

Mark Twain Sets Out to "Impress" the "King of Kings."

TERRORS OF THE UNDERTAKING

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A CHEER AND A RECOGNITION.

Mark Twain Gets O'Shah on Board and Pro-

ceeds with Him to Hold Hingland.

LONDON. June 18, 1873. "Would you like to go over to Belgium and help bring the Shah to England?"

I said I was willing. "Very well, then; here is an order from the Admiralty which will admit you on board Her Majes-

ty's ship Lively, now lying at Ostend, and you can return in her day after to-morrow." That was all. That was the end of it. Without

stopping to think, I had in a manner taken upon myself to bring the Shah of Persia to England. I could not otherwise regard the conversation I had just held with the London representative of the NEW YORK HERALD. The amount of discomfort I endured for the next two or three hours cannot be set down in words. I could not eat, sleep, talk, smoke with any satisfaction. The more I thought the thing over the more oppressed I felt. What was the Shah to me, that I should go to all this worry and trouble on his account? Where was there the least occasion for taking upon myself such a responsibility ? If I got him over all right, well. But if I lost him? if he died on my hands If he got drowned? It was depressing, any way I looked at it. In the end I said to myself, "If I get this Shah over here safe and sound I never will take charge of another one." And yet, at the same time, I kept thinking "This country has treated me well, stranger as I am, and this foreigner is the country's guest-that is enough, I will help him out; I will fetch him over; I will land him in London, and say to the British people, Here is your Shah; give me a receipt?"

I felt easy in my mind now, and was about to go to bed, but something occurred to me. I took a cab and drove down town and routed out that BERALD representative.

"Where is Belgium?" said I.

"Where is Belgium? I never heard such a ques-

"That doesn't make any difference to me, If I have got to fetch this Shah I don't wish to go to the wrong place. Where is Belgium? Is it a shilling fare in a cab 9"

He explained that it was in foreign parts-the arst place I have heard of lately which a body could not go to in a cab for a shilling.

I said I could not go alone, because I could not speak foreign languages well, could not get up in time for the early train without help and could not find my way. I said it was enough to have the Shah on my hands; I did not wish to have everything piled on me. Mr. Blank was then ordered to go with me. I was not so ignorant as I appeared.

THE GREAT NATIONAL CONUNDRUM.

When I got home I sat down and thought the thing all over. I wanted to go into this enterprise understandingly. What was the main thing ? That was the question. A little reflection informed me. For two weeks the London papers had sung just one continual song to just one continual tune, and the idea of it all was "how to impress the Shah." These papers had told all about the St. Petersburg spiendors, and had said at the end that splendors would no longer answer; that England could not outdo Russia in that respect; therefore some other way of impressing the Shah must be contrived. And these papers had also told all about the Shahstic reception in Prussia and its attendant military pageantry. England could not improve on that sort of thingshe could not impress the Shah with soldiers; something else must be tried. And so on. Column after column, page after page of agony about how to "impress the Shah." At last they had hit upon was it! A man brought up in Oriental seclusion and simplicity, a man who had never seen anything but camels and such things, could not help being surprised and delighted with the strange novelty of ships. The distress was at an end. England heaved a great sigh of relief; she knew at last how to impress the Shah.

My course was very plain, now, after that bit of reflection. All I had to do was to go over to Belgium and impress the Shah. I failed to form any definite plan as to the process, but I made up my mind to manage it somehow. I said to myself, "I will impress this Shah or there shall be a funeral that will

I went to bed then, but did not sleep a great deal,

me. At six o'clock in the morning Mr. Blank came and turned me out. I was surprised at this, and not gratified, for I detest early rising. I never like to say severe things, but I was a good deal tried this time. I said I did not mind getting up moderately early, but I hated to be called day before yesterday. However, as I was acting in a national capacity and for a country that I liked, I stopped grumbling and we set out. A grand naval review is a good thing to impress a Shah with, but if he would try getting up at six o'clock in the morning-but no matter; we started. THE SUMMER BRAUTY OF ENGLAND.

We took the Dover train and went whistling along over the housetops at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and just as smoothly and pleasantly, too, as if we were in a sleigh. One never can have anything but a very vague idea of what speed is until he travels over an English railway. Our "lightning" expresses are sleepy and indolent in comparison. We looked into the back windows of the endless ranks of houses abreast and below us, and saw many a nomelike little family of early birds sitting at their breakfasts. New views and new aspects of London were about me; the

mighty city seemed to spread further and wider in the clear morning air than it had ever done before. There is something awe-inspiring about the mere look of the figures that express the population of London when one comes to set them down in a good large hand-4,000,000 ! It takes a body's breath away, almost,

We presently left the city behind. We had started drowsy, but we did not stay so. How could we, with the brilliant sunshine pouring down, the balmy wind blowing through the open windows, and the Garden of Eden spread all abroad? We swept along through rolling expanses of growing grain-not a stone or a stump to mar their comeliness, not an unsightly fence or an ill-kept hedge; through broad meadows covered with fresh green grass as clean swept as if a broom had been at work there-little brooks wandering up and down them, noble trees here and there, cows in the shade, groves in the distance and church spires projecting out of them; and there were the quaintest old-fashioned houses set in the midst of smooth lawns or partly hiding themselves among fine old forest trees; and there was one steeproofed ancient cottage whose walls all around, and whose roof, and whose chimneys, were clothed in a shining mail of ivy leaves!-so thoroughly, indeed, that only one little patch of roof was visible to prove that the house was not a mere house of leaves, with glass windows in it. Imagine that dainty little home surrounded by flowering shrubs and bright green grass and all sorts of old treesand then go on and try to imagine something more bewitching.

By and by we passed Rochester, and, sure enough, right there, on the highest ground in the town and rising imposingly up from among clus tering roofs, was the gray old castle-roofless, ruined, ragged, the sky beyond showing clear and blue through the glassless windows, the walls partly clad with ivy-a time-scarred, weatherbeaten old pile, but ever so picturesque and ever so majestic, too. There it was, a whole book of English Instory. I had read of Rochester Castle a thousand times, but I had never really believed there was any such building before.

Presently we reached the sea and came to a stand far out on a pier; and here was Dover and more history. The chalk cliffs of England towered up from the shore and the French coast was On the tallest hill sat Dover stately and spacious and superb, looking just as it has always looked any time these ten or fifteen thousand years-I do not know its exact age, and it does not matter, anyway.

A WICKED DISCRIMINATION.

We stepped aboard the little packet and steamed away. The sea was perfectly smooth, and painfully brilliant in the sunshine. There were no cities in the vessel except the passengers and a placard in French setting forth the transportation fares for various kinds of people. The lithographer probably considered that placard a triumph. It was printed in green, blue, red, black and yellow; no individual line in one color, but the individual letters were separately colored. For instance, the first letter of a word would be blue, the next red, the next green, and so on. The placard looked as if it had the smallpox or some thing. I inquired the artist's name and place of business, intending to hunt him up and kill him when I had time; but no one could tell me. In the list of prices first class passengers were set down at fifteen shillings and four pence, and dead bodies at one pound ten skillings and eight pence-just double price! That is Belgian morals, I suppose. I never say a harsh thing unless I am greatly stirred; but in my opinion the man who would take advantage of a dead person would do almost any odious thing. I putish this scandalous discrimination against the most helpless class among us in order that peope intending to die abroad may come back by some other line.

OSTENDIATOUS INFORMATION.

We skimmed over to Ostend in four hours and went ashore. The first gentleman we saw happened to be the Pag Lieutenant of the fleet, and he told me where he Lively lay, and said she would sail about sixin the morning. Heavens and earth. He said he would give my letter to the proper authority, and so we thanked him and bore away for the hotd. Bore away is good sailor phraseology, and I have been at sea portions of two days now. I easily pick up a foreign lan-

Ostend is a curbus, comfortable looking, massively built town, wiere the people speak both the French and the lemish with exceeding fluency, and yet I could not understand them in either tongue. But I wil write the rest about Ostene in

to-morrow's lette. ABOUT THE FLOUNDERS.

We idled about his curious Ostend the remainder of the afternon and far into the long-lived twilight, apparelly to Amuse ourselves, but secretly I had a seper motive. I wanted to see if there was anything here that might "impress the Shah." In the end I was reassured and content. If Ostendould impress him England could amaze the headclear of his shoulders and have marvels left tha not even the trunk could be indif-

These citizen of Handers-Flounders I think they call them though I feel sure I have eaten a aquarium or a metagerie, or in a picture or somewhere-re a thrifty, industrious race, and are as commercially wise and far-sighted as they were in Edward, the Third's time, and as enduring and patient theer adversity as they were nilitias wars weighing pretty heavily in Charles the Belds. They are prolific in the

matter of children; in some of the narrow streets every house seemed to have had a freshet of children, which had burst through and overflowed into the roadway. One could hardly get along for the pack of juveniles, and they were all soiled and all healthy. They all wore wooden shoes, which clattered noisily on the stone pavements. All the women were hard at work; there were no idlers about the houses. The men were away at labor, no doubt. In nearly every door women sat at needlework or something of that marketable nature—they were knitting principally. Many groups of women sat in the street, in the shade of walls, making point lace. The lace maker cardboard fastened on it, on which the lace pattern has been punctured. She sticks bunches of pins in the punctures and about them weaves her web of threads. The numberless threads diverge from the bunch of pins like the spokes of a wheel, and the spools from which the threads are being unwound throws these spools about her with flying fingers, in and ont, over and under each other, and so fast your eyes. In the chaos and confusion of skipping spools you wonder how she can possibly pick up the right one every time, and especially how she can go on gossiping with her friends all the time and yet never seem to miss a stitch. The laces these ingenious Flounders were making were very dainty and delicate in texture and very beautiful

PLOUNDER MOBALS. Most of the shops in Ostend seemed devoted to the sale of sea shells. All sorts of figures of men and women were made of shells; one sort was composed of grotesque and ingenious combinations of lobster claws in the human form. And they had other figure made of stuffed frogs-some fencing, some barbering each other, and some were not to be described at all without indecent language. It must require a barbarian nature to be able to find humor in such nauseating horrors as these latter. These things were exposed in the public windows where young girls and little children could see them, and in the shops sat the usual hairy lipped voung woman waiting to sell them.

A SINGULAR CONTRIVANCE. There was a contrivance attached to the better class of houses which I had heard of before, but never seen. It was an arrangement of mirrors outside the windows, so contrived that the people within could see who was coming either up or down the street-see all that might be going on, in fact-without opening the window or twisting themselves into uncomfortable positions in order

A capital thing to watch for unwelcome (or welcome) visitors with, or to observe pageants in cold or rainy weather. People in second and third stories had, also, another mirror which showed who was passing underneath.

A FLANDER'S HOTEL.

The dining room at our hotel was very spacious and rather gorgeous. One end of it was composed almost entirely of a single pane of plate glass, some two inches thick-for this is the plate glass manufacturing region, you remember. It was very clear and fine. If one were to enter the place in such a way pose that the end of the house was wide open to the sun and the storme. A strange boyhood instinct came strongly upon me, and I could not really enjoy my dinner, I wanted to break that glass so badly. I have no doubt that every man feels so, and I know that such a glass must be simply torture to a boy.

This dining room's walls were almost completely covered with large oil paintings in frames.

HOW THEY "KEEP HOTEL" THERE.

It was an excellent hotel; the utmost care was taken that everything should go right. I went to bed at ten and was called at eleven to "take the were lost in the distance down the hall, and I fell asleep again. They called me at twelve to take again, and asked as a favor that they would be particular to call the rest next time, but never mind me. However they could not understand my English; they only said something in reply to signify that, and then went on banging up the boarders, none of whom desired to take the early train.

When they called me at one, it made my rest

seem very broken, and I said if they would skit at two I would call myself-not really intendir do it, but hoping to beguile the porter and de nim. He probably suspected that and was to trust me, because when he made his rethat hour he did not take any chances or routed me out along with the others. 1, more sleep sher that, but when the porter can me at three I felt depressed and jaded and greatly | 60 and 60 ments will the and feeting that it discouraged. So I gave it up and dressed myself. The porter got me a cup of coffee and kept me awake while I drank it. He was a good, well-meaning sort of flounder, but really a drawback to the

Poor Mr. Blank came in then, looking worn and old. He had been called for in all the different trains, too, just as I had. He said it was a good enough hotel, but they took too much pains. While again at four. Then we went out and dozed about town till six, and then drifted aboard the Livery. HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE LIVELY.

She was trim and bright, and clean and smart: she was as handsome as a picture. The sailors were in bran new man-of-war costume, and plenty of officers were about the decks in the state uniform of the service-cocked hats, huge epaulettes claw-hammer coats, lined with white silkhats and coats and trousers all splendid with gold lace. I judged that these were all admirals, and so got afraid and went ashore again. Our vessel was to carry the Shah's brother, also the Grand Vizier, several Persian princes, who were uncles to the Shah, and other dignitaries of more or less consequence. A vessel alongside was to carry the luggage, and a vessel just ahead (the Vigilant) was to carry nobody but just the Shah and certain Ministers of State and servants, and the Queen's special ambassador, Sir Henry Rawlinson, who is a Persian scholar and talks to the Shah in his own tongue.

I was very giad, for several reasons, to find that I was not to go in the same ship with the Shah. First, with him not immediately under my eye I would feel less responsibility for him; and, secondly, as I was anxious to impress him, I wanted

THE SHAR'S QUARTERS. On the after deck of the Viguant-very handsome

ship-a temporary cabin had been constructed for the sole and special use of the Shah; temporary, but charmingly substantial and graceful and pretty. It was about thirty feet long and twelve wide, beautifully gilded, decorated and painted within and without. Among its colors was a shade of light green, which reminds me of an anecdote about the Persian party, which I will speak of in to-morrow's letter.

GETTING READY POR HIS SHARSHIP.

It was getting along toward the time for the

Shah to arrive from Brussels, so I ranged up alongside my own ship. I do not know when I ever felt so ill at ease and undecided. It was a sealed letter which I had brought from the Admiralty, and I could not guess what the purport of it might be. I supposed I was intended to command the shipthat is, I had supposed it at first, but, after seeing all those splendid officers, I had discarded that idea. I cogitated a good deal, but to no purpose. Presently a regiment of Belgian troops arrived and formed in line along the pier. Then a number of people began to spread down carpets for fifty vards along the pier, by the railway track, and other carpets were laid from these to the ships. The gangway leading on board my ship was now carpetted and its railings were draped with bright colored signal flags. It began to look as if I was expected; so I walked on board. A sailor immediately ran and stopped me, and made another sailor bring a mon for me to wipe my feet on, lest I might soil the deck, which was wonderfully clean and nice. Evidently I was not the person expected, after all. I pointed to the group of officers and asked the sailor what the naval law would do to a man if he were to go and speak to some of those admirals-for there was an awini air of etiquette and punctilio about the premises: but just then one of those officers came forward and said that if his instinct was correct an Admiralty order had been received giving me a passage in the ship; and he also said that he was the first lieutenant, and that I was very welcome and he would take pains to make me feel at home, and furthermore there was champagne and soda waiting down below; and furthermore still, all the London correspondents, to number of six or seven, would arrive from Brussels with the Shah, and would go in our ship, and if our passage were not a lively one, and a jolly and enjoyable one, it would be a very strange thing indeed. I could have jumped for joy if I had not been afraid of breaking some rule of naval etiquette and getting hanged

THE SHAH ARRIVES

Now the train was signalled, and everybody got ready for the great event. The Belgian regiment straightened itself up, and some two hundred Flounders arrived and took conspicuous position on a little mound. I was a little afraid that this would impress the Shah: but I was soon occupied with other interests. The train of thirteen cars came tearing in, and stopped abreast the ships Music and guns began an uproar. Odd-looking Persian faces and felt hats (brimless stovepipes) appeared at the car windows.

Some gorgeous English officials filed down the carpet from the Vigilant. They stopped a long car with the royal arms upon it, uncovered their heads and unlocked the car door. Then the Shan stood up in it and gave us a good view. He was a handsome, strong-featured man, with a rather European fairness of complexion; had a mustache. wore spectacles, seemed of a good height and graceful build and carriage and looked about forty or a shade less. He was very simply dressedbrimless stovepipe and close-buttoned dark green military suit, without ornament. No, not wholly without ornament for he had a hand two inches wide worn over his shoulder and down across his breast, scarf fashion, which band was one solid glory of fine diamonds.

A Persian official appeared in the Shah's rear and enveloped him in an ample quilt-or cloak, if you please-which was lined with fur. The out- the Belgians and his brother, the Comte de Flanneedle-worked in Persian patterns like an shawl. The Shah stepped out and the ouicial proression formed about him and marched him down the carpet and on board the Vigilant to slow music. Not a Flounder raised a cheer. All small fry swarmed out of the train

The Shah walked back alongside his fine cabin, looking at the assemblage of silent, solemn Plounders; the correspondent of the London Telegraph, was hurrying along the pier and took off his hat and bowed to the "King of

'ngs," and the King of Kings gave a polite milidute in return. This was the commenceexcitement. The success of the " man made all the other Lond, every man of whom 'essly and cheered

the other shouts, but that he haden the ship heard and san in a manner that was, . acknowledgement of my superior I do not know that I ever felt so ostentatio absurd before. All the correspondents aboard, and then the Persian baggage came also,

and was carried across to the ship alongside of ours. When she could hold no more we took somewhere about a hundred trunks and boxes on boardour vessel. Two boxes fell into the water. and everal sallors jumped in and saved one, but the other was lost. However, it probably contained nothing but a few hundred pounds of diamonds

UNDER WAY FOR ENGLAND.

'At last we got under way and steamed ou through a long slip, the piers on either side being crowled with Flounders; but never a cheer. A battey of three guns on the starboard pier boomed a roul salute, and we swept out to sea, the Vigilant i the lead; we right in her wake, and the baggge ship in ours. Within fifteen minutes everbody was well acquainted; a general jollification et in, and I was thoroughly glad I had come over o fetch the Shah. MARK TWAIN.

Nasr-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, in Belgium and England.

BRUSSELS, June 17, 1873. bre of them damned Yankee boxes!" ex-Rairay station yesterday morning, looking rue at a heavily laden cab which succeeded my stod like Zamiel in "Der Frieschutz." in of a circle, only with the difference that

huge Saratoga trunks teach of these six feet long by three deep), heavy leafter portmenteaus W. B. P., Schenectady, U. other imped S." showed in deep black letters on the Saratogas, hat, with a delicate wife and two very pretty daughters, was supervising the transmi his baggage. M. B. P.'s countrymen and women predominated among the passengers on the plat-form, the balance being mostly made up of home-returning French people, for the hour was seven A. M., and your bold Britisher, though prepared to sit up till any hour of the night, is averse to early rising. What is the mission which summons me from my bed and takes me on board the Continental mail train this lovely Summer morning? In the service of the HERALD I am detached to look after that potentate who has already been designated by the withings "Mr. Shaw, of Persia," and who is expected at Brussels this evening.

I am to give a faithful account of his movements chronicle his outgoings and ingoings, his appearance and everything appertaining to the monarch of the great East that may be interesting to the people of the great West, and by all accounts this s no easy task, for of all people in the world the Shah is the most unreliable. "Sic volo sic jubes" is his motto. No matter what the engagements he has made he will not keep them if he does not think fit. He snubbed the Emperor of Russia and kept the Emperor of Germany awaiting him for and so great a swell is he that neither the Grand Vizier nor any one of the suite dare venture to reengagements which he either forgets or does not chose to fulfil. My travelling companion-an Enghish journalist of great repute, who won his spurs during the Franco-German war, when he was the first man into Metz, and the only civilian who rode with the advance corps of the German army into Paris-tells me he expects yet that to do his duty chronicling the Shah's movements will be as hard a task as ever fell to his lot. But it has to be done,

and so we must take our chance. TO BELGIUM BY STEAM.

The bell rings and our flight has begun away through the lovely Kentish landscape, with its green waving corn and climbing hops, its thickly wooded copses and smiling uplands, its general air of cultivation and prosperity. A shrick, a mospeare's cliff, and here are the sea waves breaking on Dover beach. There is scarcely a ripple on the silver streak separating us from France, and, though there is an ominous supply of white basins here and there about the steamer, no one, not even the most delicate lady, can make up her mind to be ill. New comes Calais, with its cheerly refreshments buffet, where the bouillon and and then a five hours' run, partly northern France, which still seems to feel the effect of war; partly through highly cultivated low-lying Belgium, where one catches flying glimpses of quaint old towns with high-towered of Rembrandt and Rubens, and medieval houses with overlapping eaves, dreamy footfall-echoing streets, undisturbed by traffic, unacquainted with commerce, scarcely changed in aught since David Teniers loitered in their taverns or Philip Van Artevelde roused the burghers to arms. BRIGHT, QUIET BRUSSELS.

Brussels is reached at last, and only just in time for our purpose, as it appears, for the Persian potentate is expected to drive from Spa within an hour, and the telegraph announces his train on time. sels is as pleasant as ever, clean and bright. and gay, with a wholesome gayety which is very been compared with Paris as seen through the wrongend of an opera glass, but, indeed, it has a character of its own, and the inhabitants-the Braves Belges-are less demonstrative, but inficertainly not demonstrative, if Dr. Johnson was correct in his definition-"That the man who drinks beer thinks." It is probably to that enormous nption of white, frothy liquid called "faro" that the Belgians owe their unconquerable apathy. Even on this occasion there are comparatively few of them in the streets, and among those few there is not the smallest excitement. As the time passes on a new element crops up among the bystanders, the gathering is largely augmented by the accession of many American and English visitors. The balconies of the Hotel de l'Europe and Hotel de pretty dresses. The various correspondents of the London press begin to put in an appearance and ng like life glimmers among the Belgian crowd. There is a stir now, and an approach to an excitement as an open carriage drives out of the palace gates and in it are recognized the King of

KING LEOPOLD WAITS FOR THE SHAH A good looking man is King Leopold-tall and well shaped, with aristocratic features, long brown beard, but with somewhat of a vacillating, undecided expression. He is dressed in full military aniform, with a cocked hat on his head and two lazing stars on his breast. A small escort of avalry, not more than a dozen troops, and two outriders in scarlet uniform precede the carriage, behind which stand two gigantic footmen, quite of said that His Majesty is very popular with his sub-jects; there is no evidence of this in the crowd—no cheering, no vivas, only a little hand applause.

On rolls the cortege, and on I follow after it in a hack cab through streets in which there is no ign of welcoming decoration, until we reach the depot, the Gare du Nord, the interior of which is handsomely draped with flags. Prominent among the display of bunting are the Belgian tricolor, th black, yellow and red, and the Persian flag, white, with a broad green stripe in the middle of a white ground: the emblems of the lion and the sun; the lion rampant, with the drawn scymitar in his paw the sun looking over his back.

The King descends and takes up his position on the platform. Scarcely has he done so when the

Such a description uves

holder of the sceptre of Darius, a man

across his upper hp; a man with

middle neight, about forty-three years of age, sai-

low complexion, bright black eyes, shaven cheeks

and a long jet-biack mustache, growing right

features, and who might be called good

looking but for his expression. That expression

s somewhat Jewish and entirely farouche and

coldly cruel. Looking at him, you realize how it

is that his attendants are afraid to remind him of

duties or engagements. He would no more scruple

to order a man to be beheaded, if his looks are to

be trusted, than you would to order M. Constance

at Delmonico's to frapper your monopole or ex-

change your Blue Points for Saddle Rocks. He is

grave as a "mustard pot," as the somewhat incon-

ruent English saying has it, but dignified withal

He has learned to shake hands since he has been

in Europe. He would have rapidly been accus-

tomed to the friendly practice in America, and

face lighted up with real pleasure when the band

stationed outside struck up the first bars of the

Persian national hymn. His costume was

a disappointment. I imagine that many of

the spectators were disappointed by the Shah's

ing robes, with, probably, a turban and covered

all over with blazing diamonds; whereas he wore a

high Oriental caftan on his head, a black trock

coat and ordinary pantaloons. As compensation

for this simplicity of attire, his coat was decorated

with four rows of brilliants; on his breast blazed

the Order of the Lion and the Sun, and slung to his

side and carried in his hand was a sword, the hilt

and scabbard of which were covered with dia-

monds. The King presented the Comte de Flan-

They had expected to see him in flow-

ubmits to the King's grasp with grace; but his

"HEAD ON TIME."

an open landau. The Shah was lodged at the Royal night he went to the opera, "where 'L'Africaine' was played as a delicate compliment to his complexion," and, though more gracious than we had been led to believe, he did not seem amused until the ballet commenced, when he was all opera glass and attention.

JUNE 18 .- Yesterday was a black day. The Shah drove through the city in the afternoon and out to the palace of Laecken. There was a State dinner in the evening, having to leave Brussels at an early hour next morning in order to catch the tide at

JUNE 19 .- At five o'clock this morning the Brus-

sels Railway station was in full blast. Excited omcials were running to and fro. M. Van Auspach, the burgomaster, a very popular character, was superintending the final arrangements, and a number of dusky-faced Persians, clad in long frock coats and baggy pantaloons, having seen to the disposal of their master's luggage, were now look ing after their own, consisting principally of end mous loosely-tied bundles, from which peeped line ot dubious cleanliness, scymitars in red woolle cases and metal vessels in shape like coffee pots of which each man had at least one. ENGLAND'S ENVOYS.

On the royal train, drawn up by the carpet-covered platform, a space had been reserved for the gentlemen sent from England to accompany the Shah, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Arnold Kimball and Major Burne, all of whom, in cocked hats, fringed with white, and diplomatic uniforms, gitt tering with gold lace, were in attendance.

A regiment of riflemen, in green and orange, with long cocks' feathers in their shakes, was drawn up, but the men were undersized and wanting in smartness and their appearance anything but striking. Five o'clock peals out from about fifty churches, and the Burgomaster begins to show anxiety. So do also the members of the British Mission, knowing that only just time has been allowed for the vessel's lying in Ostend harbor to get over the bar before the tide should drop, and that a very little more delay may render the great reception which has been prepared at Dover absolutely futile. Suddenly a fat man appeared in the distance and waved his hand, and the troopers present arms, and the Shah and his host, the King of the Belgians, enter the station.

AN ORIENTAL GAIT. The Shah's walk, like that of most Orientals, is singularly ungraceful. He waddles like a duck, roiling from side to side. He passed close by the soldiers, remarking them with interest, and once stopping to have the mechanism of a rife explained to him. The horror of the British Mission at this delay was unspeakable. At length the potentate suddenly tacks and rolls towards the splendid saloon car, at whose door his Ministers are standing. Parewells are exchanged between the royalists and we are off. From his starting from Brussels the Shah seemed

A DIFFERENT MAN. He expressed his delight at being at last en route for England, which was the real object of his Eurofor England, which was the test of pean travel, and his satisfaction at having got rid of the stiff and ceremonious etiquette, the displayed and reviews of which on the Continent he l been the unwilling spectator. He seemed impatient to be at his journey's end, though the train made quick time, and in two hours we were at openion

ENGLAND'S SKIMMERS OF THE SEA. There three admiralty steam yachts, the Vigilant, Lively and Vivid, were lying alongside. The Shah's eyes brightened as he saw these trim vessels, with white decks and shining brass work, every rope and spar in its place, the officers in ful uniform, the Jack Tars in their blue jackets, with the huge open collar showing their bushy beards and tanned skins. Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, one of our Arctic expedition commanders, receives His Majesty and welcomes him on board the Vigilant, where he at once takes position in the deck house, looking through the window with much interest at the preparation of departure. Some ern luggage on board; and when it is on board the big wooden boxes and bulging, unsightly bundles look singularly out of place on the trim deck of the yacht. Comparatively little went on board the Vigilant. All the heavy packages had been sent forward the night before, and what remained was put on the Lively and Vivid.

BUNGLING BELGIANS AND HANDY BRITISH TARS. One large trunk was dropped into the sea by the stupid Belgian porters and was recovered by the English sailors, who heartly jumped into the sea and swam to it. Slowly the side wheels began to revolve, and the Vigilant, leaving the three ships, steams out of the harbor past the long pier, clothed with people and amid the thunders of sainting guns. Four miles from shore the fleet falls in with its escort of

TWO IRON-CLAD FRIGATES, we proceed moves into position at either side of the cortege, and soon after we are joined by the looking like some hideous floating town. THE PERSIAN ENJOYS A NOVELTY.

The Shan is much interested in all this. He is out on the paddle boxes, up on the bridge, inspects the engines, asks questions, and, at his request, the Devustation fires twice from her revolving turret. The sea was smooth as glass. The Shah was quite well, though two or three of his suite were

THE CHANNEL PLEET-TWELVE IRON-CLADS INTLINI As we approached the English coast the haze and mist cleared away and we saw the Channel quadron in the distance. It was a magnifi night take up their positions in the fleet. Twelve tron-clads were formed in two lines. The Bli Prince, the finest vessel affoat, was there, with the Agincount flying the Admiral's flag; the Monard sister ship to the unfortunate Captain, and the yacht Enchantress, with the Lords of the Admirait on board.

As the Shah passes by there is an enormous roar of British cheers. The yards are excluded and is perfectly covered with yachts, excursion steamers and small row boats. The Shah was in great he with the first sight of the white clim of

As the Shah steps asho saluting from the ships welcoming ceremony tl passing all the distance try people thronging ut Orientals. Charing Cro hour behind time, and ingham Palace, where was driven in an open s ing rain, escorted by

Guards, and through streets where every "column of vantage," from the curbstone to the chimnes tops, was held by such a roaring mass of huma as only London can turn out.

A GEORGIAN BLARE.

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 30, 1872. A disastrous fire occurred early this morning at Thomasville, Ga. It is impossible to obtain particulars on account of the destruction of the telegraph office. Ten large stores were almost entirely reduced to asker. graph office. Ten large stores were almost entirely reduced to ashes. The loss is estimated at about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In a few minutes after the alarm was given the whole block was in a blaze, and the fre could not be checked in consequence of the scarcity of water. The Fire Department was, therefore, inadequate to the emergency. The origin of the fire is not exactly known, but is thought to have been the work of an incendiary.

WAGNER IN JAIL AGAIN.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 30, 1