

steel, to gold. They put on all the colors of the rainbow; and after his majesty, the lord of the heavens, had retired behind the palmettos, these colors were transferred to the sky, the golden silver of the clouds being only surpassed by the rippling golden waves which the motion of our steamer drove out upon the silvery sands of the shore. A little later on the moon came up, and the tropical scene became more weirdly beautiful. The trees were loaded down with Spanish moss, which hung like sable silver beards, from their numerous branches. The palmettos, with their tall, round trunks, bore aloft their palmy heads in the moonlight, and the only things heard were the rush of the steamer through the waters and now and then the splash of a crocodile as it crawled up the bank.

After leaving the St. John's we crossed the country to the Indian river and visited what is perhaps the finest orange region of Florida. Senator Sherman and the rest of us wandered about among the orange groves, picking the luscious fruit from the trees and eating it. I remember Senator Sherman told us how to peel an orange, and at one time there was quite a discussion among us as to the proper way to eat this very juicy fruit.

At the stations along the railroads we met all sorts of queer characters. There were little negro boys selling flowers, and there were many admirers who came up, in order to shake Senator Sherman's hand. I remember the postmaster of one town where we stopped, who achieved the distinction of bringing the blush to Senator Manderson's face. The young man was, I judge, about thirty years old, and he had a voice like a calico. As he saw Gen Manderson he rushed up to him and held out his hand, saying: "Senator, I think you are the greatest man who ever lived. I like all your speeches and I have a stack of them at home as big as a four-dollar Bible." The Nebraska Senator blushed, and he blushed the more when the young man began to quote from his speeches and to show that he was really telling the truth.

We sailed from Florida to Havana in the little steamer Mascot, stopping for a time at Key West. A great part of the voyage was taken during the night, and when we awoke we were in sight of Havana. Senator Sherman and all the party were on deck as we steamed by Moro Castle, and as we came to anchor, a steam launch sent by the governor general in honor of Vice-President Sherman, "as the Cuban papers had it," carried us to the shore. We were landed in a sort of a court surrounded by low, red-tiled Cuban buildings. Dirty children, coffee-colored and black, half-naked, sprawled here and there about the court, and at one end of it a shoemaker was working at his trade in the open air. We rode in victorias through the narrow streets to Plage hotel and after the custom of the country, our first breakfast of oranges, coffee and rolls, in a place which looked for all the world like a barroom. Our hotel was the biggest hotel in Havana. It would be a curiosity in America. It was decorated in the brightest of colors. Senator Sherman had a room which was finished in sky blue. Senator Palmer's room was painted a rich Indian red, and my own room was as yellow as gold. The halls were paved with marble tiles.

There was no plaster on the ceilings, and the windows were as big almost as the sides of the room, and, on account of the heat, they were kept open day and night. Our beds were of iron, and the mattresses were as hard as boards. I was told that most Cuban beds had no mattresses. The sheets are stretched on wire frames, and one of the members of our party, who was rather longer than the average, told me that the sheet that was under him was no bigger than a napkin, and that it kept him from sleeping, by working out from under him and leaving his bare legs upon the naked wire.

We were treated with great honor by the Cubans. As soon as we arrived the captain general sent a request for Senator Sherman to bring his party and call upon him informally. He afterward invited us to his palace and gave us a luncheon. The captain general at that time was receiving a salary equal to that of our President, and his perquisites were, I was told, such that he usually became very rich within a few years. This captain general had a fine residence in the suburbs of Havana, and we rode out in state to visit him. We passed down the Paseo de Tacon, the Champs Elysee of Havana, going by carriages containing beautiful Spanish ladies, by swell turnouts, driven by coachmen in livery, until, about a mile from the edge of the city, we reached the captain general's house. It was surrounded by groves of great palm trees. The wide driveway was guarded by soldiers, and flowers and tropical plants of all kinds were scattered about the lawns through which we passed. Senator Sherman was first received. He had some conversation with the captain general, and a little later on the captain general appeared with his family and the party was introduced to them. None of the senators spoke French or Spanish, and the captain general's family did not speak English. Mrs. General McCook, however, who is quite a good French scholar, acted as interpreter, and we got on very well. One of the curious incidents of the occasion was the bringing in of the captain general's little granddaughter.

This was a baby of five months. It was a very bright baby and took especially to Senator Palmer. The Senator jumped it up and down upon his knee with all the skill of a grandmother nurse. The baby laughed at him, and, strange to say, stuck to him throughout the visit, and would have nothing to do, with the other gentlemen of the party. I don't remember that Senator Sherman made any advances, and, indeed, it was my impression that he was rather afraid to do so, though he did drink a toast to the mother of the baby at the dinner, when it was stated that, though the little one was Spanish, she had been born in New York. In company with the captain general we visited his stables, where his two magnificent Arabian horses were brought out and put through their paces, to the delight of the senators. That night we came again to the captain general's house to a reception and dance where we met the leading people of the city.

During our stay in Havana arrangements were made to visit some of the large sugar plantations of the island. It was planned that we should start out early one morning and go to a plantation quite a distance away from Havana.

This plantation was in a rather lonesome district, and, for some reason or other, at the last moment the plans were changed and another sugar estate selected. We afterward learned that a band of brigands had made all their arrangements to capture Senator Sherman and his party and hold them for ransom. This seems almost incredible, but there is little doubt but that the danger was a serious one and that had we made the trip we would have been attacked and probably captured. The brigands, of course, did not understand the serious thing they were about to attempt. They were an ignorant set of desperate men, and, had not our plans been changed, they might have perpetrated such an outrage as would have brought about great international complications. Senator Sherman seldom refers to this matter, but I have reason to think that he appreciates the fact that his liberty and possibly his life, had a narrow escape that day.

We spent a great deal of time in shopping in Havana. The senators all bought Panama hats, and Senator Sherman wore his Panama throughout the remainder of the voyage. The buying of things of this kind in Cuba is a question of bargaining. The stores of Havana open out upon the street, and if they had divans in them they might remind you of the bazars of Cairo. The merchants dicker as much as the Turks do, and we were usually charged three times what the merchants expected to get. I don't know how much Senator Sherman paid for his hat, but I remember that Senator Palmer was asked \$12 for a linen coat. He offered \$2, and the Cuban salesman finally told him he could have the coat for \$4. We visited the cigar factories, and bought Havana cigars directly from the hands of the makers. The factory where we made our purchase turned out, we were told, 30,000,000 cigars a year, and it employed 1,300 hands. In one room we found about fifty women of all ages stripping the tobacco leaves for the cigars, and we noted that they were all smoking cigars or cigarettes. In some of the rooms of the factory men were reading novels aloud to the workmen, to keep them from chatting, and consequently busy. We each bought a box of cigars to take back with us, paying about half the price which we pay in America for the same quality of tobacco.

Senator Sherman did not think much of the Cubans at this time. We saw on all sides of us evidences of ignorance and incapacity and also of Spanish oppression. The senator was struck with the monetary condition of the country. We could get twelve Cuban dollars for five American ones and we were told that the gold of Cuba was then about six per cent below the value of our American greenbacks. All the silver money that we got had been punched or clipped. The country was already deeply in debt, and the taxes, we were told, were very heavy.

In speaking about Cuba, the senator then said: "The country is in a deplorable condition. I judge from what I heard from intelligent American Cubans living there, and even the Spanish themselves, that the island is in a condition of ill-suppressed revolt. The natives are nearly to a man in favor of annexation to us. There condition is indeed pitiable. No serfs in Russia were ever greater slaves than the Cubans are to