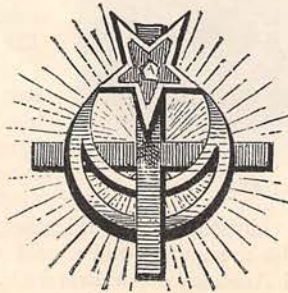


bien lui; de page chez un Pacha, il était devenu Grand Vizir à force d'intégrité et de mérite. Il se jeta dans les bras de Yorghî, le serra sur son cœur; puis après l'avoir embrassé longtemps, au grand étonnement de la cour, il lui ordonna de faire venir sa femme et ses enfants au palais pour y faire leur demeure, "puisque," lui dit-il, "je te fais mon banquier. Maintenant tu seras riche comme tu as toujours mérité de l'être."

Voilà donc notre jeune marchand de tabac devenu premier ministre, et notre boulanger premier banquier de l'empire,—position où il montra toujours la même fidélité que dans son petit commerce de boulanger, et dans laquelle il continua jusqu'à sa mort.

"Mais," direz-vous, "qu'a à faire toute cette histoire avec notre grande maison?" Beaucoup, mes amis; cet immense bâtiment, si laid à l'extérieur, mais paré d'une splendeur toute orientale à l'intérieur, fut un des trois palais bâtis par notre boulanger-banquier. Ce vaste édifice, construit sur le côté d'une colline, est haut de *six étages* d'un côté; de l'autre, il n'en a que trois. La date que l'on voit sur la façade est celle de son achèvement; elle est en Grec, et signifie le 17 Mars 1799. Elle est maintenant bien employée, comme école de demoiselles, par les diaconnesses Prussiennes. Espérons qu'elle servira longtemps de témoignage à l'honnêteté et à la fidélité d'un marchand de tabac Turc, et de son ami, le boulanger Grec.



A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR SAILORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ON a drenching day, several years ago, I stood on the great landing-stage at Liverpool, waiting for a steamer then due in port. An English iron-clad lay in the stream, under sailing orders, and white wreaths of vapor arose in the moist atmosphere from her short, thick funnel. Her black lines loomed heavily through the mist, dwarfing the other vessels moored near her. Her form seemed so ponderous, indeed, that it was difficult to think of her as a floating thing. An active little tender occasionally ran between her and the shore, and a number of men—sailors in blue jackets and soldiers in red—were gathered in a knot, waiting to be taken on board. Among them was a slender lad, not older than fourteen years, dressed in the brand new uniform of an English midshipman. A lady with a sad face was bidding him good-by. The little fellow was inclined to cry, but between the tears he looked proudly at the bright gilt lace on his coat, and smiled as he saw that some one noticed it.

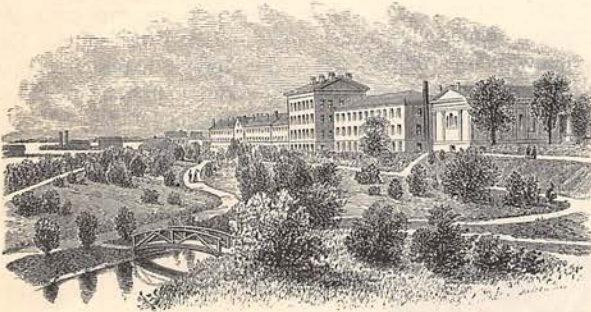
I pitied him in the depths of my heart. It was

plain that he had never been to sea before, and that his experiences had always been tempered by his mother's kindness. He had come from a quiet country home. Perhaps he had not even tasted salt air before; and yet he was embarking in a profession of which he was almost completely ignorant,—a profession requiring more endurance than any other. An hour later he would be on board the iron-clad, and assigned, with very little preparation, to trivial duties, in the intervals of which he would be expected to learn the more difficult ones, and to qualify himself for a higher position.

He knew nothing of the different parts of a vessel and their names, nothing about the science of navigation, not as much, in fact, as the small boy who cleaned the cannon. If his nature was sensitive, he would be exposed to heart-breaking mortifications. His superiors would order him to do things which he could not understand, and when he failed he would be punished. Starting out in life, he knew nothing of the path before him, and could

only find his way by crude and slow methods. What wonder if he stumbled and broke down, sick and weary-hearted?

This is one of the things we do better in America. Here we have a school for training midshipmen, where raw lads are put through a mill and brought out fitted for their future duties. As far as practicable, they are taught everything that can make a naval officer efficient and creditable to his country,



THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS.

—not only those duties that he must do himself, but also those to be done by the men who are under him. The school is called the Naval Academy of the United States. It is situated at Annapolis, in the State of Maryland, on the banks of the pretty river Severn. In the Summer it is one of the loveliest places you can imagine. Velvet-like lawns reach upward from the water's edge, and the white buildings of the Academy are seen through leafy avenues of trees and shrubs. The opposite bank of the stream is high and wooded; farther down you can see the broader waters of Chesapeake Bay, into which the Severn pours itself, and at the wharf several war vessels attached to the Academy are moored.

Two hundred and sixty-two young men are in training here for service in the United States navy. Meantime they rank as cadet-midshipmen. I have been warned not to call them boys, or lads, or "middies." They are gentlemen, or men, and will not answer to any other title. On all matters of etiquette, indeed, they are very strict, and will tolerate no affront.

Candidates for admission to the Academy are nominated by Congressmen, one from each Congressional district, one from the District of Columbia, and one from each Territory. Twice a year an examination of candidates to fill vacancies is held. They must be between fourteen and sixteen years of age; sound in body and mind, and well versed in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. Those who pass are appointed as cadet-midshipmen, and are

repaid the cost of traveling from their homes to Annapolis, and included on the pay-roll of the navy with \$500 a year salary to their credit. We don't think more liberal treatment could be asked for. Apprentices in other professions pay large sums in the first years of their service; the cadets are taught and paid for learning.

They sign articles, binding themselves to serve in the navy for eight years, which includes the time spent at the Academy, and deposit two hundred dollars each for an outfit and textbooks. Then behold the greenhorns transformed! They come in the slouchy clothes of country lads, looking timid and dull. Their commissions put fresh life into them, and the tailor turns them out for duty in a uniform of the bluest of navy-blue cloth. The jackets are double-breasted, and have a row of nine bright gilt buttons on each side; more gilt buttons on the cuffs; a band of gold lace around the collars, which have also two anchors embroidered upon them in gold thread. The caps, too, are made of blue cloth, and have sharp, polished leather visors, an anchor embroidered in gold and a gold cord. The trousers are made of the whitest duck. When we have seen the cadets thus arrayed, we can understand the sentiment that prompts them to feel aggrieved when they are not called officers and gentlemen.

They assemble at bugle-call for their first dress parade. All are provided with rifles, and a line is formed on the lawn in front of the main building. The splendid band plays a lively quick-step as the line is formed, and the companies are led through the movements of military drill. They acquit themselves admirably; march, halt, shoulder arms, present and fire with the steadiness of a veteran corps. It is a very pretty sight, and an inspiring one, but the greenhorns soon learn that there are harder duties, and that the life before them in the Academy is not too full of play and prettiness. Unless the new-comer is in earnest, and has plenty of courage, I am afraid he will wish himself home again before he has served many days. The course of studies for each of the four classes occupies the greater part of the time. A loafer has no chance. The *reveille* is sounded at six in the morning, and between then and ten P. M.—bed-time—the students have not much more than two hours for themselves. Some of the studies are recreations, to be sure, but they are all compulsory, and we suspect they are not the more enjoyed on that account. Gymnastics, sword practice, rowing, sailing, dancing and swimming are among them.

The midshipmen are berthed two in a room on the "upper deck" of the main building. The

rooms are small and neat, furnished with two tump bedsteads, a wardrobe, two chairs, a small table and washing utensils. We were disappointed at the absence of even the simplest decorations in them, as we had expected to find them looking like cosey cabins, with more space and comforts than could be had on board a ship. One room is exactly the same as the other; without pictures on the walls, or vases of flowers on the table, or shelves loaded with books of adventure and travel, or, in fact, any of the natty little odds and ends that a boy usually amasses in his own sanctum.

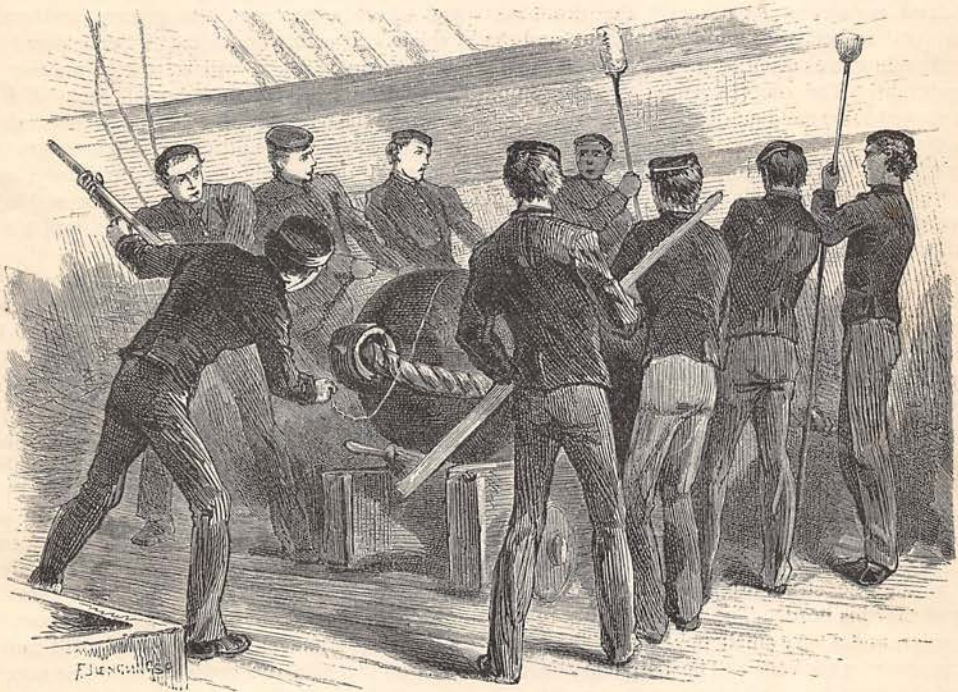
We asked why?

Dr. Philip Lansdale, the Surgeon-in-Chief, told us in answer that it was according to the rules of the Academy. Formerly the midshipmen were allowed to decorate their rooms, and the wealthier ones turned their quarters into miniature drawing-rooms, filling them with expensive furniture, pianos, richly-bound books, and all the luxuries of home. The rooms of the poorer students looked so shabby and dismal in comparison, that envy and uncharitableness cropped out in many a heart, and to avoid this evil the seemingly harsh

of mothers and sisters on the walls, which it does not. But they are martinets at the Academy, and among their other lessons the members are taught to endure discipline.

In most of the rooms the law is evaded, but not violated. The wardrobes are supplied to contain clothes, and the clothes are stowed away in the smallest possible compass, leaving considerable space for other things. So we found pictures hung in the inside, and ornaments of various kinds ranged on little shelves,—sometimes a case of butterflies, a model ship, a model marine engine, a musical instrument, or a magnificent postage-stamp album.

The etiquette between the classes is exacting, and is closely observed. A third or fourth class-man is not allowed to sit down until all the first and second class-men are seated. Frequently it happens that the first class-man is a bit of a fellow scarcely four feet high, while the fourth class-man stands six feet, and has a manly pair of side-whiskers. The difference in stature and age matters not, and the great fellow has to salute the mite and treat him with all respect due to a supe-



GUNNERY EXERCISE ON BOARD THE PRACTICE-SHIP.

rior officer. Sometimes it seems a little absurd, but if the observance were neglected there would be a terrible row, and the fourth class-man would be taken in hand by the fellows of the first, and

law was passed that all rooms should be furnished in the plainest and most uniform fashion. Perhaps it would be better if the law was not quite so strict, or if it gave permission to hang the photographs

punished. "Hazing" is forbidden, and any midshipmen found guilty of it are dismissed instantly, as they deserve to be.

There was one occasion when the fourth classmen united in a refusal to submit to the second class. A pitched battle was fought, and the tyrants were beaten, and for the rest of the year they had to treat the victors as equals. But such an occurrence is rare, and the juniors submit themselves to the advanced classes with very good grace. To our mind, some of the practices do not seem fair. A mischievous youngster may select an overgrown greenhorn and mount him on his dressing-table and force him to sing, while he—the little monster!—tilts himself in a chair, and complacently strokes the place where the moustache ought to be. Why can't the big fellow resist? Simply because if he did his tormentor would tell the first class, and the first class would "punch" him.

Foolish and heartless practical joking was once too common in the Academy, but it has been almost entirely done away with. One custom remains, and that is one of the most harmless. When a new-comer has been notably impudent to his elders, or is unusually "green," he is honored with an "undress parade." At "taps," the drum-beat ordering all to bed, the lights are put out, and the great building is as silent as the cloister of a church at midnight. The officers retire, and everything is supposed to be snug until daybreak. But soon one of the bedroom doors turns silently upon its hinges, and a midshipman, in the breeziest, whitest and lightest dress, steals into the corridor, and utters an almost inaudible signal. One door after another is quietly opened, until the long row is filled with ghostly young gentlemen, all of them dressed in the same fluttering white. There are low whisperings and a waving of arms; some dreadful conspiracy is hatching.

From one room alone only one comes forth, and the white brigade marches in an orderly file and brings out the second occupant. It happens to be the offensive new-comer, who shivers in the cold, while his companions push him rudely from side to side and poke him in the ribs.

A rope with a loop in it is found, and a horrible thought enters the greenhorn's mind. He implores mercy, and he struggles in vain. The loop is slipped over his head. The others form in marching order, and a very small boy in the rear leads the prisoner by the rope. The battalion advances along the corridor. All the maneuvers of a full-dress parade are performed in the gravest manner. The corners where the cold is the greatest are sought, and the greenhorn is thrust into them. Frightened and shivering, he is at last led to his own room and imprisoned in his wardrobe, with

orders to sing a comic ditty. The door is closed upon him, and while he plaintively chants "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," to the accompaniment of his chattering teeth, one of his judges grinds at the handle of a visionary organ. He is then put to bed, with the benedictions of his visitors, and the white robes flutter awhile longer before they vanish, and the corridor is again silent.

The midshipmen have college songs and a slang of their own. The songs are not wonders in the way of composition, but they speak eloquently enough of the longings of a middy's heart.

One of the chief aims of the officers is to impress the midshipmen with a sense of responsibility, and they are not treated as boys, but as men of honor. All the orders issued by the admiral speak of them as gentlemen and officers. These orders, by the by, are models of good sense, and appeal to the best stuff in a lad. Is it manly, is it generous, is it honest? These are the questions that are put to the wrong-doer, and he is shown the error of his ways by the light within himself, that only needs stirring to burn more brightly. Our sins shown to us by the light of others are not so easily cast out. A lad who offends is taught how to see the fact, and when he has seen it he is sorry, and ready to expiate. I wish you to clearly understand what the principle is, and will state it in another way. A midshipman commits an offense; it is discovered; he is asked if it is honest; he refers to his own conscience, and conscience answers that it is not. If he was immediately told by a second person that it was not honest, and was scolded, his vexation might make him obstinate, and his light would be put out.

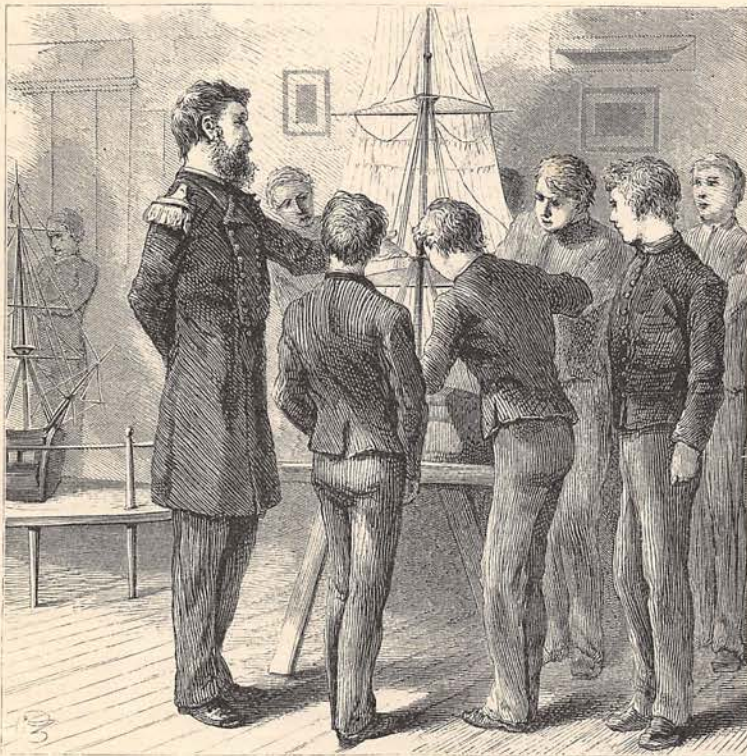
The superintendent is one of our naval heroes. He was victor in the famous fight between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimack." You know the story of how the Confederate monitor "Merrimack" steamed from Norfolk on the 8th of March, 1862, and engaged the United States vessels "Congress" and "Cumberland." The "Merrimack" was built of iron, and easily sunk her wooden adversaries. She then turned up the "Elizabeth," and people feared that she would also destroy the "Roanoke" and the "Minnesota." But in the nick of time the "Monitor" arrived, and the "Monitor" was a match for her. The engagement was fierce and hot for four hours. The cannon-balls and shells rattled in shrill music on the iron plates of the two vessels. The water was plowed by monstrous balls aimed at the vital parts below the water-line. It was one of the most exciting battles in all the war. The two flags—"bonny blue" and "star-spangled"—streamed defiance at one another for those four long hours; but the "Merrimack" could not much longer

endure. The "Monitor's" incessant fire was answered slowly and unsteadily, and soon afterward the "Merrimack" was vanquished.

The commander of the "Monitor" on that brave day was John L. Worden, now an Admiral, and Superintendent of the Naval Academy. He is a gruff old sailor, frank in his bearing and kindly. If personal association with a hero is inspiring, the

midshipmen think of me personally, but I insist upon their showing all the respect my rank is entitled to."

I think I told you, at the beginning, that all things that can make a good sailor are taught at the Academy. Old fore-castle hands, at one time, secretly looked down upon naval officers, and complained that they knew nothing of the harder duties



INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SEAMANSHIP-ROOM.

midshipmen could not have a better master. He carries with him the honor-marks of his famous fight. One of his cheeks is tinged with the blue stain of gunpowder, and the use of one of his eyes is lost. During the fight he was at his post in the turret, directing the movements of his vessel. While he was looking through one of the sighting-slits in the walls of the turret a shell exploded, tearing his face dreadfully and throwing him senseless upon the deck.

He was a little angry when we visited Annapolis. Some newspaper had published an article complaining of lax discipline among the students. The truth is that the Admiral is a very strict disciplinarian. He declared to us that if manners and attention to duty are not taught in the Academy, nothing is taught. "I do not care," he said, "what the

of sea-life. If there was any truth in this once, there is none now. As we crossed the grounds, we met a detachment of midshipmen, dressed in common canvas suits, bound for the practice-ship. Here they are instructed in all things that fall to the lot of the poorest sailor.

Once a year, they are also sent out on a cruise, and are required to handle the light sails, yards and masts, entirely by themselves. The instructions given to them at sea are purely practical, and are such as a lad could only learn on board an ordinary vessel in many years of experience. They are taught what to do in fair and foul weather, in times of peace and times of war, and how to do it. Gunnery-practice and torpedo-practice are included in the higher branches of seamanship and navigation (see picture, page 289). Each midshipman is

given an opportunity to see all the workings of a ship and to study them, and afterward describe them in a log-book to be examined by his superior officer.

The instructions in seamanship given on the voyage, however, are only supplementary to those given ashore.

Among the buildings of the Academy is one called the seamanship-room. It is not a bit like a common school-room, with maps, charts and globes, and illuminated texts for ornaments. We should think that anyone who has a real taste for the sea would find abundant pleasure in it. There are beautiful models of nearly every kind of vessel afloat, from a simple sloop to a modern turret-ship. Shelf after shelf is filled with the smaller ones, and in the center of the room are others with masts reaching almost to the ceiling. On the walls there are also some curious old prints and oil-paintings of famous sea-fights. One of the good qualities of the models is that they all will work, just as though they were full-sized.

The second class was under examination while we stood by. One of the largest model frigates had all her canvas set, and was supposed to be bowling along with a fair wind. The midshipmen stood around her, with the instructor at the head. Some of them were dull, no doubt, and could not forget the walls of the room. But others were so earnest that they imagined themselves on board a real frigate, plowing a wild, gray sea, and plunging and rolling in real waves. Suddenly the wind was supposed to fall,—it had been blowing a tempest in the minds of those brighter fellows,—but after a few moments it was roaring again in a terrific squall.

The instructor gave the word to reduce sail. There was a creaking of blocks, spars and running rigging, skillfully worked by nimble fingers. The vessel ran more steadily, and a short time afterward the wind fell to a moderate breeze, blowing on the starboard quarter. The instructor next gave the alarm, "Man overboard!" One of the midshipmen instantly described what was to be done, suiting the action to the word, bringing the ship around, lowering boats, and heaving to. We supposed the unfortunate was saved, for the ship resumed and followed her course without interruption, until orders were given to shorten sail, that the depth of water in which she was sailing might be ascertained.

She was now nearing her destination. A boat was lowered and manned, under directions given in a clear, unhesitating voice by one midshipman in command. Various preparations were made for entering port; sails were furled and anchors cast.

In the squall the vessel's bottom was damaged.

How could it be repaired? There was no dry dock in the port on which she could be placed. The mid-dies' wits were taxed to solve the difficulty. It was an urgent case, and the instructor was impatient. One small fellow came forward and gave orders that all the armament be transferred to the shore to lighten the vessel; she was also stripped of part of her rigging; massive braces were put against her sides; and then, with some ponderous tackle, she was slowly hauled over against the wharf, until she was almost on the beam-ends, and the plating of her bottom could be plainly seen. The task was one requiring great ingenuity and caution, and when it was successfully done the midshipman received a mark of honor.

A war broke out. The midshipmen had now to manage a miniature fleet instead of one vessel. The instructor stated the movements of the enemy, and the midshipmen described the tactics necessary to defeat them. Line of battle was formed, the fleet being in a double column. The enemy changed position, and the vessels were next ranged in a single column. So every possible maneuver was illustrated, and all the cunning of the enemy checkmated, our men coming out victorious with flying colors.

The gunnery-room is scarcely less interesting than the seamanship-room. Here the gradual improvement in small-arms is shown by many specimens of each kind, from the old-fashioned match-lock to the needle and Remington guns. Among other curiosities is a bronze cannon, brought over by Cortez in the conquest of Mexico. The breech-loader was supposed to be a new invention, but the principle exists in this old relic of earlier centuries. Side by side with it is the mitrailleuse, the latest weapon invented, about which you may have read in accounts of the Franco-Prussian war. It has a great number of barrels, which revolve and pour out showers of bullets. Elsewhere in the room, which is overcrowded, are models of all sorts of nautical artillery, including shells, hand-grenades, and torpedoes. At every turn the visitor takes he is confronted by some death-dealing instrument. A collection of old trophy flags, blood-stained, singed with gunpowder, rent and riven, are festooned on the wall at one end. Among them are the British colors captured during the war of 1812, including those of the "Guerrière," captured by the "Constitution," and the famous flag that Lawrence flew in the battle between the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon," bearing nothing but the brave words: "Don't give up the ship."

That noble old craft, the "Constitution," which fought so many immortal battles in her long life, was attached to the Academy until within a few days of our visit. I think every boy must have

felt a little sentiment in looking at her as she departed. Her timbers were falling apart with age; the beams were loose in their sockets, but the old war-ship was still fair to see, and substantial enough, as far as you or I could judge. As I write she lies quietly at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, awaiting final orders; and we can fancy the waves lapping more softly around her for the grand service she has done.

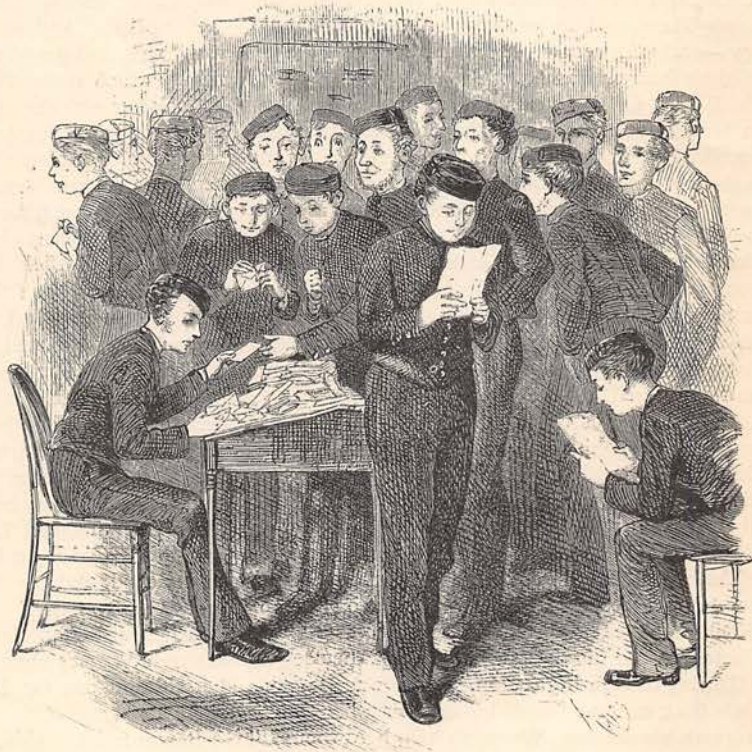
The engine of a steamer is in charge of an engineer, who is inferior to the captain in position, and subject to his orders. Unfortunately, a great many captains know nothing about marine engineering, and have to depend entirely on the word of their inferiors. The Academy means to better this state of affairs, and, accordingly, all students are instructed so far in the construction and working of marine engines as to enable them to see for themselves, when they command a ship, whether or not the engineers are doing their work properly. There is also a special class of cadet-engineers in the Academy, who are taught the details of these things. For their use a steam-room is provided, fitted with as many valuable models as the seamanship department. The subjects could not be taught or learned by text-books merely, and the students have the things about which they are lectured placed under their eyes.

Among other appliances, there is a full-sized marine engine in perfect working order. When the class assembles, and steam is up, the students themselves are stationed at different parts of the immense machine. The instructor gives the word, "Turn ahead, full speed!" and to the music of the shafts and wheels he discourses in a sensible way on the cylinders, boilers, and tiny brass and steel things that have power to propel a large vessel at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

I cannot even mention all the subjects that are taught, but I can say that no study that will not be

of certain service is given to the students. They are taught international law, because some day they may have to sit as judges on the high seas; they are taught astronomy, because the stars are the sailor's most faithful guides; they are taught climatology (the science of climates), because that will show them how to save the lives of their crews in the unhealthy countries they may have to visit; and they are taught, above all, to be gentlemen, because they must do their share in sustaining the honor of America.

Nor can I mention all their amusements. They have a hop once a month, and a grand ball once a year. They have boat-clubs and ball-clubs. They also have a barber, to whom the smoothest-faced



DISTRIBUTING LETTERS.

youngsters submit themselves with the importance of bearded men; and twice a day they have a delivery of letters from home and friends. The post-master sits at a little desk in the center of one of the corridors, and the boys crowd around him excitedly until every scrap of paper has been surrendered. As they hurry to their rooms and to secluded spots in the grounds to read the tidings, you and I will leave them to their pleasure.