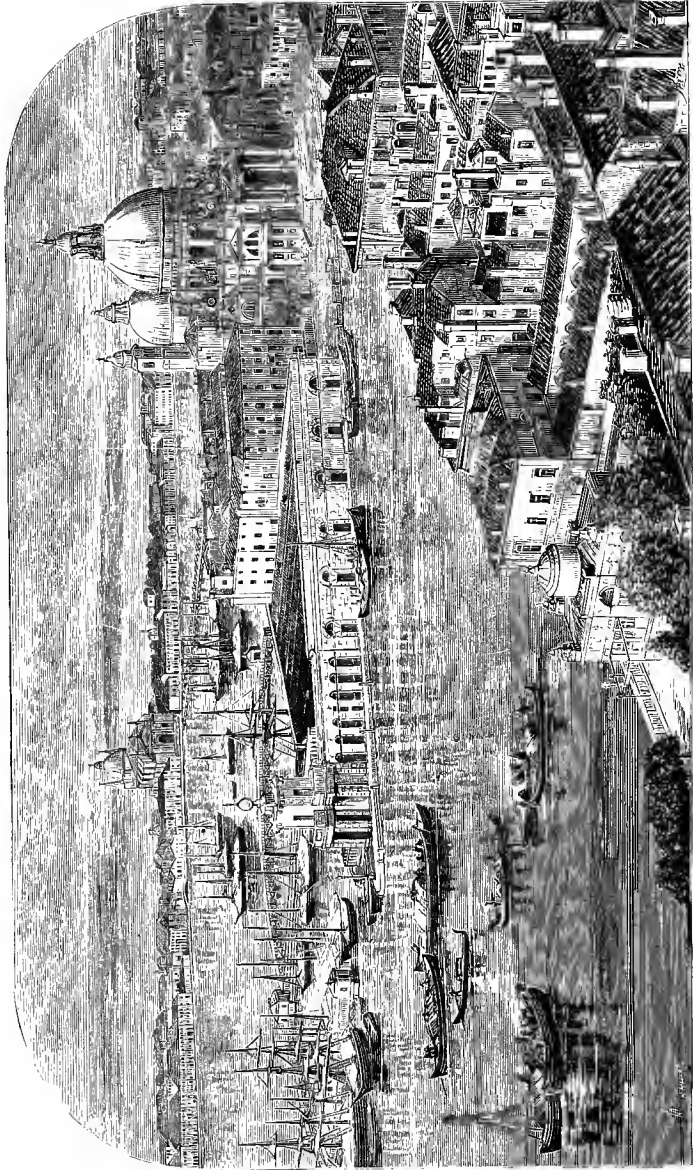
ARRIVAL AT VENICE—SCENES IN THAT CITY—VISITS TO MILAN AND GENOA—RECEPTIONS AND OVATIONS IN LATTER.

ON the morning of the 17th of February, favored by smiling skies, the pilgrims from the *Franklin* left Florence for the north; and desiring to enjoy the rare pleasure of visiting the cities of that portion of Italy in an unostentatious manner, it was decided to travel *en bourgeois*, as the best means of escaping recognition.

Crossing the Apennines on a railroad which stands unrivalled as a monument of one department of engineering skill,—there being no less than forty-three tunnels in a distance of twenty-two miles, two of them two miles in length, many on very sharp curves, and one on the summit describing a complete letter S,—we descended into the historic valley of the Po, and, passing through Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua, and over the “deep-dyed Brenta” and the Adige, reached the “Queen of the Adriatic” the same evening.

Upon arriving at the depot, we discovered to our amazement that our ruse had failed, and that the incognito process was of no avail; for a staff-officer in full uniform, who proved to be Lieutenant Marra, presented himself at once, informing us that he had been on guard-duty for





VENICE.





twenty-four hours, having been directed to watch faithfully for the Admiral, whose visit had been telegraphed from Florence. He proved a most faithful sentinel, and, during our sojourn in Venice, a most pleasant companion and cicerone.

The good-natured Admiral simply exclaimed, "It is of no use; people cannot be deceived so easily!" and permitted himself and party to be conducted in a gondola to the Hotel Barbese—Mrs. Farragut not admiring these Venetian street cars, and apprehending a certain and untimely grave in the lagoons.

Our arrival in this beautiful city was most opportune, for it was the season of the Carnival; all Venetians were merry, and we could easily re-people the scene with the past, and imagine

"How Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!"

Early on the following morning, under orders from the Minister of Marine, conveyed through the Commandant of the district, Lieutenant Marra reported with two State gondolas, and placed himself at the disposal of Admiral Farragut; and after a very pleasant visit from M. Monale, the Commandant himself, who was most liberal in his expressions of welcome, and from the American Consul, Mr. Colton, we sallied forth to "do" Venice, with the indispensable Antonio, doubtless a lineal descendant of the great merchant of Rialto memory.

Our course was first directed to the famous Palazzo di

San Marco, where several hours were happily passed in inspecting that gloomy yet princely abode of the long file of her dead Doges, now reduced to dust; visiting the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, in which Tintoretto's great painting of the Glory of Paradise covers the entire end of the wide hall; also the room of the terrible Council of Ten, the Inquisition Chamber; and thence passing through the long suites of apartments, always under voluble explanations from Antonio, we descended to the celebrated Ponte dei Sospiri, with "the palace and prison on each hand," going down into the deepest dungeons, to the great horror of the Admiral, who cannot abide scenes which suggest human suffering, and who yet, while complaining of the depraved tastes of his suite in wishing to trace such gloomy records, followed with them to the very abode of darkness itself.

Leaving the building by the Giant's Staircase, we ascended the Campanile, from which was enjoyed a superb view of the city, "rising with her tiara of proud towers," with the spouseless Adriatic slumbering beyond. Thence we were conducted to the Cathedral of San Marco, with its five domes, and bearing over its portal the four bronze horses, founded in Corinth, and successively captured by the Greeks, Romans, Turks, and French, and finally restored to the Venetians. The interior of this church is gorgeous beyond description, and yields abundant overpayment of delight to every visitor.

Returning to the gondolas, an excursion was made along the watery ways of the city, during which Antonio became eloquent upon the Ponte di Rialto; the palace of the



two Foscari ; the homes of Shylock and the Moor, and the "long array of mighty shadows" which still linger over the place. In the evening the Admiral accepted a very kind invitation from the Countess Contarini, for himself and suite, to occupy a room in her residence on the Piazza San Marco, in order to witness a masquerade on that grand square. The scene was most superb,—a sea of humanity swelling around the illuminated stage in the centre, upon which the masquers were enacting their respective parts with the utmost vivacity.

Observing the Admiral attempting to retire, they insisted upon his ascending the platform ; whereupon all kinds of characters, from a modern Doge to devils innumerable, passed around and greeted him, each after his kind. Leaving these gay masquers to their revelries, we proceeded, by invitation of the Commandant, to the opera, and occupied his box, where the Admiral received the compliments of several distinguished officials.

Upon returning that night to our quarters, he expressed the opinion that we had done enough during the day to occupy an ordinary traveller a week,—a sentiment cordially endorsed by his entire suite.

On the ensuing day, accompanied by his staff and Mr. Consul Colton, with Lieutenant Marra and our man Friday, Admiral Farragut paid a visit to the arsenal and dockyard, which have been pretty much despoiled and stripped by the Austrians ; where he was very kindly received by the Commandant and the officers, and by them escorted over the grounds. Although there was but little left by the "departing Power" toward the fittings of a complete

yard, yet the sharp-eyed Admiral discovered many objects to justify a special examination. In the arsenal we were shown sundry instruments of torture; Attila's helmet, which was adjusted on our own craniums only to make them ache; and several relics held in great esteem by the Venetians, as trophies of former prowess.

The Admiral having completed this inspection, we proceeded up the Grand Canal to the Accademia delle Belle Arte, filled with choice paintings of the Venetian school, and then made a detour to the Church of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, highly interesting from its associations, containing several sepulchral monuments of the Doges, a magnificent one to Titian, and the superb tomb of Canova.

While on these excursions along the water-courses of Venice, we visited successively the churches of Santa Maria Formosa, San Giovanni e Paolo, San Rocco, and the adjoining Scuola, and many others which it would require volumes to describe, and in several of which we were attracted by the superb monuments of Doges and the powerful paintings of Tintoretto.

During the afternoon of the 20th, accompanied by his suite and the Prefect, the Admiral proceeded by special invitation to the palaces of the Countess Persico and the Princess Montenegro, on the Grand Canal, to enjoy a view of the great Carnival procession which was to conclude the three days' festivity.

In each mansion both he and his suite were received with the most cordial demonstrations, not only by the fair and accomplished hostesses, but by all the distinguished

guests assembled, and at each were most hospitably entertained.

The display on the Grand Canal was most spirited and imposing. All the houses were gayly decorated with flags or festooned with bright colors, and from five to seven hundred gondolas, fantastically dressed, and filled with gondoliers and others in comic masquerading costumes, moved slowly up the canal in a body, preceded by a band to the Rialto and back, amid showers of *bon-bons* and flowers, which they returned with interest, with the plaudits of the assembled thousands from boats, houses, and shores. As soon as the review was over, the Venetian world hurried pell-mell to the Piazza San Marco, where the afternoon and entire night were devoted to "seeing out" the Carnival.

This custom, which simply means a farewell for the time to animal food, is seen to better advantage in this city than elsewhere in Italy; and the one witnessed by the American naval party on this occasion may be very fitly described in the words of the poet:—

"Of all the places where the carnival  
Was most facetious in the days of yore,  
For dance and song, and serenade and ball,  
And mask, and mime, and mystery, and more  
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,  
Venice the bell from every city bore,  
And at the moment when I fix my story  
That sea-born city was in all her glory."

The Admiral extremely enjoyed the spectacle, and afterward attended the banquet given in his honor the

same evening by the Prefect of the district. Among the officials present were M. Giustiniani, the Mayor, and a descendant of the Justinian family; M. Monale; two Venetian Generals, and Lieutenant Marra.

On the morning of February 21st, after making heavy investments in photographs at Carlo Ponti's, we embarked in a gondola, and accompanied by the Prefect, Commander Monale, Lieutenant Marra, and Mr. Colton, proceeded to the depot and took the cars for Milan, the great city of Lombardy.

The route traversed by the railroad between Venice and Milan passes over the most historic ground in Europe, coursing along the great valley between the Rhetian Alps and the Apennines, every part of it associated with some of the most memorable campaigns of ancient and modern times.

Passing through Padua and Vicenza, we enjoyed a view of the two famous castles owned by the rival houses of Capulet and Montague, and shortly afterward of the bloody field of Arcola. At Verona the route enters the famous "quadrilateral," and thence, coursing on over a beautiful and richly cultivated country, passes through Peschiera, on Lake Garda, near the famous field of Solferino, and following along a beautiful valley, dotted with numerous houses and an occasional mediæval ruin, enters the city of Brescia—the Brixia of the Romans. Thence, passing through Bergamo and Cassano—the scene of two great battles—we entered Milan in the evening, and lost no time in preparing for the very short visit allotted to that city.

Early on the following morning, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, news of the Admiral's arrival had been freely circulated, and great was the anxiety to see the American naval hero. Mr. Wm. Clark, Consular Agent of the United States, was the first to announce himself, and was shortly followed by a staff-officer, who came charged with friendly messages of welcome to the Admiral and his suite. With the former a tour of sight-seeing was speedily arranged, and during the day the party succeeded in visiting the Ambrosian Library, containing, among many relics, a lock of the flaxen hair of Lucretia Borgia, with an autograph letter from her to Cardinal Bembo, relating, no doubt, to the poisoning of some enemy; and also the pair of gloves worn by Napoleon at Waterloo. From this we proceeded to the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, to gaze upon Leonardo da Vinci's great fresco of the Last Supper, over which one of our number, artistically inclined, went into raptures. Thence we were conducted to the Amphitheatre, the Arco della Pace, and the Brera gallery; and finally concluded the day's programme and exhausted our remainder of physical endurance by a long inspection of the world-famous Cathedral, the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture ever reared,—to the towering apex of whose spire the Admiral could not be persuaded to climb, even to enjoy a view of the fertile fields of Lombardy. In the evening we occupied the Governor's box at the Della Scala, the largest opera-house in the world, where we lingered through a very old performance, which caused the Admiral to sigh for a "good English ballad."

On the following day a Marquis, brilliant with decorations, and an aid-de-camp of the Duc de Mignano, called to present a special invitation to the Admiral, requesting the presence of himself and suite at a grand ball to be given that evening. Our naval chief politely declined, on the ground that it was Sunday, and no appeals could induce him to adopt the maxim of "doing in Rome as Rome does," or to consent to present himself, even for one moment, within the saloon. The officer looked astonished at our American customs, but said no more.

On the morning of the 24th, the Admiral determined upon a trip to Genoa, and with this view our party again embarked; and after a most pleasant journey over ground fraught with historic memories, passing near the bridge of Lodi, and within sight of the memorable fields of Montebello, Pavia, and Marengo, and through many towns and villages, we reached the beautiful seaport appropriately styled "La Superba," from the number and grandeur of its palaces.

On this route the mountain scenery on the slopes of the rugged Apennines is surpassingly grand, while the varied landscapes along the valley of the Scrivia are picturesque in the extreme.

The Admiral fixed his headquarters in Genoa at an ancient-looking hotel with the aristocratic title of the "Croce di Malta," an old mansion once belonging to the famous Knights of that order, whose influence and establishments seem to have extended in former days to all parts of Southern Europe. His arrival in this city, which has always maintained considerable commercial intercourse with the

United States, and which was the birthplace of the discoverer of our continent, had been anticipated with much anxiety, and a spontaneous movement on the part of the officials, merchants, and citizens convened by the Mayor had resulted in a tender of a grand banquet at the Palazzo Tursi, "in honor of the great American Admiral."

On the morning succeeding his arrival, the Admiral received very friendly visits from M. Podesta, the intelligent and accomplished Sindaco of the city, and also from the American Consul, Mr. Spencer; an aid-de-camp of the Commandant, tendering a welcome from the military authorities; Captain Strong, of the *Canandaigua*, and many native dignitaries besides.

During the day, an invitation from the Mayor to occupy an apartment in the Municipal Buildings, to witness the Carnival on the Corso,—the last of an additional three-days' ceremony,—was very gladly accepted, and in the evening we accompanied him to the Teatro Carlo Felici, where all were entertained by a very good representation of the opera *Giulietta*, followed by a grand masquerade, which seemed to throw the Genocse into transports of felicity.

In passing along the thoroughfares of this busy seaport, all were struck with the evidences of enterprise and prosperity visible in every direction. These constitute a remarkable contrast to the *dolce far niente* manner peculiar to other Italian cities. The constant rumbling of drays and the rapid handling of merchandise along the well-lined wharves recalled New York, and obliterated,

for the time, all remembrance of the enervated people too often met in other portions of that classic land.

During the following days we were kindly escorted about the city on a tour of inspection, during which we visited the beautiful villa and gardens of Pallavicini; stopping on the return trip at the Palazzo Durazzó; then at the Palazzo Brignoli Sale, both filled with choice paintings. We finally went to the Municipality, where the Mayor unearthed several autograph letters of Christopher Columbus, photographic copies of which he presented to the Admiral. At the same time we were allowed an inspection of Paganini's famous violin, and a very old deed of conveyance in the Polcevera, executed on copper, before the Christian era.

On the same evening, a committee of citizens representing the Mazzini Society, or Workingmen's Association of Genoa, called upon the Admiral in a body, and, through their President, presented him with the following address:—

“CITIZEN ADMIRAL:—Those who address you are the associated workmen of Genoa. Your arrival in our city is the arrival of a valiant son of that great Republic we so greatly love, because it is a continual school of examples to Europe, not yet regenerated by the breath which created and now preserves your great country.

“Citizen, accept the salutation which the associated workmen of Genoa give you to-day with reverence and love, as a pledge of that alliance of which our Master, Joseph Mazzini, together with many of your illustrious fellow-



citizens, have already laid the foundation. Citizen Admiral, accept the expression of esteem and affection which the Association now offer you.

“G. ASTENGO, President.

“G. B. FRANZI, Secretary.”

The deputation was very cordially received by the Admiral, who expressed his acknowledgments for the very complimentary allusions in the address to his country as well as to himself, and after a hearty and suggestive “hands all round” the committee withdrew, well pleased with the visit.

On the evening of the 27th, the great festival of the city in honor of its guest took place in the grand saloons of the Palazzo Doria Tursi. The street fronting this immense palace was lined with citizens of every age and sex, and as the Admiral drove up he was received with vociferous cheering, every one jostling and elbowing his neighbor to obtain a “good look” at the great American! On entering the capacious court leading to the main hall he was received with a general salute from officers and soldiers, who formed an avenue for his passage, and also by the principal band performing our national melodies.

On reaching the municipal apartments he was welcomed by the Sindaco, presented to the authorities, and escorted into the banqueting-hall, where he occupied a seat on the right of the Mayor; Commander Pinelli, First President of the Court of Appeal, being on the left.

The entertainment was brilliantly successful, and included about sixty persons, representing the civil and military authorities of the city, members of the Chamber of Commerce, several senators, naval officers, maritime asso-

ciations, and others, and the effect was considerably intensified by the superb decorations of the grand saloon, the festooning of the Genoese and American flags, and the profuse display of the choicest flowers.

Among the guests were Vice-Admiral Tholosano, Generals Bixio and Incisa, Professors Boccardo and Doria, and many others.

Toward the conclusion of the banquet the Mayor arose to propose the first toast of the evening, and introduced it with a speech so well translated by a writer, and so complimentary to our country as to justify its insertion:—

“I believe, gentlemen, that I cannot better interpret your sentiments than by proposing a toast to Admiral Farragut—to America. The illustrious Admiral, in his visits to other Italian cities, will have seen the banks of the Arno, the historic shores of the Adriatic; but whatever may be the sympathy of Italians with America, Genoa, more deeply than any other city, cherishes this feeling. In Admiral Farragut—the captor of Mobile—Genoa sees a man emulous of the fame of her great captain and patriot, Andrea Doria. Your victories, illustrious soldier, have recalled to us the memories of Curzola, of Meloria, and Almeria. You have fought splendidly in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Red River, and Genoa was interested in your battles, in your victories, because Genoa has special relations with the American continent. Permit me, gentlemen, to mention two of our fellow-citizens who especially bind Genoa and America. Four hundred years ago, one of these, despite the opposition of men and the elements, car-

ried to the shores of the Atlantic the religion and civilization which converted the savage inhabitants to social life ; which replaced the wretched tents of the red Indian by cities such as New York and Boston ; and for savage hordes substituted the armies of Grant, the fleets of Farragut. Another of our citizens in modern times rendered the banks of La Plata illustrious by his battles in defence of liberty, and there prepared himself for those glorious feats of arms which were to achieve Italian liberty and national unity. You understand that I speak of Christopher Columbus and Joseph Garibaldi, two men who powerfully contributed to the development of American civilization, and whose memory forms a special bond between Genoa and America. A health, then, to Admiral Farragut, to Young America, and with it I express the desire, the hope, that the two nations may unitedly promote the cause of liberty, and advance together on the path of progress and liberty. *Evviva Farragut ! Evviva l'America !*”

The concluding words were enthusiastically taken up by the company and followed by great applause.

The Admiral made a suitable reply to these flattering remarks, spoke of his visit to Genoa over fifty years ago, of her advance in commerce, and concluded by expressing his best wishes for the continued and uninterrupted prosperity of their beautiful city.

This was followed by sentiments offered by several dignitaries as the spirit moved them ; Professor Boccardo delivering some very happy and effective remarks, and Captain Bollo saying in English that the seamen of Genoa

were "proud to welcome to their shores the illustrious sailor and the boldest and ablest commander of modern naval warfare."

The festivities were kept up until a late hour, and upon his departure with his staff the Admiral again found the street alive with citizens, waiting to cheer him on his return, as their tribute of admiration for his heroism.

On the following morning he and his suite were escorted by Admiral Tholosano and staff to the *Canandaigua*, and there took leave of Genoa, amid the cheering of the sailors, and after a very pleasant run of seven hours reached Spezia, and soon afterward transferred themselves with bag, baggage, and souvenirs to the familiar decks of the flag-ship, where they received a most cordial welcome home, and exchanged views upon the late tour of observation, comparing notes with those who had adopted other routes.

On the following afternoon the Admiral made an inspection of the arsenal with M. Ribotti, Minister of Marine, and shortly thereafter the *Ticonderoga* entered the harbor on her return from a cruise to the East; when a continuance of our main voyage was at once determined upon.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN NAPLES—EXCURSION TO, AND  
OVATION AT POMPEII—GRAND BANQUET AT THE ADMIRALTY  
HOUSE.

ON the night of the 3d of March the *Franklin* took leave of Spezia, and after a very delightful sail along the Italian coast, within sight of the home of Garibaldi, but not of the hero himself, anchored in the bay of Naples on the afternoon of the 5th; Colonel Lawrence accompanying us on the trip, by special invitation of the Admiral. On approaching the city, the decks of the flagship were covered with officers and men, enjoying an evening's picture of this lovely and world-famous harbor, which has so often set poets wild, and caused painters to despair that they cannot "hold the mirror up to nature" on their canvas. Vesuvius was in all the grandeur of his terrible *feu de joie*, presenting a pyrotechnic display in comparison with which all artificial illuminations are but as flashes; and his deep-toned mutterings, and constant discharges of scorix and lava, recalled the buried cities at his base, which now reveal the destructive power of his eruptions.

Our arrival happened, fortunately, at the very time when the great volcano was firing his grandest salutes, and it

was jocosely observed that this was "Italy's welcome to the distinguished head of the American Navy."

On the morning following, a national salute was exchanged with the fort, and, ere the smoke had lifted, another, for the Admiral; and as soon as the last gun had spoken, Admiral Provana of the Italian navy, with his staff, came on board, cordially welcomed our commander to Naples, and invited him to occupy with his ship, a position in the Mole. During the day the *Franklin* was besieged with visitors, among whom appeared the Prefect of the city and Lieutenant-General Pettinengo, Commander-in-Chief of the military forces in the district. Both these dignitaries tendered the hospitalities of Naples to their distinguished visitor, and the latter invited him to be present at a grand review of the troops on the 14th, the birthday of His Majesty King Victor Emmanuel. On the conclusion of the day's ceremonies a miniature "evacuation-day" ensued, all not on duty making a tangential line to the city, to prepare for some of the many excursions which ramify in all directions from this densely populated centre.

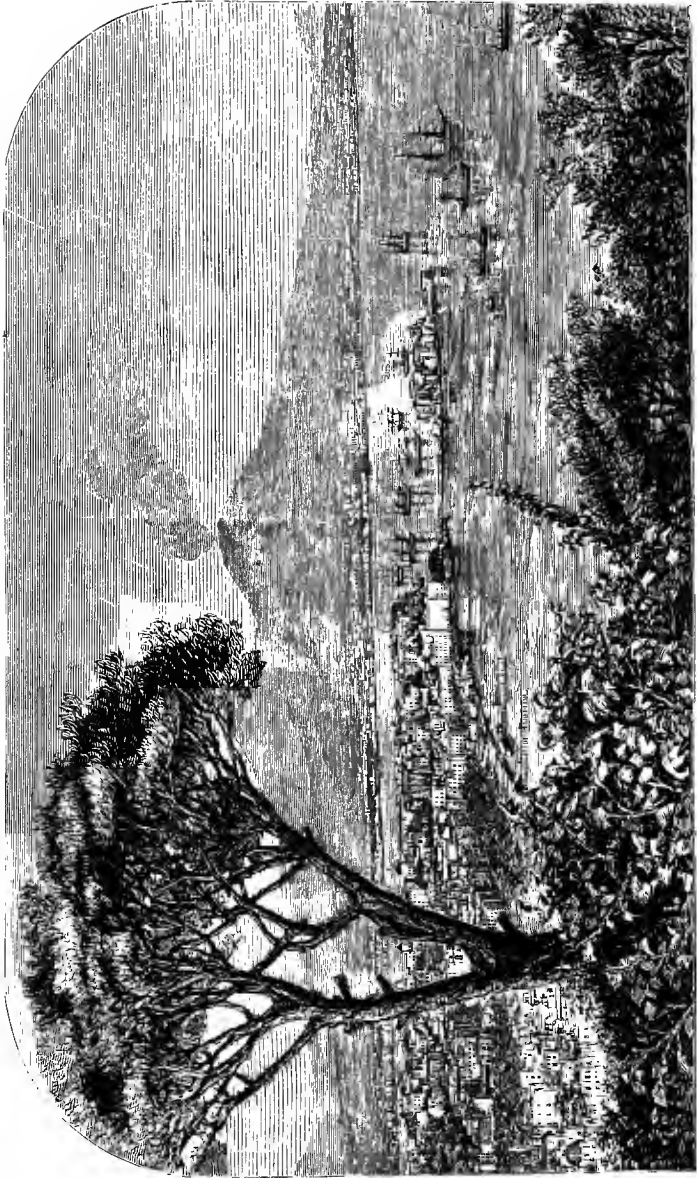
Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum were speedily traversed and studied; and the natural desire to stand within those two historic tombstones being fully gratified, the more genial associations of Sorrento, the Grotta Azzurra, the tomb of Virgil, and the shadowy remnants of Pozzuoli and Baiæ, outside the city,—and the Museo Borbonico, the Castle of St. Elmo, and the Cattedrale Duomo, within,—received more leisurely visitations from these seekers after the world's reminiscences.

These, with daily promenades along the gay "Toledo,"









NAPLES



contemplating the Neapolitan world, observing the diplomatic cunning of the lazzaroni,—who prefer their trade and condition to one requiring an hour's labor,—and occasionally investing in trinkets of coral and tortoise-shell, formed the principal amusements of such of the officers as were not compelled to unite in the official visitings to the great men of the nation.

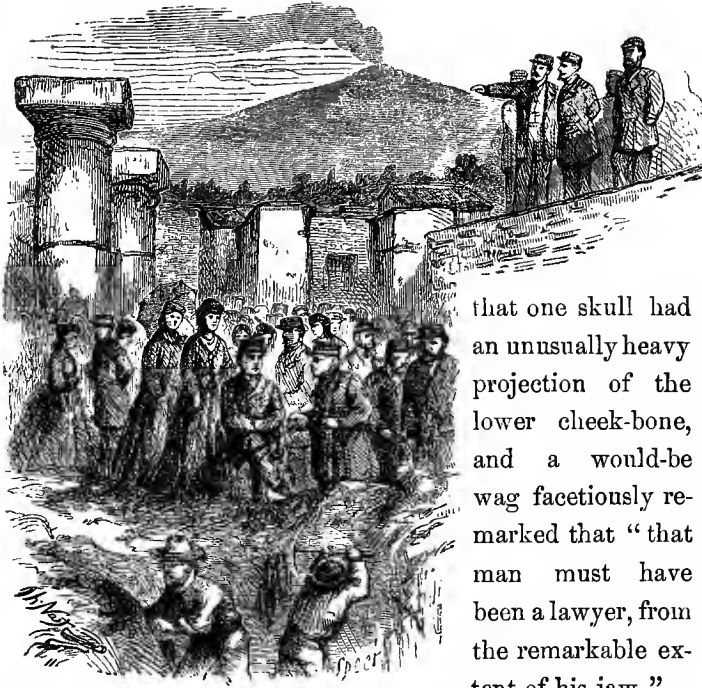
On the third day after our arrival, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and the officers of the squadron in port, were invited by Senator Fiorelli, Superintendent of the Museums of Naples and Pompeii, to be present on the 12th instant, at the excavation of a chamber in the house once tenanted by Signor Balbo, or, as he used to be called while living, Balbus, in the latter city. The work in that edifice of the partially resurrected town had been delayed in consequence of the anticipated visit of the Admiral, and as there was at that time a perfect colony of Americans in and around Naples, the occasion was readily embraced by them to tender their great representative a grand entertainment, to be given in the Stabian Thermæ, where the luxurious Pompeians were wont to pass hours in refreshing enjoyment.

The day appointed happened to be a most favorable one, and all the American world in those parts attended the novel celebration. Special cars were provided, with the American colors flying, and, accompanied by Senator Fiorelli, Admiral Provana, a large number of officers, and representatives from our own happy land in gay profusion, the steam-horse conveyed the excursionists rapidly over Herculaneum to her quiet sister city of the dead, and then

repeopled her streets with the astonished citizens of another clime—the inhabitants of a far-distant world beyond the great sea.

On reaching the gates of the city, the excursionists formed a long procession, inspecting many objects of interest as they advanced, the band of the Second Regiment playing the national airs; and on arriving within the capacious Forum, they improvised a mass-meeting around the cœnaculum, and there, where the city senators once discussed the affairs of Pompeii, the Admiral was cordially welcomed, in behalf of the Italian Government, by Admiral Provana; then, by Messrs. W. H. Aspinwall and Smith Clift, members of the committee of arrangements, introduced to all the Americans present—a process which occupied a considerable period, from the number of applicants for a greeting.

Upon the conclusion of this ceremonial they were conducted to the private residence of the lamented Balbo, where the pick-axe and the spade were soon at work, restoring to the light of the nineteenth century the privacy of a chamber which had been buried with scoriæ and pumice-stone for nearly 1800 years. The apartment being a small one, it was soon cleared, and revealed various articles of household furniture, equal to those of modern times; numerous loaves of home-made bread, considerably overdone; and several skeletons of the human form divine, which Surgeon Foltz examined critically, and declared them to have been women—drawing his conclusions, in a complimentary manner, from the smallness of the feet and the symmetry of the frame. It was observed, however,



that one skull had an unusually heavy projection of the lower cheek-bone, and a would-be wag facetiously remarked that "that man must have been a lawyer, from the remarkable extent of his jaw."

When the chamber had been cleared of the dust of its eighteen centuries, and received once more the breath of life, the guests proceeded to the Thermæ, where a very sumptuous entertainment had been provided by the American residents, the committee consisting of Messrs. Aspinwall, Clift, W. H. Allen, C. N. Beach, Captain Charles Hunter, Dr. A. Hayes, Professor J. F. Frazer, and Messrs. B. F. Breeden, C. P. Marsh, T. Roessle, Charles T. Howe, and John C. Jay.

Within these old walls, rich with frescoes, some as fresh as on the day they were painted, the delighted Ameri-

cans passed several hours most agreeably, dancing in the very halls which once reflected the happy faces of the epicurean Pompeians, the lively strains of a magnificent band echoing strangely among the surrounding temples and ruins.

The festivities were kept up until the brilliant light on Mount Vesuvius revealed the approaching shades of night, when the actors returned to Naples and Sorrento, delighted with the day's excursion—a theme for conversation throughout all future years—and some only regretting that the “German” could not have closed the performances, in order that the spirits of Diomede, Nydia, Ione, Glaucus, Sallust, Pansa, and the others might observe the controlling passion of the present decade.

On the 14th the ship was very handsomely dressed with flags, and a national salute fired in honor of the King's birthday; and immediately thereafter the Admiral, accompanied by his staff, attended a grand review of the troops of the garrison and the National Guard, where he was most enthusiastically received with deafening cheers, presented by General Pettinengo to Prince Humbert and the other most distinguished personages present, and then assigned the position of honor upon the reviewing-ground.

The same evening Admiral Provana gave a grand banquet in honor of Admiral Farragut at the Comando Generale della Marina. On this brilliant occasion he was accompanied by Colonel Lawrence, Captain Pennock, Captain Le Roy, and a part of his staff, and upon arriving at the Admiralty was received by a guard of honor com-

posed of a detachment of Bersaglieri, the most popular corps in Italy.

The corridors and stairways of the building were most beautifully decorated with camellias and other choice plants; and when the guests entered the principal saloon their presence was greeted with the thrilling notes of Hail Columbia, sweetly performed by the Marine Band.

There were about thirty-four persons present at this feast, including the Marchese di Rudini, Prefect of Naples; General Pettinengo; Senator Fiorelli; Admirals Longo and Cerutti; Captain Acton, and others known to fame in Italy. The strains of our national melodies introduced the first regular toast of the evening, "Our distinguished Guest," which was received with great enthusiasm; while the modest recipient essayed a brief acknowledgment, expressing the great pleasure it afforded him to revisit Italy and to observe her steady progress.

The guests separated at a late hour, the two nationalities mutually delighted, and each wishing the other an uninterrupted career of happiness and prosperity, endorsing their friendly sentiments with expressive ejaculations of *Viva America! Viva Italia!*



## CHAPTER XXIX.

VISIT TO ROME—SCENES IN THE ETERNAL CITY—RECEPTION BY THE POPE—GRAND ENTERTAINMENT BY MR. AND MRS. HOOKER—RETURN TO NAPLES—SCENES IN THAT CITY—BANQUET ON BOARD THE FRANKLIN—HONORS TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS D'AOSTA.

ON the 16th of March the Admiral and suite started on a pilgrimage to the great capital of the Roman Empire ; and after passing over a most beautiful route—dashing through the Pontine Marshes, and over the broad and fertile Campagna di Roma, the shrill whistle of the locomotive awakening mysterious echoes among the colossal skeleton walls of the stately Coliseum—we crossed “the yellow Tiber, choked with Roman spoils,” and entered the Eternal City on the same evening.

As the trip was a long and fatiguing one the excursionists travelled with their lamps well filled, a very sumptuous lunch being provided in a car attached to the train, affording the advantages of a first-class hotel. This luncheon, while refreshing to the body, was damaging to the pecuniary capital on hand, and was made the subject of a very spirited *epic* by a member of the staff considerably gifted with the inspiration of the poetic muse.

On arriving within the walls of the seven-hilled city,



the Admiral found himself very much worn down from the effects of an over amount of official visiting; and to give him the repose he required, and insure some moderation in the very profuse attentions showered upon him in every port, the staff organized themselves into a special picket-guard of observation against the attacks of the authorities. The good results of this *coup d'état* were shown in the fact that, with the exception of one grand reception, hereafter described, the Admiral experienced the rare blessing of having a comparatively quiet sojourn in that capital, seeing sights by day, and during the evening enjoying the society of several distinguished Americans, among the most constant of whom were the Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. Hosack, and others.

Great and almost irresistible as may be the temptation, it is not my intention to undertake even a brief description of this most interesting of all cities, this "lone mother of dead empires,"—this grand chaos of ruins, where the traveller stumbles over historic recollections which seem to shadow in their glory the grandest efforts of modern days.

Every one who visits the old world, makes this once imperial city almost the alpha and omega of his travels, and with the indispensable guide-book, seeks out its countless attractions and explores its majestic ruins.

Upon his arrival, even the most conceited American, with all his cherished ideas of republican power, must feel like a pigmy among a race of giants; everything connected with that wonderful pile of monuments of the golden age of the Roman Empire, symbolizing greatness.

During our sojourn amid such reminiscences, an imposing number of the officers of the squadron were distributed about among the several hotels in congenial groups ; amusing themselves, by day, in accompanying the great tidal current of visitors which swept along the modern Corso, or the more ancient thoroughfares ; at one moment stopping to gaze upon the great Arena, or to quote poetry on the crumbling summit of the *Coliseum* ; and then to tread the deserted halls of the ivy ruin which crowns the "Imperial Mount," or the grassy walks, which remain ever green, within the colossal Baths of Caracalla.

This daily programme was occasionally varied by the introduction of a somewhat romantic excursion to the popular summit of the "Pincian," from which the pilgrims could gaze down upon the city, and, under the inspiration of most delightful music, recall the long catalogue of associations which render it still a favorite Mecca for all disciples of the historic muse.

Our evenings witnessed constant reunions among the Americans, who were so numerous in the Eternal City as to induce the Pope to remark that he "absolutely believed that Rome was rapidly becoming an American colony !"

During all this time the Admiral and suite were not idle spectators of Roman spoils or wonders ; but permitted themselves to be conducted in all directions, and from one ruin to another, with an interest in the capital which was equal to that of the most enthusiastic. The Vatican alone, with its numberless chambers, filled with the exhumed wonders of generations, compelled his naval excel-

lency to succumb before he had traversed the one-hundredth part of its extended circuit.

The principal events in the Admiral's visit to Rome were his receptions by the Pope, Pio Nono, and the Prime Minister, Cardinal Antonelli, and the superb entertainment given in his honor by Mr. Hooker, Secretary of Legation to the American embassy.



These, with the exception of a very pleasant banquet given to himself and suite by Miss Charlotte Cushman, followed by an evening reception to which that accomplished lady had specially invited many of the promi-

ment "wayfarers" in the city, were the only indulgences his health permitted him to accept, and even they were almost sufficient to destroy the good effects of his brief respite.

The 21st day of March had been designated by His Holiness for the presentation of the Admiral, and, on the morning of that day, it became amusing to observe the *pockets* of the seven officers who accompanied him to the Vatican stuffed to an alarming size with strings of "rosaries," to be blessed by the Pontiff for the benefit of the faithful!

At the hour named, after ascending to the second *piano* of the immense building, and traversing five ante-rooms lined with the Swiss Guard in their harlequin costume, we were ushered into the small throne-room, and there received most cordially by His Holiness, who, upon perceiving the Admiral, at once left the papal chair and came forward to welcome him to Rome; his genial and expressive countenance lighting up with pleasure.

His Holiness conversed very freely with the Admiral; expressed his gratification at his visit to the Pontifical States; spoke of our "great country" and her troubles, which, he said, he "appreciated the more, as he had his own to contend with;" said a word or two about our policy, and then stated his surprise at the "unaccountable friendship existing between the United States and Russia—the one a republic, and the other the very opposite"—an *entente cordiale* to him most astonishing. Upon the Admiral's assurance that this international amity was genuine, His Holiness replied that he fully believed it, but it was nevertheless unaccountable.

After a very pleasant interview, the parties bowed themselves out in a "backward, guide right" manner, and withdrew to the apartments of the Prime Minister, by whom they were no less courteously and cordially greeted.

Cardinal Antonelli has deservedly won the reputation of being a very shrewd and politic diplomatist, little inferior to Bismarck himself, and on this occasion spoke so knowingly of the various plans of "reconstruction" proposed by the American Congress, and, subsequently, so thoroughly of the various improvements in naval architecture and implements of warfare, that we all came to the conclusion that the Papal Government possessed a Premier who could see about as far into a millstone as most statesmen, and tell a "hawk from a hennshaw" without the aid of outside advisers.

A brilliant event of the Admiral's visit to Rome was the radiant entertainment given in his honor, on the evening of the 23d, by Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, in their beautiful suite of apartments in the Palazzo Bonaparte, the first floor of which is occupied by Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte.

Nearly eight hundred invitations had been distributed for this superb *fête*, including all the members of the diplomatic corps, many of the Roman nobility, distinguished foreigners from different countries of Europe, and an imposing number of Americans, the naval uniform being a prominent feature in the throng.

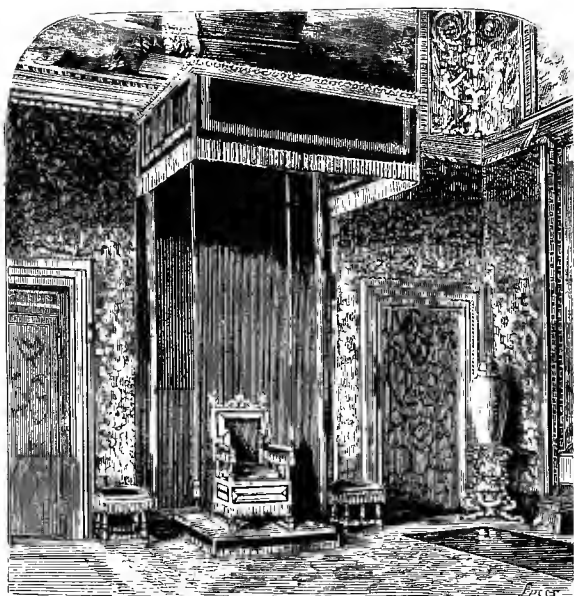
The number present could not have been much less than that of the invitations; eight rooms were thrown open, all handsomely decorated; and as the crowd of mingled

nationalities swayed to and fro, the *tout ensemble* was so marked by hearty greetings that an American might have appropriately addressed the whole, in the words of Mark Antony, as "Romans, countrymen, and lovers!"

The Admiral and staff arrived about ten o'clock, and the old hero was at once stationed in a beautiful little boudoir devoted to works of art and *vertu*, about midway in the long suite, and there supported by Miss Gray, of Boston; Madame de Castro, wife of the Ambassador of Spain, and the Duchess of Saldanha, Ambassadress of Portugal, received the congratulations of the passing army of decorated dignitaries and officials, with their respective families. The members of the diplomatic corps occupied the vanguard of the long and imposing array, and comprised the representatives of Spain, M. de Conte de Castro; Portugal, le Duc de Saldanha; Prussia, Baron Arnim; Bavaria, Baron Sigmund; England, Mr. Russell; and a number of the *attachés* of the several legations; the Ambassadors of France and Austria being detained at home by reason of recent afflictions.

The Roman nobility followed in stately grandeur, in the persons of Prince and Princess Bandini-Giustiniani; Prince and Princess Pallavicini; Duke and Duchess Fiano; Duke and Duchess Gallese; Prince and Princess Massini; Prince Doria; Duke Grogati; Prince Teano; Marquis Capranico; Duke of Rignano; Marquis Garotti; Count and Countess Specci; Count and Countess Albergetti; Count and Countess Trenfanelli, and a host of others with alarming titles, and (presumably) boasting a pedigree from imperial Cæsar; all of whom adopted the example





PONTIFICAL THRONE.







set by the diplomatists of shaking hands with the submissive Admiral.

Several cabinet officials, including General Mantzier, Minister of War, and Count Sonnemberg, commanding the Swiss Guards, succeeded in this formidable procession, while the rear was brought up by members of the Anglo-Saxon family in promiscuous order, comprising Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Grey, Hon. Mr. Bruce, of England; and Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Hon. John P. Kennedy, Captain and Mrs. Strong, with a large deputation of officers, representing the young daughter across the Atlantic.

The entire arrangements were complete in every particular, and the entertainment was a beautiful tribute to the honored guest, who sustained the merciless pressure of hundreds of hands with a resignation worthy of the most zealous candidate for popular favor. During the following day, notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, the Admiral and suite took a last look upon several of the most prominent relics which give interest to the Eternal City; passing from the Quirinal to the Pantheon, the pride of Rome; stopping within the famous Capitol, to gaze upon the mournful visage of the Dying Gladiator and the celebrated Venus, and afterward standing upon the steep Tarpeian, "the promontory whence the Traitor's leap cured all ambition;" thence visiting the colossal statue at the base of which great Cæsar fell; the still eloquent Forum, and other objects of all-absorbing interest, which rise like phantoms of the past along every pathway.

During his sojourn in Rome, he also derived much pleasure from inspecting the studios of the distinguished American artists who gain inspiration from the very atmosphere of that great centre of the fine arts.

Before his departure he received several letters from Vice-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, commanding the English iron-clad squadron in the Mediterranean, earnestly requesting him to visit Malta, in order that he and the officers of the army and navy might pay their respects to "one whose name is so much honored." About the same time he became the recipient of others from prominent politicians at home, very diplomatic in their character and most seductive in their assurances, urging him to accept the nomination to the Presidency from the people of America.

The former invitation he accepted with pleasure, but the latter he stoutly declined, as one neither congenial to his tastes nor his professional inclinations.

On the morning of the 25th of March, when all Rome was preparing to celebrate some saint's day, the Admiral and suite took quiet leave of that interesting city; and after being comfortably deposited in cars obtained through the efforts of Mr. Hooker, whose kindness and attention extended to the very close of our visit, were rapidly transferred to Naples, and shortly afterward to the friendly accommodations of the flag-ship.

His return to this city sounded the signal for renewed civilities on the part of the authorities, and opened a series of attentions which continued until the hour of his final departure from the classic shores of Italy.

On the morning after his arrival, the flag-ship was set in commotion by a visit from the commanding officers of the English, Russian, and Swedish vessels then in the harbor; and the succeeding day the Admiral returned all these friendly visitations, and also called upon Vice-Admiral Provana, by each and all of whom he was received in the most hospitable manner.

During the remainder of our sojourn in this beautiful bay, the cry was daily, "Still they come!" the vessel being constantly thronged with people from the shore, and not unfrequently by parties of Americans, travelling along that enchanted ground between Naples and Sorrento, including Mr. Motley, Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, Mr. Gray, and others, with their respective families, who were delighted with their country's representative frigate and felt privileged to pace her polished decks.

On the morning of the 29th the Italian corvette *Magenta* entered the harbor, and after the customary civilities were over, a second excursion was made to Pompeii and Herculaneum, to examine with more care and less excitement the wonderful monuments of those long-buried cities. This inspection was a most thorough one, and there were few of the houses of the luxurious old Pompeians at which we failed to leave our cards, passing within those of Diomedes, Pansa, Sallust, the Tragic Poet, the Wild Boar, Glaucus, and others, with all the freedom of those determined to make themselves at home, and handling bread in the museum, baked over 1,700 years ago, as if proprietors of the oven itself. Upon returning from that fascinating spot, after lingering for hours along

its deserted and tomblike ways, we enjoyed a splendid illumination from Vesuvius, whose crater was very active, and discharged down the sides of the burning mountain brilliant streams of melted lava.

On the following morning, the fever for sight-seeing raging high, a very delightful trip was made to the classic scenes of Roman history along the northern shores of the lovely Bay of Naples as far as Misenum, where the great triumvirate once met to divide the empire.

During this inspiring pilgrimage we passed the tomb of Virgil, through the grotto of Posilippo, and shortly afterward entered Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the ancients, which was surrounded in former times by the villas of the wealthy, and became the centre of the fashionable world of Rome, the Saratoga of Italian pleasure-seekers.

After visiting the amphitheatre built by Caligula, in which Nero fought (unluckily, he was not devoured), and the dens underneath, into which St. Januarius was thrown as a tempting morsel to the wild beasts, who refused to "touch, taste, or handle," a rapid excursion was made to the villa of Cicero, a pile of ruins which speak eloquently of past grandeur and luxury. Thence a brief inspection was made of the temples of Diana, Neptune, and Serapis; from which we continued along the Bay road, passing Monte Nuovo, thrown up in the year 1538 by volcanic eruption; the Baths of Julius Cæsar; Lake Lucrine, which recalled the Emperor Agrippa and the Roman "bivalves," the Italian "Saddle Rocks;" and the Baths of Nero, where the water is sufficiently hot to boil an egg in two minutes! At this point a diversion was made through a crowd of

leprous-looking beggars, venders of antiquities, and other natives, into a very old Temple of Minerva, in the large vaulted chamber of which three weird women, "withered and wild in their attire," like the black and midnight hags who greeted Macbeth, performed the Tarantella to the discordant thumpings of a soulless tamborine, with an absence of grace lamentable enough to have killed Euphrosyne, Thalia, or Aglaia. They received a wonderful gratuity for their angular antics, and are doubtless still blessing American liberality.

From this scene of demonstrative agility we proceeded on to Baiæ, celebrated by Horace, and, according to Cicero, one of the most licentious cities in Italy; passing through Bacoli, filled with repulsive-looking beggars; and thence to the Castle of Toledo, situated on the promontory, and commanding a most glorious view of the entire Bay of Naples.

After paying a tribute of mute indifference to the home of Hortensius, where the savage Nero plotted his mother's death; to the tomb of Agrippina, and other ruins scattered about in that locality of monuments, a retrograde movement was voted, and not daring to stop at a hotel, which promised much but kept little, we returned by way of the Sibyl's Cave, our olfactories assailed by the foul atmosphere of that fabled entrance to the infernal regions. Here we discharged our guide, who had swindled us to an amount equal only to fifty per cent. upon the original contract made, denied all further "*bono manos*" to the tormenting beggars, and reached our congenial quarters upon the flag-ship, charmed with the wonders of this classic excursion, and at

the same time rejoiced to find ourselves at home with the clothing on our backs, and with purses not quite emptied by the extortions of the natives.

On the same evening, Admiral Farragut reciprocated the many attentions he had received in Naples by giving a superb entertainment to Admiral Provana, of the Italian navy. The table was arranged for about twenty guests on the starboard side of the gun-deck; the open space being enclosed with flags, and decorated in the usual ingenious manner of American sailors.

Among those present at this banquet were the Prefect, Marquis Rudini; Rear-Admiral Cerutti; Generals Lombardini, Pettinengo, and Strada; Captain Crapols, and Senator Fiorelli; Captain Rosengren, commanding Swedish frigate *Gefle*; Captain Arminjon, Italian frigate *Magenta*; Captain Wake and Commander Adeane, of the English frigates *Endymion* and *Arethusa*; Colonel De Sauget, A.D.C.; Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, New York; Mr. Rogers, United States Consul; Captain Le Roy, and the commanding officers of the vessels of the American Squadron, then in the harbor.

The entertainment was prolonged until a late hour, the band performing successively the national airs of all the countries represented, while speeches were made and compliments exchanged in the intervals.

On the 2d of April, while the Admiral and staff were visiting the dockyards of Naples and the extensive iron founderies of Pietrarsa, near Portici, to which they were escorted by Admiral Provana, the *line* hurried off to finish up the city and its surroundings, from St. Elmo to the



Riviera de Chiaja, and to make their last investments in coral.

During the latter days of our sojourn in Naples, some little agitation was visible upon the reflective visages of many of the officers, who had been ordered before a Board to undergo a "mental, moral, and physical examination," for promotion. The hopes of preferment sustained them, in this hour of trial, even against the fears of professional inquisitions, and they bore up under the suspense with a fortitude worthy the old Romans in their days of national trouble.

While at Naples, the Admiral received many invitations from different societies, requesting his presence at their several meetings, and expressing a great desire to welcome the "distinguished representative of the American Republic." From these people we realized the fact that our country's name is a talisman to all who yearn for free government; while among those whose position and interests forbid revolutionary actions, it is held synonymous with all that dignifies power. Among many invitations, there was one so complimentary to our country and her naval representative as to deserve a page in the log of the *Franklin*. It reads as follows:—

"ROYAL THEATRE OF THE FONDO,

"NAPLES, 31st March, 1868.

"ILLUSTRIOUS ADMIRAL:—Every Italian rejoiced for your arrival in the land of Dante and Garibaldi. Could we remain indifferent? The victor of Mobile, the most valiant among the defenders of the great American na-

tion, cannot refuse the homage of the dramatic artists, in whom love of Liberty is great.

“Admiral, we desire to have you, your lady, and officers, on Thursday next (2d April), among us at the above-mentioned theatre, and we hope you will not disappoint our expectations.

“The present is a cordial and disinterested invitation that I, in the name also of my companions, beg to present to you, as a token of homage and gratitude from the Italians to the American people.

“I respectfully beg the permission to dedicate to you a special performance at the Royal Theatre of the Fondo; we shall do all in our power to demonstrate to you, to your lady, and officers, how profound is our estimation of your virtues, of the nobility of the character of the nation to which you belong, and of which you are one of the greatest illustrations.

“With respect,

“Illustrious Admiral, yours,

(Signed)

“FANNY SADOVSKA.

“Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT.”

Notwithstanding the fascinating appeal of this expressive letter, a prior engagement prevented the Admiral's acceptance of the invitation, and the patriotic lessee of the Royal Theatre of the Fondo had to put up with a written reply instead of the flesh and blood of the hoped-for guest.

At noon on the 4th of April, the Duchess d'Aosta sailed out of the harbor in an Italian gun-boat, to meet her liege lord, who is the second son of King Victor

Emmanuel. The yards of the *Franklin* were manned in honor of the event, and, as the royal yacht passed our bow, the band performed the national air. A few hours afterward the vessel returned with the Prince on board, when the same honors were repeated by the *Franklin*, and a salute fired, with the Italian flag at the fore.

This was the concluding ceremonial in the Bay of Naples, and, indeed, in the waters of Italy.



## CHAPTER XXX.

DEPARTURE FROM NAPLES—ARRIVAL AND SCENES IN MES  
SINA—VISIT TO SYRACUSE AND ITS ANTIQUITIES—DEPART-  
URE FOR MALTA.

ON the afternoon of April 6th, after giving our last baiocchi to the importunate lazzaroni, and receiving their blessings upon our charity, and exchanging visits with Admiral Provana and General Strada, the anchor was weighed, and our frigate stood southwardly over the lovely bay of Naples; the officers flocking on deck to obtain a last glimpse of the picturesque panorama which skirts this beautiful harbor.

Looking back towards the city, clusters of houses seem to rise in terraces to the very heights of Posilippo on the one side, and along the lava-coated slopes of Vesuvius on the other, while the majestic castle of St. Elmo crowns the intervening summit, the watch-tower of the whole.

At six o'clock we passed between the promontory of Sorrento and the island of Capri, to which all tourists direct their steps to see the celebrated Grotto Azzurra, the Grotto of Nymphs, and to visit the site of Tiberius' retreat and of his orgies.

At night even the burning cone of Vesuvius was hidden by intervening headlands, and the ocean was our sole panorama. On the following morning the coni-

cal form of Stromboli, "the light-house of the Mediterranean" among sailors, arose above the horizon, its volcanic peak smoking faintly, the fires beneath then finding vent from the greater chimney behind us. Shortly afterwards the entire group of the Lipari family appeared like specks on the wide expanse before us.

Early in the afternoon we reached the Straits of Messina, connecting the Tyrrhenian and Ionian Seas, and celebrated among the ancients as a place of peril for mariners. But the flag-ship, obedient to her helm, passed safely through, and succeeded in avoiding Charybdis without encountering the fabled monster Scylla, and immediately thereafter entered the harbor of Messina, well termed *Zancle* by its founders, from its resemblance to a sickle.

The entrance of the frigate into this very old roadstead created an unusual sensation on shore and among the shipping; and the quay, always, according to Murray, "dull and monotonous," was thronged with people of all ages and sexes, some cheering lustily, as if we were laden with gold for their depleted purses (an idea which soon assumed reality), and all staring, as if a moment's removal of the vision would lose them the benefit of some important movement on deck.

In the midst of all we fired the national salute, its echoes reverberating along the hills, and then received on board the Captain of the port, who came out, in all the pride and pomp of official dignity, to pay his devoirs to the American commander, and welcome him to Messina. During the formality of this reception the band per-

formed some very beautiful and spirited airs, which increased the excitement on shore—Italians becoming ecstatic even over a hand-organ—and particularly aroused a number of turbaned Turks, who were huddled together on the decks of a merchantman near us, bound to some port in the Ottoman empire.

On the following morning the flag-ship was again turned over to the tender mercies of the cleansing department, when those not on duty gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to *do* the city.

According to a time-honored custom, the officers started off in detachments, forced their way through the astonished masses on the Marina, looking the very spirit of independence, returning glance for glance, and then started along the "Corso" or the "Garibaldi" to the great Cathedral; gazed at the autograph letter of the Virgin, which *must be* genuine; called upon Mr. Behn, the U. S. Consul, a very pleasant gentleman, who has resided there so long as to have become perfectly indifferent to earthquakes and eruptions; and finally, after making a few purchases as souvenirs, gladly returned to their floating hotel and announced that they were ready to leave that harbor.

During the day the Admiral received and returned the visits of the Prefect of the District and the General commanding the forces; both of them were very cordial in their greetings and in their assurances of a warm welcome among a people who knew and appreciated his services. After this, accompanied by his staff, he made the attempt to visit the city, for the purpose of seeing its attractions, and to examine the grave of his old friend Captain Gor-





THE ADMIRAL AND BEGGARS, MESSINA.







don, of the U. S. Navy, who was buried here in 1816; and although he managed to accomplish the latter, yet it was at the cost of so much labor and trouble, and against the constant attacks of such hordes of beggars, that he capitulated, and retreated in haste to the protection of his ship.

This part of the population of Italy is a nuisance all over that kingdom; but the persistency of those on the mainland is almost nothing to that of those on the Island of Sicily. The lazzaroni of Rome are certainly bad enough, but those of Naples are worse; and we met the superlative degree in Messina and Syracuse, and became so much annoyed at their unyielding importunities, their piteous grimaces, and their assumed distress, that we hurried away to the frigate as to a place of refuge.

There is an old saying, the force of which every one experiences in the summer, when the mercury stands about 90° in the shade: "If you kill one fly, ten others come to its funeral;" and, with a slight alteration, it is applicable to human insects on the Island of Sicily, for we found that if we gave one beggar a *baioccho*, about fifty others would dart out from alleyways and passages, and hold out their skinny hands in most persuasive appeals. A rapid retreat was the only course to prevent certain destruction, for the run upon our banks was truly frightful.

While on this subject, I desire to remark that this begging system amounts, in some places, to an art, in which many excel. I once observed a girl, showing nothing but the whites of her eyes, in perfect distress, moaning out, "*mio padre*," or "*mia madre*," and motioning to her lips

in token of starvation, who, the very moment she received a *bono mano*, burst out laughing, and started off to exult in her deceptive powers among a crowd of her admiring companions.

That girl would make a capital diplomatist.

The city of Messina presents a very beautiful and picturesque appearance from the harbor. It is situated on the declivity of a mountain, and its white houses, constructed almost entirely from lava, contrast very prettily with the orange, olive, and lemon groves which clothe its entire slope.

It is a very ancient city, and is said to have been founded one thousand years before the Christian era; but from that remote period to 1783, when it was almost entirely destroyed by a terrible earthquake, it suffered so frequently from wars, tumults, insurrections, plagues, bombardments, and shakings up by old Etna's ravings, that it seems a wonder that there should now remain one stone upon another.

Why the people should cling so tenaciously to such an apparently doomed place, is perhaps best explained by our Consul, who, with his no less devoted wife, visited the ship on the succeeding day, and who, in response to a question as to the reason of this fondness for a city so exposed, simply said: "That every one was accustomed to the evil, and," added he, "we are as prepared for earthquakes here as you are for any disease in America. We have our premonitory symptoms, and we do not neglect the precautions; and when the ground commences to *heave* we all *hold on*, as you do in a ship; become a little sea-sick with the trembling motion; knock our heads together a little;

stay up all night to see the performance over, and sometimes remain for three days in this position, waiting for the earth-storm to subside." Truly, the very paradise of a place for a permanent residence!

On the afternoon of April 9th, after receiving the delighted consul, whose flag never floated more proudly on shore, and an Italian officer, anchor was again weighed, and we steamed out of the harbor of Messina, and turning sharply around the point of the "pruning-hook," proceeded southwardly along the coast of Sicily, with the city of Syracuse marked upon the programme for our next stopping-place.

At 5 P.M. Mount Etna was on our starboard beam, and all officers were up, armed with glasses to trace the great mountain whose fame has reached to all lands. A heavy bank of clouds rested upon its snow-topped summit and remained in jealous contact, hiding its volcanic cone, and leaving us as a legacy a beautiful sunset to reveal the line of perpetual winter.

At midnight, while all save those on duty were slumbering quietly, and dreaming of friends "across the ocean's foam," there sounded the signal for "general quarters." The captain had long threatened a surprise, and had selected the night of our entrance into the harbor of Syracuse for its execution. He had kept his secret remarkably well, and when the drum rolled off the summons there was indeed "hurrying to and fro;" hammocks were slung in an instant, and all assembled at their respective quarters as if an enemy was upon us, and in a very few minutes the ship was "ready for action" with

anybody or any nation, and we felt prepared, as an officer remarked, "to fight the devil himself."

The staff was caught napping, and yet appeared early on the *ground*, with the exception of one who would not be aroused by the drum-beat at dead of night; "so we let him sleep on, in the berth where his rank had placed him." As the night was most lovely, the scene was rather enjoyable, and to the Captain's smiling looks we returned expressive glances of gratitude for his selection of such an auspicious hour instead of the very stormy one we had been led to anticipate.

On the morning of April 10th, known to certain denominations of the Christian world as Good Friday, we found ourselves quietly anchored in the harbor of the old city of Syracuse, having been piloted in by an officer sent expressly for that purpose by Rear-Admiral Count de Verri, commanding the Italian fleet in the bay.

By the particular request of the authorities, after firing the national salute, our flag was placed half-mast in consideration of the day; and as soon as the opening ceremonies were over, a rapid movement was made upon the city, to inspect its wonders within the twenty-four hours allotted for the visit.

Making our way through regiments of beggars with stolid indifference, and endeavoring to check the very liberal gratuities of the Admiral, who was generally the object of universal attack, we managed to reach the Cathedral, a wonderfully preserved relic of Pagan and Doric architecture, and quite famous as having witnessed continuous worshipping for two thousand five hundred

years! It was once a temple of Minerva, and is still one of the grandest monuments of antiquity which the world presents.

Passing outside the extensive walls, which are or were protected by numerous fortifications, we paid a flying visit to the "Catacombs," which ramify in all directions beneath the surface of the earth, and illustrate the beauties of the underground railroad system to perfection. Within these dark passages we handled the bones of very ancient Syracusans, and with Hamlet wondered whether they "cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?"

Presenting to the delighted octogenarian doorkeeper the most liberal *bono mano* he had ever clutched, we passed thence to the wonderful caverns or *latomiæ*, the principal one of which is known as the Ear of Dionysius, cut out of the solid rock, and having a polished groove along the top, by means of which even a whisper is conveyed from one end to the other. It is said to have been so constructed in order that the old tyrant could sit at ease within his elevated boudoir and listen to the plots and plans of the prisoners whom he incarcerated by the hundred.

After a full inspection of this monument of misery and power, and enjoying a short dissertation from the Admiral upon the "excessive cruelties of the ancients," we made a tour to the ruins of a Greek theatre, a Roman amphitheatre, a temple of Diana, the palace of sixty beds constructed by Agathocles, the tomb of the great philosopher Archimedes, and finally retraced our course to the

city, and then made a pilgrimage to the famous fountain of Arethusa, formed by that beautiful nymph when provokingly pursued by her baffled lover Alpheus, and now converted into an immense washing-trough for the unromantic laundresses of modern Syracuse !

“ To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ? ”

Upon returning to the flag-ship the Admiral was officially visited by the Prefect of the Province, the General commanding the fort and the forces in the district, and Rear-Admiral Count de Verri, commanding the naval squadron in that locality, his flag flying from the iron-clad frigate *Prince de Carignano*, each of whom was received with the customary honors, and appeared delighted with their friendly interviews.

On the following morning, the atmosphere being unusually transparent, we were favored with a magnificent view of Mount Etna, its entire summit wreathed in a diadem of snow, towering high into the air, and presenting a glorious monument of all that is grand and sublime in nature.

During the day the Admiral returned all the visits on his list, and everywhere met with the most cordial demonstrations of respect and esteem, receiving every assurance of a welcome to the city, and of a general desire for him to prolong his stay and accept its hospitalities—an invitation in which the beggars even would unite by exclaiming,—



“ Do, your Excellency, permit *us* to persuade you ! ”

After completing his New-Year calls, the Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and two members of his staff noted for their extreme diffidence, again visited the many vestiges of antiquity in which Syracuse abounds ; relieved himself and his followers of many *soldi* and *baiocchi* ; collected sundry little relics, and then returned to give the cheering orders to “ prepare for sea,” which, in this harbor, were responded to with most suggestive demonstrations of joy.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the flag-ship moved out of the roadstead ; and as we stood upon her elevated deck, and looked back upon the receding city and recalled her wonderful history, we became impressed with feelings of respect for her by-gone power and of commiseration for her rapid decline.

Founded at a period nearly coeval with Rome herself, and during many generations the very centre of the arts and sciences, and the resort of many of the men of might ; the home of Archimedes and Theocritus, and a favorite residence of Plato, Zeno, and Cicero, that marvellous monument of former glory seems to have survived even more of the fearful ravages of nations than her twin sufferer Messina. Besieged at various times and with varying success by the Athenians, Romans, and Saracens, and almost entirely levelled by the great earthquake of 1693, it now presents but a feeble remnant of its former magnitude and extent, a very dim shadow of its once brilliant outline ; and from a powerful and warlike population of a quarter of a million has gradually become diminished

to an enervated race of less than one-twelfth that number, many of whom are poor and in the ranks of beggary, seeming to exist only as living witnesses of the general ruin, the very piles of crumbling architecture harmonizing with the animate and inanimate evidences of national decay.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

ARRIVAL IN MALTA—CEREMONIES, OVATIONS, AND FÊTES—  
REVIEWS BY THE ARMY AND NAVY—MATINÉE ON FRANK-  
LIN—BANQUETS BY GOVERNOR AND LORD PAGET—BRIL-  
LIANT BALL AT THE UNION CLUB-HOUSE—GRAND REVIEW  
OF ENGLISH IRON-CLAD FLEET—DEPARTURE FROM MALTA.

EARLY on the morning of Easter Sunday the *Franklin* entered the harbor of Valetta, the capital of the Island of Malta, and was shortly afterwards moored near the English iron-clad squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget.

The appearance of this famous old roadstead is very formidable, and, judging from the number and position of the fortresses and batteries bearing upon it, may be considered almost impregnable against an attack from sea.

Owing to the day, the customary saluting was postponed by mutual understanding until the morrow; but in the mean time our entrée was most beautifully enlivened by the band upon the *Caledonia* greeting us with the familiar strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," to which we immediately responded with "God save the Queen," which invariably brings a smile to the austere countenance of the most dignified Britisher that ever wore the scarlet or the blue.

As soon as moored, the Admiral was visited by the

United States Consul, Mr. William Winthrop, who was profuse in his greetings, and informed our "chief" that very extensive preparations had been set on foot in Malta to give him a brilliant reception. The Admiral smiled, as one who finds himself in the hands of enthusiastic admirers, and calmly awaited the ordeal.

Mr. Winthrop has done the honors as American Consul in that port for nearly thirty-five years, having been appointed by President Jackson! Who can say, after this, that Republics are ungrateful?

During the morning many of the officers attended service in the English church, and in the afternoon Vice-Admiral Paget, and Rear-Admiral Henry Kellett, Superintendent of the Dockyards, called upon Admiral Farragut, and enjoyed a most friendly meeting in the cabin. There were also on board at the same time large numbers of English soldiers; and the red and blue mingled most fraternally, and in their greetings symbolized the very spirit of international cordiality!

Upon our arrival at this celebrated station, the English squadron, consisting of ten vessels, several of them iron-clad frigates, was ready to start on a cruise to the Levant; but the day of its departure had been purposely delayed, in order that the commander and his officers might unite in the honors to be extended to Admiral Farragut. The fleet was a very formidable one, comprising the

Iron-clad Frigate	<i>Caledonia</i> (flag-ship),	..4,125 tons,	Capt. Gardner.
"	"	<i>Lord Warden</i> , . . . . .	4,080 tons, " Rolland.
"	"	<i>Lord Clyde</i> , . . . . .	4,067 tons, " Dew.
"	"	<i>Caradoc</i> , . . . . .	676 tons, Com. Elphinstone.

Frigate,	<i>Arethusa</i> , . . . . .	3,141 tons, Com. Adeane.
“	<i>Endymion</i> , . . . . .	2,486 tons, Capt. Wake.
Steam-sloop,	<i>Psyche</i> , . . . . .	835 tons, Com. Sir F. Blackwood.
“	<i>Wizard</i> , . . . . .	“ P. J. Murray.
Frigate,	<i>Hibernia</i> , . . . . .	2,530 tons, Capt. Norcock.
Gunboat,	<i>Tyrian</i> , . . . . .	Com. Church.

Having an aggregate of about 23,000 tons and carrying 240 guns, many of them of very heavy calibre.

Early on the following morning, the grand passage of national compliments commenced and was pretty generally continued throughout the day—the heavy thundering of the “loud-mouthed cannon” reverberating along the granite rocks which environ the bay, and carrying sounds of war into the habitations along the densely crowded wharves.

At eleven o’clock the Admiral, accompanied by his staff and the American Consul, Mr. Winthrop, left the flag-ship for the purpose of performing his official duties by calling upon the Governor-General, Sir Patrick Grant; and upon reaching the Custom-House Landing was received by a guard of honor, consisting of a full company of the Royal Artillery, and by them escorted to the Palace, formerly the residence of the Grand Master of the Order of St. John.

Within this superb monument of former glory and present power, the Admiral was most kindly and cordially received by Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, and by them tendered the hospitalities of the city. After a very pleasant interview and the most friendly greetings, the Governor escorted his guests through one or two of the grand corridors, richly embellished with scenes commemorative of the more important battles of the Order, and invited them to a more

general examination of the building at such time as the Admiral might appoint.

Forcing himself away from all the interesting relics which were strewn profusely around in that historic museum, the Admiral led the way with the delighted Consul to the really "palatial" residence of Vice-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, a worthy successor of the gallant Knights of Malta who once tenanted that magnificent building, where our entire party received a most cordial welcome from the hospitable master himself and his highly accomplished consort, Lady Paget, and were made to feel so much at home that impressions of the pleasant visit are indelibly impressed upon our hearts and recall the most agreeable reminiscences.

After passing a delightful hour or two with these noble specimens of the Saxon household, we were escorted by them to St. John's Cathedral, the principal temple of the Knights of Malta, and decidedly the most interesting souvenir on the island. It is alone worthy of a visit to that little sea-girt spot, and repays a very careful inspection. Everything within its sombre and massive walls speaks of an epoch of almost fabulous power. Along the rich mosaic pavement are the tombs of the Knights of the Order, their escutcheons disclosing their rank and recording their services; while the two aisles, extending along on either side of the nave, contain the various chapels of the Knights of Spain, Portugal, Austria, France, Bavaria, and England.

These, with the numerous superb mausoleums of Grand Masters, composed of bronze, copper, and marble, all show-

ing the highest perfection of art, and the tombs of the famous La Valette, Pietro de Monte, and other chieftains, contained in the crypt, present the most beautifully *illustrated* history of this celebrated order, which for more than two centuries and a half not only held possession of the island against the most fierce and terrible assaults of the Turks, but sent its more famous commanders to extend its glory in Germany, Spain, Portugal, and other countries of Europe!

During the afternoon Governor-General Sir Patrick Grant returned the Admiral's visit, and was received on board the flag-ship with all the honors; and in the evening a kind invitation to occupy his box at the opera was gladly accepted, and we had the pleasure of witnessing a very fair performance, in Italian, of the sublime tragedy of Macbeth; although it certainly seemed inhuman in the actors to *sing* over the "taking off" of the unfortunate Duncan.

Throughout the day, the ship was fairly besieged with visitors, and pressing invitations from the different regiments of the garrison and private individuals were received, and accepted or declined by the Admiral, as his time and prior engagements demanded.

Our short experience in this city had convinced us, that whilst offering a delightful sojourn, from its many historic and social interests, it presents a counterpoise in the *court-plaster* propensities of the numerous commissionnaires, who cling closer than a brother, follow you with unblushing fidelity, and cannot be made to understand the true meaning of that little monosyllable, "No!"

We had run the gantlet of the lazzaroni of Italy and Sicily, and had visited the importunate Moors on the beach at Tangier, but it seemed to be reserved as a final trial to withstand the adhesive clutches of these Maltese guides, for native ingenuity failed to relieve us of their affectionate companionship!

If to the plagues of Egypt had been added the hordes of beggars of Southern Europe, and the leeches who watch every stranger in the streets of Valetta, the miseries inflicted upon that nation would surely have been greater than it could have borne!

Our short sojourn within this rock-bound harbor clearly demonstrated the assurance, that the Admiral's visit had been a long-expected and a devoutly wished for event: and immediately after our arrival it became evident that extensive preparations had been making for his reception, and that the desire to accord him a fitting welcome extended to officers of every rank in both branches of the service.

We subsequently learned that the anticipated ovations had become the subject of conversation in the club-houses and private residences, and that many plans were suggested to give *éclat* to the advent of the great American Admiral.

Fêtes and reviews, dinners and *déjeûners*, balls and *matinées* had been determined upon, and our arrival in the harbor served as a signal for a general unmasking of the social batteries and their unfailing discharges in our behalf.

To give additional pleasure to these hospitable overtures, there was an unusual amount of good feeling displayed by every one; a general desire prevalent to act out the part of



host ; and as an evidence that this fellowship was not confined to a few, but, on the contrary, that it extended amongst all classes of the population, I present a copy of some verses printed on half-sheets of paper, and distributed among the sailors on the evening after our arrival.

They are, perhaps, not equal in poetic grandeur or in imagery to the more studied productions of the greater poets, but nevertheless convey a good idea of the sentiments entertained by those on shore for their *American Cousins*.

## FRATERNAL GREETING.

Ho, brother, I'm a Britisher,  
 A chip of "heart of oak,"  
 That wouldn't warp, or swerve, or stir  
 From what I thought or spoke.  
 And you, a blunt and honest man,  
 Straightforward, kind, and true—  
 I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
 That you're a Briton—too.

I know your heart, an honest heart—  
 I read your mind and will,  
 A greyhound ever on the start,  
 To run for honor still.  
 And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,  
 And stout to see it done—  
 I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
 That you and I are one.

"God Save the Queen" delights you still.  
 And "British Grenadiers ;"  
 The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,  
 And catch you by the ears ;

And we, Oh, hate us if you can,  
 For we are proud of you—  
 We like you, Brother Jonathan,  
 And “ Yankee Doodle ”—too !

What more, I touch not holier things,  
 A loftier strain to win,  
 Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,  
 Or heavenly kith or kin.  
 As friend with friend, and man with man,  
 O let our hearts be thus—  
 As David's love to Jonathan,  
 Be Jonathan's to us !

A large number of the prominent officers of the garrison called, on the morning of April 14th, to pay their respects to Admiral Farragut, and as soon as they had inspected the ship and disembarked, he paid an official visit to Rear-Admiral Kellett, and accompanied that officer upon a grand tour of examination of the immense dock-yard, which is capable of admitting the largest men-of-war. The result of this little promenade was very exhausting ; but as the Admiral has a most marvellous fondness for such things as appertain to his profession, every thought of fatigue vanished before the pleasure of the inspection.

In the afternoon, in company with Lady Grant, Mrs. Farragut, and Captain Grant, we made an excursion to San Antonio, the summer palace of the Governor, situated about four miles west of Valetta, on the road to Citta Vecchia, passing near the famous Grotto of St. Paul, in which, according to tradition, the zealous apostle, accom-

panied by his co-laborer, St. Luke, resided for some three months.

On the same evening, with Mrs. Farragut and his staff, Admiral Farragut was very delightfully entertained at a grand banquet given in honor of his arrival by the Governor-General, Sir Patrick Grant. It was in all respects a most superb fête, and unusually elegant in its surroundings.

The Admiral was received with all the honors, the band of the palace performing our national airs as he entered, and the soldiers presenting arms. A large number of the prominent officers of the garrison were present on this happy occasion.

The supper-table was artistically arranged in the grand armory of the old Knights of Malta, which afforded an excellent opportunity for a leisurely inspection of that intensely interesting apartment.

It is an immense saloon, containing the armor, weapons, and armorial bearings of the old knights, and answers at the same time as an arsenal for the storage of large quantities of muskets, pistols, and other arms for the use of the garrison.

It would require an auctioneer to enumerate the seemingly endless list of relics which arrest the visitor's attention in that historic room, for any other voice would weary of recounting the suits of armor, the coats of mail, the cuirasses, the gauntlets, battle-axes, and old specimens of artillery, which speak eloquently of a by-gone period of chivalry.

The succeeding day was quite an animated one through-

out Valetta, the streets being alive with people flocking hither and thither to see the grand review ordered in honor of Admiral Farragut, who they doubtless wished would come oftener to Malta, to change the monotony of life on that island.

The first review took place in the morning, upon which occasion the entire naval brigade was in line, and presented an unusually fine appearance. The sailors turned out strong, and manœuvred remarkably well, eliciting the highest commendation from the Admiral, whose eye glanced with admiration along the marching columns of his brother tars.

This was succeeded at an early hour in the afternoon by a very imposing and brilliant review of all the troops composing the garrison, by General Sir Patrick Grant, when about five thousand soldiers appeared under arms, comprising the 8th, 14th, 24th, 31st, 64th, 87th, and Royal Artillery regiments, all of whom marched admirably, and showed the good effects of a rigid discipline.

The Admiral occupied an advanced position by the side of the reviewing officer, and received the salutes of the several regiments as they successively passed.

Some of the subsequent evolutions performed by them were executed with wonderful precision, the great aim of English tactics being to unite evenness of alignment with steadiness of movement, and the effect was very fine and inspiring to those who have a weakness for soldierly accomplishments.

A large concourse of citizens, numerous enough to cause one to believe that Valetta had been depopulated,

surrounded the field occupied by the military, and united in the general acclamations which greeted the various evolutions.

In the evening, Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, with the affectionate staff, were very handsomely entertained at dinner by Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, at which everything that could add to the general effect due to the presence of their guests was supplied with a most liberal hand.

As we entered the house and passed up to the reception-room, the capacious hall was lined on either side with soldiers and sailors alternately placed, while the garrison band played our national airs as prettily as if the performers had an equal copartnership in them.

There were about thirty persons at the table, most of whom were naval officers, and toward the conclusion of the banquet Lord Paget made a few very eulogistic remarks about his distinguished guest and the "great country he represented," and which he knew so well, and proposed as a toast, "The health of Admiral Farragut, whose reputation is European as well as American, and now belongs to the world."

The Admiral was "taken aback," as the sailors say, as he did not anticipate any speech-making; but, nevertheless, he immediately rallied, formed in close column, and made a counter-attack which left the field and its honors about equally divided. The entertainment was one of the most agreeable we had ever experienced, the host and hostess seeming to be perfectly "at home" in all the etiquette and accomplishments of such ceremonies, and by their genuine hospitality and sparkling manner giving a

freshness and pleasure to the scene which made every one feel contented with himself and all the world besides.

During the evening a brilliant reception was given, of which a large number of officers and prominent civilians availed themselves to pay their respects to the Admiral, who was the principal point of attack. The capacious saloons were all thrown open, presenting a charming suite, filled with the *élite* of the Maltese world, and a universal buzz rapidly succeeded the comparative quiet of the dining-hall, which had so recently been the scene of the banquet.

His Excellency Sir Patrick and Lady Grant were present with their daughter; also Rear-Admiral Kellett, C.B., who has the misfortune to be a bachelor; all the general and commanding officers of the brigades and regiments, and many of the leading members of the civil government.

It was a most delightful reunion, and made even more pleasant than usual by the excellent harmony which prevailed. "The iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve" ere the pleasure-seekers separated and returned to their respective quarters, to dream over the stirring events of the hour.

The afternoon of the following day had been reserved by the Admiral for a "return matinée" on board the *Franklin*, and all the persuasions of the regimental officers could not induce him to abandon it, to dine with them or to accept attentions from any quarter. Although they told him that he was their guest, and that he was not expected to entertain them, he was as inflexible as a

rock, and insisted upon acknowledging their many kindnesses by a reception on his own floating tabernacle.

Upon this well-remembered occasion the *Franklin* was robed in most glorious and becoming colors. No belle of the fashionable world ever felt prouder of her appearance, or anticipated more confidently the sure conquest of some susceptible admirer, than did the captain, the executive, and the deck officers of their improvised ball-room, and the admiration it would excite among the expected guests. Captain Pennock's countenance was serenely pleasant; and even the scrutinizing glance of the Chief of Staff failed to detect the slightest disarrangement in her dress. Lieutenant-Commander Pearson was forced to smile as his eye took a last survey of the whole; and Manley, Coffin, Rowland, Harris, and Hoff successively peeped above the hatch, endorsed the style of the ship's toilet, and then retired to their quarters to await the grand dénouement.

His Excellency Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, with their daughter, arrived early and were received with a national salute, the band playing "God save the Queen" as they advanced along the deck. Lord and Lady Clarence Paget appeared soon afterwards, and were received with similar honors. These were followed by Lord Houlton, Colonial Secretary, and Lady Houlton; Rear-Admiral Kellett, C.B.; Major-General Ridley and Staff; Major-General Atherley and Staff; Colonel Goodenough, commanding the Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Goodenough; Colonel and Mrs. Durnford; Colonel and Mrs. Rich; Colonel and Mrs. Gubbins; Colonel Woods; Colonel and Mrs. Glyn; Colonels Eager, Shute, and Lyons; Major

Hawley; Baroness Damico; Messrs. Walter Stewart and Thornhill, Flag-Lieutenants to Admiral Paget; Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop; Mr. and Mrs. Eynaud, and a very large number of the society-world of Valetta.

The gay decks of the flag-ship soon became brilliant with glittering uniforms, the dashing scarlet of the English infantry-men contrasting beautifully with the navy blue of the royal artillery and the American line and staff.

No ball-room on shore was ever more animated; dancing was maintained without cessation for four hours; not even the attractions of a sumptuous entertainment on the gun-deck enticing the Terpsichoreans from the enchanting galop or popular waltz; and when the hour for departure arrived, the delighted guests passed reluctantly over the gangway, leaving assurances of having enjoyed a most agreeable afternoon, and expressing the usual regrets that it was registered among the things that were.

On the following morning the Archbishop of Malta paid an official visit to the Admiral, and as soon as he left the ship the latter called upon the commanding officers of all the English vessels of war in the harbor; after which very agreeable visits were again made to Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, and Lord and Lady Paget.

The same evening, being the last of our sojourn in Malta, had been set apart by the officers of the army and navy for a grand ball in honor of Admiral Farragut, to be given at the Union Club-House, a very large building formerly owned by one of the Grand Masters, and specially adapted for entertainments of such magnitude.



This proved a most superb scene in our closing act, and was well calculated to impress Malta and her people most firmly upon the memory.

The street immediately in front of the building was lined on either side by a regiment of soldiers, and as the Admiral approached the entrance they presented arms, and their band performed our national melodies. The large vestibule and halls adjoining were beautifully decorated with flags of various devices, and the corridors and stairway, besides being handsomely embellished, were lined with soldiers and sailors alternately placed; the former presenting with the musket and the latter with the cutlass.

Upon entering the grand saloon, which was magnificently festooned with the ensigns of England and America in most fraternal embrace, the band struck up "Hail Columbia," when the audience arose and received the city's guest with all the honors. He was then presented to all the members of the committee, and the festivities were speedily inaugurated by the formation of the quadrille of honor, in which the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, and Lord and Lady Paget participated with all the energy of modern dancers. It seems like the repetition of a twice-told tale to describe the gay scene which followed as a most brilliant one. It can better be imagined, as a beautiful and graceful tribute to our great naval hero; a captivating testimonial to his cosmopolitan reputation, and a well-remembered period of pleasure to all those who participated in its enjoyments.

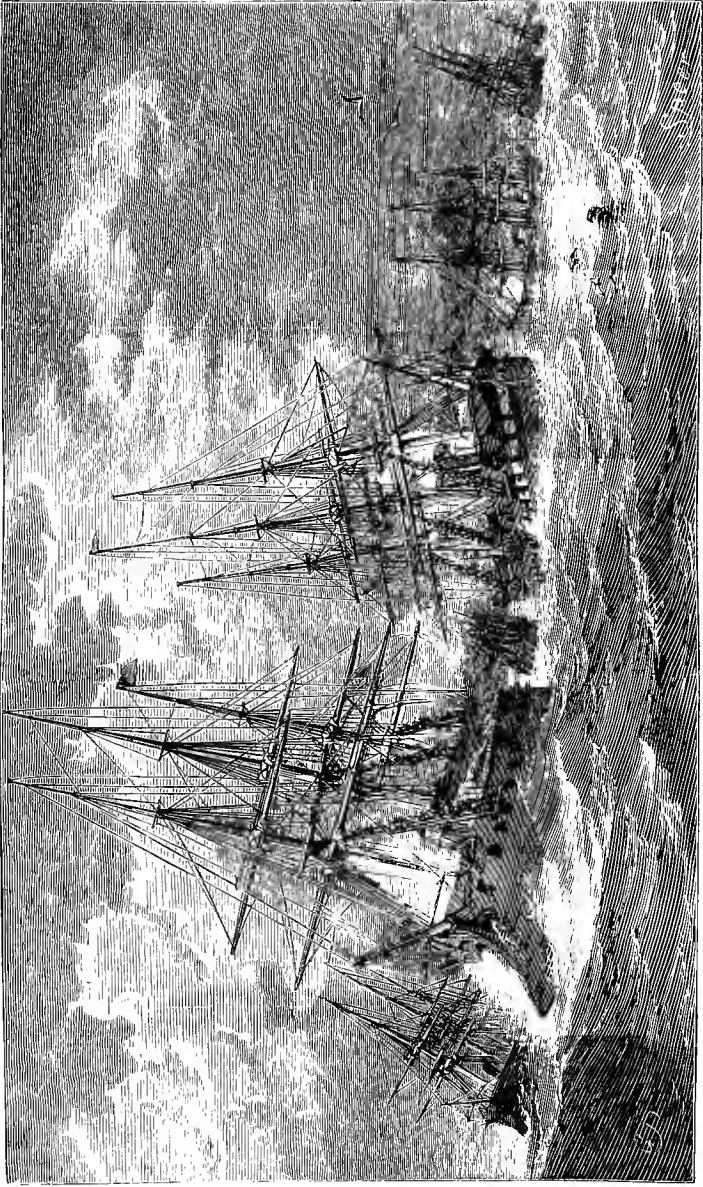
Early in the following morning, when all felt more or

less visionary and unsettled, according to the extent of the dissipation of the preceding evening, preparations were on foot for our departure from Valetta. The attentive Consul, anxious to see the last of a visitor who had done so much to glorify his country, came on board before "one bell," and was soon followed by Vice-Admiral Paget and staff, and Rear-Admiral Kellett. Lord Paget visited the ship not only to bid a friendly adieu to Admiral Farragut, but to complete the necessary arrangements to give him a parting review ere they separated outside the harbor; his own squadron being then ready to start on a cruise to the Levant. As soon as the plan proposed was thoroughly understood, all parties retired to their respective posts, and immediately thereafter the flag-ship got under weigh and stood out to sea, preceded by the *Frolic* and *Ticonderoga*; the commanding officers of these vessels having orders to fall into line as soon as we were sufficiently far from land to execute the movement.

At the same time we were followed by all the vessels of the English fleet, and the wharves and batteries, house-tops, and prominent points along the quay being lined with spectators waving handkerchiefs and caps, and cheering most lustily, the scene became thrilling and inspiring beyond description.

As soon as the *Franklin* was fairly outside the capes, she was hove to in a very heavy sea, and the entire English squadron passed close along our starboard beam in review; the rigging of each vessel being manned with sailors cheering most wildly, and their bands successively playing Hail Columbia or the Star-Spangled Banner; to





REVIEW OF ENGLISH IRONCLAD FLEET.





each of which we responded with cheer for cheer, and with the softer strains of God Save the Queen !

The *Caledonia*, the flag-ship of the English commander, passed ahead, having the van in that great line of frigates, and was followed successively by the *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, *Endymion*, *Arethusa*, and *Tyrian* ; the Swedish corvette *Gefle*, Captain Rosengren, who was accompanying Admiral Paget's fleet, bringing up the rear ; while the *Psyche*, with Admiral Kellett and a large number of ladies and gentlemen on board, sported around the *Franklin* and waved many kind adieux.

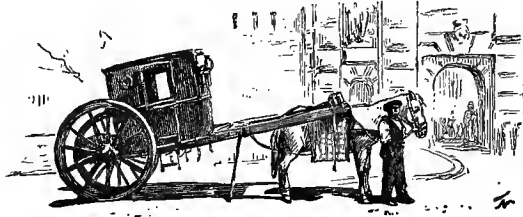
When all had passed, Admiral Paget hoisted the American ensign at the main, and fired a salute of seventeen guns in honor of Admiral Farragut ; and then made a beautiful flank movement, bearing up in line abreast for the eastward, hoisting Marryatt's signal, " Bon voyage ;" to which several compliments were replied, gun for gun, with the flag of St. George at our masthead, and " The same to you" from the signal-book, and thus, as the Admiral says in his official report, " terminated one of the most agreeable visits of our cruise."

The entire display was a most brilliant and inspiring one, and occupies an important page in our log-book. During the review the sea ran very high, under the influences of a blustering nor'wester ; and as the several large masses of wood and iron plunged and pitched, at one moment diving into the trough of the agitated waters, and at another raising their long rams on the very crest of the wave, the effect was very striking.

The *Lord Clyde* passed so close to the *Franklin* that an

active sailor could have almost leaped from one to the other; and Mrs. Farragut, fearing a collision, and not admiring the long iron peak which threatened destruction, retreated hastily to the port cabin, and there calmly awaited the result of the impending catastrophe!

The English squadron, having a most favorable wind, soon made sail, and under full canvas bounded away to the eastward and gradually disappeared from view; whilst the martyr *Franklin*, with her consorts, headed westwardly, and, with sails closely furled, tried the contest of steam against wind, and slowly bore away from the hospitable shores of that formidable way station on the Mediterranean.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

RETURN TO LISBON—SCENES AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THAT CITY—ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

WHEN the flag-ship was actually turned on her westward course there was disappointment visible and expressed amongst the officers, all of whom had been anticipating a pleasant tour to the flowery regions of the East.

The Admiral's change of programme had been determined upon by orders received in reference to the return home of the U. S. S. *Shamrock*, then at Lisbon; and whilst every one submitted with all possible grace to his superior authority, yet a lamentation from one quarter and bewailings from another proved that the setting sun was not a popular direction at that moment, and the *Shamrock* was politely wished at the bottom of the ocean.

This return cruise along the Mediterranean was somewhat dreary of events, and, with the exception of a few little incidents, my journal presents anything but a fascinating page. We encountered our usual quantum of contrary winds, and were forced to the conclusion that their direction was always opposite to the one selected for our passage.

On the evening of the second day out, the *Frolic* was

sent ahead to Malaga, with instructions to Commander Harmony to ascertain whether the flag-ship would be permitted to visit that port without being quarantined; and on the succeeding afternoon we had our first burial at sea, of a sailor named Perkins, who had died of injuries received by falling from the "topping-lift" two days before. All hands were piped on deck; the solemn and impressive services of the Episcopal Church were read in the presence of officers and crew, all uncovered, and the body committed to the deep; the surging plunge sounding a sad funeral dirge, more expressive than even the notes of music, under the peculiar circumstances of the position.

April 24th being the anniversary of the great Mississippi battle in 1862, resulting in the capture of Forts St. Philip and Jackson, below New Orleans, the officers called upon the Admiral to tender their congratulations, and in the afternoon he entertained all those who were in his fleet during that memorable action.

Early on the following morning we arrived off Malaga, and communicated with the *Frolic*; and learning from Commander Harmony that the flag-ship would not be permitted to have intercourse with the place without first going to Port Mahon or some other point for *pratique*, we continued on toward Gibraltar, flattering ourselves that the people of that province were the losers by their absurd restrictions. We subsequently learned that orders to admit the *Franklin* at once were sent down from Madrid, but too late for our purpose.

Early in the afternoon we passed the famous fortress, and shortly thereafter bounded through the Straits of

Calpe, entered the broad Atlantic, and at the very moment we were congratulating ourselves upon having a favorable run, were greeted with a head-wind which set the waves in motion, and made every one wish that the *Franklin* had been launched under a more lucky star.

During the evening the *Ticonderoga* was ordered within hail, and Captain Wyman received instructions to go into Cadiz, and at the same time Commander Harmony obtained permission to go on to Lisbon, to assure anxious friends that the flag-ship was *en route*, and might be expected during the season.

Notwithstanding constant head-winds blowing most furiously upon our devoted ship, we managed to force a passage through the elements above and below, and at noon of April 28th, were fairly in the river Tagus, and one hour thereafter rested from our sea-labors directly in front of Lisbon, near the spot occupied by our frigate five months before.

Immediately after anchoring a national salute was fired, followed soon by one of fifteen guns in honor of the Marquis de Montholon, French Minister at the Portuguese Court, who, with his wife and secretaries, paid an official visit on board, both being well acquainted with the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, and several officers, whom they had met in Washington when he was Minister in that city.

A few moments thereafter the pleasant and welcome countenance of our friend Mr. Munro, the United States Consul, appeared above the gangway, and in his track the faithful Joe, with the great American mail. Then fol-

lowed the scene so often described, of poring over "news from home," and the varying observations resulting from the contents of the long-expected missives.

Our second sojourn in this old capital, like the preceding one, extended over a period of precisely one month, but as it is the headquarters station of the Mediterranean squadron, the time was more occupied in preparing for sea and refitting generally than in official intercourse with the lions of the country.

During this time the *Shamrock* was inspected, surveyed, overhauled, and finally placed in good condition to cross the watery main, Commander Hopkins smilingly insisting upon his prerogative to conduct her in safety to the haven where she would be, and expressing his readiness to start whenever ordered.

All the other vessels were put in good order, and made to look as if fresh from the navy-yard; the *Guard* transferred her stores into their several store-houses and was prepared for her return voyage, and orders were under way directing the cruises for the ensuing months.

During all this bustle of preparation and excitement, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut and suite, were amusing themselves on land and on board as the spirit, and business, moved them. While the ship was in the hands of the hygiene commissioners, the painters, and the coal merchants, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, Dr. Foltz, Lieutenant-Commander Watson, and the author, made a second pilgrimage to "Cintra," and there remained to enjoy the cool, invigorating air of the mountains, and rejuvenate himself under the perpetual showers which seemed

to cling tenaciously to that favorite resort for the sun-stricken Lisbonese.

We remained at that delightful Eden of a place for five days, and at the expiration of that time were absolutely frightened away by the flood-gates of heaven being so constantly open.

Before leaving, the Admiral was visited by the Hon. John P. Hale, United States Minister at Madrid, who with his accomplished daughter had come purposely from the Spanish capital to pay his respects to our naval "head centre."

On the following day Mr. Hale was received on board the flag-ship with all the honors, and after paying quite a complimentary visit, took formal leave and returned to Madrid.

From this time until the day of our final departure from Lisbon, the Admiral and suite were principally entertained by the Marquis de Montholon; Count Bañuelos, Spanish Minister; and the American Consul, Mr. Munro; there being present upon each occasion several of the foreign ambassadors and one or two of the prominent officers of the Government. A very handsome reception was given to him by the first-named on the evening of May 12th, which was numerously attended by the representatives of other countries and the officers of the squadron.

On the morning of the 16th the English Minister, Sir Charles Murray, made an official visit to the flag-ship, and on the afternoon of the same day the Admiral called upon the Russian Minister, M. de Koudriaffski; the Belgian Minister, Le Baron Auguste d'Anethan; the French Con-

sul, M. Breuil, and others; and during the evening was handsomely entertained at dinner by the American Consul.

On the 23d he and suite dined with Mr. Sperling, Chamberlain to the Queen, and enjoyed a most pleasant evening with the guests invited to meet them; and on the 25th, accompanied by several officers, Mr. Munro, and Marquis de Montholon, he paid a visit to the King's dock, and there examined several immense state barges, rowed with sixty and eighty oars; and after this made a tour through the large carriage-house, filled with cumbersome old state vehicles, elaborately ornamented with gold carvings and richly-colored paintings, the sale of some of which would aid materially in defraying the public expenditures.

From here we wended our way to the Church of San Geronimo, near Belem, a very handsome edifice, built to commemorate the departure of that bold navigator, Vasco di Gama, on his famous tour of discovery which resulted in the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497. The sun being unusually powerful during this excursion, the enthusiasm of the party became fully satisfied with this progress in their sight-seeing, and all were but too willing to give a cordial response to the Admiral's motion to retire to our respective quarters.

On the afternoon of the 26th a little evanescent excitement had been created by a *matinée* given by the Admiral on board the flag-ship to the few prominent people in Lisbon who had not been too enervated to greet him with active demonstrations. These few, however, by their unvarying kindness and hospitality, and their unceasing attentions, had made up for many deficiencies, and caused

one and all to feel gratified that others had not become aroused from their Rip Van Winkle slumbers.

The *Franklin* was gayly dressed for this occasion ; the company was small but very select, consisting of Marquis and Marquise de Montholon ; the Count and Countess de Bañuelos ; M. and Madame d'Anethan ; Count de Brandebourg, the Prussian Minister ; M. Breuil and daughter ; Mr. Munro and family ; M. and Madame Sperling ; the *attachés* of the various legations, and a few others ; and everything passed off as pleasantly as if one thousand guests were thronging the frigate.

On the following day active preparations were making for sea : the *Ticonderoga* and *Swatara* had already started on their northern cruise ; the *Frolic* was about to return to the Mediterranean, to visit some special ports, and to convey Mr. Charles H. Tuckerman and family from Brindisi to Greece ; and the *Shamrock* and *Guard* were alone to remain for a few days before turning their prows westwardly.

The morning of May 27th had been fixed upon for our departure out of the Tagus, but in consequence of a serious accident to a sailor, who fell from the main-topgallant yard, broke through the bridge, and passed through the hatch to the gun-deck,—a distance of 148 feet,—the Admiral delayed his movements in order to give the unfortunate tar the benefit of a land interment ; but, strange to say, the cat-like sailor seemed to possess his nine lives, refused to die, and in less than six weeks afterward was on duty again—the hero of the forward deck !

During our long sojourn the officers had amused themselves in various ways, but their principal attraction at

that time seemed to be centred in the occasional bull-fights by day, in which nobody was hurt, and the more frequent operas by night. This constant monotony was, indeed, interrupted by special novelties and a stray gayety, but as a general rule one day's programme resembled another with marvellous regularity. The newly-promoted ensigns gave an entertainment at the City Hotel, which enlivened the scene and added a fresh sentence to each one's diary, which was most thankfully received.

With all this, Lisbon is undoubtedly popular in the navy, as was admitted in a former chapter; but to some, the doleful cries of the venders of all kinds, from those who carry the "agua! agua!" to the gypsy-looking women whose heads tremble beneath large baskets of sardines and shrimps, have a melancholy sound, which resembles a requiem over past prosperity.

During his sojourn in this capital the Admiral received a very lengthy and earnest communication from an influential politician, urging him in the strongest terms to consent to become a candidate for the Presidency in the then approaching contest. This letter was very complimentary in its tenor, assuring in its promises of success, and flattering in the number of prominent names of both parties which were ready to endorse and support his nomination. But the old hero, having reached the summit of his most ambitious aspirations, declined positively to yield to these new solicitations, and, after thanking his correspondents by letter for their kind compliments, said:—

"I hasten to assure you that I have never for one moment entertained the idea of entering political life, even



were I *certain* of receiving the election to the Presidency. . . .

“ My entire life has been spent in the navy : by a steady perseverance and devotion to it I have been favored with success in my profession, and to risk that reputation by entering a new career at my advanced age, and that career one of which I have little or no knowledge, is more than any one has a right to expect of me. I therefore beg that you will tender to those gentlemen who may think with yourself of proposing my name as a candidate, my thanks for this great compliment ; but I am *fixed* in my determination not to serve, under any conditions or circumstances.”

Having thus relieved himself of all “ entangling alliances,” the Admiral resumed with pleasure the congenial requirements of his professional cruise.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEPARTURE FROM LISBON—ARRIVAL AT FLUSHING, NETHERLANDS—VISITS TO ANTWERP AND BRUSSELS—ENTERTAINMENTS BY KING LEOPOLD, THE QUEEN, AND UNITED STATES MINISTER—VISIT TO WATERLOO—KRUPP'S FOUNDERY—PRUSSIA, AND TO SWITZERLAND.

ON the morning of May 28th anchor was weighed, and the flag-ship stood down the Tagus, passing several steamers bound in. At noon we rounded Cape Roca, and thence headed northwardly, with the wind, according to law, as "dead ahead" as it could well be. All were gratified to know that our destination was the industrious shores of the Netherlands; and the interesting volumes of the *Dutch Republic* were at once withdrawn from their resting-place, and re-read with a zeal and devotion which would have more than gratified the accomplished author.

From the time of our farewell to the Tagus until *galloping* along the English Channel before a wind which hurried us over the waters like a race-horse on the homestretch, we had a constant succession of ugly blows and seas, and heartily denounced "a home on the *rolling* deep" as no place of quiet for a domestically inclined member of the human family.

But when bounding along within view of the lovely

Isle of Wight and the bold and picturesque shores of England, passing innumerable sail and surrounded by evidences of a progressive life, we forgot the rolling of Biscay's troubled sea and the murky atmosphere along the Spanish Main, and hailed the bright scene around us as the first act in an approaching drama of pleasure.

At Dungeness we took on board a Flushing pilot, and during the evening passed through the Straits of Dover, and on the morning of June 4th anchored immediately in front of the pretty little seaport of Flushing, or "Vlissingen," situated in the province of Zealand, at the mouth of the river Scheldt.

I must not forget to mention that during the day the Admiral had surprised those around him very much, and lessened their literary pride not a little, by asking for the seven wonders of the world. Several could state three, some four, and a few five, but there all stopped, and the Encyclopædia had to be consulted to relieve all from this disagreeable dilemma. They were never forgotten after that, for it was a lesson well remembered; but the Admiral enjoyed his triumph amazingly.

As soon as fairly tied to the bottom of the river, national salutes were exchanged, and immediately thereafter the principal authorities of the place, with Commodore Mevrouw I. M. Siedenbourg, commanding the station, came on board, and tendered the Admiral the most cordial welcome to their country, and offered him every facility for visiting all places of interest within their territory.

When these official ceremonies were over, a raid was made upon the little city, which we found a very pretty

spot, containing about eight thousand people, "Dutch all over," very neat and trim in their appearance, and disclosing all the characteristics of an industrious, enterprising, and thrifty population. There was not a beggar to be seen, and no suffering visible; and everything presented such a striking contrast to the shores of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and the ancient landmarks of the Mediterranean, that we could scarcely realize our position under the suddenness of the change. It reveals the vast difference between the enervation and poverty of a region whose power belongs to remote epochs in the world's history, and the active, progressive spirit of a country determined to keep pace with the steady march of the age.

The people were exceedingly polite and courteous, looked as gay and happy as if inspirited by the magic stimulus of fortune, and we returned to the flag-ship most favorably impressed with their Netherland "outpost," where the daring De Ruyter was born, and whose history is so replete with instances of hardihood and courage.

On the following morning the Admiral returned the visits of the civil authorities and Commodore Siedembourg, and was received with all honors, every effort being made to give *éclat* to his presence. Immediately thereafter, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut and Messrs. Watson, Kane, and Montgomery, he was persuaded to make a short excursion inland to the town of Middelburg, capital of Walcheren Island, and famous as the scene where so many men of the English expedition were sacrificed to the climate in 1809. The drive between the two cities is both beautiful and pleasant. It is lined on either side with rows

of stately trees, forming a noble archway, and continuously flanked with neat cottages, smiling pasture-fields, and well-trimmed gardens, presenting all the evidences of a land of peace and plenty, enjoyed by a people who know how to appreciate the comforts of their island homes.

On the succeeding day he received an invitation through the United States Minister, Mr. Sanford, requesting himself and ten officers of his own selection to dine with His Majesty King Leopold II. on the ensuing Monday, and shortly afterwards a government steamer was sent down by His Excellency M. Van der Stichelen, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to be placed at the Admiral's disposal during his sojourn within the kingdom. A like civility was also tendered by the authorities of Holland, but as it was impossible to ride two horses at the same time, the Admiral, accompanied by a large body-guard of officers, transferred his headquarters to the former, and at 10 o'clock started up the Scheldt to the city of Antwerp, once the great centre of European commerce, and now a most important port of embarkation for German emigrants.

On his way up the river he was saluted by the forts and the shore batteries, while crowds of people gathered at various points to catch a glimpse of his person, and to wave their welcomes. On reaching the front of the city, the scene became more than usually animated, everything wearing the appearance of a national holiday; flags were flying from the shipping in the harbor and from the public buildings, and an immense concourse of citizens were huddled together in mass on the wharves, eager and determined to obtain a passing glance at the "fighting Admiral."

There was jostling, elbowing, and crowding to perfection, worthy even of a New York crowd, and an apparent wall of humanity against which it seemed useless to charge; but, escorted by a committee, and aided by soldiers and policemen, the intrepid old salamander ran the battery, and was soon at anchor again in the quiet seclusion of his hotel.

He had not been there long ere he was visited by General Pycke, Governor of the Province of Antwerp, by whom he was most courteously received, and tendered the hospitalities of the city.

He was also called upon by Mr. Goodrich, Secretary to the American Legation, and Mr. Wilson, Acting Consul, and several of the officers of the civil government, all of whom were very cordial in their expressions of welcome.

As our sojourn in Antwerp was very limited, restricted to two days, we made the best use of our time, and visited several of the most celebrated sights of that intensely interesting metropolis, so fraught with associations of the tragic history of the Dutch Republic. Among other objects of curiosity we made a pilgrimage to the famous Church of St. Jacques, and saw the tomb of Rubens; and to the wonderful Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the two great masterpieces of the immortal painter—the “Elevation” and “Descent”—are exhibited. We also looked with more than ordinary interest upon the historic building where the fearful Inquisition was held, and then turned off with ready impulse to meditate upon the stately edifice wherein the members of the Golden Fleece were wont to assemble, three hundred years ago.

The entire day was thus occupied in ferreting out the principal landmarks of interest which line and surround the famous Place de Meir, and when night concluded the tour, every one felt that he had seen "all that was most worth seeing" within that old yet beautiful city.

On the morning of the 8th of June, the Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut and those invited to the royal banquet, left Antwerp and proceeded to Brussels, passing through Mechlin, of lace notoriety, and upon reaching the Belgian capital was received at the depot by Hon. H. S. Sanford, United States Minister, and escorted to the quarters selected for him and his suite at the Hotel Bellevue, on the Place Royale.

It was with no little satisfaction that our naval excursionists found themselves in the beautiful capital which has acted such a conspicuous part in the eventful history of Europe, and anticipated the many pleasures to result from their short sojourn within its attractive circle. Although but a few short hours intervened between their arrival and the time when they would be summoned to the presence of royalty, yet neither the "dread and fear of kings," nor the anticipated atmosphere which hedges their presence, could deter them from inaugurating a tour of sight-seeing, or embracing any opportunity for visiting such points of interest as were within reasonable distance of their starting centre.

The same evening, accompanied by Mr. Minister Sanford and Captains Pennock, Le Roy, and Wyman; Surgeon Foltz; Lieut.-Commanders Watson and Terry; Chaplain Wallace, and Messrs. McKinley, Kane, and Mont-

gomery, the Admiral repaired to the king's palace, and, immediately thereafter, had the pleasure of being presented to and then dining with His Majesty King Leopold II., whom we found a most courtly and polished gentleman, very easy and affable in his manners, and very much admired by his constituency. He conversed very freely and in excellent English with all of his American guests; both before and at the conclusion of the banquet, and appeared much pleased with the visit of so many officers, as well as with their professed admiration for his industrious and enterprising kingdom.

His Majesty spoke very kindly of our own "great country," and said it was so vast and so powerful that he felt flattered to think that his little province had produced such a favorable impression upon those accustomed to such territorial grandeur.

The royal banquet was a most superb one in every detail, and presented the most brilliant *coup d'œil* I have ever witnessed.

There were about sixty covers; all the most distinguished officers of the Government and the members of the diplomatic corps were present, with prominent officers of the army, among whom the Americans were distributed. The Admiral occupied the post of honor, and His Majesty and himself became so much absorbed in conversation that they well-nigh forgot to leave the table at the appointed time; and when all adjourned to the adjoining saloon, the first expression that met the ear alluded to the friendship seemingly established between the royal host and his distinguished guest.



On the following day, he, with Mrs. Farragut and Captains Pennock, Le Roy, and Wyman were invited to breakfast with the Queen, Henrietta Maria, at the King's summer palace at Laeken, fresh with associations of the first Napoleon ; and on repairing thither at the appointed hour, found a large company, comprising the household staff, the diplomatic corps, ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, prepared to unite in a general welcome.

The *déjeûner* was naturally a very elegant one, and, when concluded, the Queen invited Mrs. Farragut to drive with her, in a little basket carriage, along the lovely avenues of the palace grounds, and as they drove, conversed freely with her about the topics of the day ; while the Admiral enjoyed a quiet stroll with the King along the same beautiful paths, and exchanged sentiments upon the political atmosphere of Europe, His Majesty not hesitating to admit the truth of the saying, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The royal entertainers were very kind and courteous to their guests, both manifesting great interest in our country, and expressing the hope that at some future day they might have an opportunity of visiting the United States.

It was at this *déjeûner* that the King asked Mrs. Farragut what the lawyers would term a *leading question*, saying, "Mrs. Farragut, of all the countries you have visited, which one do you prefer ?" The politic witness replied with capital *finesse*, "If your Majesty will excuse me from answering that question, and ask me which I admire the least, I will be happy to reply." His Majesty at once said,

“ Well, then, which holds the *least* place in your estimation ? ” Whereupon Mrs. Farragut immediately answered, “ ———, ” upon which the King laughed heartily and added, “ I agree with you perfectly ! ”

The next day was devoted to a pilgrimage to one of the great fields upon the issues of which hinged the destinies of Europe.

The Admiral had always promised himself an excursion to Waterloo, and, accompanied by Captains Pennock and Le Roy, and Messrs. McKinley and Montgomery, he succeeded in accomplishing the tour, and there realized one of the dreams of his ambition.

We drove out through the memorable forest of Soignies, over a beautiful road, the same one over which tramped the English army on the night of the eventful 17th of June, 1815, in the midst of their carnival in Belgium’s capital, when

“ The mustering squadron and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.”

Our chaperon was one Pilsen, a true Britisher, whose father was in the 7th Hussars, who fought desperately in that world’s great battle ; and escorted by him, we visited all parts of that historic field, commencing at Hougomont, the right of the English line and the key to their position ; then passing to the left, and finally ascending to the summit of the “ Belgian Mound,” from which we enjoyed a grand bird’s-eye view of the entire scene.

In passing along the ridge behind which the Guards

were stationed, the ardor of our enthusiastic guide could not be restrained, and he narrated all the details of that last grand charge of the impetuous Ney, and his eyes flashed with patriotic fire as he repeated Wellington's laconic order, "*Hup* Guards and *hat* them!"

The Admiral was delighted with his visit, and said that for the first time he *thoroughly* understood the disposition of the two great armies on that field, and the general plan of the attack and defence; and on our return over the high road built by Napoleon le Grand, the battle of Waterloo was most carefully ventilated and discussed.

On the evening of June 11th, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut and staff, were very handsomely entertained at a banquet given in their honor by the United States Minister, Mr. Sanford, at which were assembled many of the principal officials of Belgium and the representatives of foreign countries; among them, M. Frère Orban, President of Council; M. Van der Stichelen, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Bara, of Justice; M. Renard, of War; M. Jamar, of Public Works; M. Doley, President of House of Representatives; M. Rogier, Minister of State; Baron Lambermont, Secretary-General of Foreign Affairs; M. Van Praet, Minister of King's Household; Count Van der Straten-Ponthoz, Grand Marshal of the Court; Viscount Conway, Intendant of Civil List; M. Devaux, Chef de Cabinet of the King; Generals Du Pont and Bormann, Aids-de-camp to the King, the latter the inventor of the *Bormann fuse*; Prince Orloff, Minister of Russia; Count de Barral de Monteauvrard, of Italy; M. Jabat,

of Spain, and M. de Mansbach, of Sweden and Norway; with M. Anspach, Burgomaster of Brussels.

The Admiral received the greatest attention at this magnificent ovation, and was the lion of the evening among all the dignitaries surrounding him. He bore his honors meekly, and passed through the ordeal with his usual *sang froid* and *bonhomie*.

On the morning of June 12th, after having visited a number of the prominent objects of attraction in this gay and beautiful capital—well styled Paris in miniature—and examined her most famous wonders, there was a grand scattering of the forces to all points of the compass. Some started off to Paris in reality; others to the Upper Rhine and Switzerland, to enjoy a locomotive trip to that sublime region; some returned to the ship, to “give others a chance” to see the wonders in Belgium; while the Admiral, with his accustomed body-guard, made a rapid movement to the eastward, having Krupp’s world-famous foundery in Prussia as the *ultima thule* of his trip.

Taking the railroad to Cologne, we passed over a beautiful country, meeting with every evidence of plenty;—the Admiral and Captain Le Roy stopping at Liege to examine the government manufactory of small arms, under the escort of a Belgian officer, detailed by the Commander-in-chief of the army;—enjoyed a passing glimpse of Aix-la-Chapelle, the home of Charlemagne, and the richly-cultivated province beyond; and after a journey made pleasant by the surroundings, reached the “odoriferous” city, where there was a reunion of the party the same evening.

The principal objects of attraction in this anything but sweet-smelling city—the famous Cathedral, associated with which is a terrible legend which gives to his Satanic Majesty the full credit of being the original architect, and the equally famous manufactory of Johann Maria Farina's best extract—were dispatched with wonderful celerity, and on the morrow the Admiral was continuing on his way through Düsseldorf to the great idol of his heart's desires, whose hammers are unceasingly thumping away within the village of Essen, Prussia, where eight thousand men find constant employment in the greatest foundry in the world, covering an area of three hundred acres.

In speaking of this immense establishment in his report, Admiral Farragut says that "Bessemer steel is manufactured in every possible way; guns of the largest calibre and small arms to any extent are turned out; ear-wheels and railroad bars also, and I was much astonished to hear that Mr. Krupp had very large orders from Canada and the United States for their wheels and bars. . . .

"I could not pretend to name the number of foundries in operation, but the superintendent informed me that there were forty-five steam hammers in use, of all sizes, from fifty tons weight down to half a ton.

"Mr. Krupp was absent in St. Petersburg at the time of my visit, but the superintendent very kindly showed me around the works, and explained everything to my full satisfaction."

While the Admiral was quietly enjoying himself in watching those interesting operations, inquiring particu-

larly into the minutest details, and making notes for future reference and use, and then "swinging around the lesser circle," whose radius extended from Cologne as a centre to a perimeter of about one hundred miles, embracing the western provinces of Prussia, the author availed himself of the opportunity to make a rapid tour up the vine-covered banks of the Rhine, passing "the castled crag of Drachenfels," through Coblenz, Mayence, Bingen, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Basle, Neuchatel, Lausanne, to Geneva.

Thence steaming over Lake Lemman, he stopped at Vevay, Montreux, and Clarens; made a rapid pilgrimage to the

" Seven pillars of Gothic mould  
In Chillon's dungeon deep and old,"

and thence ascended through the pass of Vernayaz to the "monarch of mountains," and there realized a long-cherished dream of gazing upon the Alps—

" The palace of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits,—as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

Descending by the Tête-noire and Col de Balme, he returned through Montreux and Lausanne; thence visited Berne, the beautiful Swiss capital; passed over a most delightful railroad, in full view of the Oberland summits,

to Thun ; continued on to Interlachen ; looked upon the "hoary Jungfrau" and the Staubbach ; descended Lake Brienz ; crossed over the Brunig pass to Lucerne ; sailed over that lovely lake, which stands unrivalled in Europe ; and finally passed on to "the margin of fair Zurich's waters," and visited the city, making a halt at Zug ; then, flanking off to Basle and Strasbourg, rejoined the flagship, much delighted with the excursion, more than ever confirmed as a landsman, and more thoroughly convinced of the inspiring glories of the mountain scenery of Switzerland.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

RECEPTION OF KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM OFF OSTEND—  
ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON—VISIT TO EDINBURGH, ABBOTS-  
FORD, GLASGOW, AND DIFFERENT PLACES IN ENGLAND.

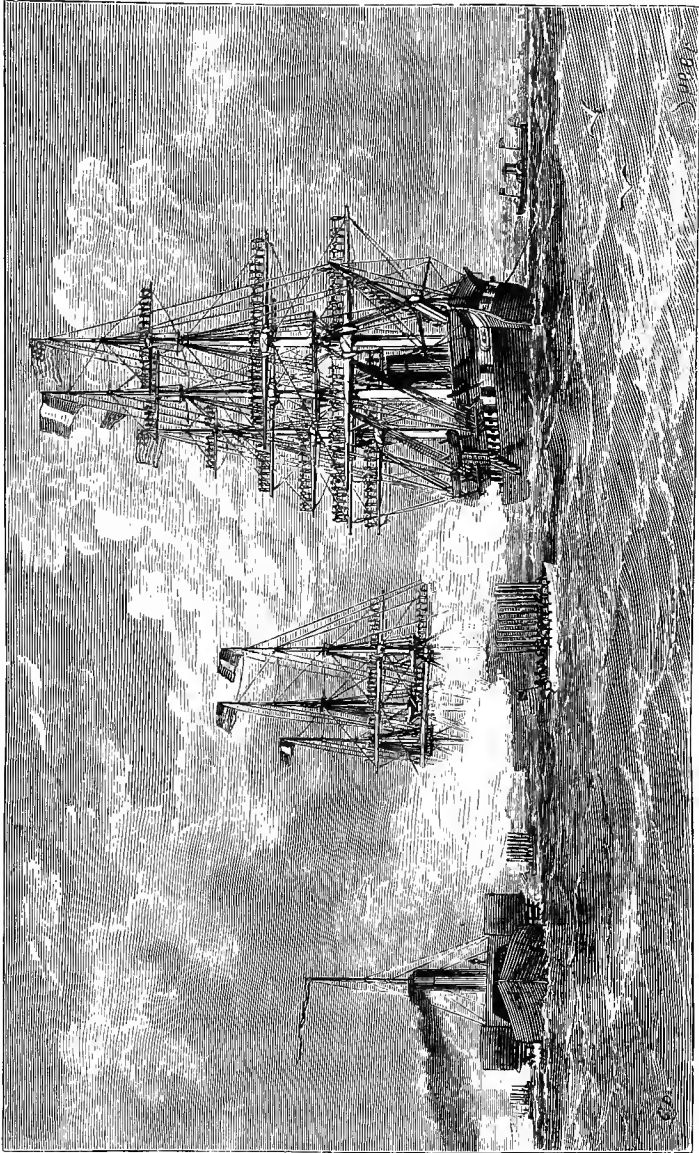
ADMIRAL FARRAGUT returned to his flag-ship, still lying off Flushing, the special object of admiration to the Netherlanders, on the 20th day of June; and His Majesty King Leopold having expressed an earnest desire to visit the ship off Ostend, he at once notified our Minister, Mr. Sanford, that, if agreeable to the King, he would be happy to receive him on board off that place on the morning of the 22d instant.

Accompanied by the *Ticonderoga*, he sailed from Flushing on the 21st, and early on the following morning arrived off Ostend, when every preparation was speedily made to receive the royal visitors.

On this occasion the fates seemed to have taken up arms against us, and we experienced the first bad weather upon a reception-day. The fountains of heaven were literally opened, and the rain came down in pitiless torrents; yet, notwithstanding this unpropitious omen, their Majesties of Belgium, attended by the ladies in waiting, the King's suite, foreign ministers, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, heroically braved the elemental storm, and fulfilled their mission with an indifference which savored very strongly of







RECEPTION OF THE KING OF BELGIUM.





the very "attribute" of royalty. When within a short distance of the flag-ship, the King and Queen were transferred to the Admiral's barge and conveyed to the frigate, and upon passing over the starboard gangway were received with royal honors, the yards of the *Franklin* and the *Ticonderoga* being manned, and national salutes fired by both vessels.

Upon appearing on deck, their Majesties were cordially received by Admiral and Mrs. Farragut and all the officers, *en grande tenue*; and while the band was quietly discoursing the Belgian national air, they were escorted through the ship, which seemed to interest them more than usual, from the fact that their own kingdom does not boast of a navy.

After visiting the various decks and engine-room, the crew were exercised for the edification of the royal inspectors; and the weather having suddenly changed its intentions and favored us with a brilliant atmosphere, a target was thrown overboard, conducted to a respectable distance, and fired at by both ships. Fortunately for our reputation as marksmen of Daniel Boone accuracy, the practice was remarkably fine, and the target received a battering which would have sent the biggest iron-clad to her last resting-place in the deep, deep sea, long before the shattered barrels ceased to show their wrecks above the water.

His Majesty, accompanied by Admiral Farragut, then visited the *Ticonderoga*, and thoroughly examined that model ship, whose discipline and order could not be surpassed; and after returning to the flag-ship, the royal

party partook of refreshments in the Admiral's cabin, and talked freely and unreservedly of the great pleasure derived from their visit, and of their high appreciation of the greatness of the nation so well represented off their coast.

After remaining on board for nearly four hours, and by their friendly and genial manner attaching to themselves all with whom they were brought in contact, the royal visitors reluctantly took their departure, leaving the flag-ship with the same honors with which they had been greeted, the yards being manned, salutes fired, and the band performing their national melody.

Before returning to Ostend, the royal yacht, freighted with the head of a kingdom, passed around the *Franklin*, those on board cheering and receiving cheers, waving adieux, and receiving glad acknowledgments; after which she disappeared in the misty outline of the coast, the flag-ship resumed her republican simplicity, and her officers mused, under the narcotic influences of the popular weed, upon their associations with royalty.

On the following morning, accompanied by the *Ticonderoga*, the *Franklin* was placed on her course for Southampton, and arrived off that city early on the 24th of June, anchoring opposite the great naval hospital, and in full view of the noble ruins of Netley Abbey on one side and of the extensive plains of the New Forest directly opposite.

The *Swatara* was at anchor in the bay, and the *Canandaigua* had been expected from Toulon; but learning by telegram that she would be delayed for several days, the Admiral yielded to the importunities of his restless suite, and consented to join in a pilgrimage to the

“land o’ cakes and usquebaugh,” the home of his maternal ancestry.

With this object in view, he took French leave of his flag-ship on the morning of June 26th, and, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and his staff, turned his face northwardly, and after passing through London, York (where a stop was made to examine the splendid cathedral and old castle), and over a country rich in agricultural development, reached the beautiful city of Edinburgh, where, owing to the absence of all diplomats and consuls, he was permitted the rare enjoyment of being the second “great unknown” in the very atmosphere of him who once bore that mysterious title.

Our sojourn in the metropolis of Scotland extended over several days, during which period we became deeply interested in its many associations with ancient and modern times. The “tragical-historical” Palace of Holyrood, with its records replete with memories of Mary Stuart, was a perfect Mecca to us; and thence passing along the old Canon-gate to the famous Castle, with Mons Meg perched on its summit, we were shown the “Heart of Midlothian,” the house and home of John Knox, the old Tolbooth, and many other places immortalized by the author of *Waverley*.

The beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott which adorns Princes Street is an object of special attraction. It is chaste and elegant in its design and finish, and graceful and symmetrical in its proportions. Those erected to Playfair, Dugald Stewart, Nelson, and others, which stud Calton Hill, are small in comparison, but serve to show a people’s gratitude and appreciation.

The view from the Calton Hill is exceedingly picturesque, and embraces the wide range of country extending from the Frith of Forth to the distant hills of Pentland, Braid, and Lammermuir, all commemorated by the inspired pen of the great Wizard of the North.

While in Edinburgh we were much struck with the unusually general observance of Sunday. In that city it is strictly a day of rest from labor, the people doing no manner of work ; and the contrast is striking between its tranquillity and the gay, frolicsome scenes of continental capitals.

Before leaving this city we followed the footsteps of all modern travellers, and made a rapid tour to the home of Sir Walter Scott ; stopping first at Melrose Abbey, to meditate within its stately ruins over the tombs of the Black Douglas and Sir Michael Scott, and then continuing on to Abbotsford, where we remained several hours, enjoying a spirit association with the late gifted proprietor, whose relics are there jealously preserved to attest his popularity. The Admiral was specially delighted with the long rifle and the leathern purse of the famous Rob Roy, and derived more satisfaction in recalling the freebooter's exploits than in listening to the stories of jewelled gifts even from the great Napoleon.

From this interesting home we drove to Dryburgh Abbey, within the crumbling, ivy-crowned walls of which majestic ruin slumber the remains of the author of Waverley.

It is a lovely spot on the banks of the gentle Tweed, and is alone an ample recompense for a visit to Scotland.



Leaving Edinburgh, the Admiral and his suite pursued a westward course, and passing by Bannockburn and Sterling Castle, took the delightful route through Lochs Katrine, Awe, Vennachar, and Lomond to Glasgow; having a superb view of the Trosachs, and the entire country so beautifully described in the "Lady of the Lake;" and reaching the great commercial city on the same evening.

Shortly after arriving in Glasgow, he was officially visited by the American Consul, General Duff, who in the course of the morning presented, in accordance with their own request, the corporate authorities of the city. These, having been informed of the contemplated visit of the naval hero to their metropolis, had at once resolved to call in a body and present him a fitting welcome.

From these gentlemen the Admiral received every attention during his short sojourn in that great commercial emporium, and was escorted by them to all places of interest within reach, and to the immense ship-yards of Messrs. Napier & Sons, and Randolph, Elder & Co., in both of which he was received with a cordiality exceedingly gratifying.

In his official report upon this visit the Admiral says :

"These yards are very extensive, having many vessels on the stocks, there being in the latter no less than thirteen, amounting to upward of 24,000 tons. What particularly interested me was to see the varieties in building. Some were entirely of iron; some, iron frames with wooden stem and stern-post, and wooden planking. \* \* There were also two armor-plated frigates, and a vessel of war on Cole's turreted principle, differing only in bringing the

deck flush with the base of the turret, which made a height of ten or eleven feet between decks."

Further on he adds: "Mr. Napier and Mr. Elder were very kind in showing us everything in their respective dock-yards, and I feel much indebted to them for their great courtesy.

"Mr. Napier extended me an invitation to be present at the official trial trip of a ram, built by his firm for the Dutch Government, which, unfortunately, I did not receive in time; and before leaving kindly sent me photographic views of many of the best vessels he had constructed."

Within these professional precincts Admiral Farragut was in his element, and it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to return to his hotel, to partake of a very sumptuous entertainment prepared by the authorities. Upon this happy occasion he had an opportunity of expressing his thanks to the officials who surrounded him, not only for the pleasure they had given him in offering so many facilities for visiting the chief points of interest in their great city, but for the very flattering manner in which they had spoken of his country, and extended him so much kindness and hospitality as its representative.

After the interchange of friendly sentiments to an extent which might have caused Dominie Sampson to exclaim, "*prodigious!*" the parties separated for the night, mutually pleased with the international courtesies which had been the order of the day.

On the following morning, the Admiral, having learned by telegram of the arrival of the *Canandaigua*, made a hasty exit from Glasgow and proceeded to Southampton,

stopping *en route* at Oxford, simply to rest from the fatigue of the long railway journey of four hundred good English miles.

In the mean time the author, with Mr. Brownell, made a slight diversion from the beaten track, passed over to Kenilworth Castle, saw the stately Queen in imagination entering those lordly walls, and then visited Warwick and Stratford-upon-Avon, where they had the excruciating mortification to hear an aged lady of nearly four score years confess that, although she had lived all her life opposite the house in which had resided the inspired bard of Avon, she had never crossed its portal; but nevertheless *believed* it was the home of Shakspeare!

After a short and most agreeable visit to true English homes in South Wales, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire, wherein that expressive word finds most beautiful illustration, a general return of the wandering tribes was made to the quarters of the *Franklin*, to muse over the past few weeks of recreation and amusement, and to prepare for other and very different scenes in the far-distant East.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON—VISIT OF PRINCE OF WALES,  
DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND DUKE OF SAXE COBOURG—  
SCENES AT SOUTHAMPTON—ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD THE  
GALATEA—RECEPTION AT OSBORNE HOUSE BY QUEEN  
VICTORIA.

ON the morning of July 10th Admiral Farragut proceeded to London, to attend a banquet given by Mr. Bierstadt to Professor Henry W. Longfellow, then “starring” through England, and being lionized by the savans throughout the kingdom.

During his temporary absence the *Franklin* was officially visited by Prince Alfred, commanding Her Majesty’s ship *Galatea*, who was most cordially received by Commodore Pennock and Captain Le Roy.

Until the officer of the deck politely requested to know what name he should announce to the Commodore, and received for a response “the Duke of Edinburgh,” he had not supposed that he was addressing a scion of the royal household; for the watchful Quartermaster had simply reported “an English Captain coming alongside, sir,” and the officer, recognizing but the naval rank, had received him accordingly, and then smiled at his indifference.

The good-natured and very popular Prince seemed rather to enjoy the joke, and after remaining some time

on board, examining the frigate very carefully, and conversing freely with the officers escorting him about the recent improvements in gunnery, took friendly leave, at the same time inviting the Admiral, his commanding officers, and staff to dine with him on the 12th inst., on board the *Galatea*.

On his return from London, Admiral Farragut found the following communication awaiting a reply :—

“TOWN CLERK’S OFFICE,  
SOUTHAMPTON, July 7th, 1868.

“SIR :—I am directed by the Mayor and Corporation to convey to you their extreme pleasure at your arrival at this port with the squadrou under your command.

“The Mayor and Corporation, ever anxious to pay every tribute of respect and esteem to the great nation represented by you on the present occasion, request you and the officers under your command will honor them by attending a municipal entertainment in celebration of your arrival at this port.

“The Mayor and Corporation trust it will be convenient and agreeable for you to accept the present invitation; and they desire me to add, that they will be most happy to consult your convenience as to the day upon which the entertainment should take place.

“I have the honor to remain, sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

“CHARLES E. DEACON,

“Town Clerk.

“TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.”

The Admiral replied at once to this tender of a complimentary dinner, stating that his official duties would not permit him to accept the invitation ; otherwise he would be most happy to meet the civil authorities in the manner proposed.

During the same evening he also received a letter from Captain Arrow, R.N., informing him that the Prince of Wales desired to visit him on the following day, if the time specified would be agreeable. Accordingly, on the morning of the 14th the flag-ship was placed in readiness to receive any and every sovereign in Europe with the most smiling welcome, and at ten o'clock the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* was announced alongside, and immediately thereafter the future King of England, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, came on board, and was received with all the honors due to his rank, the yards being manned and a salute of twenty-one guns fired, with the royal standard floating at the main, and the band playing " God save the Queen ! "

The Prince visited all parts of the ship, and appeared much delighted with the inspection (for the *Franklin* certainly looked as neat and trim as rubbing and scrubbing could make her); and on his departure the same honors were repeated.

The log of the flag-ship presents few incidents more pleasant in their associations or more suggestive of the good results of these international courtesies than the visits of these two members of the royal family during our sojourn in Southampton water. They are pleasant and affable in

their manners, liberal in their views, frank and straightforward in their intercourse with men, and possess an admiration for our own country which they never hesitated to express, and all who were thrown in contact with them retain the most agreeable reminiscences of their several visits.

On the same day the Admiral received a very kind note from the Earl of Hardwicke, residing near Netley Abbey, which is so characteristic of the sailor that we cannot withhold its insertion.

“13TH JULY, SYDNEY LODGE.

“Admiral the Earl of Hardwicke presents his compliments to Admiral Farragut, and begs to say that he is now resident at the above address. He is lame, and has difficulty in boarding ship, or he should wait in person on Admiral Farragut.

“The Earl of Hardwicke hopes that he may be able in some way to gain Admiral Farragut’s friendship.

“ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, U. S. NAVY.”

The Admiral waived ceremony, “stood not upon the order of going,” but went at once, with his staff, to Sydney Lodge, where he was most cordially welcomed, and tendered a public dinner, which he was compelled to decline by reason of his anticipated departure.

Between the hours devoted to ceremonies in this port, the officers gladly availed themselves of several invitations to visit very hospitable families residing along the shore in

beautiful country residences, which made all landsmen, and such seamen as desired to realize the comforts of home, absolutely break the tenth commandment, and covet with all their hearts their fortunate neighbors' houses. In these visitations to General Wimbraham and Dr. Mackinnon, near Netley Abbey, Americans and English united most fraternally in the absorbing amusement of croquet, at times sustaining the national reputation, and at others ruining it beyond the hope of resurrection.

On the morning of the 16th a large party visited the ship, and made themselves and the officers unusually happy for several hours, or until the arrival of Mr. Moran, our *Chargé d'Affaires* at London, when orders went forth to prepare for a change of base, which was the signal for their reluctant departure.

Late in the afternoon the *Franklin* got under weigh, and, followed by the *Canandaigua* and *Ticonderoga*, proceeded down to Cowes, Isle of Wight, the headquarters of the Yacht Clubs, where we anchored between the *Galatea*, commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the iron-clad frigate *Hector*, exchanging with the latter a complimentary salute of seventeen guns.

On the succeeding day, in accordance with previous arrangements, Admiral Farragut, accompanied by Mr. Moran, the commanders of the vessels, and part of his staff, went on board the *Galatea*, and was received with all honors, and cordially welcomed by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Saxe Cobourg.

Upon the subject of this visit the Admiral becomes very eloquent, and in his report states: "The Prince invited us







QUEEN VICTORIA.





to go round his ship, which we did with great pleasure and found her a model vessel, both in arrangement, ventilation, and cleanliness; nothing could have surpassed her in any of these respects. In fact, there was nothing that did not bespeak the untiring vigilance and industry of the executive officers, as well as the supervision of her commander.

“She was open for inspection from stem to stern, and from the keelson up, and in every way reflected the greatest credit upon her officers; while the readiness with which the Prince asked questions in relation to similar arrangements in our navy, and made comparison with theirs, showed that he was well posted in all the details of the naval service.”

Upon concluding this inspection the American visitors partook of a most elegant lunch, and then accompanied the Duke to Osborne House, stopping *en route* to examine the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, also a model of naval architecture. Upon reaching the royal country residence of “England’s gracious Queen,” they were presented to Her Majesty, and by her received most courteously—all the glittering surroundings of royalty being concealed entirely beneath the domestic comforts of the faithful wife and devoted mother.

After a very pleasant interview, during which Her Majesty conversed freely with the Admiral about our country, in which she manifested deep interest, the party withdrew and were chaperoned by Prince Alfred to various parts of the “model farm,” and to the museum and other buildings, including a carpenter-shop and turning-room,

fitted up for the pleasure and instruction of the youthful scions of the family during the lifetime of their father.

Altogether this visit was one of intense pleasure and interest, and revealed much of that home-life which is the charm and boast of the mother country, whose people, far less progressive than their "go-ahead" descendants, understand the value of life, and enjoy it most rationally and comfortably.

On the following morning the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and the author, made a short excursion inland to Carisbrooke Castle, and returned through Osborne grounds to the frigate, where he arrived just in time to receive an official visit from the Mayor and corporate authorities of Southampton, who were shortly afterward followed by the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, Prince Christian, and Admirals Pasley and Warden, all of whom were complimented with the customary salutes as they respectively passed over the gangway.

During the same afternoon he received a package from the Duke of Edinburgh, containing three large-size pictures of the Queen, Prince Albert, and himself, accompanying the presentation with the following note:—

"H. M. S. GALATEA,

"Cowes, 18th July, 1868.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL:—You told me yesterday that you had no good portrait of the Queen. I therefore send you a print of Her Majesty, which I hope you will accept as a remembrance of your visit yesterday. I also send a print of my father and one of myself. Should I not have

the pleasure of seeing you again before you sail, I wish you a pleasant continuation to your cruise, and a safe return home.

“Believe me

“Yours very truly,

“ALFRED.”

The Admiral gladly received these testimonials, and carefully stored them away among his valuables, and wrote the Prince immediately, thanking him for his very acceptable present.

This evening dropped the curtain upon our second visit to England, and fled away in memory's chamber every recollection of our agreeable sojourn among the older members of our Saxon family. And before the final departure there must be added one little anecdote, in order of time pertaining to the former of the Admiral's two visits to England, but equally appropriate here, as an instance of his own *bonhomie*, as well as of that easy cordiality which was perhaps the pleasantest of all the pleasant traits of his intercourse with the best people of England. The story is this:—

It was on the day preceding his departure from London, when her Grace the Duchess of Somerset was earnestly entreating him to dine with her for the fourth time on the morrow, that, gratified with her *empressement* of manner, he grasped her hand with both of his own and exclaimed, “But, my dear fellow, it is impossible!” The Duchess was delighted with the term of endearment, claims it as a legacy from Admiral Farragut, and relates it with the

liveliest pleasure; while the latter stoutly denies the soft impeachment, and insists upon its being the result of a collusion. The evidence against him, however, is very strong, and if the case was submitted to a jury, they would return a verdict of guilty without leaving the box.

Orders had been issued to prepare for sea on the morrow, and we knew that when next old Time in his flight brought another night upon us we would be far away from our present anchorage, tossing about on the deep blue sea, on our way to the distant shores of the Levant. Everything was full of preparation, and as our course had been decided upon, we had but to muse over past pleasures and anticipate the changes incident to such an extended cruise as the one upon which we were about to sail.

The mail-bag that night was laden with farewells for friends at home, and with assurances of further correspondence from the Golden Horn.





## CHAPTER XXXVI.

CRUISE TO AND ARRIVAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE—THE BOSPHORUS—OFFICIAL VISITS TO MEMBERS OF TURKISH CABINET AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS—RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN—VISIT TO BAZAARS.

IT would be a difficult matter to present a faithful sketch of the consternation produced among the officers of the flag-ship by the sudden determination of the Admiral to return to the Mediterranean, for the purpose of visiting the countries skirting the northern shores of the Levant. Upon such occasions it is very natural that all interested should have their likes and dislikes, their plans and projects, and these had, with a wonderful unanimity, settled upon the attractive provinces of Holland and its no less fascinating neighbors, for the sweets of German life had been tasted, and unfortunately generated a yearning desire for a larger supply of the same cordial. When, however, the decision was made, the announcement fell like a bombshell in a quiet camp, and the disappointed visages of one and all stretched out to an alarming length, and expressed every other feeling than pleasure at the prospect of the long voyage of three thousand miles to the haunts of the Mahometans.

Fortunately, the first shock was soon over; a reaction came, with its philosophical reasonings, and preparations

for the coming cruise were made with a will which savored strongly of cheerfulness under necessity.

The necessary preparations for sailing having been completed, the *Franklin* moved away from her anchorage off Cowes on the afternoon of July 19th, and passing through the picturesque Solent to the Needles, entered the channel and thence was headed southwardly on her course toward Gibraltar. In the mean time an overland party, consisting of Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, Paymaster Bradford, Dr. Bannan, Mr. Welles, and Mr. Kane, had been organized to travel through Central Europe to Constantinople, at which city they hoped to meet the flag-ship. As the sequel will prove, the plan was well arranged and admirably executed. The excursionists passed through Paris to Geneva; thence through Switzerland to Vienna; thence to Pesth by rail; down the Danube in a steamer to Rustchuk in Bulgaria; thence to Varna on the Black Sea, reaching the city of Stamboul only one day after the arrival of the *Frolic* in the Bosphorus, with the Admiral on board.

The cruise of the flag-ship over the first section of the route was unmarked by any event worthy of mention—all journals and diaries during that distance being lamentably destitute of incidents. Reading was the order of the day and smoking the amusement for leisure moments. In the cabin, Badeau's *Life of General Grant* furnished the literary food, and afforded much pleasure.

On the seventh day out the frigate was hove to off Gibraltar for one hour, to communicate with the *Frolic*, and then, blessed for once with a favorable wind, which

the sailors attributed to the absence of our lady passengers, we bounded rapidly up the blue Mediterranean under full sail, passed between Sicily and Malta, the towering cone of Mount Etna distinctly visible, and then coursed gayly through the narrow Straits of Cervi, which separate the Morea from Cerigo, the Cythera of the ancients, and interesting from their fabulous associations and the rugged scenery which skirts the opposing shores.

Emerging from this picturesque passage, our course was changed more northwardly, and passing between Milo and Anti-Milo, and among several little groups of islands in the Grecian Archipelago, anchored early on the morning of the 5th of August in the harbor of Syra, the capital of an island of the same name, forming one of the Cyclades, and noted as the second maritime depot in the kingdom of Greece. At the time of our arrival there were many vessels in this port, comprising several of the Austrian Lloyds, as many Turkish steamers, some Greek, and a Cretan blockade-runner, which seemed admirably adapted for her mysterious cruising.

The customary salutes were speedily exchanged between the flag-ship and a battery on shore, and as soon as the smoke had cleared away the United States Consul came on board to greet the Admiral and his officers, and shortly afterward the Governor of the island, who was received with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of naval etiquette. That functionary bore his honors meekly, and simply expressed his appreciation of the "greatness thrust upon him" by significant glances, which spoke volumes of secret delight.

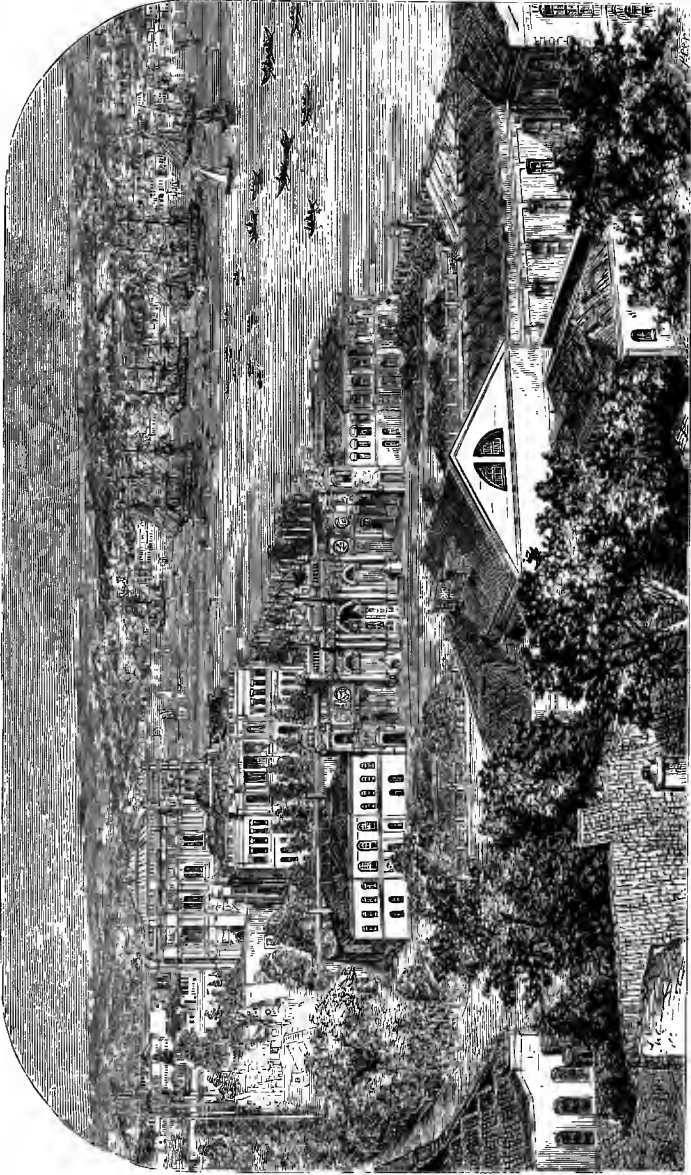
This entire day was devoted by the people to a national rejoicing in honor of the birth of an heir to the Grecian throne, which important news had been communicated by telegram from Athens, and was hailed as a fulfilment of the prophecy that a Constantine should reign in Constantinople; and as it was also memorable in our own history as the anniversary of Admiral Farragut's brilliant achievement in Mobile Bay, it received due commemoration on board ship by those who were actors in that severe ordeal.

By request of the authorities a national salute was fired at meridian, with the Greek flag displayed and the ship dressed in recognition of the joyous event; and the hills around resounded with sufficient cannonading to justify the belief that a hostile fleet was bombarding the city. On the same evening the Admiral transferred his flag to the *Frolic*, Commander Harmony, and, accompanied by Captain Le Roy, Commander Shirk, Dr. Foltz, and Messrs. Wallace, McKinley, Brownell, and Montgomery, steamed out of the beautiful little harbor, brilliant with illuminations and fireworks, and proceeded on his way toward the capital of the Ottoman Empire. The *Franklin*, under command of Commodore Pennock, continued on to Smyrna, to replenish her bunkers, and to await the chances of permission to pass up the forbidden Hellespont.

On the following morning the *Frolic* was far on her course up the Archipelago; the weather was lovely, and the sail among the islands which have been the favorite subjects of song and story for ages was more than usually interesting. In the course of our progress we passed Mity-







CONSTANTINOPLE.





ene, anciently Lesbos, where "burning Sappho loved and sung," and shortly afterward the straits separating the island of Tenedos,—to which the Greeks retired to witness the clever experiment of the wooden horse,—and the reputed plains of Troy, from which point we enjoyed a fine view of the mounds or tombs of Achilles, Hector, and Patroclus, who, according to Homer, were giants as well as generals in their day.

A short distance beyond, the rising summit of Mount Ida, upon which the prize of beauty was awarded to the famous belle of the ancients, towered among the eastern hills; and about ten miles further on we entered the Dardanelles, the Hellespont of former times, and proceeded up to the village of Chanak-Kalessi, situated in Anatolia, opposite the castle of Europe on the site of Abydos, and immediately below the forts which close these straits to all vessels of war, unless, indeed, said vessel saw fit to run the gantlet, which would not be a difficult matter for one experienced in such operations.

As we were moored in front of this Turkish settlement, and reflected upon the interesting scenes disclosed during the past two days, it was generally conceded that to enjoy them properly all travellers and tourists should possess a wonderful amount of faith in ancient history, and not question the descriptions of the siege of Troy or the wonders of Scriptural revelations. To a sceptic in all those poetic traditions and legends which belong to a remote period of the world's history, a cruise up the Grecian Archipelago would be nothing more than the enjoyment of diversified scenery; while faith in its past invests every barren island

and every bold headland with an interest which experience alone can realize.

Our vessel was detained off Chanak for twenty-four hours, awaiting a "firman" to proceed to Constantinople, for which a telegram had been sent from Syra by way of Athens; but as the place was fraught with historical associations, being the scene of Leander's exploits as a swimmer in search of Hero, and also of Lord Byron's in search of immortality, and moreover the spot occupied by that unfortunate general, Xerxes, for his famous bridge of boats, we managed to pass the time very satisfactorily in visiting the shores, and conjuring up the mysterious figures of the past. Various expeditions, somewhat similar to those which placed the names of the ancient hero and the modern poet upon the golden scroll of fame, were planned by the most enthusiastic of the officers, but as they reflected that this thirst for glory cost the former his life and the latter the ague, a more rational view of the case was taken, and romantic enterprise was abandoned as a waste of wisdom, time, and energy,—a decision which the Admiral remarked did some credit to their judgment.

During our imprisonment here the American Consul, Mr. Calvert, and the officer commanding the garrison called upon the Admiral; both visits were returned, and the opportunity embraced to inspect the place and its battery of immense bronze guns, throwing stone balls twenty-seven inches in diameter.

The long-expected "firman" having arrived, the *Frolic* was at once got under weigh, and proceeded up the picturesque channel of the Dardanelles, passed Gallipolis,





COSTUME GROUP ON DECK.





steamed rapidly over the Sea of Marmora, and about noon of the following day, August 8th, anchored in the Thracian Bosphorus, in front of the city of Stamboul, at the mouth of the Golden Horn, which separates the old city from Pera and Galata.

The cruise of the past few days, which thus terminated in placing us in full view of the great capital of the Oriental Empire, the very centre and source of Mussulman power and glory, had been one of the most absorbing interest: scenes associated with a remote period shifting constantly before us, and finally disclosing all the external beauty of Constantinople and its picturesque surroundings. The whole appeared as a dream, and it was not easy to realize the fact that we were in the Eastern world, face to face with its countless wonders; and we were compelled to admit that never before had we

“ Seen such sights, nor heard such song,  
As wooed the eye and thrilled the Bosphorus along.”

Shortly after his arrival, the Admiral was officially visited by Hon. Edward Joy Morris, United States Minister, and Mr. John P. Brown, Secretary of Legation, both of whom welcomed him most courteously to the kingdom of Turkey. The former at once inquired for the *Franklin*, and expressed some surprise that the Admiral had not obtained permission to bring her through the Dardanelles; but when the politic commander gave as his reason his reluctance to infringe on the treaty of the Five great Powers, the diplomatist acknowledged the wisdom of the proceeding, and contented himself with the observation that it was not yet too late for the required firman.

The ensuing Monday was fixed upon for the official visits to the members of the Turkish Cabinet and the diplomatic corps generally, and in the day's interim the Admiral and the officers belonging to the flag-ship transferred bag and baggage to the principal hotels in Pera, and prepared for the approaching ceremonials.

At the appointed hour "all hands" went on board the *Frolic*, and as soon as joined by Mr. Morris and the Secretary, the vessel was put on her course up the glorious Bosphorus. No scenery can possibly surpass the picturesque beauty of the short sail up this noble strait. The entire distance from the Golden Horn to the Black Sea is not over eighteen miles, and yet within that comparatively short space there is more in both nature and art to delight the eye and call forth rhapsodical expressions of admiration than can be found in any part of Europe.

During our sojourn off Stamboul we made four separate excursions between that city and Buyukdéré, and on each occasion the fairy-like scenes of its smiling shores, stretching out in their winding contours, and bearing upon their gently-rising slopes the richest verdure and the most lovely foliage, garnished with villas, palaces, imperial summer residences, gardens, mosques, and kiosks, photographed themselves on the mind with ineffaceable impressions.

Steaming up this noble strait, which separates two great continents, and yet is susceptible of being bridged at any point between its limits, and watching the alternating varieties of lights and shadows which give such dazzling beauty to its course, it seemed to our delighted visions the



spot of all others from which all poets might well have sketched their grandest descriptions of the glories of the Eastern world.

Passing between the two castles of Room-Elee Hissar and Anadoli-Hissar, situated respectively on the European and Asiatic side, the temporary flag-ship was anchored off Rebek, the palace of H. E. Aali Pacha, the Grand Vizier of Turkey; and immediately afterward the Admiral, with his staff, Mr. Morris, and the Secretary of Legation, proceeded to the quay, and passing between the saluting guard, entered the grand reception-room, were presented to the distinguished diplomatist, and by him welcomed to the East with the most marked friendship and cordiality.

As soon as this ceremony was concluded the guests took seats in an imposing circle, not exactly on divans, but on the more modern sofas, and conversation between the two dignitaries of Turkey and America progressed very smoothly, not even marred by the noiseless entrance of a corps of well-disciplined servants bearing costly chibouques, which brought a twinkle of delight to the eyes of the smokers, and a corresponding glance of despair from the victimized Admiral, who never uses the weed. Under this charm every one but himself felt very happy, and inwardly prayed that the visit to this mansion of earthly bliss might be a prolonged one.

The chibouques were succeeded by coffee in tiny cups, of such intrinsic value as to make one sigh for their possession. This stimulant was quickly followed by the cool and refreshing sherbet, and while wondering what would

be the next course on an apparently exhaustless *carte*, the audience was suddenly closed, and all followed the example of their chief by "retreating in order" from the chamber. The hopes of the tobacconists were blighted, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that this was only the opening of a series of visits—the first link in a chain of official intercourse.

We were much delighted with the appearance and manners of the Grand Vizier, and formed the most favorable impressions, which were fully confirmed by many subsequent interviews. He is in the very prime of life, of quick perceptive faculties, ripe judgment, and strong mental endowments, and wins admiration and confidence by a mild and genial countenance, and a softness and ease of deportment which is as pleasant as it is irresistible.

From Rebek the steamer proceeded further up the Bosphorus to the palace of Fuad Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, situated within a beautiful cluster of trees and flower-gardens on the Asiatic side. Here the same cordial and friendly welcome awaited the Admiral and his officers, the latter not even refusing to go through the same programme that had charmed them so much in the marble halls of the Grand Vizier, but accepting the *chibouques* as a matter of etiquette to the distinguished host and in conformity with the customs of the country.

The Minister was remarkably gracious, spoke freely of American affairs, manifested much interest in our improvements in implements of war, and seemed to possess a wonderful familiarity with our national status. He is a man of great erudition, an excellent scholar, and considered to

be inferior to very few in Europe as a well-skilled diplomatist.

While we were in this palace enjoying the hospitality of the Cabinet Minister, the Austrian steamer passed down with the overland party on board—reaching the East almost upon the same day of the arrival of those who had gone round in the *Franklin*.

Upon retiring from this second interview, the *Frolic* continued on her course of official visiting, and after passing Beicos Bay, where the allied fleet was anchored in the Crimean war, and the Giant's Mountain, under which Joshua is supposed to be buried, she was anchored off Buyukdéré, within full view of the famous Euxine, well named by the ancients, as it signifies inhospitable—to the correctness of which appellation the party from Varna will readily testify.

Near this village an official visit was made to General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, who, with his highly accomplished wife, tendered the Admiral and his suite a real Muscovite reception, which expresses more than any word our Saxon language furnishes.

This visit was prolonged by reason of the overflowing kindness and hospitality which held us willing prisoners, and although the smoking members saw no visions of the chibouques, they made themselves happy over the finest *Habanas* which could be procured. Captain Le Roy was in the best of humor, and looked amiability itself, while Commander Shirk was in a state bordering upon ecstasy.

Almost the first question of the great diplomatist was, "But where is the *Franklin*?" The Admiral personified

Echo, answering, Where? and smiled at the idea of his flag-ship being in the Bosphorus without permission from the Sultan. The ambassador looked significantly at Mr. Morris, they exchanged expressive glances, and the curtain fell for the nonce.

As a minister plenipotentiary, General Ignatieff is admirably fitted for the position he adorns. The many knotty points connected with the Eastern question, and the necessity of a quick appreciation of the difficulties which are constantly arising require a diplomatist of the first order, and in this respect Russia is fortunate in her representative; for in mental calibre he is equal to the first men of the age, and is so ready and keen as to have won from the Turks the sobriquet of "*l'ambassadeur terrible!*"

From General Ignatieff the visiting party proceeded over to the residence of our Minister, Mr. Morris, at the other side of Buyukdéré, where a very handsome lunch had been provided for the *wearry* officers, to which they did ample justice.

It was the intention of the Admiral to have visited the ambassadors of England, France, Austria, and Prussia upon the same afternoon, but as the day was waning, he was persuaded to postpone this part of his programme until the next morning.

After fulfilling this second part of his mission, a general movement was made to the celebrated bazaars in Stamboul. Committing ourselves to the tender mercies of "Far-Away Moses,"—a guide and dragoman known to all modern travellers, and decidedly the most trusty man of his species in that city,—we passed several hours in wandering

through those wonderful passages or corridors, making a rapid survey of the valuable merchandise from all parts of the Oriental world, and purchasing little articles as souvenirs, to be presented to absent friends in token of remembrance. These bazaars are peculiarly an Eastern institution, and afford much pleasure. Each trade has its distinct quarter, and the dealers, sharper and more cunning than



the shrewdest Vermonter that ever whittled a clock, expose their goods to great advantage, and invariably demand for them four times the sum they hope to obtain from a chance purchaser. Conscience is an attribute of nature to them unknown, and their sphere of happiness

appears to revolve around the one absorbing thought of reaping the largest profits from an ordinary harvest. The traveller's eyes must possess the vigilance of the lynx to detect their cunning diplomacy with the guides, and his heart steeled against their piteous assurances that they are "selling that article far below its original cost."

With all these opposing elements, the bazaars of Constantinople are the interesting features of the city, particularly from the motley collection of nationalities encountered along their streets. Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Circassians, Egyptians, Kalmucks, Arabians, Persians, Dervishes, Sheiks, and every other imaginable species of humanity encounter and jostle you at every step, and in such grotesque costumes, that there is actually less gazing about by the throng than on the fashionable thoroughfares of New York.

The Admiral was much amused by this shifting kaleidoscope, and made his purchases of chibouques, amber, atar gul, and scarfs, with a coolness and *sang froid* suggestive of indifference to taxation.

Fortunately the dealers knew not with whom they were bartering, otherwise his purse would have suffered a much heavier depletion. After remaining in these odoriferous passages for a considerable period, and expending a little fortune in money and a mint of scolding, the visitors were glad to return alive to Pera, crossing the Golden Horn by the bridge of boats—one of the greatest curiosities about Stamboul. It presents the gayest possible picture of Oriental life, and I can recall no better illustration for a brief description than London Bridge at the close





THE SULTAN.







of business hours; only giving to the masses who pour backward and forward in two counter-streams over that thoroughfare, the brilliancy and novelty of at least twenty grotesque costumes, representing as many distinctive nationalities, each absorbed in their respective pursuits.

The next day was very warm, recalling the torrid zone, insomuch that the Admiral, salamander as he is, wisely determined to remain "at home" and receive the diplomatic corps, all of whom returned his visit, and expressed much pleasure at meeting "one whose fame," they remarked, "had long since reached the eastern boundaries of Europe."

The following morning, August 13th, had been especially set apart by the Sultan for the reception of our naval commander, "and such officers of his squadron as he might designate."

Accordingly, about noon the Admiral, surrounded by a large suite, comprising the entire staff and nearly all the *Frolic's* roster, and accompanied by Mr. Morris, Mr. Brown, and Lieutenant Loyall Farragut, all in full costume, proceeded to the magnificent palace of Beg-ler-Beg, situated on the Asiatic shore, and, escorted to an upper reception-room, were there presented to the great Mussulman potentate, Abdul Aziz. His Majesty's manner was decidedly Oriental, and consequently not the most fascinating: he seemed phlegmatic and reserved: conversed quietly with the Admiral through his interpreter, Arifi Bey, who, after touching the ground, his lips, and forehead in quick succession, translated from French into Turkish, and in the same manner replied; and appeared throughout

the impersonation of one indifferent to the opinion of the world outside his own dominions. He is considered a wise ruler, gives much of his income to internal improvements, and is said to be popular with his subjects. He is in the very prime of life, was simply dressed, with the inevitable fez cap perched on his head, and conversed chiefly upon the subject of iron-clads.

The officers were simply, "lookers-on in Vienna," and occupied their time in studying the physiognomy of His Majesty and noticing the customs of his very subservient interpreter. The interview lasted about ten minutes, when we were notified to bow ourselves out of the room, which we did in military order, trusting the guide on the right would prevent a collision with any object in our rear. Thence we were ushered into a large and handsome saloon on the first floor, and there instantly served with "costly gemmed chibouques," with long jasmine and wild-cherry stems, and amber mouth-pieces, so richly studded with diamonds and precious stones that I fear the eighth commandment alone prevented a quiet appropriation. To this succeeded, in regular order, the coffee and sherbet, when the reception was declared at an end, and the officers slowly withdrew, with praises both loud and deep on their tongues of the wonderful aroma of the Sultan's tobacco.

The ensuing day being Friday—the Turkish Sabbath—we were invited to go a short distance up the Bosphorus to witness the ceremonial of the Sultan attending mosque as Caliph of the Mussulman world. It was a beautiful and novel sight, and amply repaid the curiosity which induced

the trip. At noon precisely His Majesty stepped into the royal barge,—an immense and superbly decorated caique, rowed by forty-four caiquedjis, and simultaneously the Turkish men-of-war fired the national salute. The reverberations of this discharge had scarcely ceased ere “Alla Hu!” the concluding words of the muezzin’s plaintive cry from the gallery at the top of the minaret, stole quietly over the water, calling the Mahometan world to prayer!

Upon landing at the mosque, His Majesty was received by his guards and chosen troops, who knelt as he passed, and immediately thereafter he disappeared within the edifice with his son, and the excitement lulled. The appearance of the Sultan’s guards is very imposing, from the number of nationalities of which it is composed, the grotesque color of the several uniforms, particularly those of the “Albanians kirtled to their knees,” and the Circassians, who are extremely fine-looking men.

Leaving the Sultan to his devotions, we proceeded up the Bosphorus in two caiques, passed the tomb of Barbarossa, and landed at “Genk Soo,” signifying the sweet or heavenly waters of Asia, said to be the spot where king Darius crossed with his army to annihilate the Greeks, and now used as a resort for the people from the dust of Constantinople. I endeavored to discover the origin of its designation, but nature failed me. There was an imposing display of native womanhood on the ground, all seated à la Turque, wrapped up in their gayly colored *feridjees* or mantles, and giving a sly glance at every foreigner through their tantalizing *yachmae* or veils. Their

life must be a sad one, and to us it seemed that, in comparison, slavery would be a blessing.

They appear to possess but few rights, no ambition, and seem to linger out a life of listless dreaming, or, to use the Turkish term, *kef*. Mrs. Farragut and Mrs. Pennock conversed with some of them through an interpreter (had an officer done so, solitary confinement on bread and water would have been his doom), and they appeared charmed with the unusual attention, their coal-black eyes shooting out fires of delight.

After passing an hour or more upon this historic ground, quaffing sherbet and imagining ourselves natives for the time being, but inwardly rejoicing that we were not, we returned down stream with a rapid current, and concluded the day's pleasure by visiting a place rejoicing in the title of the *Jardin des Fleurs*, so called, I presume, from the fact that there is scarcely a flower to be seen within its enclosure.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

VISIT TO MOSQUES—SERAGLIO—BANQUETS BY RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN MINISTERS AND THE GRAND VIZIER—VISITS TO HAREMS AND THE VICEROY OF EGYPT—THE PASSAGE OF THE FRANKLIN UP THE DARDANELLES—CORRESPONDENCE IN RELATION THERETO.

AUGUST 15th was a very pleasant day in the annals of the cruise, my journal recording an entire page of incidents.

The morning was devoted to a general expedition to the famous Mosque of St. Sophia, originally a Christian cathedral built by the Emperor Justinian, between the years 531 and 538, and still beautiful, "though turbans now pollute her shrine."

This expedition was composed of a large party on horseback, forming an escort to three carriages, containing the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, and others who did not admire the prominent lines of the Rosinantes. It was also supported by a number of dragomans, who were kept very busy in urging forward their jaded animals.

Upon reaching the Mosque we witnessed a fierce encounter of words between our guides and the doorkeepers as to the amount of *backsheesh* of which we could be plundered without expostulation; then removed our shoes, and leaving the Turks to fight it out their own way, entered

within the superb edifice and contemplated its architectural grandeur and its noble embellishments; its green jasper pillars from Ephesus, and its porphyry columns from the Temple of the Sun at Rome.

We observed the faithful praying with their faces toward Mecca, and were amused with their gymnastic devotions, and with the actions of a Mussulman schoolmaster who was constantly using the slipper on the back of his unfortunate pupil for not advancing beyond the *Bismillah* in the Koran!

From this we proceeded to the remains of the palace and gardens of the famous Seraglio, and after a delay of two hours, waiting for the firman, succeeded in gaining admittance, entering by the Sublime Porte, and shortly emerging through a gate whose title all appreciated, for it is called "Babi-i-Saadet," or the Gate of Happiness.

As soon as curiosity was fully gratified we recrossed the Golden Horn, and in the afternoon the Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut and suite, proceeded up the Bosphorus in the *Frolic* to within a short distance of the Black Sea, and returning to "Buyukdéré," anchored off that pretty little village, and in the evening attended a superb entertainment tendered him by the Russian Ambassador, General Ignatieff.

The Admiral was in excellent spirits, and responded very felicitously to the highly complimentary sentiments expressed by his accomplished host in reference to himself and the "noble country he represented." The welcome was a most cordial one, not only from the Ambassador himself, but also from Madame Ignatieff. Our Minister,



Mr. Morris, was present, and, being experienced as a politician, made a brief but capital speech upon the relations existing between the two nationalities. The Admiral was accompanied by Commanders Harmony and Shirk, Dr. Foltz, and Messrs. McKinley, Welles, Kane, and Montgomery.

On the afternoon of the 17th, after passing several hours in the bazaars, making purchases of souvenirs from Stamboul, we re-embarked on the *Frolic*, and for the third time steamed up along the lovely banks of the Bosphorus to the residence of the American Minister at Buyukdéré, to respond to an invitation from that official to attend a banquet "in honor of Admiral Farragut." At this handsome entertainment the same officers were present, with the addition of Captain Le Roy, and the diplomatic corps was represented by the Russian, Italian, and Prussian Ambassadors, and M. Coumany, Secretary of the Russian Legation, who served with distinction in the Crimean war.

The usual number of toasts were proposed, and many complimentary sentiments expressed for the principal guest by each of the diplomats in turn; Mr. Morris starting the ball, and the others keeping it rolling until it was arrested by those too modest to play the orator before the distinguished representatives of several of the great powers of Europe. Much pleasure was derived from this banquet, from the congeniality of the guests. M. Bertinatti, the Italian Minister, was for many years stationed at Washington, and considers himself as *ex-officio* almost an American citizen.

On the following day the *Frolic* was anchored near Rebek, where Mrs. Farragut and the ladies accompanying her received very cordial invitations from the Viceroy of Egypt, then sojourning on the Bosphorus, and H. E. Fuad Pacha, to visit their respective harems; and while the Admiral and suite were returning the calls of the Grand Vizier and other cabinet officials, they gladly availed themselves of this excellent opportunity of looking behind the scenes into the domestic habits of the East. Though curiosity is admitted to be a prominent attribute of their sex, yet they were more induced to accept this unusual offer from a natural desire to stand within the mysterious precincts of a Mussulman home.

Their first visit was to the palace of the Viceroy, where "they passed the harem's sacred tower;" two of the staff who escorted them being quietly waved back by a tall Nubian slave who guarded the portals, and invited into a reception-room, there to await the return of their more favored friends, and to reflect upon their own baffled hopes.

Mrs. Farragut and her companions remained for a considerable period within the forbidden halls, and then crossed over to the palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, where the same programme was enacted, while the disappointed staff-officers, here joined by the Admiral and suite, smoked the aromatic chibouque and quaffed delicious coffee and sherbet, within a bower of rare exotics which symbolized the "garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream."

Mrs. Farragut's description of these unusual visits was

highly graphic and amusing. As soon as they passed the gates, the harem's grating key was turned, and then, ushered by Nubian slaves to the grand reception-room, they were most courteously welcomed by the sultanas, the lights of the harem, one of whom was appropriately styled the lovely *Fatima*, from the fact that she was very pretty and weighed over 300 pounds avoirdupois! Upon entering these apartments about forty *Zuleikas* were drawn up in line, all beautifully dressed in different Oriental costumes and looking their happiest greeting to the American visitors.

The first ceremony of presentation over, the wondering guests were offered magnificent chibouques, of which each took a puff, out of compliment to the houris present. They were then presented with coffee and preserves, and offered napkins embroidered with gold and richly fringed. A Circassian slave acted as interpreter at the Viceroy's, and the Sultana requested her guests to converse in their own language, as it sounded to her like the voices of birds. The lovely *Fatima* was very bright and pleasant, asked many questions about our country, and when her guests arose to depart, begged them to come again before leaving Constantinople. Upon returning to the outer world, Mrs. Farragut said that she expected to see the bodies of the two staff-officers floating down the Bosphorus, the victims of their own imprudence in endeavoring to disturb the quiet of the sacred precincts.

In crossing the Bosphorus the party from the harem stopped by invitation to examine the superb steam-yacht of the Viceroy of Egypt, upon which the Admiral was

then making an official visit. Language fails to describe this magnificent specimen of naval architecture. In walking through her gilded saloons, furnished in the most elaborate manner, and surrounded by exquisite mirrors and ornaments of silver and gold, visions of fairy tales arose before us, and we thought of the luxurious pleasure of sea service within such a gorgeous floating palace! This yacht is of a splendid model, is the fastest vessel afloat, and was built at a cost which would shake the very bones of the chief of the Rothschilds.

In the evening the Admiral, accompanied by Mr. Morris and by Captain Le Roy, Commanders Harmony and Shirk, Dr. Tinkham and Messrs. Goodrich and Montgomery, repaired to the palace of his Excellency Aali Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, to respond to an invitation to dine with that popular diplomatist.

In presenting a sketch of this superb banquet it is almost impossible "to hold the mirror up to nature," and I know of no better illustration than one of the pictures of such brilliant feasts described in the Arabian Nights. The guests assembled in the reception-room, and after being graciously and courteously received by the Prime Minister, were escorted in proper order to the banqueting-hall by a route which, in all its surroundings, recalled the fabled glories of the East. Passing from the palace, the guests were conducted over a beautiful bridge spanning a roadway, whence they entered a garden which might have been that occupied by Haidee; the walks of which were lined with brilliant lights of variegated colors, leading up to an immense glass conservatory, resplendent

with all kinds of luminaries, and appearing in the centre of the magnificent garden like a vast star surrounded by its lesser satellites.

This conservatory was filled with plants of every variety, the aroma from which was everywhere diffused, and was a luxurious part of the Oriental display which characterized the table spread in this bower of roses between rows of the choicest exotics.

There were many prominent Turks around the festive board, all of whom had been summoned to do honor to the distinguished guest of the Grand Vizier. Among the most noteworthy were H. H. Fuad Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; H. E. Narrick Pacha, Minister of War; H. E. Mahmoud Pacha, Minister of Marine; H. E. Kiamil Pacha, *sans portefeuille*; H. E. Kibristi Pacha, *sans portefeuille*; H. E. Omar Pacha, General-in-Chief of the Army; Admirals Rossam Pacha and Ibrahim Pacha; Arifi Bey, Chief Interpreter of the Sublime Porte.

Kiamil Pacha is the brother-in-law of the Viceroy of Egypt, and both he and Kibristi Pacha have filled the highest offices in the state.

The dinner was remarkably quiet; it being a Turkish custom, and one that might be imitated by other nations to their advantage, to converse in a very subdued tone; and as we noticed this softness and the absence of all noise we thought of the mental terror of the guests if suddenly transferred to a political banquet in New York!

One of the Admirals above mentioned has visited America, and spoke English remarkably well, while the other had confined himself to the Levant, and was master

simply of the Turkish and Arabic; and as a consequence, conversation with the former was naturally real and animated, with the latter, ideal and pantomimic.

It was also observed that the Turks drank no wine, an example which was not followed strictly by their guests. They wore the friendly fez cap throughout the entertainment, the effect of which, in contrast with the blue uniforms of the Americans, was remarkably striking, and added no little to the brilliancy of the scene.

Upon the conclusion of the banquet, which was served in regular courses, the company arose and retired to the aromatic labyrinths of the conservatory; and there, reclining beneath some sweet-smelling myrtle or overhanging "Gul," enjoyed a brief life of Oriental epicureanism, with the unfailing chibouque, the delicious coffee, and the invigorating sherbet, and wished the hours were hung on leaden wings, or that the present moments would linger out to the very crack of doom!

It was an evening to be remembered through all time, for it afforded us a better realization of Eastern life than we had ever hoped to enjoy. Even now that we have returned to the more progressive and matter-of-fact simplicity of our Saxon tastes and habits, the grand entertainment in the superb palace of Rebek appears before us as a dream of the past; and it is difficult to realize the fact that we are not in a state of mental aberration in recording our presence in such fairy-like scenes! While all this fun and frolic, "like gleams of sunshine in a lowering sky," was enchanting the refugees from the *Franklin*, and the officers of the temporary flag-ship upon the lovely Bos-

phorus, the frigate, having left Smyrna, from which point a very pleasant excursion had been made to Ephesus, was quietly lying in the Dardanelles, awaiting the result of the conference in reference to her passing up to Constantinople.

The application for this permission had been made by our Minister, Mr. Morris, and had been referred to the Ambassadors of the five great powers, parties to the Treaty of Paris, which excludes all vessels of war of her magnitude from the privilege of passing up the Straits.

Much delay resulted from these conferences ; and while it was known that the Sultan had given his consent from the beginning, it was also whispered that one, and perhaps two of the members of the diplomatic corps had demurred, and strenuously opposed an acquiescence in the request, as establishing a dangerous precedent.

It was argued by them that their consent would be contrary to the express terms of the treaty ; and when reminded by Mr. Morris that an exception had lately been made in the case of the "Alexander Nevski," a Russian frigate of fifty guns (recently lost off Denmark), with the Grand Duke Alexis, third son of the Emperor, on board, it was naïvely answered that the vessel in question was commanded by a prince of the blood. This reply afforded our zealous Minister the opportunity of ventilating the republican notions upon which our government is based, and he lost no time in representing to their Excellencies "that in America, where there were no titles, all are in one sense princes of the blood,"—that the flag-ship contained at least seven hundred of them—that the Admiral was one

of the most distinguished members of the Republic's household, and that if exceptions were confined exclusively to princes of the blood, as recognized in Europe, persons of eminence in the United States would be, by such interpretation, excluded entirely from privileges accorded to others.

To elucidate this knotty subject, and to lighten up some of the wiry ways of diplomacy, I present the correspondence which passed in French between the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs and the representative of America.

“BUYUKDÉRI, August 18, 1868.

“To His Highness FUAD PACHA, *Minister of Foreign Affairs, etc.*

“HIGHNESS:—The frigate carrying the flag of Admiral Farragut having arrived in the Dardanelles, I have the honor to beg your Highness that permission be granted the same to pass the Straits.

“Although vessels of the size of the one in question, the *Franklin*, are excluded by the treaty, some exceptions have been made from time to time in favor of similar vessels carrying a prince of the blood. Such hereditary dignities do not exist in the United States. If these exceptions are limited exclusively to princes of the blood, historic persons of the United States cannot enjoy the same exceptions, and their position toward the Porte will be, consequently, extremely peculiar.

“Admiral Farragut is the officer of the highest rank, and the most distinguished in the American navy. By his deeds he has greatly contributed to the safety of his country, and to the preservation of the American Union against its enemies. His reputation has become cosmopolitan, and



as such he has been received in all the courts of Europe with princely honors.

“Sovereigns have greeted him with most distinguished receptions, thinking more of his glorious deeds than of his birth.

“Having enjoyed such great consideration elsewhere, I am led to hope that His Majesty the Sultan will greet him with equal honors, and that with his usual generosity, and high appreciation of distinguished services and exploits, he will grant to Admiral Farragut the exception made in favor of the princes.

“He desires to bring the *Franklin* to Constantinople, exclusively for an object of courtesy toward a power with which the United States have always maintained the best relations, and with which my government desires to remain in peace and amity.

“I beg your Highness to do me the honor to submit these considerations to His Majesty the Sultan, convinced as I am that the above-mentioned permission will be regarded as a special favor to the American people and to one of its most faithful and distinguished servants.

“I avail myself of this occasion to renew to your Highness the assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed)

“E. J. MORRIS.”

To this the following reply was received, two days subsequently :—

[No. 23,099—10.]

“AUGUST 20, 1868.

“I have received the letter which you were kind enough to address me on the 18th of August, expressing the desire

that an especial authorization be granted to the frigate carrying the flag of Admiral Farragut to pass the Straits of the Dardanelles to come to Constantinople.

“As you are pleased to acknowledge in the note alluded to, existing treaties settle the principle of the closing of the Straits ; and although the dimensions of said frigate exceed the limits expressly agreed upon by the Treaty of Paris, His Majesty the Sultan, my august sovereign, wishing, however, to give a proof of his high regard for a distinguished citizen of the great American Republic, has taken pleasure in giving for that purpose, and in a special manner, the required authorization for the passage of the vessel in question.

“While informing you that instructions to this effect have just been sent by telegram to the Dardanelles, I beg you to take into consideration the special character of the authorization granted.

(Signed)

“FUAD.”

Upon receipt of the above, Mr. Morris immediately returned an acknowledgment in the following words:—

“CONSTANTINOPLE, August 23, 1868.

“MR. MINISTER:—I have had the honor to receive the note by which you kindly inform me that His Majesty the Sultan has been pleased to grant authorization to the frigate *Franklin*, carrying the flag of Admiral Farragut, to pass the Dardanelles to come to Constantinople.

“This distinguished exception to the rules of the treaty relative to vessels of war to which permission is given to

enter these Straits during time of peace, will be highly appreciated by my government as a striking proof of regard toward the republic of the United States, and toward the distinguished man who has so nobly sustained the honor of his flag during the recent civil war.

“It will give me the greatest pleasure to convey to the special knowledge of my government this friendly and gracious act, whose effect will be to cement the good relations existing between the two countries.

“I pray your Highness to convey to His Majesty the Sultan the expression of my respectful and grateful acknowledgments for his gracious courtesy on this occasion, and the special favor which he has extended to Admiral Farragut.

“I avail myself of this occasion to renew, etc.

(Signed) “E. J. MORRIS.”

After receiving the first communication of Mr. Morris, the Minister of Foreign Affairs addressed the following circular to the representatives of the powers signing the Treaty of Paris:—

[No. 23098—25.]

“AUGUST 19, 1868.

“The frigate carrying the flag of Admiral Farragut having arrived in the Dardanelles, the legation of the United States, while recognizing the principle of the closing of the Straits, established by treaties, has expressed to us the desire that it may be permitted, especially, to pass this Strait to come to Constantinople.

“The size of this vessel exceeds, it is true, the limits established by the Treaty of Paris; but His Imperial Majesty

the Sultan, desiring to do an act of courtesy toward a distinguished citizen of the great American Republic, and to see this magnificent frigate, has accorded, in this case, and in a manner altogether exceptional, the permission requested.

“I have thought it my duty to bring this authorization to the notice of the representatives of the powers signing the aforesaid treaty, who in their capacity will please take notice of the special character of the permission granted, and which they will find, I have no doubt, sufficiently justified.

(Signed)

“FUAÐ.”



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRANKLIN OFF STAMBOUL—SCENES ON BOARD—BANQUET OF ENGLISH AMBASSADOR—RECEPTION ON FRANKLIN OF TURKISH OFFICIALS, DIPLOMATIC CORPS, ETC.—SCENE WITH GREEK DEPUTATION, AND RUSSIAN YACHT—DEPARTURE—CONSTANTINOPLÉ.

IN the mean time the Admiral was quietly enjoying himself in visiting the dockyards, military schools, hospitals, and ordnance depots of the Queen of the East, and in studying the customs of the Oriental world in the grotesque streets of Pera; while the officers who accompanied him, wearied out with their protracted sojourn in a city whose attraction lies wholly in its surroundings, waited impatiently for the *Franklin*, and resigned themselves to despair over the avowed determination of their commander to “fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,” in order that the principle involved might be fully tested. Delays became vexatious, and daily promises of the “firman” sounded like an old story to the Pera captives, whilst those on the frigate grew rusty off Chanak, and yearned for a change of scene. At last the desired order was telegraphed to Commodore Pennock, who lost not a moment in getting under weigh, and on the afternoon of the 21st we had the pleasure of tracing the graceful spars of the flag-ship above the cypress groves on

Seraglio Point, and shortly afterwards the frigate herself, moving on to her anchorage in the Bosphorus, midway between Europe and Asia, and directly opposite the Imperial palace of Dolma Baghtche, where national salutes were exchanged with a Turkish iron-clad moored a short distance below.

The arrival of the *Franklin* off Stamboul inaugurated a new era of official courtesies, and at the same time created much surprise and speculation amongst the people, who openly declared that they "could not understand how it was managed," or "for what especial purpose such an immense war-ship had been permitted to anchor" with her broadside looking directly into the saloons and harem of the Imperial residence!

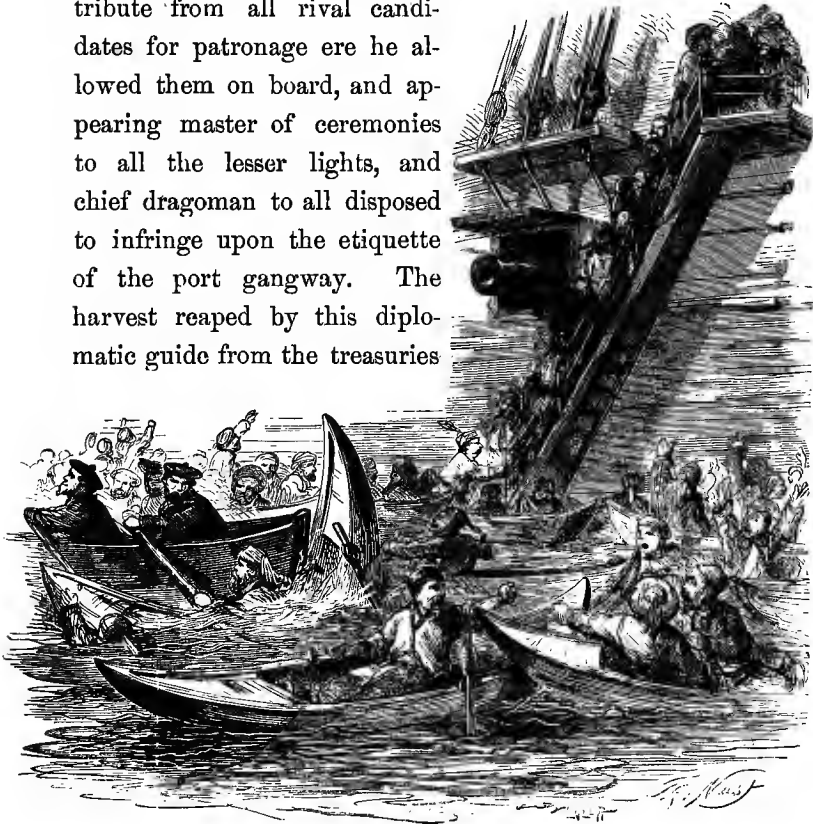
The Greeks looked unutterably happy, and the Turks correspondingly indifferent, while other nationalities, comprising the mixed population around the Golden Horn, seemed to await, with no little patience, the dénonement of this singular proceeding.

In the mean while the decks of the flag-ship were daily thronged with thousands of wonder-stricken visitors, consisting of Jews, Gentiles, Dervishes, Priests, Bosniaques, Persians with their high sheep-skin conical hats, Arabians, Caiquedjis, Circassians, Bulgarians, Emirs with their garbs of green, and

"The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 The crimson-scarfèd men of Macedon ;  
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,  
 And crooked glaive ; the lively, supple Greek ;  
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son ;  
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak ;"

all of whom circulated freely about the ship, pausing in mute astonishment before her heavy guns and looking admiringly upon the different objects of naval interest.

In the midst of this motley assemblage, where the fez cap seemed to possess two-thirds of the frigate, "Far-Away Moses," having transferred his headquarters from the *Frolic*, and a large stock of merchandise from the bazaars, reigned sole monarch of the commercial world, exacting a tribute from all rival candidates for patronage ere he allowed them on board, and appearing master of ceremonies to all the lesser lights, and chief dragoman to all disposed to infringe upon the etiquette of the port gangway. The harvest reaped by this diplomatic guide from the treasuries



of the *Franklin* and *Frolic* will enable him to build a home on the smiling Bosphorus in full view of the scene of his monetary labors.

On the evening of the 22d, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, the staff, and Mr. Morris, again proceeded up the Bosphorus in the *Frolic* to Therapia, to dine with the Hon. Mr. Elliott, Ambassador from England. Like all the banquets which had honored our naval commander in the East, this one of the British diplomatist was most pleasant and gratifying, and afforded opportunities for the interchange of the friendliest sentiments.

On the 24th, Admirals Rossam Pacha and Ibrahim Pacha, of the Turkish navy, were received on board the flag-ship with the customary honors, and then made a thorough inspection of her decks. On the following day the American Minister, Mr. Morris, was greeted with an official salute, and the echoes had scarcely ceased ere another discharge announced the arrival of General Omer Pacha, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Halil Pacha, Chief of the Ordnance Department and Superintendent of Gunnery, the latter requesting that the firing on his account might be dispensed with.

This officer conversed very well in English, enjoyed his visit exceedingly, and appeared particularly interested in the Dahlgren guns, which he examined carefully, making notes for future reference.

The same afternoon the Admiral visited the several Ambassadors, and forwarded invitations to the Grand Vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs to visit the *Franklin*; and while thus engaged in extending courtesies



to the Turkish Cabinet, the flag-ship was suddenly converted into a miniature ball-room by the unexpected influx of a large party of Greek and Armenian belles, Maids of Athens personified, who, professing a great fondness for the dance, were at once gratified with the latest American fashion in the Terpsichorean art. They seemed to enjoy the impromptu reception, and disembarked with protestations of eternal fondness for "all officers of the American Navy."

It had been currently reported, and in some circles absolutely announced, that the Sultan purposed visiting the flag-ship on the approaching Friday, immediately after attending mosque. It was even asserted by "those who knew" that he had been seen on board in the guise of a soldier, and that he had adopted this method of studying the latest improvements in gunnery and the last invention of the "ever-progressive Americans."

In the first case "the wish was father to the thought," and in the other, the minds of the detectives were "fevered into false creations," and in every stout and haughty-looking Turk their excited fancies pictured the great head of the Ottoman Empire himself!

All these rumors and speculations had their origin in the well-known fact that, at the suggestion of Admiral Farragut, Mr. Morris addressed a communication to the Grand Vizier, to ask whether or not the Sultan should be specially invited to visit the *Franklin* during her anchorage in the waters of the Golden Horn; and this interchange of official dispatches was readily distorted into the invitation and acceptance direct.

Instead of this the Minister received the following reply in French :—

“ SUBLIME PORTE, August 24, 1868.

“ MR. MINISTER :—I have had the honor to receive your confidential letter of yesterday. I greatly thank Admiral Farragut for his kind attention in consulting me whether or not it would be proper to invite the Sultan on board his beautiful frigate.

“ I am persuaded that His Imperial Majesty would be delighted to accept an invitation of the illustrious Admiral, in order to give him a new proof of the admiration and profound esteem which he entertains toward the great American people, but for certain private reasons which will prevent him, against his will, from giving him that pleasure.

“ Already my august Sovereign had charged his Minister of Foreign Affairs and myself to make a visit on board the *Franklin*, and to express, in his name, his regrets to that effect.

“ Receive, Mr. Minister, the assurance of my perfect consideration,

“ AALI.

“ His Excellency E. J. MORRIS, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America.”

While declining the proffered reception, His Majesty charged his Grand Chamberlain, Djemil Bey, to visit the Admiral, and in his name to welcome him and his officers to Turkey, and at the same time directed the Grand Vizier

and the Minister of Foreign Affairs to go on board the *Franklin*, and express to their distinguished guest his regrets at his inability to visit his "beautiful frigate." Thursday following was fixed upon for this ceremonial, and during the intervening day a grand reception was given to the members of the diplomatic corps stationed near the Sublime Porte. Many of these officials, with their families, availed themselves of the occasion to pay their respects to their American guest and to inspect his ship. Amongst those present were the Russian Ambassador, General Ignatieff and suite, with Madame Ignatieff; the English, Hon. Mr. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott; the French, M. Bourée; the Italian, M. Bertinatti; the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, and M. Stenersen, the Chargé of Sweden and Norway. The Greek Envoy, M. Delyannis, made his call on the following day, and the Spanish sent a very friendly note regretting that he was not able to attend.

As each representative arrived at the starboard gangway he was received with a salute of 17 guns, while the flag of his country was raised to the fore, and the band played the appropriate national melody, creating a great excitement amongst the bewildered Turks on shore, who doubtless believed a bombardment in progress, and scattering the clustering caiques to a safe distance from the ship's broadsides. The reception continued during four hours, and was made more than usually animating by the constantly changing uniforms of the several visitors and the number and variety of airs performed by the band. It was also a pleasant sight to witness the fraternizing of so many nationalities, each one of which maintains an immense standing army

to make war upon the other whenever the slightest provocation offers !

But the *entente cordiale* on board the *Franklin* on that memorable day was perfect, and suggested the approach of the millennium, when the English lion shall lie down peacefully with the Gallic game-cock, and the great Russian bear clasp in loving embrace the swarthy soldiers of Macedonia and Turkey.

On the 27th of August, in accordance with previous arrangement, the ship was placed in readiness to receive the two Cabinet Ministers who were to represent "their august sovereign;" and at the appointed time their Excellencies, Aali Pacha and Fuad Pacha, came on board, were greeted with all honors, and at once escorted to the Admiral's cabin, where a handsome luncheon of fruits had been provided for them. While engaged with the Admiral, Captains Pennock and Le Roy, and Mr. Morris, in friendly conversation, considerable excitement was for a few minutes created on the spar-deck by the sudden irruption of a large deputation of Greeks, who passed over the port gangway and commenced the distribution of proclamations of an inflammatory character, printed in English and Greek, and reading as follows:—

"Gallant Admiral and Crew of the United States frigate  
*Franklin*: Welcome to Constantinople!

"The illustrious name of Franklin has most enthusiastically impressed the Greeks of Constantinople, and the 'stars and stripes,' Liberty's own flag, waving over these waters, have filled their hearts with inexpressible joy,

being for them, as for all oppressed, a certain foreboding of the forthcoming fall of foreign domination and consolidation of true liberty.

“The Greeks of this capital, full of gratitude for all that the great Republic has done in favor of their brethren from 1821 to 1830, and likewise for the humane and generous assistance lent both by the government and the citizens of the United States to our Cretan brethren, now for two years ill-used and courageously fighting for their independence—the Greeks of Constantinople hasten to greet you with fraternal affection, and at the same time to express to you, and through you to the whole of the American nation, the sense of their deep gratitude.

“May God grant that the American and the Greek nations may rejoice one day over the liberation of this historical country, in the same manner as all adorers of liberty all over the world have hailed the putting down of the rebellion and the emancipation of the slaves, to which you, illustrious Admiral, have so powerfully contributed through your bravery and skill.

“Long live the American nation!

“Long live the Greek nation!”

The circulation of this paper was speedily checked by the officer of the deck, and the American Minister at once advised the deputation to desist from further movements of this character, informing them that Admiral Farragut would receive them as representatives of a

nation with which his own was upon terms of understanding.

Pending this commotion, the Admiral left the Tu officials in his own cabin, and ascending to that of Commodore, sent for the leaders of the deputation after receiving them very kindly, told them frankly they had shown great want of judgment in coming aboard as a body at a time when he was entertaining several members of the Turkish Cabinet, and that they abused his hospitality in circulating incendiary documents against a nation then receiving him as its guest: a proceeding he would not permit.

This little lecture was received in good spirit, acknowledged to be a proper rebuke for over zeal was brought to a happy termination by the introduction of a little girl, five years of age, who stepped forward, in a very sweet and distinct voice, spoke the following panegyric in Greek :—

*Free Translation.\**

“Live ! live ! great and glorious America,  
Where holy freedom dwells !  
Live ! ye noble compatriots of Washington.  
Ye exalted soldiers—in valor, godlike !  
Live ! ye champions of brethren in bondage !  
Live ! ye vanguard of true glory !

“Live ! live ! America,  
Whose name is sweet throughout Greece—  
Live ! noble Farragut, champion of liberty ;  
Accept our guileless utterance, our  
Countless, devout prayers.”

\* From the original, by Professor Barton, of the College of the City of New York.

A copy of these verses, embossed in gold letters on white satin, and fringed with red, white, and blue ribbons, was presented to the Admiral by this little daughter of Hel-  
las, and by him preserved amongst his souvenirs of the cruise.

Three of the prime movers in this affair were soon afterwards arrested and cast into prison ; but upon Mr. Morris representing the matter to Admiral Farragut, then at Athens, that officer at once wrote to our Minister, saying: "I feel assured that if you would represent to his Excellency, the Grand Vizier, that the only petition presented to me was by a child about five years of age, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, and in which I think there can be found no cause of complaint, he would not deem the offence sufficient to cause their incarceration, and I trust that a consideration of the kind feelings which have so far existed between us will induce him to reconsider his first decision, and excuse them from further punishment."

To this letter Mr. Morris replied that the over-zealous Greeks had been released, the Grand Vizier stating that they were set at liberty "exclusively out of deference for the Admiral, otherwise they would have been sent into exile." Thus terminated this exciting little episode in the Bosphorus.

As soon as the Cabinet Ministers had departed, the ship was again thrown open, and during the afternoon was thronged with a most motley group from Stamboul and its dependencies.

On the ensuing day a delightful lull was vouchsafed to

us by the violence of the elements, which kept away many visitors, and favored us with several hours of quiet association with General Mott, of the United States army; while, the morning following, a sudden change was produced in the appearance of the flag-ship by the clearing of the decks of all visitors, and a summons to the officers and crew to participate in the funeral rites over the body of a seaman. At the conclusion of the solemn and impressive services, the body was conveyed ashore and buried at Pera, in the Protestant churchyard, when the vessel was once more transformed into a floating caravan-sary, for hundreds poured over her sides, and seemed to become fixtures upon her decks.

It was known to be our last day in Turkish waters, and as the curiosity to see the "big American frigate" seemed to have been contagious, the flag-ship presented a most grotesque and novel appearance. Early in the afternoon of the same day, August 29th, the glad sounds went forth of the order to "weigh anchor." These words sent a thrill of delight through the hearts of the officers, whose faces were now to be turned toward the setting sun, whose evening glories were the beacon-fires to light them to their far-distant homes.

While the crew were "heaving round" at the capstan, the Russian Ambassador, General Ignaticff, came on board from his steam yacht to bid farewell to the officers, with whom he had established the most friendly relations. Our own Minister, Mr. Morris, was also with us to the last moment, and, after leaving the ship, lingered in his handsome caique to wave adieux, and to receive return



greetings from those to whom he had always been most hospitable and courteous.

Before the departure of the flag-ship, a little incident happened which is worthy of record, as one of the side scenes associated with the dramatic part of the cruise, particularly from the excitement it produced in the feverish brains of foreign journalists. When the Russian Ambassador returned to his vessel and was about to move up the Straits, the rigging of the yacht was suddenly covered with the crew, the American colors were hoisted, and three hearty cheers rang through the air, proclaiming a nation's greeting to the flag of a friendly power. This was at once acknowledged by a similar proceeding on the *Franklin*, flag for flag, and cheer for cheer, when the two vessels parted, steaming in opposite directions—the one on her way to Buyukdéré, the other on her course toward the Western World.

This action was telegraphed at once to all parts of Europe as an evidence of the increasing amity existing between Russia and America, and the excited journalists referred to made it the subject for severe criticism, and went so far as to suggest that the French and other governments should demand an immediate explanation; and, failing in a satisfactory answer, I presume our devoted country was to have accompanied the *Franklin*, with the Admiral and all, to the bottom of the Atlantic!

These writers wished to know why other nations were not complimented in the same manner. The answer is as simple as the first rule in arithmetic—the vessels of other powers were not there to exchange with

us these international greetings, so that, while mourning their absence, we took what comfort we could in cheering the Russians.

I trust this explanation will avert the alternatives of "grim-visaged war," and convince European skeptics, that as a nation we desire to live in love and charity with all men—and women also.

A few minutes after six o'clock the *Franklin* moved proudly down the Bosphorus, surrounded by innumerable caiques; glided by the lovely garden on Seraglio Point, passed out into the glistening Propontis, and thus numbered among buried joys a visit which is steadfastly remembered as one of the grandest pageants of the cruise.

As we steamed down the Sea of Marmora, and looked for the last time upon the receding domes and minarets of the Queen City of the East, the inspiration of a lovely night added untold charms to the Oriental glory which surrounds that cosmopolitan metropolis.

We had passed three weeks within her shadows (and three weeks with naval officers in sight-seeing is equivalent to as many months with landsmen), and during that time had visited every point of interest in and around that great emporium of the East. We had gone shoeless into the mosques, and had ransacked the booths of the bazaars; we had left our footprints on the unpaved highways of the old city, and our purses in the clutches of the merchants; we had visited the convent of Cassim Pacha, and watched the rotatory worship of the "Dancing Dervishes," reflecting how eagerly they would be seized upon in America for the "German;" and had crossed over to Scutari, known to

all the world from its associations with Florence Nightingale, and had our ears assailed with the discordant services of the Ruffayee or Howling Dervishes ; we had been shaken to distraction in an Araba (carriage !) over the corduroy streets of Pera, and had balanced ourselves for a sail along the Golden Horn in a light caique which constantly threatened a watery grave ; we had seen the Hippodrome and Bin Bir Derek, the cistern of the thousand columns, and gazed upon the seven towers ; had made ourselves at home in the great city, exchanged fond glances with Armenian beauties, and danced most zealously with Franks, Greeks, and Circassians ; and, above all, had smoked chibouques with the Grand Vizier, and the narghilè with the natives, and received indifferent recognition from the head and front of the great Ottoman Empire !

With such a varied experience, and commanding such favorable opportunities for visiting all these places of interest, it is not surprising that we should have become familiar with Constantinople and its surroundings, or have learned to enjoy its lights and mourn over its shadows. As a city, viewed from the heights above Scutari or from the Sea of Marmora, it presents the most fascinating *coup d'œil* the imagination could possibly trace. Its position is grand and picturesque beyond description, and although I may differ from other writers, I cannot withhold my own testimony to its unsurpassed *external* beauty.

Situated at the confluence of the Bosphorus with the ancient Propontis, and upon a point stretching out as it were to grasp the Continent of Asia, the extensive triangle

fringed with old walls, sweeping around to the Golden Horn, and embracing numerous mosques, with their impressive domes, gracefully tapering minarets crowned with the gilded crescent, and clusters of houses painted in every variety of color, the whole intermingled with groves of the evergreen

“Cypress, saddening by the sacred mosque;  
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk;”

the eye surveys a picture unparalleled in Europe, and the mind realizes all the beauties of Eastern landscape imagery.

On entering the city, however, the scene rapidly changes, and the outside glories of Stamboul vanish before the repulsive degradation which stalks abroad in her narrow and filthy thoroughfares.

The city proper presents an immense cluster of small houses, constructed principally of wood or rough stone, situated along a perfect labyrinth of narrow, crooked, badly paved streets, always filled with dogs of the coyote species, who are nominally the scavengers of the city, but whose chief occupation seems to be that of sleeping, which they prosecute with great industry.

There is something amusing in the instinctive discipline of these animals. They are distributed about the city for duty, and assigned to certain localities, where they remain more steadily than ever watchman to his post; and if any fellow-cur ventures to cross into their bailiwick, it is at once made a *casus belli*, and the intruder is summarily ejected.

The principal amusement of the city for a stranger is in watching the groups of motley characters, dressed in costumes representing as many nationalities as were created

at the Tower of Babel, who pass and repass at all hours of the day in continuous streams, each one exhibiting the characteristics peculiar to his race; and in the bazaars, the Eldorados of the business portion of the surrounding country.

But even Mr. Brownell, whose love for antiquities is only surpassed by the zeal with which he traces them out, was compelled to admit, before we left the city, that he had seen enough of Stamboul, and was ready to depart in peace.

Notwithstanding all this, our visit to the East was the interesting event of the cruise, disclosing a new country and new customs; and as we steamed over the unruffled Propontis, those on board who had, at Cowes, mourned over the projected trip to the Levant, were the first to acknowledge that they were delighted, and shares in the Admiral's forethought rose three hundred per cent. in the market of public opinion within their floating exchange.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN ATHENS—OFFICIAL VISITING—  
SIGHT-SEEING—BAPTISMAL CEREMONIES OF THE HEIR TO  
THE GRECIAN THRONE—GRAND BANQUET BY THE KING OF  
GREECE.

THE cruise from Constantinople to the famous capital of Greece was short, but exceedingly interesting. There was something exalting in the thought that we were rapidly coursing towards that “sad relic of departed worth,” through seas and scenes whose glory belongs to a far-distant epoch in the annals of the world; and something ennobling in the anticipation that we were soon to enjoy a spirit-association with the mighty men who conquered on the field of “Marathon” and thundered forth their eloquence from the hills which surround the marble-crowned Acropolis.

Early on the morning of August 30th, after looking for the last time upon the turrets of Stamboul, we entered again the winding Dardanelles, and on the same afternoon were fairly out on the phosphoric *Ægean*, heading towards the shores of Attica, and passing the fleeting moments in studying distant headlands and poring over the pages of Grecian history. On the following day, after passing through the narrow straits separating the islands of *Andros* and *Negropont*, the bold bluffs of *Colonna's Cape*, crowned

with sixteen stately columns, all that remain of the magnificent temple of Minerva, whose marble walls once echoed the voices of the "godlike men of yore," stood out in bold outline upon the blue Ægean.

History acquainted us with the interest attached to this spot, and tradition still mantles it with a mysterious halo which intensified its beauty, and we gazed with wonder upon its outlines, unchanged by the long lapse of ages. When that prominent headland faded from our view, we traced the long line of Attic hills, and fancy repeopled their barren slopes with the proud race of twenty centuries ago, the uncultivated aspect of the shore alone forcing upon us the reality that the land before us was "Greece, but living Greece no more!"

The approach to Athens, for so many ages the centre of European civilization, has been faithfully described by all travellers as surpassingly grand, and delights the eye not only by its natural beauty, but by the historic remembrances it evokes, and to the scholar and artist I can imagine no more congenial spot. It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of the last day in August when the *Franklin* was anchored in the outer harbor of Piræus, an open roadstead so much exposed to the winds and waves as to make a change of base desirable, which was ordered upon the following morning. In the mean time Dr. King, U. S. Consul, came on board, and tendered his services to the Admiral and his officers during their sojourn at Athens, and the customary salutes were exchanged between the respective nationalities.

In moving in to the inner harbor the *Franklin* was once

more placed at rest close to a Greek man-of-war and a Russian frigate, the latter the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Boutakov, commanding the Russian squadron in the Archipelago, then temporarily in attendance upon the Grand Duchess Constantine, mother of the Queen of Greece, who was at that time on a visit to her daughter.

As soon as anchored, Admiral Farragut was visited by Rear-Admiral Boutakov and the Captain of the port, both of whom were received with the customary salutes. The former is a brother of the Vice-Admiral commanding the Russian squadron in the Gulf of Finland, and belongs to a family of naval heroes who entertain the greatest friendship for Americans, especially those of the service in which they are so prominent.

Shortly after our arrival in this beautiful harbor, our vessel was complimented with a scene not only inspiring from the general effect, but principally from the evidences it gave of the wonderful confidence and admiration which exist throughout that ancient kingdom for the flag of the Great Republic.

Upon our entrance the shores were literally lined with people, mostly women and children, waving handkerchiefs, caps, and bonnets most enthusiastically, and cheering until their voices became hoarse with the effort, in token of their friendship for the representatives of a nation which had always accorded them sympathy in their troubles; while immediately thereafter a countless number of boats, swarming with little children of both sexes, the wandering offspring of Cretan refugees, darted out from every landing-place, surrounded the flag-ship on all sides, mak-









GRAND DUCHESS CONSTANTINE.



ing a cordon of living beings around her, and shouting in their "childish treble" with all the excitement and frenzy of their maturer neighbors on shore. This was continued uninterruptedly, and appeared likely to go on to the day of judgment, when the agent came on board, and informed the Admiral that the only way the youthful warblers could be comforted and such demonstrations lulled was for him to respond in person on the deck. The kind-hearted commander at once consented, and upon making his appearance was immediately recognized, and gave the signal for a renewed shout, which must have disturbed the spirit of Themistocles in its tomb by the "sad sea waves" at the mouth of the harbor. And thus the excitement continued, somewhat intensified by the sinking of a wharf or platform under the pressure of a mass of witnesses, until the Admiral bowed himself out of sight, when the unfortunate little offspring of the soldiers of Crete returned to all they possessed of home, and dreamed that their independence and restoration was at last secured by the arrival of a live Admiral in his "big frigate," and that they were henceforth to enjoy liberty under the protecting ægis of the "all-powerful" Republic of America.

At the conclusion of this animated scene the Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and his staff, disembarked in his barge, and upon reaching shore had to storm a swaying wall of humanity which seemed impenetrable, from the anxiety manifested to obtain a glimpse of his person. The crowd elbowed, pushed, and jostled, but finally opened a narrow avenue for his passage to the carriages in readiness, and immediately there-

after he was driven off on the road to Athens, amidst the wildest cheers and excitement.

From the *furor* of this greeting by the sons of Greece, it appeared reasonable to suppose that had he desired or permitted it he would have been conveyed the entire distance of five miles in triumph, upon the shoulders of some of the more enthusiastic of the throng.

Over a route famous in ancient as well as modern times for its dust and heat, a closed conveyance in modest retirement was certainly preferable to an open one with the public celebrity, and the Admiral was only too happy to find that he had escaped without being compelled to address the assembled multitudes.

The road from the modern port to the ancient capital is intensely interesting from the associations it evokes, every old wall or ruined castle recalling a period anterior to the dawn of the Christian era. Although there is little along its immediate course but the wild cactus, the olive groves, and fig plantations to arouse the attention, the objects which flank it on either side are absorbing beyond description, and afforded so much food for reflection that we reached the capital before we had thought ourselves midway on the journey. Entering the classic old city by the street of Hermes, the Admiral proceeded at once to his hotel, where he was most courteously and cordially received by the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, United States Minister Resident, who had preceded us but a few months as the representative of America at this Court, and also by his highly accomplished wife, both of whom had been awaiting the arrival of the party from Piræus.

After the most friendly interchange of greetings and an unusual amount of hand-shaking, justified by the former associations of those present, the Admiral, accompanied by a portion of his staff and Mr. Tuckerman, sallied forth upon a regular tour of official visiting, resembling guard-mounting in the army in its form and regularity, and accomplished the wonderful feat of calling upon such Ministers of the Cabinet and foreign Ambassadors as were then in the capital; for be it known that the modern Athenians have their Newports and Saratogas, and appear as fond of a change of air as the most asthmatic old lady in America.

Our advent in Athens was beautifully honored that evening by a most gorgeous sunset—

“ Not as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light ”—

one of those superb and yet mellow curtains of sapphire which set painters wild and consign poets to the asylum; and taking advantage of its balmy inspiration we gladly welcomed the proposition of Mr. Tuckerman to visit the stately ruins of the once majestic temple of Jupiter Olympus, which consist of sixteen of the original one hundred and fifty Corinthian columns which then covered the now deserted square. Passing by the triumphal arch of Hadrian, we stood before these wonderful monuments of Grecian art and silently contemplated their simple yet massive proportions, their chaste yet beautiful architecture, and the mighty scenes of twenty centuries ago were once more pictured on the mind; the past usurped the

present in the imagination, and our dreams were only disturbed by observing the gay groups assembled at the base of these massive shafts of Pentelic marble, not to quaff the nectar of the gods, but the poorest beverage of modern times ; for even

“ These proud pillars claim no passing sigh ;  
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greeks carol by.”

The Admiral was as much delighted with these ruins as the most enthusiastic of his suite, and measured the diameter of a prostrate column with a preciseness that suggested a comparison with the same order of architecture elsewhere ; but at the same time he considers the mechanics of the present day equal to those who flourished in the reign of Pericles or who handled a chisel under the eye of Phidias, and that with proper means they could build a temple which would rival the noblest of ancient Greece.

In examining all antiquities, the Admiral invariably took a very practical view of the subject, and never permitted the fascinating romance of the past to depreciate his confidence in the art of the present ; nor does he agree with many others that the age has deteriorated, but maintains the idea that it has steadily advanced until it has culminated in the inventions of the nineteenth century.

The first night in Athens afforded to all much food for contemplation. There was something peculiarly exciting in the thought that here, under the shadows of a temple whose corner-stone was laid twenty-four hundred years ago, by one of the wisest of her rulers ; within sight of the hill upon which St. Paul preached to the people, and the



adjoining mound where the "men of might and grand in soul," Themistocles, Pericles, Demosthenes, and others, thundered forth their eloquence; perhaps on the very spot where the heroes of Marathon and Salamis assembled to receive the thanks of their countrymen; within a city whose origin antedates the Christian era by nearly fifteen centuries; that in the very midst of such associations the picture should be reversed, and disclose the Admiral-in-Chief of a nation, whose existence was unknown until as many centuries after Christ as the foundation of that city was before, received with a fury of excitement by the descendants of such men, as the representative of a government believed by them to be the most powerful in the world!

On the morning after our arrival, escorted by Mr. Tuckerman and Professor Kœppen, librarian to the King, who knows Grecian history as well as if he had lived there since the days of Aristides, a pilgrimage was made to the Mecca of all antiquarians, the grand monument of Hellenic art.

Ascending the Acropolis, we passed up the worn steps of the Propylæa, lingered in the Pinacotheca to examine specimens of sculpture which have escaped the ravages of time and the vandalism of travellers, and listened to the enthusiastic denunciations of the Professor against "those horrid Turks," who have mutilated many of the finer figures. Upon this point the librarian's indignation could not be checked; he loves the Turks in the same proportion as that race love the Arabs, and the appearance of a maimed statue of Venus or Minerva, or a noseless Jupiter,

added fresh fuel to his ire, and if the Ottoman Empire could have been destroyed at one fell swoop he would have struck the blow without hesitation.

From this chamber we passed to the Temple of the Wingless Victory, erected in honor of Marathon, and to the Erechtheum, and then proceeded to the crowning glory of the Acropolis and the world, the peerless Parthenon, and within its majestic ruins, "the abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn," summoned up from the sepulchre of ages the great spirits whose eloquent voices once proclaimed the might and power of that long-lost kingdom.

To the modern tourist there is always an irresistible desire to linger upon this monumental hill, the classic associations receiving additional power as the mind traverses the dim regions of the past; but with us time was of importance, and we followed our leaders to the well-preserved Temple of Theseus and thence returned to "headquarters," to receive the visits of the diplomatic corps, cabinet ministers, and other dignitaries. Among those who called were the Austrian Envoy, Baron de Testa; the Italian, Le Comte della Minerva; the Russian, M. Novikoff; the Turkish, Photiades Bey; the English, Hon. Mr. Erskine; the French, Comte de Gobineau; the Minister of Justice, M. Barboglis and Rear-Admiral Boutakov, many of whom were presented by Mr. Tuckerman.

During the same evening another expedition was organized to see the Parthenon by moonlight, a duty as necessary in Athens as that in Rome which gathers visitors within the "eyeless holes of the Coliseum." The excur-

sion was a most pleasant one, and amply rewarded the enthusiastic pilgrims for their devotion to classic lore.

The following morning, September 3d, was the inauguration of a three days' *fête*, in honor of the baptism of the recently-born heir to the throne of Greece, who was to be Christianized with all the pomp and ceremonial of the Church, and named Constantine, in order that a prophecy might be fulfilled which assures the Greeks that one of that name shall regain the Ottoman Empire and re-establish Greek ascendancy in Constantinople. To give additional *éclat* to this important ceremonial, Admiral Farragut had been specially desired to assist at the *fêtes*, with such officers as he might invite, and to witness the baptism of the royal infant, not in the capacity of sponsor, which would have made him responsible for his good behavior, but simply as a distinguished visitor; and accordingly, early on the morning specified he proceeded, with Mrs. Farragut, Mr. Tuckerman, and several of his staff, to the magnificent cathedral and there became a "looker-on in Vienna," and at the same time divided with the heir-apparent the curiosity of the assembled multitude.

During the morning hours the town of Athens was in the streets or on the balconies. The people seemed jubilant over the auspicious augury, and doubtless anticipated a speedy realization of their visions of resuscitated power. Regiments of soldiers poured into the city from different quarters, and formed a serried avenue from the palace to the cathedral. At 10 o'clock precisely the procession moved from the royal residence, and proceeded slowly

along the military lines. The King rode on one side of the carriage containing the "little stranger," who was apparently enjoying a most delightful siesta, and his brother, the Grand Duke Nicolas Constantinowich, kept guard on the other, while the maids of honor, dressed and decorated in the latest mode, and with eyes sparkling "bright as the jewels of Giamschid," supported the rear of the brilliant cortége, and received occasional smiles of recognition from a fortunate few who watched the celebration from the side-walks.



The ceremony at the church was very imposing, and, like those of bridals all the world over, intensely interesting to those concerned. The Grand Duchess Alexandrina Constantinowna, mother of the Queen, responded for her

grandchild, the Duke of Sparta, who behaved remarkably well during the services, evincing all the attributes of that "dignity that doth hedge a king;" and over two hundred bishops and priests officiated in the solemn ceremonies.

All the dignitaries of Greece were present on this occasion in full regalia, together with persons of note then in Athens. Among the former were the cabinet officers, M. Bulgaris, President of the Council, and Messrs. Delyannis, Barboglis, Simos, Mavromichalis, Spiro-Miglio, and Canaris, Ministers of the several Departments; M. Moraitinis, President of Supreme Court; Generals Lazzaretos and Sir R. Church; M. Rhodostamos, Maréchal de la Cour; M. Provilengio, Procureur-General; and the commanding officers of Greek vessels of war. Of the latter, there were the diplomatic corps, secretaries of legation, and the commanders of the foreign ships of war lying in Piræus harbor.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the procession returned to the palace, where the King held a grand levee, at which Admiral Farragut, with part of his staff, was presented by Mr. Tuckerman to His Majesty, whose reception of our naval hero was remarkably cordial and expressive, the Queen's mother, one of the stateliest women in Europe, advancing and shaking his hand most warmly, and assuring him of the great pleasure she felt in meeting him again on the southern side of Russia.

During the same evening the city was brilliantly illuminated in honor of the events of the day, in the midst of which a very pleasant reunion was arranged at the hos-

pitable residence of the American Minister, to afford the indefatigable missionaries of Greece and their no less zealous wives, who have passed years in devoting themselves to their noble work, an opportunity of meeting one whom they had never yet seen, but whose deeds had become the subject of wonder among the people of that far-off namesake of august Athena. The affair passed off most pleasantly, and the delighted guests reluctantly separated at a late hour, evidently charmed with the simplicity of the "fighting Admiral," and most agreeably disappointed with his pacific notions.

On the following morning a third pilgrimage was made, for the benefit of Commodore Pennock, to the silent orators on the Acropolis, upon which occasion the usual enthusiasm was manifested, and the party returned to prepare for an extensive banquet, to be given in the palace on the same evening; while the ladies of the diplomatic corps, with Mrs. Farragut, were, during the day, presented to the King and Queen, and most graciously received. At the royal entertainment there were assembled nearly two hundred guests, comprising all the members of the household, the diplomatic corps, distinguished officers of the army and navy, and the prominent dignitaries of Greece, all supported by their smiling wives.

The Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Commodore Pennock, Captain Le Roy, Commander and Mrs. Harmony, part of his staff, and Mr. and Mrs. Tuckerman, was seated *vis-à-vis* to the King, who was supported on the right and left by the diplomatic corps, while the other guests were properly distributed along the tables, set in



the form of the letter **E**, according to the excellent arrangement of M. Rhodostamos, Grand Maréchal de la Cour. The Admiral was flanked by this accomplished



gentleman and Admiral Boutakov, and conversed chiefly with King George, whom he had met in Denmark at the

royal banquet of his father. His Majesty wore his naval uniform, as he confesses to a *penchant* for that service, and told our naval hero that he had appeared in it entirely out of compliment to him. He also drank his health in a glass of the purest "nectar," and wished all prosperity to his country and himself. It is needless to say that the great ovation was most brilliant, and a decided tribute to the future monarch of Greece.





## CHAPTER XL.

ADDRESS FROM THE MAYOR OF PIRÆUS—RECEPTION OF THE CABINET MINISTERS AND DIPLOMATIC CORPS ON THE FRANKLIN—RECEPTION OF KING GEORGE AND THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD—BANQUET OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER—DONATIONS TO CRETAN REFUGEES.

ON the following morning there was a general return to the flag-ship, to assist in the ceremonies of the afternoon, which consisted in the official reception of the Grecian Cabinet and the members of the diplomatic corps. While preparing for this ovation the Admiral was visited by the Hon. M. Masson, conveying from the Mayor of Piræus the following address, printed in Greek and English:—

“ To ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, Commanding the Naval Forces of the United States of America in the Mediterranean.

“ SIR:—Permit me, in the name of the inhabitants of Piræus, and as their Chief Magistrate, to welcome to our port an illustrious citizen and officer of a great and happy nation, and to express our heartfelt joy to see you here.

“ Thirty-seven years ago, the symbol of Moslem despotism floated over the ruins of our paternal homesteads.

“ Our fathers, when all but exhausted by the toils of war

and by the most extreme hardships and privations, received from your fathers effective succor, and finally attained, so far, the greatest of earthly blessings, national freedom.

“You, sir, as a prominent champion in the cause of constitutional liberty and humanity, are peculiarly fitted to appreciate our feelings, and to convey the unfeigned expression of our gratitude to your countrymen.

“When you go back to your trans-Atlantic home, where thousands of devoted hearts await your return, please tell your fellow-citizens, that from amidst the remains of ancient Hellenic grandeur, and from the rising towns and villages of reviving Greece, we send them salutations of affection, gratitude, and esteem.

“Tell them that the struggle for Greek independence, which commenced half a century ago, still continues. Tell them that in our efforts to complete the work which our fathers began and so far achieved, we count on encouragement from those whom a divine blessing on their own contendings has raised above the bitter necessity of asking assistance from others.

“Finally, assure your countrymen that in continuing the unfinished enterprise of our fathers, all we require is to obtain from the present generation in the United States the same encouragement and succor that your fathers accorded to Greece, when they fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and diffused solace and hope in her darkest hours of suffering and dismay.

“May the arm of the Almighty shield and prosper both you and your glorious country, and direct and bless all

your efforts to promote the freedom and happiness of mankind.

(Signed)

“D. MONTZOPOULI,

“Mayor of Piræus.

“PIRÆUS, September 1st, 1868.”

This address, which proves that the Greeks have not forgotten the past sympathies of America, was received and read by the Admiral, and afterward acknowledged in a written communication, expressing his thanks for the complimentary allusions to his country and himself.

Shortly after the departure of the local envoy, the signal gun announced the arrival of the American Minister, Mr. Tuckerman, who was speedily succeeded by the Prime Minister, Mr. D. Bulgaris, and the members of the Greek cabinet enumerated above, and the French, English, Turkish, Prussian, and Italian Ministers—the Russian being detained at home by an unforeseen circumstance.

This formidable invasion of so many dignitaries occasioned a rapid succession of salutes and a continuous medley of national airs, all seemingly blended into one grand overture, which could have been appropriately styled the “march of the world” during the millennium.

The constant firing created an unusual excitement in that harbor, the reverberations of the heavy discharges awaking echoes along the classic hills, from the throne of Xerxes on the west to Mount Hymettus on the east, contrasting strangely with the stillness which broods over the historic plains between.

A very handsome entertainment had been provided in

the Admiral's cabin, and all tastes seemed to be gratified. All harmonized most admirably, and even the representatives of Greece and Turkey looked smilingly upon one another, and appeared for the time to "forgive and forget" their national prejudices and animosities.

During the evening much amusement was afforded by the illumination of the city, and the constant discharge of rockets in honor of the baptismal fêtes; for be it known that in many parts of Europe the custom prevails of prolonging any celebration for several days, in order that the occasion may become impressed upon the memory, and furnish the people the opportunity of blessing the "powers that be" for their amazing liberality.

The succeeding Monday brought the announcement that still another ceremony was on the programme, and the result proved that it was a second edition, enlarged and improved, of the one which had preceded it, and with a sequel which presented the crowning act in the great Athenian drama on board the Franklin.

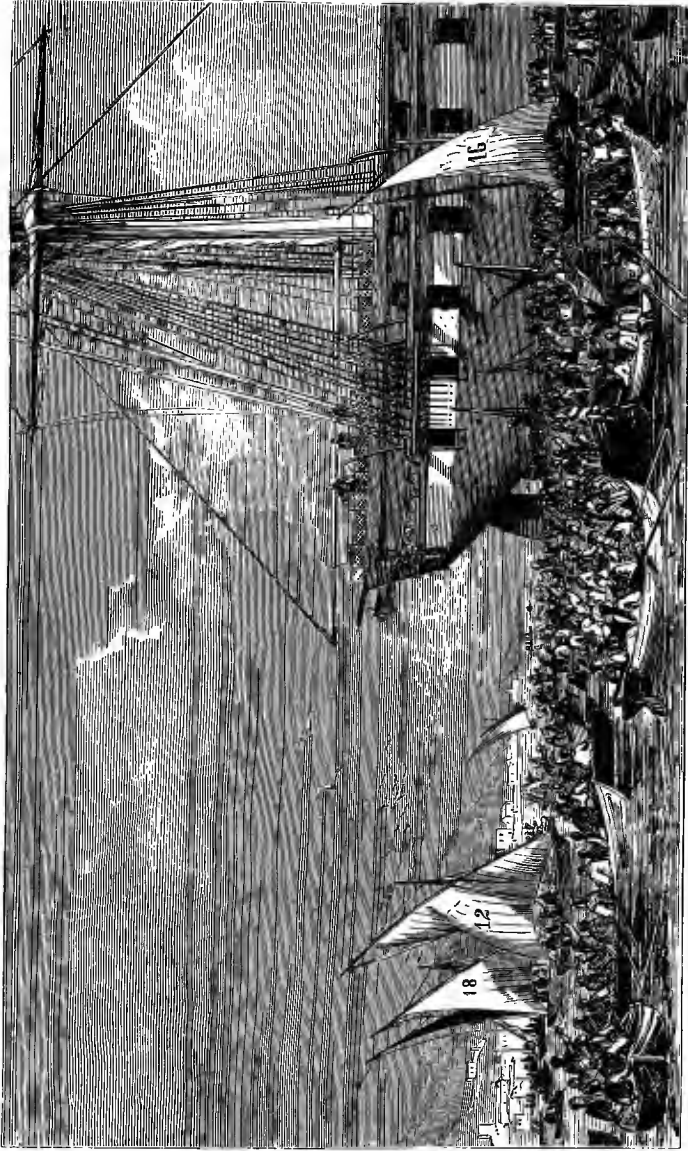
It was the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor of all the Russias, and had been specially designated by King George as the day upon which he would fulfil his engagement to visit the Admiral on his flag-ship.

Preparations for this double service commenced at an early hour, and, long before the time specified, the *Franklin* was in readiness to receive royalty in any shape.

At meridian, the Russian ensign was raised to the mast-head of all the vessels in the harbor, and saluted with twenty-one guns, each ship firing at certain intervals, and thus creating an uproar not unlike a miniature battle.







CRETANS IN THE PIRÆUS.





This was followed by a similar number of salutes in honor of the King, whose arrival on the wharf had been the signal for the dressing of the ship, the manning of the yards, and the discharge of hundreds of guns from the different men-of-war. His Majesty, accompanied by the Grand Duchess Constantine and her *Grande Maîtresse*, the Countess Kamaroffski; Colonels Kiréeff and Boyers, Aids-de-Camp of the Grand Duke; Madame Theocharis, *Grande Maîtresse de la Cour*; Mesdemoiselles Moraïtini and Kolokotroni, Maids of Honor; the Grand Duke Nicolas; Lieut.-Colonel Manos, Chief of Staff of the King; M. Rhodostamos, *Maréchal de la Cour*, and the Secretaries and staff officers of the royal household, came on board soon afterward, and were received with full honors, the officers stationed in line *en grande tenue*, the marines presenting arms, and the band discoursing the Greek national airs.

As is well known, King George is a son of Christian IX. of Denmark, and a brother of the Princess of Wales. He was educated for the navy, and, in his tour of inspection of the frigate, asked questions concerning her construction and equipment which proved that he had not neglected his opportunities in the service. He is now in his twenty-fourth year, and was called to rule over Greece in the spring of 1863, from which time he has governed with great moderation, and appears to have won the confidence of his subjects. He has a very pleasing address, and made quite an agreeable impression upon the officers of our navy.

During his visit, and while the ladies of the party were

comparing notes and discussing the latest fashions in the apartments of the Admiral, the King passed some time in the Commodore's cabin, with the three chief smokers of the flag-ship, enjoying with them the aroma of the choicest Havanas and exchanging pleasant observations upon the current topics of the times.

The royal visitors remained on board for more than three hours, and even then seemed reluctant to leave the congenial atmosphere of the frigate. The Grand Duchess won all hearts by her stately and queenly appearance, and by her most affable and courtly manners; and became wonderfully popular by her acknowledged admiration for everything truly American, a preference beautifully revealed by the wearing of a very costly necklace consisting of three distinct clusters of precious stones, the first coral, the second pearl, and the third lapis lazuli, symbolizing the red, white, and blue of our nationality; while a handsome bow made of ribbons of the same colors, which she presented to Mrs. Farragut, was suspended from her neck, and became a prominent feature in her striking toilette.

The collation in honor of the royal visitors, set out in the Admiral's cabin, was literally a feast of reason and a flow of soul, appearing more like a reunion of friends than a formal ceremony, and entirely free from constraint.

The American Minister, Mr. Tuckerman, and his wife, were present, and assisted in the honors of a reception which passed off most delightfully.

Before the guests took their departure and while they were promenading the decks, the band performed successively

the national airs of Greece, Denmark, and Russia, while the American ensign floated over all, and seemed to wave in glad response to each distinctive melody.

Upon leaving the flag-ship the same honors were extended the royal party by the manning of the yards, the firing of a national salute, and cheering by the crew, all being taken up and prolonged by the vessels in the harbor, in the midst of which the King with his suite returned to Athens, bearing with them the cordial wishes of all for a quiet and prosperous reign.

On the same evening the Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut and Captain Le Roy, visited the capital, to be present at a banquet given in his honor by the United States Minister.

Upon this delightful occasion several distinguished officials were present to unite in the fitting tribute to the nation's guest, among whom were M. Delyannis, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Canaris, Minister of Marine, whose father was very conspicuous in the war of independence; Admiral Boutakov; the Russian, English, and Turkish Ambassadors, with their respective wives; Mrs. Gracie, and Lieut. Loyall Farragut. The entertainment was most agreeable and harmonious, and reflected the greatest credit upon the accomplished host and hostess, who had made such liberal provision for their guests; the floral arrangements being very superb and attracting general admiration.

During the afternoon of September 7th, Commander Harmony was ordered to proceed to "Scio's rocky isle," to investigate the circumstances connected with the im-

prisonment by the Turkish Government of the harbor-master, who claimed to be an American citizen. He returned in two days and submitted a very full and satisfactory report of the case, by which it was apparent that no further action was necessary, inasmuch as the party arrested had no legal right to the protection of our flag; and thus vanished all signs of war and tumult in the *Ægean* firmament.

In the mean time an excursion was made to the tomb of Themistocles, lying beneath the surface of the sea at the entrance to the harbor. The large sarcophagus which is said to contain the ashes of the great Athenian was closely and critically examined, stones were carefully scrutinized for evidences of antiquity, fern and seaweed gathered from off the marble and treasured away among the relics of the faithful, and finally a bath indulged in, in the waters of ancient Aphrodisium, not far from the historic waves of Salamis.

The following day was one of preparation for our departure from the classic shores of Greece. The scenes which had hourly passed in review before us had been fraught with the deepest interest, and awakened feelings of reverence for the past and hopes for the future of that once famous country. Our walks along her avenues, whose very names recall ancient days, had revealed many of the dark shadows which brood over her nationality and darken the pathway of progress.

The chief object which strikes the traveller is the number of refugees from Crete who swarm the thoroughfares of the city, and appeal to his sympathy through the irre-

sistible oratory of their expatriation. Sixty-three thousand of these unfortunate wanderers are now scattered in and about Athens, many of them houseless, and all dependent upon the charity of the world for the means of preserving life, while their husbands, fathers, and brothers stand at bay in the mountains of their native land in stubborn defence of their freedom.

They present a pitiable spectacle, numbers of them being fed and clothed by our own indefatigable missionaries, with the offerings collected by sympathizing parties in America.

The officers of the *Franklin* were so much impressed with the necessity of making some little donation to the depleted treasury of the exiles that they opened a subscription on board, and in less than an hour collected over seven hundred and twenty francs, which they deposited with Miss Baldwin,—a most faithful and exemplary lady, who has devoted her life to the missionary cause,—with directions to apply it exclusively in the purchase of food and clothing for the children of Cretan refugees.

At the same time several large boxes and bags were opened and soon filled with clothing, generally in excellent order, and in some instances perfectly new, all of which was committed to the same custodian, by whom both donations were most graciously received, and afterward acknowledged in a letter which conveys the thanks of a true Christian spirit.

During the evening our attentive Minister, Mr. Tuckerman, came down to take leave of the officers and to talk over the scenes of the past ten days. Although he had

preceded us to Greece but a few months, he had in that short time made himself wonderfully familiar with the Government and the people, and had become deservedly popular, not only with the dignitaries surrounding the Court, but with the Ambassadors of the different nations accredited thereto. Experience demonstrated the fact that America has a most zealous and energetic representative in the historic kingdom of Greece.

During our sojourn in Athens we waxed so eloquent in our descriptions of the Acropolis by moonlight that the Admiral was persuaded to join in a pilgrimage to the scenes rhapsodized, and there, standing upon the ruins of the old wall which fringes the summit of the hill, to survey the grand panorama spread out before him..

Below us was the modern city, brilliantly illuminated in honor of the baptism of the "new-born heir;" to the westward the lights of the shipping in the new town of Piræus, built near the tomb of Themistocles.

Near the city the once famous rivers Cephissus and Ilissus, now nearly exhausted rivulets, trace their course to the sea from their sources on Mount Pentelicus, the great marble quarry for the temples and statuary of Greece. Behind the new palace rises in solemn conical grandeur Mount Lycabettus, while to the eastward the dark outlines of Hymettus recall its famous honey, the food of the gods, and shut out the historic plains of Marathon.

To the westward again, the distant shadows disclose the groves of Plato, who "reasoned well," and the throne of Xerxes, rising above the dim surface of "unconquered Salamis."

Standing upon such a spot, and surrounded by scenes that can never die, we felt that we were on consecrated ground; and yet the indomitable Admiral, true to his ideas of the present superiority of the age, dispelled the pleasant visions of the past which were flitting through our imaginations by observing: "This is all very grand and very historic, but it nevertheless makes me more than ever thankful that I belong to the present generation."

Commodore Pennock moaned aloud, and the author nearly fainted on the spot.



## CHAPTER XLI.

ATHENS TO TRIESTE—OVATION IN LATTER CITY—VISIT TO  
MIRAMAR—BANQUET OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—ENTER-  
TAINMENT ON THE FRANKLIN.

SHORTLY after eight bells of the morning watch, on the 10th day of September, much to the horror of officers who had anticipated an "all night in," we weighed anchor in the harbor of Piræus, and, under steam and sail combined, moved rapidly away from the Saronic Gulf on our course toward Trieste, the principal commercial entrepôt of the kingdom of Austria.

This link in our Mediterranean chain occupied only four and a half days, and was the quickest trip ever made by the *Franklin*, and the one wherein she most distinguished herself as the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut. Her speed was even beyond the expectations of the officers, who watched with dazzling eyes her rapid progress through the water, and looked joyously upon the sea which foamed and seethed around her.

This short stretch of nine hundred miles was by no means devoid of interest; on the contrary, it furnished throughout ample opportunities for the antiquarian to refresh his memory upon many scenes which figure prominently in ancient history.

From the harbor of Piræus to Cape Malea, the south-



ern point of the Peloponnesus, our course took us through the interesting group of "isles that crown the Ægean deep," passing first between "old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle," the former once famous for its magnificent temple of Jupiter, a few ruins of which still remain on the top of Mount St. Elias, a time-honored monument of ancient glory, and enjoying at the same time a noble view of the Bay of Salamis.

Thence passing the Straits of Cervi and over Coron's Bay, where even the imagination, aided by the mysterious shadows of twilight, would not picture the presence of the Corsairs, Gulnares, or Medoras which figure in poetry, and making a "Grecian bend" round the Morea, the frigate was headed northwardly, and on the following day we passed along the southernmost group of the Ionian Islands, off the coast of Acarnania, among which were Zante, Cephalonia, and Stamphane, and over the famous battle-scene of Navarino, celebrated in the naval records of ancient and modern history.

During the same evening we "hailed Leucadia's Cape afar," and had a distant view of the bold promontory famous as the scene of Sappho's unfortunate leap, which seemed to have a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the more romantic of the ship's population, particularly the officer of the deck, whose sympathies at that time were peculiarly affected by all such tender associations.

On the following morning we passed Corfu, off the Coast of Albania, the seat of government of the Ionian Islands, and shortly afterward bounded through the Straits of Otranto, the weather being so unpleasant as to

confine all those not on duty to their respective quarters between-decks, or to the consolatory comforts of the chibouque on the forward part of the gun-deck. Here, surrounded by the aromatic clouds of the best Latakia, the officers mused upon their speedy return to their far-distant homes, and built famous *châteaux en Espagne* upon future expectations.

There is a story told of a certain officer while in charge of the deck at one time on this trip,—whose ear for music is not quite equal to Patti's, but who is noted for his "accommodating disposition,"—which is too good to be omitted from this narrative of events:—

He was pacing the quarter-deck in a dignified manner, swinging the trumpet abstractedly, and occasionally taking a steady survey around to see that the discipline of the ship was "rigidly enforced," when he was asked by a brother tar whether the band could not play the Mabel Waltz? He replied at once, "Certainly, sir;" and then calling to the leader on the port side, said in an authoritative tone, "Brigham, play that navy waltz!" There was a general smile among the band-men, but, knowing the air desired, they performed it, and the officer continued his watch, under the conviction that a waltz dedicated to the service had become remarkably popular! During the two succeeding days our frigate surprised herself and all on board by her wild race up the Adriatic; there was no holding her, for she seemed determined to make up for lost time, and to show what she could do when the spirit, in the likeness of a stiff breeze, urged her to the work.

On the afternoon of the first day we passed between the island of Lissa and the main shore, over the scene of the great naval battle between the Austrian and Italian fleets, in which the former, under the command of Admiral Tegethoff, gained a complete victory over the latter, commanded by Admiral Pisano; destroying the celebrated ram *Re d'Italia*, built in this country for the Italian Government.

The ensuing day my journal records as one devoted to "rains, squalls, and water-spouts," the elements above and below warring with one another, the winds howling, and the seas answering back with a surging defiance, in the midst of which the flag-ship bounded along at twelve knots, giving us a distant view of the mountains of Croatia, and arriving off the beautiful harbor of Trieste just as the sun was about to take his departure for the western world, or, to speak more poetically,

"Just as the sun's departing ray  
Flung back a lingering, lovely after-day."

Before the vessel was moored the Captain of the port came on board in full regimentals, and in behalf of the Government tendered Admiral Farragut a cordial welcome to Austria, a speech succeeded by a general obeisance from the officers in deference to the sudden shifting of the spanker-sheet. Immediately afterward the figure of the American Consul, Mr. Thayer, was observed above the gangway, followed by his man Friday, bearing immense mail-bags filled with love-letters enough to give one the *maladie du pays*, and court-martial orders sufficient to set up a book-

store. Upon this there was a rapid retreat to the regions below to await the distribution of the mail, followed by the usual smiles of the fortunate and the frowns of the disappointed.

As approached from the Adriatic the view of the city of Trieste is extremely picturesque. It is beautifully situated at the foot of a semicircular ridge called the Karst Hills, and consists of an old town and a new: the former, the Tergeste of the Romans, built upon the slopes of the mountain range, surmounted by an old castle, and interspersed with numerous villas and gardens; and the latter more regularly laid out upon the narrow plain which skirts the sea. At sunset the panorama is peculiarly grand, the shadows of the hills being unusually soft, and blending most beautifully with the darker hues of the groves of evergreen which surround Italian villas and the bold white outlines of the statelier residences; while several miles to the westward, jutting out into the sea, Miramar, the summer palace of the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, rises in all its princely and fascinating grandeur.

On the following morning, after the firing of the national salute, with the Austrian ensign at the fore, the flag-ship was delivered into the hands of the "cleaning department" for her usual purification, while the Admiral with his staff hurried off to shore, to pay official visits to Mr. Moering, Governor-General of the Department of Trieste, and the Captain of the port, by both of whom he was received in the most distinguished manner and assured of a most cordial welcome to their Government.

On the same day he received a very friendly letter from

Vice-Admiral Tegethoff, the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Navy, then in the capital, regretting his absence from Trieste, but begging him, if possible, to visit Vienna, where the Government desired the opportunity of showing him the attention due his eminent position and services. For many reasons our naval hero was anxious to respond to this invitation, but weightier considerations, among which was the one that he was almost exhausted with ovations and required some little respite, induced him to decline it in a friendly note, expressive of his regret at his inability to meet an old friend, as he had hoped.

Upon the receipt of this reply, the authorities very kindly sent instructions to the Governor-General and Commodore Dűfwa, directing that every attention should be paid to their distinguished guest, and every facility extended him for visiting the public works and places of interest in and around their seaport.

These orders were scarcely necessary, for the duty accorded these gentlemen seemed a pleasure, and they personified courtesy and politeness during the entire period of our sojourn in Austrian waters. On the ensuing morning the Admiral was visited by the Field Marshal of the district, Commodore Dűfwa, and the English Consul, Mr. Charles Lever, well known to the literary world as the author of *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, the *Knight of Gwynne*, and many other popular novels. There was the usual amount of saluting, and great was the noise thereof in the harbor.

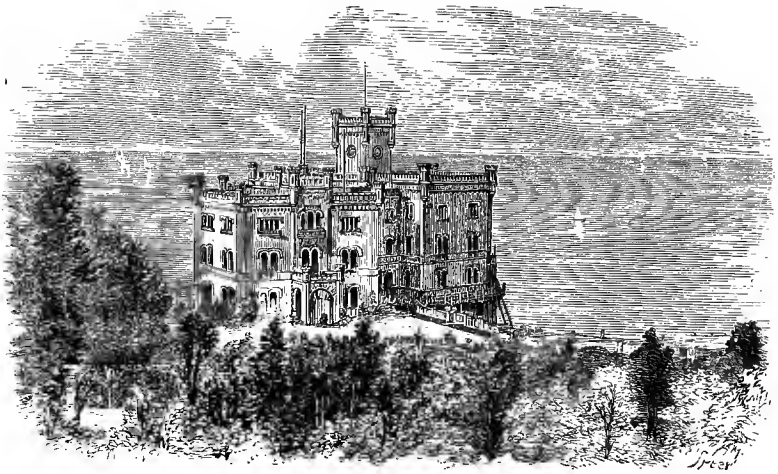
Quite a number of persons visited the ship during the day, all of whom seemed amazed at her proportions, and

particularly at the size of her guns, whilst officers not on duty went off in bodies to "see the elephant" in Trieste and purchase fanciful meerschaums and amber mouth-pieces for friends at home.

On the evening of the following day a large number were present by invitation at the gardens of the Café Monte Verde, to hear the famous Austrian band of one hundred performers. The music was very fine, and the Bavarian beer, which is absolutely Austrian nectar, flowed most freely around, the Americans showing a wonderful ability to keep pace with the unquenchable thirst of the native Teutons. Suddenly the band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," which appealed so strongly to the patriotism of those present that a testimonial of over two hundred glasses of the foaming Bavarian was immediately ordered up as an acknowledgment. This liberal supply, however, seemed simply a stimulant for repeated compliments of the same melodies, and before the evening was spent the performers had abundant reason to bless the winds of heaven for sending to their shores such a valuable argosy as the naval officers of the American service.

The Italians have a proverb, "*Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange,*" which being interpreted means, that "the smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse," a truth that all mankind has had occasion to experience; but in travelling under the circumstances which attended this cruise, we think the burden could be advantageously removed from the fair sex, and made to read, "the appeals to one's patriotism are the exhaustion





MIRAMAR.







of the pocket." Such was the experience of those on the good ship *Franklin*.

On the morning of September 19th an imposing party, consisting of Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, Commodore and Mrs. Pennock, Miss Loyall, Mrs. Harmony, and Messrs. Kane, Frailey, and Montgomery, made an excursion, by invitation of the authorities, in a Government steamer placed at the Admiral's disposal by the Captain of the port, to the beautiful palace of Miramar, the home of the popular yet unfortunate Maximilian.

It is a superb building, magnificent in its architectural style and proportions, and in its situation challenges comparison with almost any spot on the earth. It stands upon a projecting plateau in a bend of the bay of Trieste, and commands a view of the coast and the ranges of hills which fringe its banks for many miles in either direction.

We were shown the different apartments, each one of which seems a store-house of little gems and relics, and a model of luxury and comfort combined; and although the embellishments of the interior and the richness of the furniture do not compare with the Aladdin-like scenes which astonish the visitor in the halls of the Demidoff palace at Florence, yet the location and natural beauty of this abode of princely power might give it the preference. In strolling through the many gorgeous saloons we could almost "dream that we dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at our side;" and when escorted through the beautiful grounds surrounding it, stopping to gaze upon a superb fountain or some fascinating bower of roses, there

was a general expression of surprise that the possessor of such a fairy scene should have left it for a temporary royalty in a distracted country like Mexico.

A remarkable instance, as we thought, of "vaulting ambition o'erleaping itself."

The Archduke was very popular among his countrymen, and his memory is still cherished with an intensity of feeling which amounts almost to idolatry. The shop windows are filled with photographs of him and of scenes connected with his tragic fate; and when his remains were brought into the harbor the city of Trieste was in deep mourning and real sorrow for many days.

Upon returning to the city, the Admiral and staff paid a visit to the famous dock-yards of the Austrian Lloyds Steamship Company, to which he had been specially invited by the superintendent. On his arrival he was received with great kindness and courtesy, and shown over the entire works of this mammoth corporation.

On Sunday following a terrible bombshell was exploded in the ward-room, by an announcement which seemed to have some official weight, that when the *Franklin* returned home all the officers were to be left out in the cold (the cold signifying Europe in this case), and their places filled by transfers from other vessels.

The consternation produced by these unwelcome tidings was fearful to behold, and the countenances of the disappointed applicants for home service were fearfully elongated and presented pictures of the most sensitive despair.

The next day the Admiral dispatched the *Frolic* to Venice, to afford an opportunity for all the officers to visit

that most interesting and attractive city. Those who had never wandered along her watery streets gladly availed themselves of this thoughtfulness, enjoyed the excursion, and returned with an immense supply of photographs from Carlo Pontis and a number of megaletoscopes for the amusement of friends at home.

On the evening of the 22d the Admiral, with a portion of his staff, was handsomely entertained at the Hotel de la Ville by Commodore Dufwa, of the Austrian Navy, who represented Admiral Tegethoff on the occasion. There were about eighteen persons present, among whom were the Governor-General; the Field-Marshal; President Lannoy, of the Central Maritime Government; Mr. Thayer, and others, all of whom appeared delighted with the opportunity of testifying their respect for the guest of the city.

Very complimentary sentiments were exchanged over the sumptuous board, and the representatives of Austria and America forgot for the time all past differences, and dwelt together in fraternal unity. The banquet was superb in its decorations, and was in all respects a worthy tribute to the recipient.

The 24th was almost exclusively devoted to the reception of dignitaries on board, with numerous civilians who were desirous of inspecting the frigate. Of the former, there appeared in rapid succession the Prussian, Russian, English, Bavarian, Argentine, and Chilian Consuls, each one of whom was complimented with a thundering welcome from the Dahlgrens, and had the pleasure of seeing his national ensign flying from the tapering spars above him.



Charles Lever and family at their lovely villa, Gasteiger, and were joined during the evening by Lieutenant-Commander Harris.

It is needless to detail the enjoyments of this occasion. Those acquainted with Mr. Lever know how delightful his society is; and in all of our frequent interviews with him and his charming family, we always enjoyed that fund of good humor which characterizes his works, and that unbounded hospitality for which his people are proverbial.

I recall many anecdotes which he told with an irresistible manner that would have "brought down any house," and I can conceive of no surer remedy for those afflicted with melancholy than one hour's companionship with that accomplished novelist.

On the morning of the 25th the Governor-General and suite paid an official visit to the Admiral, and were received with a salute of twenty-one guns and all the honors; and on the following day, being the closing scene in our thirteen-day drama in Trieste, the Admiral returned the many attentions and civilities he had received by a grand banquet on board the flag-ship, which was participated in by a number of the most prominent officials stationed within the district.

Governor-General Mœring was assigned the position of honor, while President Launoy, Colonel Schonfeld, Commodore Diefwa, Baron Wetzlar, Captain Leidenfeld, Drs. Goracuchi and Nicolich, the Captain of the Port, Mr. Charles Lever, and Mr. Thayer occupied seats according to their respective rank.

Admiral Farragut sounded the tocsin of oratory by proposing a sentiment complimentary to the Austrian Government and its hospitality, which brought a ringing rejoinder from Governor Mœring, who enlarged with increased warmth and affection upon the merits of America, and upon whose conclusion the band very felicitously struck up the national airs of the two countries, the sounds of which, stealing into the banqueting-hall, produced a marvellous effect, and intensified the amicable feelings which prevailed.

The morning after was devoted to preparing for sea and the storage of articles of Trieste manufacture, the purchase of which was irresistible. There were boxes of glass marked "this side up with care," and frames containing pictures bought by the Admiral; the principal one, a Greek overlooking a battle, by Dellacqua, being an excellent painting, and now an object of special attraction to connoisseurs in the "home quarters" of our naval chieftain.

There were meerschaums of every design and variety, amber mouth-pieces of rare value, and life-size photographs from the famous gallery of Benque-Sebastianutti—everything in fact which could add something new to the well-filled "variety stores" possessed by each officer.

In the midst of these commercial transactions, the usual order of muster and inspection was carried out; the officers were recalled from the Corso and the headquarters of the "Bavarian;" and between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th, the flag-ship slowly turned her back upon the city and moved out upon the Gulf of Venice.



Just as we were fairly outside the harbor, two large Austrian frigates approached, when the former saluted the Admiral, and the compliment was immediately returned; this exchange of national courtesy serving as the signal of our departure down the Adriatic. In a few hours every vestige of Austrian soil had disappeared beneath the horizon, and nothing remained to us of its associations save the pleasant memories of our short visit.



## CHAPTER XLII.

TRIESTE TO GIBRALTAR—SCENES IN THE LATTER CITY—MATTINÉE ON FLAG-SHIP—PREPARATIONS FOR HOME—DEPARTURE FOR THE UNITED STATES—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

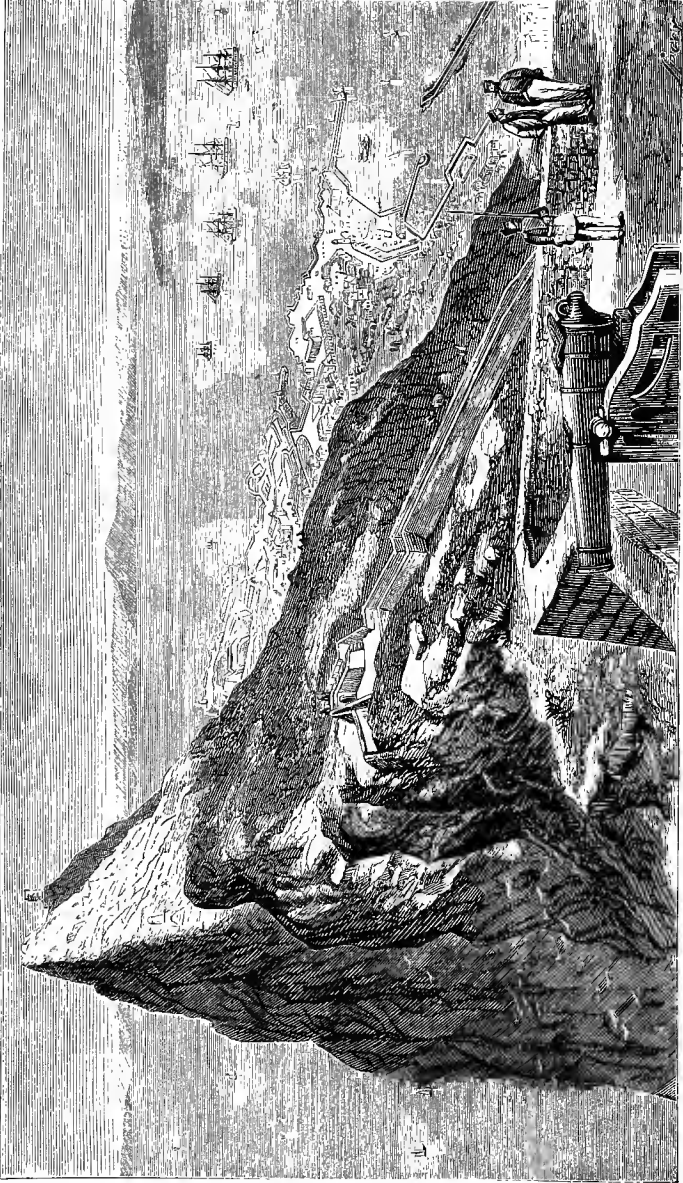
THE comparatively long, and to us unusual voyage of eighteen hundred miles from Trieste to Gibraltar, down the spouseless Adriatic, with its many Venetian associations, around the “heel and toe” of Italia’s classic shores, through the narrow gantlet of Scylla and Charybdis, and along the western Mediterranean, had little in itself to afford interest beyond the enjoyable rest it permitted, and the fact that it was known to be an important link in our homeward-bound voyage.

The thought that when the mandate next went forth to “weigh anchor” it would only be “let go” again in the waters of New York Bay, enabled us all to smile at any monotony which sea-life can possibly produce.

The trip occupied a period of ten days, being somewhat prolonged by strong head-winds and heavy seas along that part of the route lying between Sardinia and the Balearic Islands, which is in direct communication with the Gulf of Lyons.

Before that, the most favorable breezes had skimmed us along so rapidly that we forgot our old, accustomed *per*





GIBRALTAR.





*diem* of knots, and gazed with wonder upon the tens which figured so prominently upon the hourly-consulted log-slate.

On the second night out, the dismal cry of "man overboard" arose above the sighing of the winds, and created some little excitement among the crew. A life-buoy was immediately dropped, and the unlucky sailor was restored to his quarters, not the least injured by his salt-water bath, but considerably frightened, and as pale as the ghost of Banquo.

The passage through the Straits of Messina, with the majestic peak of Etna in full view, and thence along the Sicilian coast, was made more than pleasant by the superb weather which favored us; but when beyond Sardinia, we realized the poetry of a head wind and a short sea; and a number of fantastic water-spouts on our port quarter, proved that this "classic mill-pond" could be as disagreeable as its great neighbor beyond the Straits, when under the influence of passion.

During all this time reading and writing were the most popular amusements on board, from the sacred temple of the Admiral down to the most diminutive corner in the orlop; and every available volume, from the prolific *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the indispensable *Lippincott's Gazetteer*, down through the long catalogue of miscellaneous writings and official reports, to the last romance of Lytton and the less remarkable productions of the inexhaustible James and the popular Reade, was passed around with such astonishing celerity as to use up an entire series of "Tauchnitz editions."

When tired of this literary recreation, the officers found pleasure in wandering off to the quarters appropriated for smoking, and there struggled frantically to color their new meerschaums; a desire which only a practitioner can properly appreciate.

It is amusing to one not addicted to this habit to observe the intense delight which results from the first faint tinge of these coveted bowls. Such an one would naturally suppose that the pure, creamy white would be the fascination of the meerschaum; but strange to relate, they seem to be regarded as comparatively worthless until the dusky shadows creep over the polished surface and change its primitive blonde complexion into the coveted brunette.

The long-stemmed chibouques of Turkey and Asia were carefully stored away to make room and use for these new importations; and the fumes of Austrian tobacco became the popular anodyne to soothe the nerves of such officers as were living in a state of suspense between hope and fear, awaiting the final decision in reference to transfers or assignments. All seemed suddenly anxious to "stand by the ship," principally, doubtless, owing to thoughts of "Heaven's last, best gift to man;" and it is certain that Nelson himself never boasted a more devoted corps of officers than could Admiral Farragut at that time, in those who evinced such an earnest determination to cling to him to the closing end—of his eventful cruise.

In the language of the prolific novelist, "on the afternoon of October 7th, 1868, a large American frigate, flying an Admiral's flag, might have been seen approaching Gibraltar from the eastward." The day had been and was



unusually lovely, and every one on board enjoyed the passage from off Malaga down to the great citadel. It was remarkably calm, not even a breath of wind rippling the sheening surface of the Mediterranean ; and at least one hundred sails appeared within the range of vision, which embraced the African and European shores, and extended out through the Straits into the broad Atlantic.

Before rounding Europa Point the band played "God save the Queen," as an acknowledgment of the cordial manifestations of welcome visible among old friends stationed upon the portico of Governor Airey's residence, and immediately afterward our own melodies floated over the sea, followed by several spirited airs, to enliven the scene and give *éclat* to the re-entrance of the flag-ship into the Bay of Gibraltar.

Upon doubling the cape a salute of seventeen guns was fired from the English frigate *Bristol* in honor of Admiral Farragut, whereupon the British ensign was run up and complimented with twenty-one "rounds of applause" from the Dahlgrens, and ere the smoke had lifted, the *Bristol's* attention was acknowledged gun for gun, and the fort on shore closed the scene by responding to all. Upon entering the bay we discovered the *Ticonderoga* and *Swatarata*, both having arrived from Lisbon ; the *Frolic* joined the squadron at night, having stopped for a few hours at Palermo.

Before anchoring, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, accompanied by Commodore Prevost, R.N., and Captain Curtis, A.D.C. to the Governor, came on board to welcome back the Admiral ; the latter bearing the kindest messages

from the acting Governor, Major-General Crutchley. The evening was devoted to a devouring of the contents of the mail-bag, with its bundles of despatches, reports, and love-letters, the latter preponderating, while the Army and Navy Journals were clutched and faithfully engaged to at least twenty anxious applicants apiece. The following morning all was bustle and activity, in eager preparation for the final work which intervened between that time and the departure for home. "Fiery expedition" seemed to be each one's "wing;" orders, transfers, and despatches were executed with wonderful celerity; every officer adopting for the nonce the wise reasoning of Macbeth, that under the circumstances "it were well 'twere done quickly!"

In the afternoon the drama suddenly shifted; the absorbing scenes of business were rolled back, and discovered the smiling landscape of pleasure, in the form of a handsome entertainment given by Mr. Sprague in honor of the Admiral, at which were present all the staff and the commanding officers of the vessels of the American squadron in the bay.

In the midst of that "terrible necessity" of coaling—filling the bunkers to their utmost capacity—Major-General Crutchley and staff, and Colonel Maberly of the Royal Artillery, paid an official visit to the flag-ship on the ensuing day, and were received with all the honors.

This reception was succeeded during the same afternoon by a grand banquet in honor of the Admiral, given by Captain Prevost of the Royal Navy, which was a beautiful testimonial to our naval chieftain, and assured him that he was the most popular visitor in Gibraltar.

During the following day, those not specially required on board ship, and whose room was equally desirable with their company on account of the coaling process, gladly went ashore in response to an invitation to be present at a review of the troops of the garrison on the "neutral ground."

It was a very handsome display to all; the Admiral was escorted to the post of honor near the reviewing officer, and found much pleasure in witnessing the marching and manœuvring of the regiments, which formed a brigade of about four thousand men. The evolutions were well executed, and with all that steadiness and precision peculiar to the English soldier.

During the evening he was entertained by Major-General Crutchley, who in the absence of Sir Richard Airey, who returned on the 13th, was acting Governor of the garrison.

The two succeeding days were devoted almost exclusively to completing the business necessary to place the flag-ship in readiness for sea. The transfers had been decided upon and the orders written out, but steadily withheld until the morning of the day decided upon for the changes; in the midst of which the anxious officers trembled in their shoes, looked unutterably pale, suffered from nightmare in sleep, and imagined visions of baffled hopes in their waking hours, until it became an aggravation to keep them longer in doubt.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th of October, all hands were mustered on the spar-deck, and immediately thereafter the orders read aloud, detaching Commodore

Pennock from the command of the ship, and installing therein Captain William E. Le Roy—who had been Fleet-Captain and Chief of Staff during the entire cruise.

Upon the conclusion of this ceremony, Commodore Pennock stepped forward and commenced to address the officers and men, but was so much affected by the thoughts of his separation from the pleasant associations of eighteen months, that he found it impossible to proceed, and simply said farewell to all. He retired on the following day, with the kindest and best wishes of every officer, and on the departure of Admiral Farragut, succeeded to the command of the European Squadron. During the afternoon and evening of the order day, the flag-ship resembled in miniature the city of New York on the first of May. The officers affected by the transfers enjoyed their "fitting," as the Scotch express it, from one vessel to the other. In this instance, however, the importations exceeded the exportations, and it was amusing to watch the trunks, boxes, bird-cages, chibouques, musical instruments, and other articles and curiosities, passing over the gangways under the vigilant espionage of groups of cabin-boys on guard near the ladder.

The *Franklin* seemed to have been suddenly transformed into a large trading vessel, returning home laden with the odds and ends of the old world. The crews had been transferred, and the merry faces beaming along her decks became the surest guarantee that her departure was nigh at hand.

From importations, we received on board Lieut.-Commanders Allen, Terry, Clark, and Wright; Surgeon Gun-

nell; Lieutenant Harris; Midshipmen West, Merrill, Eaton, and Church; Engineers Upham and Adamson, and several warrant officers from the *Ticonderoga*; Surgeon Spear from the *Swatara*; and Lieutenants Goodrich and Train from the *Frolic*; while to the *Ticonderoga*, we exported Lieut.-Commander Cook; Surgeon Foltz; Lieut. Goodsell; P. Asst. Surgeon Wunderlich; Ensign Little; Midshipman Stickney, and Engineers Windsor, Bayley, Pratt, and Burchmore; and to the *Frolic*, Midshipmen Simons, Tilley, and Knox.

Of the above additions to the flag-ship, all went on duty save three, who enjoyed the enviable distinction of being styled "carpet-baggers."

Before leaving Gibraltar the Admiral and a number of his officers were very kindly entertained by Colonel and Mrs. Maberly, and on the 16th he returned the many civilities extended him by a pleasant informal *matinée* on the flag-ship.

Governor Sir Richard Airey was received with a national salute as he appeared on the deck, and being shortly afterward followed by Major-General and Mrs. Crutchley; Colonel and Mrs. Maberly and daughters; Commodore Prevost and daughter; Colonel and Mrs. Bellairs; Colonel Munsell; Captain Curtis; Lieutenant Wallace, and several other officers of the staff, the scene of gayety commenced and held possession of the gun-deck until the approaching night, and a harbor somewhat agitated by a *Levanter*, advised the guests to retire and leave the field in possession of the officers of the flag-ship.

Many farewells were spoken with sincerity on this

occasion, and much regret manifested at the final separation of those who had been frequently thrown together during the two visits of the *Franklin*, and with whom there seemed to have sprung up a very pleasant feeling. The Admiral had made himself very popular, and it was with no little pleasure that the author learned from Governor Airey that he had just received a letter from the Duke of Cambridge, in which His Highness spoke very kindly of our naval hero, and inquired whether it was not possible to induce him to visit England again.

On the night of the 17th, the one preceding our departure, there was an unusual excitement in the ward-room and steerage, occasioned by the parting of those who had been united for better or worse during the entire cruise. The rigid discipline of naval regulations was slightly relaxed, and the outgoing members' healths were quaffed in the authorized stimulants, after which, they were committed to the ordeal of passing down the line, to be affectionately embraced by each officer as a parting salutation.

It was late that night ere the flag-ship became settled, and even then there seemed to linger a ceaseless stir, which presaged an important movement on the morrow.

The morning of October 18th shone out beautifully, the very skies above us seeming to smile propitiously on our start; but the winds had proved fickle, and instead of the Levanter for which all had prayed, in their anxiety to have such an auxiliary in crossing the ocean, we were greeted with a blow from the westward which howled through the rigging with such fury as to crush all hopes of a very rapid departure.

At half-past ten precisely the Paymaster announced his business adjusted, when the long-desired order, "Up anchor for home!" was given and responded to with three lively cheers. There was magic in that command, which gave muscle to the arm and joy to the heart; and it is needless to say that the great anchor appeared above the surface more rapidly than usual under similar orders.

At eleven o'clock the propeller turned; the band struck up "Home again;" "Home, Sweet Home;" "Homeward Bound;" "I Cannot Stay in the Wilderness," and other familiar airs, which symbolize that coveted haven; and amid the dipping of colors by the different vessels and the forts on shore, and the waving of adieus to those assembled upon our late companion ships, the *Franklin* turned away from Gibraltar, and steamed out through the Straits against a terrible head-wind, on her "westward course."

At five o'clock on the same afternoon we passed Cape Spartel on the African coast, and Trafalgar Bay on the Spanish Main, and stood out on the broad Atlantic, a few hours more shutting out every vestige of land, and leaving us nothing of Europe but its memories.

The voyage across the ocean occupied a period of twenty-one days, occasioned partly by the fact that when the wind was favorable the "cast-iron breeze" was shut off entirely, and partly by the prevalence of strong nor'-westerly gales, which at times seemed to defy the power of two boilers.

On the evening of the sixth day out, we passed Santa Maura, the most easterly of the Azores; and on the following morning, while the frigate was gliding smoothly on

her course, the church services were conducted with all solemnity; the choir singing the beautiful hymn of "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!" in which officers and men gladly joined, as an appropriate prayer to the Great Navigator who was directing our vessel across the seas.

During the afternoon of the 28th we were announced at the half-way station and going "down hill!" and on the 31st a very heavy squall from the northeast struck us suddenly, and before the sails could be reefed, the frigate careened slightly and bounded along at such a gallop that it seemed as if she might collide with the American coast before her headway could be controlled. The sea foamed around her, while the officers congregated on the gun-deck and congratulated one another upon reaching Sandy Hook many days sooner than anticipated; but their joy was short, for the mad career of the vessel was checked; and on the 3d of November the long-dreaded nor'wester came upon us, and foamed and fretted, whistled and roared in the very face of the frigate for four consecutive days, making our progress somewhat rough and monotonous.

In passing through the Gulf Stream the weather was about as dismal as is possible, yet all were consoled by the reflection that that great conduit stretched near our own coast.

During the last half of our voyage, the scene daily enacted on board was suggestive and amusing. Our exact position was always a source of great anxiety; and at meridian there would be a full meeting of the officers in the ward-room, to receive the report of the navigator,



and to calculate the precise distance between that point and the "light-ship."

Pending this, the huge chart would be extended on the table, and surrounded by at least one dozen of the more anxious, among whom the "carpet-baggers" were always conspicuous; and when the latitude and longitude were announced, the spot would be marked, and fresh speculations immediately offered upon our chances of reaching home.

On the afternoon of November 9th we crossed the bar off Sandy Hook and anchored for the night in the lower bay; and at daylight on the following morning again got under weigh, proceeded up through the Narrows, and at 8 o'clock occupied the same position off the Battery from which we had sailed seventeen months before. During the day there ensued the natural debarkation for the home circles; and on the 16th Admiral Farragut hauled down his flag, the officers slowly dispersed to the several scenes of action to which orders assigned them, and the brilliant cruise of the *Franklin* passed at once into history, and on its pages illustrates our unchecked prosperity at home and our national power abroad.



THE CRUISE OF THE  
 U. S. FRIGATE FRANKLIN,  
 FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT,  
 COMMODORE A. M. PENNOCK, COMMANDING.

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Left Boston.....	June 13th,	1867.
Arrived at New York.....	“ 15th,	“
Left “ .....	“ 28th,	“
Arrived at Cherbourg, France.....	July 14th,	“
Left “ “ .....	“ 30th,	“
Arrived at Cronstadt, Russia.....	Aug. 10th,	“
Left “ “ .....	“ 30th,	“
Arrived at Trungsund, Finland.....	“ “	“
Left “ “ .....	Sept. 1st,	“
Arrived at Stockholm, Sweden.....	“ 3d,	“
Left “ “ .....	“ 9th,	“
Arrived at Copenhagen, Denmark.....	“ 14th,	“
Left “ “ .....	“ 20th,	“
Arrived at Sheerness, England.....	“ 26th,	“

Left	Sheerness, England.....	Sept. 27th, 1867.
Arrived at	Gravesend, " .....	" " "
Left	" " .....	Oct. 8th, "
Arrived at	Sheerness, " .....	" " "
Left	" " .....	" 15th, "
Arrived at	Spit-Head, " .....	" 16th, "
Left	" " .....	" 20th, "
Arrived at	Plymouth, " .....	" 21st, "
Left	" " .....	" 24th, "
Arrived at	Lisbon, Portugal.....	" 28th, "
Left	" " .....	Nov. 20th, "
Arrived at	Gibraltar-Rock, Spain.....	" 24th, "
Left	" " .....	Dec. 3rd, "
Arrived at	Cartagena, " .....	" 5th, "
Left	" " .....	" 16th, "
Arrived at	Port-Mahon, Minorca Island,	" 19th, "
Left	" " " .....	Jan. 5th, 1868.
Arrived at	Toulon, France.....	" 7th, "
Left	" " .....	" 17th, "
Arrived at	Ville-Franche, France.....	" 18th, "
Left	" " .....	Feb. 3d, "
Arrived at	Spezia, Italy.....	" 4th, "
Left	" " .....	March 4th, "
Arrived at	Naples, " .....	" 5th, "
Left	" " .....	April 6th, "
Arrived at	Messina, Sicily.....	" 7th, "
Left	" " .....	" 9th, "
Arrived at	Syracuse, " .....	" 10th, "
Left	" " .....	" 11th, "
Arrived at	Malta.....	" 12th, "

Left	Malta.....	April 18th, 1868.
Arrived at	Lisbon, Portugal.....	“ 28th, “
Left	“ “ .....	May 28th, “
Arrived at	Flushing, Holland.....	June 4th, “
Left	“ “ .....	“ 21st, “
Arrived at	Ostend, Belgium.....	“ “ “
Left	“ “ .....	“ 23d, “
Arrived at	Southampton, England .....	“ 24th, “
Left	“ “ .....	July 16th, “
Arrived at	Cowes, “ .....	“ “ “
Left	“ “ .....	“ 19th, “
Arrived at	Gibraltar-Rock, Spain.....	“ 27th, “
Left	“ “ .....	“ “ “
Arrived at	Syra, Greece .....	Aug. 5th, “
Left	“ “ .....	“ “ “
Arrived at	Smyrna, Turkey in Asia....	“ 6th, “
Left	“ “ “ .....	“ 11th, “
Arrived at	Chanak, Dardanelles, Turkey in Asia.....	“ 12th, “
Left	Chanak, Dardanelles, Turkey in Asia.....	“ 20th, “
Arrived at	Constantinople, Turkey.....	“ 21st, “
Left	“ “ .....	“ 29th, “
Arrived at	Athens, Grèce.....	“ 31st, “
Left	“ “ .....	Sept. 10th, “
Arrived at	Trieste, Austria .....	“ 14th, “
Left	“ “ .....	“ 27th, “
Arrived at	Gibraltar-Rock, Spain .....	Oct. 7th, “
Left	“ “ .....	“ 18th, “
Arrived at	New York .....	Nov. 10th, “













