

OUR SOLDIERS' WELCOME HOME.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Bronzed and battered and covered with scars,  
Dressed in their faded uniform,  
Lifting aloft the standard of stars  
They bore through the battle storm;  
Proudly they march in the grand review,  
Under the cloudless arch of blue,  
Through the cheering street  
Their triumphant feet  
Keep step with the drum:  
Loudly shouting they come.

Like a river the column sweeps by,  
Stretching many a league away  
Beyond the reach of the eager eye  
That's moist with tears of joy to-day;  
These are the men who have fought and bled,  
Aye, and suffered so long in our stead,  
Like scintillant stars  
Their glorious scars,  
With patriot flame,  
Light the pathway of fame.

They have charged in the face of the foe,  
Through hot tempests of shot and shell,  
When the war clouds were hanging low,  
And the red rain in torrents fell.  
Leaping through sharp hedges of fire,  
Up slippery mounds and parapets higher.  
With the banners they bear  
Through the jubilant air,  
Giving back to the sky  
The stars blazing high.

They have marched through the swamps of the South,  
And forded treacherous streams,  
They have looked down the cannon's mouth  
By the light of its sulphur gleams,  
When the sky rang like a funeral bell  
Over their comrades that bravely fell  
On field and redoubt,  
And were mustered out;  
On the red field of fiery strife  
God mustered them into eternal life.

SIGHTS AND SOCIETY ABROAD.

An American gentleman now traveling in England writes a spicy letter of sights and society abroad. He says:

"People who give to the world the experiences of their travels, I have noticed, are very apt to leave out of their narratives the principal items which the world cares to know about. They seem to take it for granted that their readers are already familiar with those particular details of foreign life and manners which are matter of every day observation abroad, but which always attract the first attention of a tourist when he puts his foot upon a strange soil. They are in too much of a hurry to go into raptures over the splendors of art and nature, to wax eloquent over the sublime, than to note the difference in dress, habit, and every day routine between other nations and our own. Now, what I wanted to see when I underwent the penalties of sea-sickness, and the chance of shipwreck, to reach the old country, was by no means principally the originals of the great photographs which one finds at print-stores and museums.

"It is very well at the proper time and place, to glide off into reveries over the rich ivies of Kenilworth; the narrow dungeons of the Tower; or the imposing, but certainly awkward enormity of St. Paul's; but I wanted to see living Englishmen, more than the decaying relics of worm-eaten generations. I wanted to know whether Englishmen talked with a brogue; whether the greater part of them did wear red whiskers, and thin trousers, and bob jackets; what they had to eat, and how they ate it; what they charged for a bed, and a cigar, and a outlet; how they would treat a fellow passenger, especially an American; whether they were a lounging nation, or a bustling nation, or a growling nation, or a stupid nation; what their amusements were; how they worked; how their houses looked inside and out; what books they read; in fact, a thousand and one things which nobody tells about, and what we want to know more than anything else.

"Well, when at last I had the luck to find myself in that above-ground labyrinth of catacombs, London, Parliament was in session, and were, they said, having lively times in both Houses over sundry exciting questions of the day. I had seen a good deal of our American Congress; had heard Webster in his prime; had seen many a row in the House; and had the fortune to hear our lately fugitive individual, Mr. J. Davis, utter his last rant in the Senate. I wondered whether there was much resemblance between this 'model' Legislature, Parliament, and our noisy, excited, independent-minded Congress. My worthy landlord, a sturdy follower of Caxton, the first printer, seemed to entertain but a poor notion of America in general, and of American orators in particular. 'Ah, sir,' quoth he, 'ye should hear Gladstone to-morrow night—there's eloquence that would argue your stoompers (he meant stump speeches) out of their skins!' Acting on this

self-complacent advice, I presumed on an acquaintance with Mr. John Bright (who is a good a friend to all Americans) to address him a note, requesting a pass to the gallery of the House of Commons for the night in question. In due time a response came. It seems it is necessary to have a permit from a member in order to visit the galleries. The one I received read as follows:

"Admit Mr. — to the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons on Thursday evening."  
"J. BRIGHT."

With this was a short note, which added:

"If you will come to the door of the House between three and four, and call for me, I will try and procure you a better seat than the in closed would give you."  
"J. B."

"Armed with this credential, I strolled leisurely up the Strand—N. B. Always walk in London, you will see ten times as much)—and turning from Charing Cross (albeit, there is no cross, but a very ludicrous equestrian statue of Charles I. there), entered the long street of Government offices called Whitehall. Hardly any part of London affords as good a view of the various elements of metropolitan humanity as does this thoroughfare. You may go into the 'city' (so the commercial quarter is called), and there enjoy one phase, the bustle and thrift of commerce and merchandise; or into Belgrave Square and Hyde Park, and get a glimpse of the aristocracy; or through the squalid lanes and byways of Covent Garden and Smithfield, and witness the extremities of London poverty; or through Oxford street and Piccadilly, and see that minor brilliant trade world, the retail shops; and yet each time have only looked upon one class of Londoners. Charing Cross seems to be the center of all, into which all pour and whence all diverge. There one sees riding along in gilded coaches, with heraldic symbols on the panels, and wigged and laced coachmen on the box, the nobleman on his way to his hereditary place in the House of Lords; the anxious and busy merchant, hurrying to his musty counting-room in the city; pallid wretches, leering from the eyes of miserable mendicants; lawyers in wig and gown, with bag of inevitable green, hastening to the courts at the lower end of the street; the fair women of England, dashing by on their way to the parks or to Parliament; in fact, all classes, each on his own errand, proceeding across this central point to their widely diverging destinations. After taking a hurried lunch of roast beef and greens (the usual British lunch, for which I paid a shilling at a neighboring restaurant), I entered the huge square in front of the Parliament House, and went with the stream into the great entrance of old Westminster Hall. This is on the west side of the square, and the new Parliament House is so built that the ancient building serves as an entrance hall.

"It was about the time of the assembling of Parliament, and there was a consequent bustle about the doors. Heavy carriages came clattering over the paved court; members and clerks were hastening in at the private entrance, and I, with the rest of the strangers, was constrained to push up the stairs at the end of the hall leading to the House of Commons. Passing through a vestibule adorned by full length statues of English celebrities, I came to a small octagonal corridor, finely frescoed. A burly, red faced, exceeding John-Bullish usher informed me that I would reach the Commons by turning to the left, whilst the Lords were at my right. I could not but observe the contrast between the members of the one House and the other, as they separated each to their own hall. The noblemen were quiet, easy, slow, and dignified in their motions; commoners were bustling, busy, hurrying to and fro, and full of their duties. A long passage brought me to the door of the House of Commons, and through it I had my first glimpse of that renowned body, supposed to be so potent among the powers of the earth. In the distance the Speaker, with a long horse-hair wig over his shoulders, and mounted in a narrow box, overhung by a canopy, appeared, listening lazily to some desultory motion. There was a confused mass of members walking about or seated, and clerks at a long desk below the Speaker. Having sent in my card to Mr. Bright, that gentleman soon appeared, and after a short conversation, in which he said many kind things about America, he conducted me to what is called the 'Speaker's Gallery.'

"There are three galleries, placed one above the other. Those extending opposite the speaker are, first, the ambassador's gallery; second, the speaker's; and, third, the strangers'. Those running to the right of the speaker are the peers' galleries—for noblemen. That which is at the back of the speaker is the ladies' gallery, and is fronted by a window, so that the fair faces behind are scarcely visible. From the second or

speaker's gallery, where Mr. Bright stowed me, an excellent view of the House was afforded. The first idea that struck me was that the room was too small and cramped. It was in unfavorable contrast with our own spacious House of Representatives. Below the speaker's box a long table of green baize ran across, at one end of which were the clerks. On either side of this, like a theatre, were rows of benches rising one above the other, and at the foot cross-benches facing the speaker. There was an elegant but plain oaken panel on the high wall. There was a general air of elegance and somberness about the room; but by no means was the scene below so. My attention was called to the fact that nearly all of the members kept their hats (which were generally beavers) on, and that there was little order or decorum preserved. When a member rose to speak he took his hat off, only to jam it the more resolutely over his forehead when he resumed his seat. A few of the more prominent, however, as Lord Palmerston, Gladstone, D'Israeli, were decorous enough to sit uncovered. Marks of approbation and disapprobation were much more frequent and noisy than in our Congress. If a member said something striking, mingled 'hear, hears,' and 'Oh, Oh's,' greeted him; the one from friends, the other from opponents, and between them a most discordant medley was produced. One poor man essayed to make a speech (perhaps his maiden effort), but every utterance was drowned in a most provoking scraping of feet. Another, equally unfortunate, was forced to suspend amid the noisy departure of a member out of the House when he rose to speak. The front bench, on the speaker's right, is occupied by the leading members of the ministry in power, the corresponding bench on the other side of the table, to the left of the speaker, is occupied by the chiefs of the party in opposition.

"It was not difficult for a reader of *Punch* (which I have long been) to pick out the prominent actors on the forensic scene; for *Punch* gives so many vivid caricatures of leading British statesmen (which are really likenesses), that the pencil of caricaturists is only appreciated when the originals have been seen. There were, indeed, the rough, jaunty, expressive features of Palmerston, which we so long have seen in *Punch*; the earnest eye, firm set mouth, and not graceful limbs of Gladstone; the large, bushy beard and long flowing grey hair of Layard, the traveler and the diplomatist; the entirely Jewish phiz, with black, curly hair, protruding nose, and yellow complexion of the irrepressible D'Israeli; the Roman nose and peculiarly aristocratic carriage of Sir John Pakington; the honest, open face of the lamented Cobden, and by his side the round head, upright hair, and impatient manner of John Bright—these two always together in body as in spirit. Near me, in the Ambassadors' gallery, sat the Prince of Wales, accompanied by General Paget, and chatting familiarly with a young dandy nobleman, the Duke of St. Albans. The Prince looked older and stouter than when in this country, and wore a light moustache and side whiskers. In the ladies' gallery opposite was his young wife, the Princess Alexandria, a vivacious and spirited little beauty, not yet arrived at womanhood in age or manner.

"The occasion was a debate on taxing the institutions of charity, which Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of Exchequer was expected to advocate. After a short debate on minor matters, the Chancellor proceeded to address the House, and he kept on his feet three hours. I must say that I have never heard so pleasing an orator in Congress. And his audience seemed to appreciate his power. His manner was graceful, easy, and conciliatory. His voice was what is called in an orator silvery; it was most melodious. He used but few gestures, and those with great effect. He managed to make out of the dry subject of finance, which he was handling, an interesting and brilliant oration—charming his listeners for three hours, without a sign of impatience. What struck me as in contrast with our own legislatures was, that his language towards his opponents was throughout dignified and courteous. He was plainly dressed in a loose black coat, with vest and cravat of the same color, and check pants; and on the whole looked but little like a statesman—rather like a country gentleman. His eyes were dark and of peculiar brilliancy, but seemed rather earnest than fierce. The House was so much crowded during the speech, that many members, not finding room in their proper places, were obliged to resort to the ladies' galleries for seats. Many foreign ministers were present. I had the honor of a nod from Mr. Adams, our Minister, who was sitting in the lower gallery.

"There were also a number of noblemen listening to the orator. It was said that the venerable

Lord Broughman visited the House of Commons that night for the first time since he was a member of it, thirty years ago. That reminds me to say that the House begins its sessions at four P.M., and usually sits till nine or ten in the evening. When, however, a great debate, like that to which I am referring, takes place, the session frequently lasts into the small hours.

"That Christianized Jew, that popular and sentimental novelist, that eccentric financier, Benjamin D'Israeli, regaled the house with a flowery and sarcastic reply to the elegant address of Mr. Gladstone. D'Israeli's manner was demonstrative, with a large superfluity of gestures, and a constant swaying of the body which was intended to be, but was not, graceful. However, many of his points were strong and strongly put, and occasionally he rose to real and impassioned eloquence. His voice is strong and rolling, which adds to the effect of his declamation. He dressed in the height of fashion with large white trousers, and a youthful toilet entirely out of his age. One would take this statesman-romancer, who is full sixty, to be a young fop of thirty or so! His hair is crisp and of glossy blackness, and one curl is suspended daintily over his forehead, and never was face more Jewish than his. Frequent indications of assent and disapproval came from the crowded house as each speaker made a strong point; but, despite the frequent interruptions to which they were obliged to submit, they held their hearers with wonderful adroitness as long as they were on their feet.

"The Prince of Wales, I noticed, listened to Mr. Gladstone with close attention for more than an hour, and then rose to go, apparently with great reluctance.

"On the whole, the manners of the House did not impress me, but the style of its oratory certainly did. It is a riper style than we hear in this country. There is nothing of the "stump" about it. Having heard the two greatest orators of the Commons, I felt I had experienced enough for one night, and so left some dull country member on his legs, trying to elucidate a subject he did not comprehend, and made my way back through the still crowded streets to my cozy quarters in the great square of Lincoln's Inn Fields."

GEN. GRANT'S LETTER ABOUT HIS HORSE "JACK."

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, May 31, 1865.

Mrs. Ellen E. Sherman:—

DEAR MADAM—As a slight testimonial of the interest I feel in the great North-western Fair, now being held in Chicago, for the benefit of sick and disabled soldiers, who have endured so much for the maintenance of our Government, permit me, through your agency, to present to this loyal and charitable enterprise the horse "Jack," well known in the western armies. I left Illinois on him in July, 1861, when commanding the 21st Regiment of volunteer infantry of that State. I rode the horse more than all other put together, from the time of leaving Springfield, on the 3d of July, 1861, until called East, in March, 1864.

On my promotion to the command of the armies of the United States, I left "Jack" in the West, latterly with J. R. Jones, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois, residing in Chicago. Mr. Jones has been directed to deliver the horse to your order. If I was not deceived in the purchase of "Jack," he now is near eleven years old. He is a very fine saddle horse, and very gentle in harness, but requires whip and spur. Hoping the Fair will realize the full expectations of loyal people, and do credit to the great and growing north-west, where it is being held, I remain, very truly, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,  
Lieutenant General.

— It is good to repeat old thoughts in new books, for the old works in which they stand are not read.

— Let us love little children; they are the delicate flower-gods of a soon-fading Eden.

— He who has not a dram of folly in his mixture has pounds of much worse matter in his composition.

— Punch says the gender of a railway train is feminine. Don't you often miss it?

— Domestic machines—wives who are always blowing-up their husbands.

— Wanted for chemical purposes. A lady "dissolved in tears."

— If you think that your opportunities are not good enough, you had better improve them.