GOING TO SEE THE SULTAN.

A LOST CHAPTER IN THE TRAVELS OF SUNSET COX RECOVERED.

Gen. Lew Wallace Presents the Congressman to Abdul Hamid—What he Saw, Heard, Said, Felt, and Imagined—Extraordinary Performances of an Opera Hat.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 12. When word came to be ready for presentation to the Sultan there was an unusual flutter around our trunks and in our wardrobe. It was no ordinary occasion. As one of the "best men," in the bridal of the Bosporus and the—Wabash, I determined to be *en règle*. I had heard of one of our Secretaries of Legation being received by Louis Napoleon with marked distinction because he had donned his Odd Fellow regalia. I knew, from reading Sartor Resartus, the value of toilet. I knew that the successor of Suleiman the Magnificent was a man of choice tastes, and I resolved to adorn for the ceremony, so that Indiana might not blush for its *sophe*. Nor did I fail to remember that the Sublime Ruler who was about to open his Porte to as represented something more than the present Turkish power and Mohammedan Caliphate. Was he not the successor of leaders of armies against whom the hosts of Europe had struggled often and in vain? Had not his predecessors lifted the crescent above the cross? Did not the blood of the "Thunderbolt" run, though sluggishly, in his veins? Was he not now the pacificator between Christians contending for the holy places? His flat, once so potential, might it not again arouse a conflict—a Jehad—at which the world might tremble? Was he not the titular, if not the actual, head of nearly 200,000,000 of one faith?

Having hastily written a wish that Prof. Grosvenor might be added to the party, so as to give the flavor of the ancient classics to the presentation in this old Greek imperial capital, I was proceeding to lay out the proper clothing, when it occurred to me that my shoes were disreputably immense and that my Texas-touched hat was only fitted for the boreal North and unfit for the precincts of princes. I needed a crushed hat and distingué pumps. The swallows had furnished me a dapper model for the cut of my coat, and the thrice boiled snows of Sweden could not vie in whiteness with my cravat. I knew that I could borrow diplomatic shoes at the Legation, but the lack of a crushed hat gave me trouble. Summoning the guide, Dionysius, I appointed him ambassador to a shopman who sold and let out fashionable attire, as tailor to the Porte. He responded. After much negotiation, I hired a crusher for ten francs. It came. It was tried. It had a spring like a catamount, and a report like a Krupp gun. Its size was almost that of the Moscow bell, and it was fully as metallic. It would serve two purposes, for it could be both fashionable and salutatory.

UP THE BOSPORUS.

Thus prepared, we steamed up the Bosporus, and arrived at the Legation a day in advance. The excitement there was enhanced by my crushed hat. Gen. Wallace stood its fire, and the Consul was ecstatic over its magnitude. The ladies were at first timid when I fired it off, but they got used to it by the iteration. The waves of the Bosporus seemed to be more agitated than usual that evening. We returned to rest in feverish anxiety. At 6 in the morning when the golden light from the sun flashed in our windows, we heard loud talking outside in the quay. The voice of Mahmoud the cavass was dominant. What was the matter? Hastily leaping from my couch, I saw a ten-oared barge and its ten rowers rising and pulling in their rhythmical movements, and a dapper model under the gesture and command of our erected cavass. Mahmoud was dressed in his gala costume, with a loose jacket of blue, embroidered in black. He had on his fez cap, and wore an immense red sash. The sash was loaded with pistols and knives, and the compliment off-cial looked a very *Fatalaf* in rotundity and bravery.

Looking out toward the Euxine, the first object that caught my eye was a fleet of steamers and ships awaiting entrance into the waters of the Euxine. I had forgotten the custom of the empire, which allows no entrance within the Bosporus until after daylight and under *pratique*. Could they be waiting to convoy us? Or was it only a calm which had collected them? Was that calm the omen of our future? The Giant Mountain opposite, which we had ascended the other day, where Jason looked upon his promised voyage toward Colchis, seems covered not with clouds of golden fleece, but with lowering vapors, which portend flurry and storm. There is an instability to our situation, at Bayukter—inworthy the "great powers," whose Ambassadors there repose—for the villas and vessels of the Embassies and the palaces of the Princes, Pashas, and Sultanas must feel as superfluous as the forthcoming event. A heavy fog-bank is moored at the base of the cliff on the opposite shore. Its stack has a dark pennon of smoke, but at the first it flies the Crescent, and we are reassured. Perhaps it will be our convoy.

If ever there was a thing of beauty it is that long, trim, golden pinnace coming to convey us to the enchanted chambers of Oriental power. This barge is the more interesting, for it bears the flag of my country. My heart leaps up, as the ugly Turk behind a rifle in the sky-fort is if not born of the select and triple-hued splendor of the prism?

After breakfast a rehearsal was suggested. It was deemed impracticable, as we had invaded its sanctity by going at the wrong time. The Sultan were dressed. They were to be boys, at the toes, and left a great vacancy in the heels. I do not wish to depreciate the other personages, much less the Minister, but truth compels me to say that Mahmoud looked the Turkish cavass of the most fierce and fiery kind, and was the most picturesque of the group. Besides, he shared my anxiety more than the others, for had he not been out upon the quay since daylight—seven hours in advance of our time—scattering fire for this golden cargo? The ten stalwart Turks in white dress, red jackets and caps, and bare breasts and legs, were his obsequious servitors. It was a long morning from breakfast to lunch. It was a sad lunch. There was too much anxiety at the board. It was increased by an explosion in the hall.

"Allah! Allah!" cried out our soldier Minister. "Your previous question has gone off spontaneously. I forbid that hat. It is only next to dynamite!"

Having quieted the Minister with a glass of Medoc, and set my hat anew, the concert proceeded.

SCENES ON THE EUXINE SEA.

At 1 we are seated in the boat. We are a picture for an illustrated magazine. The Minister is in a Major-General's uniform, with twin stars upon his shoulders. He leads a rich sword upon his knees. His lips compress his will firm, his eye collected, his nerves steel, his speech the crisp, and all his nerves placid. He sits in the post of honor at the stern. Beneath him are crimson cushions and robes. He glances proudly at the gilded eagle at our prow, supporting a flagstaff with our American banner. The breeze is strong, and it has to stand and drop in by his side, under the awning, which flaps its scarlet scallops in the leeward of the Euxine. Mahmoud is in the front, and all is arranged. The order to move is given. The ladies, in their balcony, smiling but anxious, wave their aprons with handkerchief and hand. In the midst of the flurry my hat goes off with a report. This disconcerts the rhythmic stroke of the rowers. They look surprised simply, for the Turk never smiles. The laddies did. Then the Minister calls for cigarettes, and we compose ourselves for their enjoyment. I had taken the precaution to provide a sufficient quantity, knowing their importance in Turkey and in diplomacy. We are out in the stream. The waves of this classic stream carry ripples of pleasure. The ladies, the white and red kerchiefs, still flutter, and the shore, or the ladies, rippled and kissed their hands in return!

St. George floats his flag from the English legation, but there is no dragon about its portals—only a sleepy dragoman. The private villas of the Greeks are shut. Therapia, their home in summer repose, and seem to care little for our western hemisphere embodied in ourselves. The waters are as hushed as though they had never been contaminated by naval conflict. Passing the great Sultan's and the imperial Yeni Keui, we find our prospect enlarged by the best harbor of the Bosporus. Stenia. Cypress groves follow us to the Bay of the Baltic Sea, where a villa built by Reshid Pashia and presented by him to his daughter Fatmeh is another of this prominent pashia's regal in beauty. Then we run under the grand groves and fantastic towers of Hissar, where, beneath the shadow of the American College, we take on board the Professor. He gives us a brief discussion of the objects that classic fairness without which these receptions are tame. We pass Italian vessels, tugged up the stream bearing American petroleum. That leads us to discuss our own meagre commerce. Our national pride is at low ebb as we remember that we bear the only American flag in the grand harbor. Here earth has lent her waters and the air has lent her breezes in vain for us, and sail and steam glide in ceaseless interchange for all nations but our own. Our interpreter at Smyrna is endowed with a burden under which we bend—we the progressive, inventive nation among nations!

We row by the ferry steamers of the Shirket-i-Havrie Company. Their mixed crowds open their amazed eyes at our richly caparisoned boat, with its strange flag, its gaudy awnings, canvas, and its Major-General and suite. Crack! goes my hat, and the amazement becomes consternation. Only for a moment, and we renew our cigarettes. We pass vessels full of melons, hay, and fruits, floating down with the devil's current. Their sailors stop their sawying motion to gaze at us. The hat settles them, and is dazed confusion they wonder what it all means. Not a smile irradiates their faces; they swoon, after the Oriental fashion, awed at our imposing state.

We reach Arnaut Keui, the Albanian village, where the stream narrows. Crowds of Greeks of both sexes are on the banks. They seem like the food in the table, to be watching for the river to run out. Then appears the village of the Dervish monastery. I forget its Turkish designation. It is full of the poetry of history, in which Medea and Justinian, Michael the Archangel and Simeon Stylites of the column figure. What are these dead memories to our living present? Around the bend above Orta-Keui, against the palace of a Sultane sister, and about whom we gossip as we glance at the cemeteries and their cypresses, the umbrella pines on the hills, the curious costumes on the quay, the pictorial rites and mountains peeping over the walls, the latticed windows and the ragged beggars beneath, and then at the palace (Cheragan, where Abdul Aziz died. We listen to the Professor as he rehearses the story of his death. The time does not pass slowly, for as we move downward and the river crail on our leisure for mutual discourse on our surroundings, and about home and the sad events there transpiring. Soon St. Sophia looms up in majesty at the Seraglio Point. Stamboul looks gorgeous in dome and minaret, apparelled in celestial light. The Professor gives us of his love and store appropriate associations for each object, to which the Minister adds his experiences in New Mexico. I am curious about the early Greek empire, and its marvels of architecture and august rites of religion. We talk of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher of St. Sophia.

"Tell us of him who outdid Plato in his larceny from the Hybla bees and left them honeyless. What was the secret of his power? Whence came the spell of his oratory?"

"From my reading of his works," responds the Professor, "his charm is in the grand sweep of his thought as to the shortness, insignificance, and meagreness of our mortal life compared with the endless life of the glorious immortal destiny. This was his favorite theme, and although his language is not as opulent as the classic Greek, it has a richness and splendor of diction of its own, worthy of the muse of Sophocles and the eloquence of Demosthenes."

LANDING WHERE JASON LANDED.

We pass palace after palace but now the Towers of Europe, then we perceive a crowd on the marble steps of the Dolma-Bagtche palace. It is a splendid picture. The palace is Constantan. The eye is caught by the towering mosque. This is our landing place. Near it is the Cool Kiosk of the Melons. It was once a favorite resort of Selim III. In earlier times it was the port of the Rieshates. It was formerly called Jasonian, as it was here that this hero won on shore with the Argonauts. Our first step, therefore, is on historic and classic ground. Jason landed here before the Jews, some of the victors after many a naval strife; and here, when the Sultan Azziz was dethroned, fifty odd boat loads of his women were emptied out of the harem, but happily housed at the seraglio. We are received in a style worthy of his rank. We are escorted, and a bizarre crowd of turbaned and fezzed retinues, all agape with grave curiosity, we discern the full form of our Minister, the Major-General. Our hearts are radiant with welcome, though his brow is corrugated with anxiety. He is the United States interpreter. On him we depend, for, too, has his crushed hat. It is safely moored under his arm. I affirm my faith in our country and that I go with noiseless solecitude, for there are soldiers and officials around. They are all smoking cigarettes. We are presented to an affable young Turk, Ibrahim Bey. He is *L'Introducteur des Ambassadeurs*. By his side is Halil Bey, *Le Introducteur des Ministres-Résidents*. They were too courteous to observe the shuffling gait of my immense shoes, but the latter looked curiously at my hat. They were elegant in carriage, men of rare manners, and wore new fez caps. They greet us with suavity as we land. Being only a secondary personage, I linger with the canaille, doing a subdued *pas de fous* at a small Arab vending fraudulent matches. Not a smile, only a curious, dazed expression radiates from the Mussulman countenance.

We pass through this grand gateway of the quay, and out upon the street. There our cavass, not without difficulty, mounts a spirited horse. His burly form looks well upon a charger. We enter gilded coaches, and are speedily laced to the light cigarettes. We settle down to our own cigarettes. Driving through the long lanes and streets we pass under salutation of the brown-faced Turkish soldiers at the barracks. This the General returns with easy and accomplished grace. We pass Eyoub, where Turks are sipping Mocha and smoking narghis. They gaze drop the amber from their lips, and languidly regard the unwonted pageant. Vendors stop their cries of grapes and melons, silks and cigarettes to gaze. Women in the upper stories of houses are stirred to liveliness, as though the flies were on a fresh raid. Odalisques drop their mufflers, reply to peen, and mounted soldiers and officers in French uniforms, thus the fez, salute us at various points, where lands the crescent, like the lunar, in its first quarter, within which are foliage mosques, minarets, and dome, until we are within the palace grounds on the hill. These precincts are not romantic nor is the palace oriental. Its marble and stucco are of a Grecian order, and its interior rococo, not unlike as send their spray to the sun. Some parterres, between gravelled winding walks and drives, some shrubs and trees, not comparable with Windsor or Peterhoff, and we are in front of the gateway of the Sublime Porte, a grand reception. Five wives are met by the officers of the day. We are introduced separately. Mehlut is held quietly under my arm, and after cigarettes and bad French we are conducted over Turkish carpeted marble pavements, through a hall of waiting chamber of audience, lighted by windows of ground glass, where a company of dignitaries await us in decorous reserve.

TALKING WITH THE HERO OF PLEVNA.

The Minister is presented by our interpreter to *Le Grand Maître de cérémonie*. His name is Munir Bey. He is handsome, large, and well-proportioned, and his manners are pleasing, with an air of dignity. He is the Minister of War. He has been Minister at Washington. When I say that I know him well he is pleased to pay me special attention. I take the opportunity to say that no Minister is such a favorite socially, and more so, says Munir Bey, I speak fluently. The Minister Bey is pleased to hear this of his friend at our capital. He graciously presents me to *Le Premier Chamberlain*, Hamdi Pashia who presents me to *Le General de Palais Imperial*, Reshid Pashia, who presents me to *Le Premier Chamberlain d'Etat*, but, by the clever suggestion of our Consul, I am presented, with the sounding title of President of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the American Chamber of Deputies, to *Le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères*, Assim Pashia. This descending, I approximate the apex of this pyramid of greatness. Then I take breath and a cigarette. Rousing all my per French phrases, I study a few compliments, for every thing seemed French.

Assim Pashia is an elderly man. He stores a little. He has silver hair, and not much of that. Mr. Heap, the Consul, ever watchful over my inadequacies, points out sitting on a red divan, the name of Pervim, Osman Pashia, the Minister of War. He is big like Grant, McClellan, or Hancock. He looks unmistakably Oriental. His eye is large, black, and imperious. He is an equable, handsome man. I caught his eye upon me, and held my hat with a tighter grip and fumbled for a cigarette.

"Tell him I would like to be introduced!" said the Consul.

"Surely, it would be a supreme delight!" I replied, for I was becoming superlative and Oriental. I was presented to the hero.

"You have been long here?" he asks.

"A month, waiting for this honor and the end of the Ramadan."

"You came by way of England and France from America?"

"No. General, from the North Cape, in the Arctic Ocean, via St. Petersburg and Moscow."

"Ah! *mon ami, c'est possible!*" You like Russia?"

I was relieved and happy when I reached the Sultan's dominion. The Czar's assassination casts a gloom over that country. Strangers are forbidden.

This reply inspired some animation. "Were you interested in Russia?" he asks significantly, for he is no lover of the Slav whom he fought.

After seeing the midnight sun, other objects were not so interesting until I came here."

Thereupon Mr. Heap came to my help, and to the wondering Pashas and Beys he made me the hero of the unsetting phenomena of the North Cape.

"Have you been in Constantinople before?" asked Munir Bey.

"Oh, yes, before you were born, I think, for you look youthful. Thirty years ago, when Abdul Mejed was Sultan, I was here, and I longed to renew my memories."

There was a slight expression of surprise, sotto-voce, as only Turks can express it, and another to-shade of questions. "Have you found any changes?" "Are we progressing?" "What do you see different?" "Do we move with the age?" "How do Americans regard us?" To which I gave reply that I found new conveniences, an underground railway, tramways and railroads, newspapers in a half dozen tongues, steam and light, better streets, and sumptuous villas. True, the seraglio palace is no longer here, but your palace grounds the full. You have had a great war, and we find more courtesy and tolerance of strangers. We visit St. Sophia and other mosques with comparative freedom. No, you are not behind many other nations in the race of improvement. All which seemed to give pleasure to the listeners. I begin to feel that I am an old and familiar friend of the family. I describe the former Sultan as I saw him in a grand parade on the 4th July, 1851, and Munir Bey promises to show me a portrait of Sultan Abdul in the palace. Then we take cigarettes. Before they are ashes liveried Nubian servants appear, bearing the daintiest porcelain cups ever fairy conceived or Dresden fabricated.

THE SULTAN.

They are truly aesthetic, and encased with diamonds. We long to carry one home not for the gems—oh, no! but for the artistic beauty. No sooner does the surreptitious thought enter the mind than the servants gather them up. We then form in line, behind the Minister, and under escort proceed up the staircase to the audience chamber. We pass up between sabres, fine large Circassians, in their native array, who look at us impassively. African eunuchs, in strange contrast with the Circassians, in rich attire, stand like statues upon the steps. Officers with side arms and soldiers with rifles are in waiting. We halt a moment at the head of the stairs, and, looking within through a large chamber, perceive in the grand salon before us a well-made man of medium size and serene, almost melancholy, aspect. He stands alone, the sole object in a blue uniform, or frock coat with the inevitable fez. He holds a sword—hardly a scimitar, though it curves—of golden sheath and jeweled hilt. It rests upon his patent leather shoes. A rich sash is over his shoulder. It is green, for green is the Mohammedan color. It is the, we suppose, of the growing, fadeless Caliphate. We approach in due order, galanted by the Ministers, and make a formal bow. Our suite form a crescent around the sultan, with Major-Gen. Wallace with his two stars in the concave. Next to him on the left is Assim Pasha, and on the right the interpreter, his hat still secure. After several rather elaborate bows from the Sultan's officers we await events. The Sultan raises his dreamy, languid, thoughtful eyes, and his sallow cheeks lights up a little. Then the consultation begins.

There is an austerity of dread, a painful hush, as the Foreign Affairs Minister, in low, husky tones, announces the function and purpose of the visit. Gen. Wallace touches the solemn spirit of the scene, and responds in the Oriental quality makes in low tones proper reference to his predecessor, and in the name of the people of the United States, with an emphasis (repeated on the people) which made me grasp my hat, expressed their sorrow for the good relations that had always existed between the two nations and which he would endeavor to strengthen. The Sultan drops his impassive eye, with now and then a sidelong glance at us in turn. I take this opportunity, with numerous curiosity, to look about the large chamber. A dim light enters it from the east. The Sultan has his back toward Asia. The group is interesting. The atmosphere is one of tangent quietude. The gods are shod with wool; we are Sultanic servitors. Neither the dresses nor the movements and speeches are loud; quite and painfully otherwise. It is pomp, but pomp in unassuming display. The scene is not oriental or Oriental. There are no trellis nor lattice arrangements, no tapestry nor ottomans, and no exuberant nor vulgar signs of luxury. No crystal jets shake their loosening silver in the sun, and there are no arabesques nor fantastic imagery. The surroundings are as simple as the audience is decorous. No growling obscenities are dumb-bell-muted. A few pictures decorate the walls. They represent Bedouin chiefs in the desert, pictures of local color, all but one, which rivets my eye. Unless I am in error, this picture on my left is that of the midnight Sultan with his banners waving right, ranging over the hazy horizon at Nord Cape. Then I thought of the verse of the American moralist:

The bark of temport, vainly tossed,
Say founder in the gale;
And the shipwrecked sailor, lost
Hails by the stars of pale.

Although a polar navigator, I felt the calm influence, and, comparing the situation with the bleak and desolate scenery which we had recently viewed as this pictured on the wall, I felt the contrasts of our summer voyaging.

THE SULTAN'S AFFABILITY.

I am recalled from my reverie by reflecting upon the power of the Sultan. He is a man of calm dignity and superior intelligence. Mohammed II., the grand progenitor of this line, who took the city from the effete Greeks, may have had more dash, as he had a larger army, but he left no more reserve corps in his ever than his descendant before us. Was he not administering, and troubles for which he is not responsible, a great empire of various nationalities and religions, and under manifold embarrassments? In his presence, calm and inborn dignity by his position as the heir of the Othmans, Amorahs, and Suleimans, he receives, as the Oriental chief should, that decident which has never encroached upon his prerogative or domain, and has no true inclination to obtrude upon it.

I confess to an enthusiasm for this monarch. He is a king, every inch, and without any dramatic ostentation; for I learn from our Consul that he deserves great regard for his racy wit. He is a man of sorrow, and his troubles and care growing out of the enjoined death of his predecessor, and with the populations of divers religions and races which he must reconcile to rule, he is not unworthy of the fame of Abdul Medjid, whose memory is to me a part of my earliest association in this city, whose praises then were on every tongue.

After the translation into the vernacular of the Minister's speech, and when it was expected the ceremony was done, Gen. Wallace broke through the formal etiquette, and, sitting that it was a custom in our country, and in sign of cordiality, tendered his hand. The Sultan timidly, but blandly, breaks his reserve, and cordially replies. This reply is translated, when, in the same subdued whisper and with much emotion, he asks the Minister the great news of the President's wounded condition. The Minister remarks that the news is better, but not encouraging. This episode engenders a human sympathy, and then waves in rapid presented. I am denominated in French phrase, "le statesman," and my fez assumes the size of the Sultan's fez. We had no elaborate, theatrical bowing. The only one who seemed to be specially Oriental in his salaam was Osman Bey. He bows quite low, and then, with his hand on his breast, he bows breast and lip, signifying that his mind, heart, and speech were complaisant; but even he is not obsequious. Scouring my hat and guarding my shoes and without special trouble I back out of the presence with the rest and retire to the salon below. There the sherbet is served, with cigarettes.

QUESTIONED ABOUT GRANT'S HOUSES.

Then we are conducted back to one of the rooms above, where the pictures on the walls are shown and described. Three portraits are eminent in their attraction. One is that of Abdul Mejid. He was the son of Mahmoud II. He died in 1861, and reigned 30 years, and ruled with him. Another is that of his brother, the unfortunate Abdul Aziz, who was deposed in 1876, and lived in utter retirement. The other is that of the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., whose presence we have just left, the successor of a distinguished series of Ottomans, distributed by more moderation and tolerance than the outside world is apt to believe.

The picture of Abdul Mejid represents him as an Arab steed, whereat we are astonished. We indulge in equestrian talk. Murid Bey asks about American horses.

"You are fond of horses in America?" he asks.

Our finest horses are proud of their pedigree from the famous steeds of the desert, and we, in turn, inquire if they have the blood of their lineage and breed, to make our horses win the prizes of the world.

"You have won it in France and England," he replied.

I never felt any special pride in the American horse. The thing in race, not the horse, race is my study, but a glow comes over my face as the Occident and Orient here again meet in mutual gratulation. Then Murid Bey asks after the Arab horses presented by the Sultan to our Congress, to which I was compelled, not having had the run of the General's paddock.

Then we turn to the likeness of the unfortunate Aziz, the late Sultan. The white horse which bears him is a superb animal, worthy of the Sultan's pencil. Murid Bey says: "He is alive still."

"Who?" said I, in surprise; "the Sultan?" That was my first lapse from the courtesies, for not a word had been uttered about the Sultan Aziz or his dethrone.

"The horse," replied Murid Bey; "he is still alive. He is the pride of the stables."

I look again at the stud. It was from life. It was portrayed with that neutral eyes like oil-holes, and mane flowing like the ethereal hair of a Murillo Madonna. The animal sits upon him like a centaur proud of his mastery of the noble animal. The steed curvets under a shaking bit with sidelong pace. I think of John's war horse, and then we are called to cigarettes again. Rousing myself from the spell, and lingering a few minutes longer, descend to the open air. Here, bidding farewell to our royal hosts, we return to our carriages and to the quay.

DREAMS.

The windows of the villas on the Asiatic shore are blazing like burnished gold under the setting sun. The Bosporus is alive on land and stream with the throngs, who seem to revel in the serenest of evenings. Our ladies have promenaded down the shore to meet us on our return. The hat does its final duty in salutation, and we resume them in our cages. Returning to the Legation, we dine in sumptuous glee, and live over again our gala day.

Was there a surcease of these delightful and novel experiences in sleep? No. Such spells, under the Asiatic sky, will enter into our dreams and form our atmosphere. Such pleasures are not like poppies spread, for when you see the flower the fragrance is not shed.

Under the influence of an anodyne it is said that Coleridge fell into a dream reading "Purchas's Pilgrimage," about the palace of Kubla Khan, and dreamed out as a phantom architect his pleasure dome. I, too, had my dream. It was more harmonious and congruous than that of the drugged poet. In my semi-slumbers, half during the morning hail listening to the lapse and relapse of the waters below our balcony, and with the strange scenes, where eunuchs and Circassians, Ministers and Sultans, in chambers of arched arabesques, sipped tea from tiny cups of jewelled beauty, I had the strange experience of the Brahmin poet, constructing out of my own consciousness a plan for a dome where sacred rivers ran through caverns measureless to man down by a sunless sea. Each gale wafted Eldorean fragrances of incense bearing trees, saints' spots of greenery, and damsels with dulcimers sung of Mount Abora and other heavenly heights, until I awoke to break my fast on something more substantial than honey dew and to drink something more stimulating than the milk of paradise.

S. S. COX.

Coming Trots at Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 24. The directors of the Pittsburgh Driving Park Association at Homewood to-day made the final arrangements for a grand running meeting for purses amounting to $12,000 to begin May 30 and extend four days. The trotting meeting will be on the 4th of July. There will be a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, three heats, mile heats, $100 each, half forfeit, $50 added, to close with 25 entries, and Transcript, of Jullien Park, a record now of 2 19½ and Jerseyman, of Jerseyville, Ill., has entered his colt. Pacing purses for a purse of $1,000. The admission fees will offset $20,000 in purses during the regular meeting. The officers of the association are the same as last year.

GIN PALACES IN NEW YORK.

THEIR NUMBER AND THEIR GORGEOUSNESS GROWING EVERY DAY.

How the Old Style Liquor Dealers Account for the New Fashion in Showy Stores—Lager Beer Credited with Bringing it About.

The English expression "gin palace" begins to be understood in New York. The drinking places of the city are no longer hidden behind dust-coated windows with sills supporting rows of wicker demijohns or stacks of wicker baskets, or behind green lattice shades and creeping vines, as the German places were not long ago. The liquor dealers have, apparently with one accord, put in plate glass windows, and splendid chandeliers, and are spending more and more money every year for interior fittings. Of the 10,000 licensed liquor stores in New York, probably 2,500 present attractive exteriors and well-appointed barrooms, 1,000 are showy, 100 are the results of a comparatively generous outlay, and 10 are what is understood to be palatial. Originality of construction and ornament is seen only in the last-mentioned ten. The other 9,990 are constructed on one general plan in different grades of expensiveness. This general plan of the New York barroom consists in having a spacious room with a bar on one side and barrels, boxes, or cases on the other side; with a screen just in front of the door, a card room partitioned off in the rear, an ice box where the bar ends, and what is called a back bar behind the counter. The old-fashioned barroom had a row of shelves laden with bottles above a row of varnished casks, in place of the back bar of today. The ale and beer pumps were in the middle of the bar. Where they were there is now almost invariably a collection of china or glass utensils, or a bit of fancy ware, a punch bowl, a lot of glasses containing coffee beans, cloves, or calamus root, or a big chromatic vase. These things are less for ornament than for use. The cash drawer is often under them or just back of them in the back bar. They are put there as an obstacle in the way of those who might be tempted to take the money when the barman's back is turned. The back bar is the object on which the most outlay is made. The elegance of the liquor store is indicated by the cost of this piece of its furniture. Back bars cost from $300 to $3,000. All are made of wood and mirror glass. The costliness, variety, and ornamentation of the wood, and the difference in expense between thin glass and heavy bevelled French plate glass grade the elegance of the fixture. In the more expensive ones the wood is solid, carved and fitted with panels of marquetric work or veneers of knotted wood or roots whose lines reversed and put together form exquisite patterns. The cheap back bars are often stained wood with a Yankee clock fitted in at the top.

The most costly back bar in New York is in Third avenue. It is difficult to determine what it cost, because there is a pleasant fiction agreed upon about these things in the houses which exaggerate the cost from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent above the reality. This costliest back bar is backed by bevelled plate mirrors. It is nearly forty feet in length, and is gracefully carved and inlaid, resting on and supported by numerous fluted columns of walnut, terminating in carved capitals and set between bases and caps of ebonized wood inlaid with appropriate marquetric work. A number of unique chandeliers of light and fanciful design hang from the ceiling and shed a brilliant light on the pyramids of crystal glasses, cut glass decanters, come-colored French statuettes, and vases of flowers. To match this costly appurtenance are cabinets of the same wood with glass doors and a massive low box in keeping with the rest. Beers selected for their beauty, or the gorgeousness of their labels are seen through the glass doors of the cabinets and the icebox. The screen that is supposed to lend courage to the timid and repose of mind to the shame-faced is a conflagration of carved dark wood panelled with mirror glass and swung from the ceiling with gilt chains. One great sheet of plate glass, in a frame of walnut, forms each window, and behind this is simply a moulded vase and a red plush curtain having an effect of creating a grotto, of which this is a barroom of the conventional pattern.

The barroom that cost the most is not far from the City Hall. It has no sign announcing Ales, wines, liquors, and cigars, and no side door disguised as a grocery entrance. In the iron flower urns in front, it is as modest as a score well on be. Within it is like a picture gallery, private museum, and a stylish lunch-room combined. The place is an inexhaustible object on which are seen the curiosities never in which would have been from the centre of the space surrounded by the bar is a light frame rack loaded with thin cut glass ware. The bottles are mainly out of sight under the bar. The walls are almost hidden by painting and engravings. Napoleon is a Napoleon among the lager. There is not a common nor a cheap picture in the lot. Here and there among the pictures are interesting and costly knick-knacks—an old English bell clock, a Japanese clock, a delicate landscape in the manner of Corot, a time piece that when it is put to use, A gurgling fire-place, but made of earthenware, lies on a mat with a steel chain leading from its collar to a staple in the wall. The centre of the ceiling has been removed and the visitor looks above him at many twinkling in the pools of which vases of flowers are resting. Near the door is a cigar case fitted with curios, bric-a-brac, an automaton lime-player, automaton mechanics at their work, and a solate bat-on clad in silk and evoking with a spring from a gilt cage. Pictures on the wall, and pretty gems of French carving swing before the mirror. The oldest things lie about the shelves and counters, and are taken away so frequently to give place to new additions that the frequenters of the place are kept permitted to see the latest novelties in fixtures. Here a feast is spread in place of the traditional free lunch. In nine places out of ten the free lunch consists of crackers and cheese, crackers and herrings, crackers and bologna, with occasional hard boiled eggs, pickles, or of tripe for a change. Here the fancy glass and china dishes contain sandwiches of ham, roast beef, or hard-boiled eggs, cut Boston brown bread, various cheeses, olives, a joint of beef carved or roasted, oatmeal biscuit, French bread, and half a dozen other dishes. All who come may help themselves.

Near by is a broadway store very similar in its appointments. It differs only in the absence of the toy figures and the curios. Each place has a free lunch. Each serves fish, game, and oyster fried on a griddle if he wishes it. The proprietor is so now in his judgment of what his customers require that he recently dismissed a bartender who unnecessarily formed a habit of stroking his finger with his hand. In one of these places Argentinean automatic electric orders announce the amount of each sale of beverages at the bar. The check which the customer receives he deposits with the cashier, whose checks and cash must tally with the figures on the tape of the machine each night. The best of these ingenious instruments was invented by a barroom keeper, who has sold a number of them and uses three himself. He has an immense store in one of the principal avenues, appointed in the manner of a palace, and he is rich and contemplating all the daily and many of the weekly papers, a district messenger pull, a telephone, and a Wall street ticker. He is a German. He is the most expensively fitted place kept by a German in New York, but next to it in point of cost is one that recently been erected in the Bowery. Its barroom is resplendent, and built in a square sitting room with a tiled floor, walls bearing well-painted medallions, framing portraits of theatrical folk in stage dress, and a ceiling of carved beams and hammered glass. In the main the Germans who enlarge and beautify their stores do so by adding music and apartments that it is their custom to call gardens.

These are the old school of Scotch and Irish liquor dealers who, with regard to the lager trade in this city, all agree that New York owes this feature of showy barrooms to the sudden popularity of lager beer. There are only few of those in business to-day, and of those that remain only a small number sell lager. They are angry at it.

"You used to be able to get honest grog," they say, "but now you get lager beer, flavored spirits, carved wood, and plate glass."

To explain how the German malt beverage came to be sold in such elegant places, and now the proprietors of the majority of the gorgeous barrooms, were not many years ago owners of the corner groceries, which were then on every hand, but are now very few in number. The fifteen grocery as it was called, was the place where the grocery adjoined with the lower story altered into an unpretentious, old-fashioned store front. Vegetables were heaped on the sidewalk, kindling wood and bad rels filtered the door, ham and smoked beef hung from the counter, hoes and brooms hung from the ceiling, and the counter was a pyramid of bread and a rack of pies. Behind all this was a little room containing a little bar, a little group of bottles, a little ale and beer pump, and, usually, a big and energetic stove. At the same time the popularity of lager beer was being developed. Lager beer had been a dark, bitter, whisky German drink, but its character was changed. A slight alteration in its component parts, and a revolution in the process of its manufacture made it palatable to Americans, whose sot-loving appetite liking, for it has made millionaires of brewers who were laborers sixteen years ago. The lager beer sellers began to make money. A certain amount of skill was required in handling and keeping lager beer, and Americans were slow to learn to do it. But the German Germans at the bars, and while it was said that a German laborer, with his wife and three children, would sit a whole evening over two glasses of lager beer, it cannot be understood that an American beer drinker would drink ten or twenty or thirty glasses at a sitting. To-day the Americans of Germany are reputed to be able to drown out all other beer drinkers. Next the corner grocers began to feel the beer fever, and to note what it was doing for the purses of the beer saloon men. Keeping a grocery was hard work, entailing very early rising and very long hours. Of course, the profits were proportionate. The grocers were well-to-do people. But they saw that the profits of their tiny bars were out of all proportion to the profits of the grocery. They were colossal. Some say that this led to the abandonment of the groceries, but others ascribe the revolution to the passage of a law forbidding the practice of maintaining bars in conjunction with groceries, and compelling the separation of the two businesses by a closed partition. At all events, the corner grocers went into the liquor and lager trade, often transforming their groceries into barrooms. They did not have to toil upward from a small beginning, as their English, Irish, Scotch, and American predecessors did, but went into the new vocation with lots of capital, and were able to set the fashion in showy stores. They took their grocery boys for bartenders, and these boys are now swelling the number of gorgeous barrooms on their own account. The old barroom keepers either retired in disgust or accepted the inevitable, furbished up their stores and put in lager beer. A few have made their stores substantial protests against the new order of things, and, with their old-fashioned customers, inveigh against beer nightly behind dingy panes and under yellowed drapery. They assert that they sell better liquor than the others, but the wholesale dealers say that their liquors with well-advertised trade marks have got the lead, the drinking is equally good for half in all the main thoroughfares, second-class goods being sold in the out-of-the-way non-prosperous stores, and really poisonous fraudulent stuff finding its best market out of New York, in the country and the small cities.

"The profits made by liquor sellers," a barroom keeper said, "vary from a little less than 1,200 per cent. on a siphon of seltzer down to 250 per cent. on beer."

He explained that this was the difference between the cost and the selling price, without allowance for the exceptionally heavy expenses under which the retail liquor traffic is maintained. Landlords charge extra rates for the rental of stores for the purposes. The gas bills are enormous. The cost of the store fixtures exceeds those in any other business. Competition has distributed the business among too many stores, and has compelled the employment of more assistants than is actually required. What is known as "the pitcher trade," in which a quart of ale or beer is given for the price of a pint, is a great drain on the profits. Thus, he argued, after all, the profits from an ordinary liquor business are on a par with those made in the common run of jewelry and drug stores.

FAVORITE PERFUMES.

Secrets of the Laboratory where Almost Any Scent Can be Imitated.

Ten years ago foreign perfumery practically monopolized the market here, but lately American manufacturers of perfumery have entered into such lively competition with foreign makers that they not only rival them in the quality of their goods, and in certain specialties even excel them, but have popularized the use of perfumes by very great reduction in their cost. Perfumes proper, leaving out of the question colognes and waters, are divided into two classes—the bouquet and the plain extracts. It may surprise many persons and destroy some of their cherished hallucinations to know that very few of the perfumes supposed to be made directly from the flowers, the names of which they bear, ever had anything to do with those particular flowers, but are compounded from very different sources. By a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in close boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of six flowers are obtained, which could in no other manner known to science be preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmin, tuberose, rose, orange flower, and cassie (cinnamon flower). From those six there are fifty or more combinations made for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with jasmin and orange flower; hyacinth is counterfeit by jasmin and tuberose; lily of the valley, by violet and tuberose. But the resources of the perfumer are by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He having at his command the principal odors are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli, and attar of roses. It is very difficult to get the last named in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration, of which the German rose is often substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering as it does into almost all perfumes except those which are actually imitations of flower odors, or as styled by perfumers, autumnal. Musk, for instance, heliotrope, tuberose, lily of the valley, and violet.

There is fashion in perfumes, as in everything else with which woman has to do, but in them the changes are less marked than in many things, for there is a conservative adherence to the favorite perfumes by persons fidelity to partic