AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

Observations Upon the Life and Politics of Thirty Years Ago.

BY THE LATE

JAMES SHEPHERD PIKE.

July 14, 1862.—On the first week of June, six weeks ago, they were cutting their hay on the banks of the Maas and elsewhere in Holland. To-day we passed immense fields between Utrecht and Rotterdam still uncut, owing to the continuous rains.

I have never yet seen mowing machines or a horse rake in Europe. Yet nowhere could they be used to such advantage as on these splendid Dutch meadows. Labor here is so cheap, that the introduction of labor-saving machines in agriculture is neglected.

My route up and down the Rhine is that taken by Julius Cæsar, and many other filibusterers since. Only it is by no means such a journey now as it once was. In Cæsar's time the journey was a work of months. Now it is measured by hours. We can go from Cologne to the mouth of the great river at Rotterdam in seven hours.

The great public roads in these old countries are superfine—broad, level or graded, and as hard and smooth as brick.

The terraced vine hill opposite Bingen is very remarkable. The terrace walls would face nearly the entire hill, and the cultivated surface is two-thirds or three-quarters of the whole area. Without terracing, none of it could be cultivated.

July 20, 1862—The country between Dusseldorf and Cologne is flat and uninteresting and poor, though under full cultivation. The soil is clay, and must suffer both from very wet and very dry weather. The crops on it seem generally to be light. The oats grow low and look small in the head. They are yet green while the wheat is being cut. The hay and potatoes are light crops in the main.

Wiesbaden is a loose village in the basin of a rolling country, with large accommodations for travellers, among them five gambling tables, which were thronged on the Saturday and Sunday of our visit.

I met the King of Holland as I walked to the great boiling spring. The gardens and walks about the Kursaal are extensive and fine, much larger than at Ems, but the peculiar and picturesque features of the latter town are wanting. There is no river: a clear running stream creates a pond in the rear of the Kursaal, large and turbid. As an inland town it has numerous agreeable features, but its natural advantages are less than those of Aix or Ems. Yet it is a great favorite, and crowds of people throng its thoroughfares.

Frankfort-on-the-Main holds a colossal statue of Goethe and the house of his birth, a group of statuary consisting of Faust, Guttenberg, and the inventors of printing; Dannecker's statue of Ariadne on a panther; the house where the family of the Rothschilds originated, which was occupied by the mother till her death in about 1847, small and mean though it is; a Bible by Guttenberg, handsomely printed; the house where Luther lived, and the shoes he wore.

The Rothschild homestead is in a block of Jewish houses and shops, old, unique, and very queer, not more than fourteen feet on the street, three stories high, with two houses under one roof, the gable toward the street, the front all filled with windows and overlapping slates. We went up the worn plank staircase, with an iron rail, to the parlor of the matron, twelve feet by eighteen, now kept as a show room, with decent furniture, and her old armchair and portraits of her husband and sons.

The Goethe house is a far more pretentious building, his father having been a well-to-do citizen and Mayor of the city. We entered the lower part, which is now a book store. Luther's residence is one of those odd, projecting houses which has much larger rooms in the upper than in the lower story.

It was noticed by us as a striking example before we knew what building it was. Luther's shoes were of a pattern that could be exactly imitated by cutting off a pair of boots at the instep and paring away all the leather behind, close down to the sole, leaving the shoe entirely open about the heel. Another most interesting thing in Frankfort is the hall containing the portraits of the German Emperors from Charlemagne to Franz, 1806, fifty-two in number, painted by modern artists. The portraits of Frederic Barbarossa, Rudolph, Charles V., and Maximilian were those which most interested me. They are generally a sturdy set, and better looking than the portraits of the French kings at Versailles.

The country from Frankfort to Heidelberg does not show marks of superior cultivation. On the way we saw some hemp and large quantities of tobacco growing. Potatoes are a large crop, but the fields were black and blasted. The country is black and the soil frequently sandy and poor.

Everywhere on the Rhine and on its tributary streams, the Lahn, Maine, Nechar, and others, freight boats are tugged by horses. The shores are carefully protected from washing by jetties and walls, and convenient tow paths are made. It is the same on the Maas from Maestricht down. The steamers and the barges towed by them are numberless.

Aug. 27, 1862.—Heidelberg Castle, being long the residence of the princes of that part of Bavaria which lies on the Rhine, and is called the Palatinate, much surpassed in original magnitude and grandeur the ordinary castles along that river, whose occupants were of lower degree. The ruins correspond.

The ordinary castles generally have little or no ornamentation, and the strength of Heidelberg is equal to its other distinctions.

Its walls were impregnable to everything but mining and the lightnings of heaven, both of which agencies have contributed to its destruction, the great towers having been partially blown up by the French, and the interior of the most beautiful wing destroyed by fire occasioned by a thunder storm.

The grounds within the castle are overgrown with numerous trees, shrubs, and berries, a living testimony to its antiquity, and adding greatly to its picturesque character. Those without are extensive and filled with beautiful walks, extending for miles to the crests of the lofty hills in the rear, which are everywhere covered with an unbroken forest.

The views from these crests and from the castle embrace a variety of landscape, such as the quaint and level town below, the wide stretch of flat country toward the Rhine, bordered by a distant range of mountains far beyond, the River Neckar appearing suddenly from a gorge above the town and disappearing in a sinuous train in the flat land; the steep hillsides and numerous ravines, with their mingled woods and fields and vineyards, and the great ruined castle, all making a combination charming to the eye of the most prosaic gazer. The locality is a favorite resort.

There is a colony of English residents numbering some 3,000, drawn here by the attractions of the place, a principal one being the economy of living and another the advantages of education afforded by the celebrated university.

Everywhere in the heart of Germany living is cheap. At this season fruit of all kinds is most abundant. The plum and pear and apple trees are literally loaded down with fruit, and have to be upheld with props. The grapes are now plentiful, the most delicious to be had at eight cents federal or twelve kreuzers a pound. Bread, butter, and meat must necessarily be cheap in such a country, especially as no great city stands near to engulf its products; besides the other evidence afforded by our landlady's profuse table, furnished to us along with parlor and lodging accommodations of a wholly unexceptionable character, at a dollar a day per head, and throwing in to boot one of the most charming of all the views in Heidelberg.

When the mind is attuned to its beauties the world does not hold a lovelier spot than the grounds about the castle of Heidelberg.

Germany is now enjoying, under the auspices of the Duke Ernest of Coburg, Prince Albert's brother, the luxury of a speculative anticipation of national unity. Under the nominal head of societies for practice in the use of firearms, associations are springing up in all quarters, formidable in numbers and intelligence, who meet to shoot, but also take aim at the situation and prospects, the probabilities and possibilities which lie in the more immediate future for the 50,000,000 of people who speak the German language.

The Duke attends the meetings dressed in the costume of the order, and democratically takes his turn along with his confrères in their practice.

He is understood to be a man of capacity and energy, and has the ambition to lead in this great popular movement. The views of individual minds are diverse, some looking to republican and some to monarchical forms of reconstruction, but all to national unity. A recent meeting of the societies was held at Frankfort, at which were present several thousand members. A grand banquet was given and numerous speeches were made, some of which at least were of the extreme revolutionary type. One speaker said in the presence of the Prince that the proposed change could not be accomplished until blood had been made to flow.

It is the influence of the numerous princely lines, ramifying in almost endless branches, not only throughout Germany, but also throughout the royal families of Europe, which constitutes the chief obstruction to the desired solidarity.

This vast network of princely authority covers and holds the people of Germany as a flock of pigeons are held in the net of the fowler. But should the net break at any part there will then be a chance for the flock to escape. The struggle is now to break the net, and it seems to be hoped that the Coburg line will be the breaking point.

The press of Frankfort particularly favors the movement for unity, for it has well-grounded hopes, derived from local position and historical associations, that that ancient town will become the capital of the new Government. It is a free town and the press talks freely, to the disgust of the conservative journals in other parts of Germany.

The newspapers of this country are frank, fair, and favorable toward the United States in their present struggle. They are likewise more intelligent than either the French or the English, if we except a few journals. They appreciate and properly characterize the hypocritical pretensions of the London press to impartiality.

It is the testimony of concurrent witnesses that the collegiate students are everywhere prone to embrace republican ideas. The free young intellect loves liberty. It is only when biased or corrupted by its surroundings that it suppresses or discards its natural aspirations. It is when the young man enters life and finds it the easiest way to run in its well-worn grooves that he looks upon his early impressions as the follies of his youth.

All this will be changed when men are emancipated from the procrustean contrivances of the privileged classes, and are allowed to grow unhindered into their full manhood.

The time will come when the reviewer of man's history will set down his long submission to the practice of hereditary and princely rule as one of his most childish and extraordinary weaknesses.

In after ages the sturdy, self-governed German will look back with amazement at the long delay of his countrymen in ridding themselves of their costly, self-elected rulers. He will ask for what were made the Rhine and cotton bags, which could contain a man and a stone at the end.

I do not know, but I would be willing to adopt the hereditary system of procuring rulers, provided a regular system of breeding for qualities was introduced. We adopt it in the brute creation with signal success, and I do not see why we should not be equally fortunate with men and women.

If rulers had paid half the attention to this subject that they have to making political matches, they might before this have met with a success that would insure comparative stability to the hereditary system. Among the contrivances to secure good rulers, it is far from impossible that this plan will yet be tried.

It may even yet prove to be an essential part of a system of self-government, paradoxical as this may appear. Men could be bred from capable and wise progenitors, and afterward a selection made from among them, on the principle of competitive examinations, now becoming so popular.

Goethe was simply a great piece of human nature. He could be fashioned to no mould and grown to no pattern. He outgrew the clothes wherewith decorum clad ordinary mortals, and moved about, hearty and genial, with many a bursting rent in his garments shocking to all modest and discreet persons.

The intellectual and the animal side of his nature were equally large, thrifty, and exuberant, and he allowed each to develop itself in its own way, without restraint.

A free city in Germany is a city which belongs to the whole of Germany, instead of to any one of its numerous political divisions. It does not belong especially to itself. In Frankfort I observe many soldiers, some wearing the Austrian, some the Prussian, and again others wearing different uniforms belonging to other German powers. This does not wear the appearance of what we are in the habit of considering in our minds to be a free city.

Darmstadt, the residence of the Prince who has just married the Princess Alice, is a most uninteresting town.

It stands on a level, sandy plain, with broad streets running at right angles, and wholly empty of people and destitute of trees.

It is difficult to imagine a more uninteresting place than the public square of Darmstadt. It holds in the centre a monument to Ludwig I. surmounted by his statue, erected in 1841, and it holds nothing else.

Not a tree, not a walk, not a fountain, not a fence. There is an arid area of paving stones, and the public buildings which face it present plain walls unrelieved by anything but here and there a solitary lamp post. Everywhere utter silence reigns. The only picturesque objects I saw were three Hungarian gentlemen with sugarloaf hats ornamented with a cock's feather, black velvet smalls, colored hose, and high-heeled patent leathers.

The mouth of the Rhine is at the upper side of the little fishing village of Katwyck.

You push through this village and find yourself on the sandy beach in front. Heading northward, an eighth or a quarter of a mile over the beach, you come upon two horsebacks, made of heavy square blocks of stone, which project at right angles from the sandy coast and run down to the low-water mark. These horsebacks are fifty or sixty feet wide, and round up like a clam shell. Instead of being placed on the sand, they lie on twigs, which are the great basis of Dutch diking.

The centres of these horsebacks are done with mortar. They lie about a hundred feet apart, and between them the River Rhine runs to the sea, between walls which are composed of the ends of the twigs which bound and support the stone masonry.

These stone horsebacks gradually rise as they approach the bank, and finally mount up to the level of the dunes, which are here low. At their junction with the shore stands a massive stone and brick gateway.

It is roofed in part, and the remainder is broad enough for a main road which here crosses the river.

There are four oval-shaped stone abutments of the most highly finished masonry, which project on the inner and outer side of this massive dam or gateway. These abutments are each about eight feet wide—making fine passageways for the water, each from twelve to fifteen feet in width, through which the water rushes like a sluice at low tide when the gates which always guard them are opened.

On the making of the flood tide these gates are closed, and the river gradually fills till the tide recedes again, when the gates are again opened.

Inside of this dam or gateway, about sixty or eighty rods further up the river, is just such another structure.

In fierce gales which beat upon the coast, if the outer structure has seemingly too much strain upon it, the gates can be opened and the sea allowed to run through and waste its force in the long cut between the two.

The work is constructed in the most permanent manner, and appears to be made to last forever. Spare stones and twigs are kept on the bank for sudden emergencies, and the guardians of the gates are always on the spot alertly watching the movements of the treacherous giant, who always remains lying across their portals.

The low elevation of the inland banks of the Rhine best this outlet does not admit of allowing the high tide flood of the sea to rush up the channel as at other tidal rivers. If this were permitted, an inundation would follow every run of high tides or severe gales. Hence, these extraordinary precautions in this particular instance.

The German climate along the Rhine seems very much like that of New England. On this morning (Oct. 3) every traveller has on his greatcoat. In the summer the distance from the sea exempts the country from such weather, as is brought by our east winds, and the sun in the valleys thus creates an atmosphere more continuously hot, and this is favorable to the grape. But yet during the whole of the past summer I have found no more hot weather than we usually experience in New England.

When all exceptions are made which can be taken to the Rhine, after you have become familiar with it, and cease to look upon it as something new, it must be acknowledged to be a grand old river.

When you take the scenery quietly and as an old acquaintance its picturesque and charming landscapes grow more and more upon you. When they assume the aspect of old friends you think what delightful friends they are, and you feel more and more that you would love to never separate from them. The castles, vineyards and orchards are features of unwearying satisfaction.

The improvements going on at numerous points on the Rhine are mostly the result of the railroad and are very considerable. There is an air of great animation and thrift about various localities, and also a newness that is quite surprising. The depot opposite Stolzenfels is one example.

That at Bingen is another. There are extensions of the bank of the river, new and commodious depots for an increased traffic, and all the features of improvement that mark the development of our own country, with the exception of the absence of building, here observed.

The difference between the ordinary German hotels of the common grade and the travellers' hotels is great. Take Cologne, for example. About the cathedral are quite a number of German taverns. Here you pay for a supper of bread and butter, with coffee or tea and a mutton chop; for lodging, service, and breakfast, without the chop, the sum of seventy-five cents.

The cooking is an average of German cookery, and though not elegant, are comfortable. Bedsteads are short, but so they are everywhere in Deutchland. At a regular travellers' hotel, where your room is a trifle better, but the cooking and food about the same, they charge just double.

AUGUST, 3, 1862.—We vote Aix la Chapelle a dull town. No fine grounds, no handsome streets, and no gambling tables.

It is hard to get out of town by any pleasant road. The streets are narrow, the flagways narrow, everything is clear, clean, and wooden goods, which are made here in great quantities. The markets are poorly supplied, and everything is dear, fruit especially, which should be cheap. The dealers seem to live to swindle travellers. They only succeed in destroying their own trade and enraging visitors.

It is a perfect cripple gate of a watering place, nobody coming for pleasure, but only for a cure. It is thus that the visitors are composed: The halt, the sore-faced, the aged, and the infirm generally. Every other person on the street is a victim to some disorder, which hot sulphur waters are supposed to be good to cure. Alas! that old age does not come within this category, and yet there would seem to be many cases where even this illusion ceased.

Bremel's Hotel du Grand Monarche is a good tavern, and furnishes showy equipages to such as desire to indulge the luxury of driving about the vicinity.

The town lies in a basin, and we climb out on the rim at one point and another and find the land well cultivated and the landscape pleasing. But there is no short and inviting cut out of town, as at Ems or at Spa; the slab over Charlemagne's tomb is almost the only spot of abiding interest. The population is overwhelmingly Catholic, though in a Protestant kingdom, there being but 1,500 Protestants in a population of 60,000.

CHINA TRAINING FOR WAR.

Her Extraordinary Progress During the Past Few Years.

M. Henri Bryos, the correspondent of the *Figaro* of Paris, at present travelling in China, gives the following account of the naval and military preparations which are going on in the Celestial Empire:

"A fact of the highest importance, which for all that has escaped the notice of diplomatists, consuls, and my English confrères of the East, has just come to light in China. I mean the sudden transformation of the old and childish method of warfare so long in use in that country. The Chinese art of war has become thoroughly modernized, and tends to rival that of the western nations. The illustrious man who has brought about this radical transformation is the Viceroy Li Hong-Tchang. It is at Tientsin that he is operating. Tientsin is the industrial centre of war material, where the agents of Canet, Krupp, and the Armstrongs, enter into competition for the acceptance of their deadly wares. In the tournaments of these rivals, the Germans have almost always carried off the prizes. At Port Arthur, in the province of Petchili, there are splendid cruisers, battleships, and gunboats built with all the recent improvements of naval science. It is noteworthy that a regular fleet has been created here in less than six years.

"Since the last Franco-Chinese war the Celestials have opened their eyes. That great, sleepy people has become aroused. Li Hong-Tchang has rudely shaken off their night covering. He has undertaken the task of waking them up thoroughly. He can claim the honor of having created genuine soldiers, organized in European style, and armed with the improved modern rifles.

"On visiting the Imperial Military School at Tientsin, I had a chance to see the soldiers manœuvring. Their exercises had the trade mark of their training. Their movements, regular, stiff, and sturdy, and their heavy and noisy marches with automatic precision, clearly indicated that German instructors had been there. Li Hong-Tchang has reformed the army of China.

"A German artillery officer, Major Von Richter, has been commissioned by the Viceroy to organize the new army of the north, that is to say, in the province of Petchili. Another officer from Berlin is installed at the arsenal at Tikou, not far from the forts that command the entrance of the Pei Ho. Under his direction Chinese workmen turn out enormous quantities of shot, shell, and schrapnel. The Krupp establishment supplies the forts and ramparts with guns of the latest pattern.

"Such is the progress in China. The destructive industry is booming in that country. China is arming, and arming formidably, and her present aim is to find within herself the military resources and the war material that she was formerly obliged to procure elsewhere. She is now turning upon different points of her immense territory numerous and important arsenals, workshops, and foundries, which change completely the national character of the country by modifying it in the European sense. The city of Hien-Yang, an insignificant little place a short time ago, has now become, in less than a year, a military post of the first order, which is destined in the future to outstrip all the others. It is the centre of great works and gigantic foundries, workshops, brickyards, and rifle factories.

"From Han-Yang, which is the central and strategic point of the empire, a railway is about to be built which will join Pekin to the north and Canton.

"All the material for the manufacture of small arms is at Han-Yang. It forms the model which the Chinese will rapidly learn to copy from. They will very soon be in a position to dispense entirely with the services of their European teachers.

"The arsenal of Nankin, which I was permitted to inspect, is a vast construction, entirely modern. It is supplied with all the modern material for the manufacture of engines of war, and from this place guns and rifles are abundantly supplied to the army. The rifles that are made at Nankin are something new. They are like our duck guns, very heavy, and are handled by two men. But their range is extremely long. I have procured some of the cartridges of these guns. They are furnished with metallic cases.

"This Nankin arsenal provides for everything. There are moulds for shells of different sizes and forms, and one large section of the building is devoted entirely to the construction of the artillery of the fleet. I found there guns of the Hotchkiss, Maxim, and Nordenfeld patterns.

"But it is not necessary to enter into further details and to multiply examples. What I have seen in the centre of China exists also in the north and in the south. Throughout the empire the manufacture of arms goes on with a feverish activity. China is working for war, and the time will soon come when she will be supplied with armaments equal in quantity and in number to those of the greatest European nations."

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE.

Being the Memoirs of Gaston, de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

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CHAPTER XII. (CONCLUDED.)

"Halt, there!" cried my companion, biting up his voice, when they were well within a stone's throw of us. "Maighan!"

"My lord?" answered he of the feather, pulling up on the instant.

"You will find six horses in the shed yonder," the stranger cried in a voice of command. "Turn out the four to the left. Give each a cut, and send them about their business!"

The man wheeled his horse before the words were well uttered, and crying obsequiously that it was done, flung his reins to one of the other riders, and disappeared in the shed, as if the order given him were the most commonplace one in the world.

The party in the other room, however, to whom all was audible, were not slow to take the alarm. They broke into a shout of remonstrance, and, one of their number leaping from the window, asked with a very fierce air what the devil we meant. The others thrust out their faces, which were much flushed with the wine they had drunk, and with many oaths backed up his question. Not feeling myself called upon to interfere, I prepared to see something diverting.

My companion, whose coolness surprised me, had all the air of being as little concerned as myself. He persisted for a time in ignoring the angry lawyer and in turning a deaf ear to all the threats and abuse with which the others assailed him. Seeing this, and that nothing could move him, the man who had jumped through the window, and who seemed the most enterprising of the party, left us and ran toward the stalls. The aspect of the two serving men, however, who rode up grinning, and made as if they would ride him down, determined him to return, which he did, pale with fury, as the last of the four horses clattered out, and after a puzzled look round, trotted off at its leisure into the forest.

Seeing this the man grew more violent, as I have remarked frightened men do; so that at last the stranger condescended to notice him. "My good sir," he said, coolly, looking at him through the window as if he had not seen him before, "you annoy me. What is the matter?"

The fellow replied with a vast amount of bluster: asking what the devil we meant by turning out his horses.

"Only to give you and the gentlemen with you a little exercise!" my companion answered, with grim humor, and in a severe tone strange in one so young. "Than which nothing is more wholesome after a full meal. That, and a lesson in good manners, Maighan!" he continued, raising his voice, "if this person has anything more to say, answer him. He is nearer your degree than mine."

Leaving the man to slink away like a whipped dog—for the mean are ever the first to cringe—my friend turned from the window. Meeting my eye as he went back to his seat, he laughed. "Well," he said. "What do you think?"

"That the ass in the lion's skin is very well till it meets the lion," I answered.

He laughed again and seemed pleased, as I doubt not he was. "Poob, pooh!" he said. "It passed the time, and I think I am quits with my gentleman now. But I must be riding. Possibly our roads may lie in the same direction, sir?" he added, looking at me irresolutely.

I answered cautiously that I was going to the town of Rosny.

"You are not from Paris?" he said, looking at me.

"No," I answered. "I am from the south."

"From Blois, perhaps?"

I nodded. "Ah," he said, making no comment, which somewhat surprised me, all men at this time desiring news and looking to Blois for it. "I am riding toward Rosny also. Let us be going."

But I noticed that as we got to horse, the man he called Maighan holding his stirrup with much formality, he turned to look at me more than once with an expression in his eye which I could not interpret; so that, being in an enemy's country, where curiosity was a thing to be deprecated, I began to feel somewhat uneasy. However, as he presently gave way to a fit of laughter, and seemed to be digesting his late diversion at the inn, I thought no more of it, finding him excellent company and a man of surprising information.

Notwithstanding this my spirits began to flag as I approached Rosny; and, as on such occasions nothing is more trying than the well-meant rallying of a companion ignorant of our trouble, I felt rather relief than regret when he drew rein at four cross roads a mile or so short of the town, and, announcing that here our paths separated, took a civil leave of me and went his way with his servants.

I dismounted at an inn at the extremity of the town, and stopping only to arrange my dress and drink a cup of wine, asked the way to the chateau, which was situate I learned no more than a third of a mile away. I went thither on foot by way of an avenue of trees leading up to a drawbridge and gateway. The former was down, but the gates were closed and all the formalities of a fortress in time of war were observed on my admission, though the garrison appeared to consist of only two or three serving men and as many foresters. I had leisure, after sending in my name, to observe that the house was old and partly ruinous, but of great strength; covered in places with ivy, and closely surrounded by woods. A staid-looking page came presently to me and led me up a narrow staircase to a parlor lighted by two windows, which looked, one into the courtyard, the other toward the town. Here a tall man was waiting to receive me, who rose on my entrance and came forward. Judge of my surprise when I recognized in him my acquaintance of the afternoon, "M. de Rosny!" I exclaimed, standing still and looking at him in confusion.

"The same, sir," he answered with a smile. "You come from the King of Navarre, I believe, and on an errand to me. You may speak openly. The King has no secrets from me."

There was something in the gravity of his demeanor as he waited for me to speak which impressed me, notwithstanding that he was ten years younger than myself, and I had seen him lately in a lighter mood. I felt that his reputation had not belied him; that here was a great man; and reflected with despair on the inadequacy of the tale I had to tell him. I paused to consider upon different points of her immense territory numerous and important arsenals, workshops, and foundries, which change completely the national character of the country by modifying it in the European sense. The city of Hien-Yang, an insignificant little place a short time ago, has now become, in less than a year, a military post of the first order, which is destined in the future to outstrip all the others. It is the centre of great works and gigantic foundries, workshops, brickyards, and rifle factories.

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DOWN IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

A Young Scotchman's Adventures in that Wild Region.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Among the arrivals at the Palace Hotel the other evening was a sun-tanned young man who wrote J. R. Milne on the register.

"Give me one of the best rooms in the house," said the newcomer, "and see that there are plenty of good sheets and soft pillows on the bed."

Mr. Milne subsequently explained why he was so particular to have things nice. "It is simply to get all the good out of comfortable living for the little time I have to enjoy it. I don't mean that I am going to commit suicide or that I am on my last legs in any way whatever, but I have spent five years half way down the Lower California peninsula in Mexico, and have not slept between sheets in all that time."

This young Scotchman went down into the district of which the old Mission San Borjas used to centre, representing a syndicate to operate in an agricultural venture which did not turn out to be a success. Since then he has been placer mining and prospecting.

"I give you my word," said Mr. Milne, "that from the time I left civilized region, nearly five years ago, until I came to take the steamer to come up here, I never saw a man, woman, or child who could speak English. I knew no Spanish when I went, but I am a linguist now. My adventures! Oh, I don't know," said the dweller in wild districts. "Perhaps you could call it adventurous to lie awake all night with a gun in your hand, afraid to go to sleep lest a desert lion should take a notion to call on you, but the only real adventure I have had was connected with the skin of a wildcat I have got in my room now. The skin was on the back of a real live cat at one time, and the way I came by it was this:

"I had knocked over a deer one day, and had strung up a piece of it between two trees on my trail. I curled up in my blankets just a few feet away and prepared for a good night's rest. You see, we always sleep down there with a carbine handy and with a knife stuck in the sand close by the right hand.

"It was lucky for me that I had my knife handy on this occasion, for along in the night I felt a weight fall on me, then a sharp claw stuck in my shoulder, a great hairy creature was almost smothering me, and growls and snarls came with the hot breath of a wildcat.

"I managed to get a left-hand clutch on the throat of the cat, and my knife in my right hand soon settled the case. My left was scratched and torn pretty badly, and was badly scared in the bargain. I suppose the beast had been sitting upon my haunch of venison, taking a midnight luncheon, when his attention was attracted to me. I presume I must have moved under the blankets. At any rate the wildcat jumped from the venison to the man, and it was lucky for me that I had the knife at hand, or my skin might have been dried then in the wilderness instead of my having the cat's skin to bring as a present to a friend."

Mr. Milne says such incidents as these do not, however, make outdoor life unbearable. He professes a sincere pity for men who live where they have to buy all their pleasure. He intends to return to Mexico as soon as he makes a short visit to Scotland. He relates another experience which tends to the belief that what is bred in the bandit's bone must come out in one way or another.

"I picked up a Mexican in the Gulf of California one day," said Mr. Milne, "an old Mexican Indian who was sick and half starved. I took him to the camp and nursed him and made him strong again. That old fellow stuck by me for nearly three years. We passed through many hardships together, and he proved himself to be my friend in more ways than one. You would have thought he would never dream of harming me, yet I know it to be a fact that when I started to leave the country he followed about with the intention of killing and robbing me.

"I said good-by to him at the Mission San Borjas, but he seemed determined not to let me get out of his sight. You see, he had been born a bandit, and he felt it his duty to prevent my leaving the country with what treasure I had collected. Another Mexican told me this, and I finally got a fellow to travel with me as a guard. But my old bandit friend rode within sight of us for a hundred miles. His rifle was always on his pommel, and I kept mine handy as well, for if he had caught my companion and myself both off guard there is no telling what might have happened.

"When we got near the town where the steamer stopped the old Indian gave up the chase. I suppose when I go back there he will be my best friend again, but I shall try not to let him find out when I intend leaving the country next time."

Peter Will Never Be an Orator.

From the Galveston Daily News.

McDADE, Tex., Aug. 11.—Peter Philips, a colored man, lost the power of speech in McDade some fifteen years ago. He says he knows no reason for it. The most curious part of all is that he talks away from town as plainly as any man. He runs his farm in an intelligent way, always making as good crops as his neighbors and even when unable to talk his trades with the merchants or others are as economically and sensibly made as the average man of his race. For years some people have doubted his statement and have thought he could talk if he would, but for more than twelve years no man has ever heard him speak a word in any town or at any public gathering.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT ROSNY.

The morning brought only fresh proofs of the kindness, which M. de Rosny had conceived for me. Awaking early, I found on a stool beside my clothes a purse of gold containing a hundred crowns, and a youth presently entering to ask me if I lacked anything. I had some difficulty in recognizing in him Simon Fleix, so sprucely was the lad dressed, in a mode resembling Maighan's. I looked at the student more than once before I addressed him by his name, and was as much surprised by the strange change I observed in him as by anything which had happened to me since I entered Burgundy. He met my eyes and asked him what he had done with his service.

"Burned it, M. de Marsac," he answered.

I saw that he had burned much, metaphorically speaking, besides his soutane. He was less pale, less lank, less woe-begone than formerly, and went more briskly. He had lost the air of crack-brained disorder which had distinguished him, and was smart, sedate, and stooped less. Only the odd sparkle remained in his eyes, and bore witness to the same nervous, super-subtil mind.

"What will you do then, Simon?" I asked him, noting these changes curiously.

"I am a soldier," he answered, "and follow M. de Marsac."

I laughed. "You have chosen a poor service, I am afraid," I said, beginning to rise. "And one, too, Simon, in which it is possible you may be killed. I thought that would not suit you?" I added, to see what he would say.

"I am a Huguenot now," he rejoined, with the same matter of factness.

I looked at him in surprise. "You have made up your mind, then, at last?" I said.

"Perfectly," he answered.

"And solved all your doubts?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"You are a Huguenot?"

"That is the only true and pure religion," he replied; and with apparent sincerity and devotion he repeated Beza's confession of faith.

This filled me with profound astonishment, but I said no more on that occasion, though I had my doubts. I waited until I was alone with M. de Rosny, and then I unbosomed myself on the matter, expressing my surprise at the suddenness of the conversion, and at such a man as I had found the student to be, stating his views so firmly and steadfastly, and with so little excitement.

Observing presently that M. de Rosny smiled, but said nothing, I explained myself further. "I am surprised," I said, "because I have heard it maintained that clerkly men, becoming lost in the mazes of theology, seldom find any sure footing; that not one in a hundred returns to his old faith, or finds grace to accept a new one. I am speaking only of such, of course, as I believe this lad to be." I continued, "eager, excitable brains, learning much, and, without judgment to digest what they learn."

"Of such I also believe it to be true," M. de Rosny answered, still smiling. "But even on them a little influence, applied at the right moment, has much effect. M. de Marsac,"

"Well, yes," I allowed, readily enough. "But my mother, of whom I told you, saw much of this youth. His fidelity to her was beyond praise. Yet her faith, though grounded on a rock, had no weight with him."

M. de Rosny shook his head. "It is not our mothers who convert us," he said.

"What!" I cried suddenly. "Do you mean that mademoiselle has done this?"

"I fancy so?" he answered, nodding. "My lady has cast her spell over him. The lad left Blois with her. If what you say be true, without faith in the world. He came to my hands two days later the stoutest of Huguenots. It is not hard to read this riddle."

"Such conversions are not lasting," I said.

He looked at me queerly I remember; and, the smile still hovering about his lips, answered: "Tush, man! Why so serious? Theodore Beza himself could not look dryer. The lad is in earnest, and there is no harm done." And, frankly, I was in no mood to suspect harm. It may be conceived how delightful it was to me to be received as an equal and honored guest by a man even then famous, and now so grown in reputation as to overshadow all Frenchmen save his master; to enjoy the comforts and amiabilities of home, from which I had been long estranged; to pour my mother's story into madame's ears and find comfort in her sympathy; to feel myself in fine once more a gentleman, with an acknowledged place in the world. Our days were spent in hunting, our evenings in long conversations, which impressed me with an overgrowing respect for M. de Rosny's powers. There seemed to be no end either to his knowledge of France, or to the plans for its development, which even then filled his brain, and have since turned wildernesses into fruitful lands, and squalid towns into great cities. Grave and formal he could yet unbend; the most sagacious of counsellors he was a soldier also, and loved the seclusion in which we lived the more that it was not devoid of danger; the neighboring towns being devoted to the league, and the general disorder alone making it possible for him to lie unsuspected in his own house.

The sole drawback to my ease and comfort, under these circumstances, lay in the attitude which Mlle. de la Vire assumed toward me. I doubted her gratitude, for not only had she thanked me very prettily, though with reserve, on the evening of my arrival, but the warmth of M. de Rosny's kindness left me no choice save to believe that she had given him an exaggerated idea of my merit and services. Such good offices left me nothing to expect or desire, my age and ill-fortune placing me at so great a disadvantage that, far from dreaming of any friendship or intimacy with her, I did not even assume that equality in our daily intercourse to which my birth, taken by itself, entitled me. Knowing that I must appear in her eyes old, poor, and ill-dressed, and satisfied with having asserted my conduct and honor, I was careful not to trespass on her gratitude; but while forwarding in such courtesies as could not weary her, avoided with equal care every appearance of pursuing her or inflicting my company upon her. I addressed her formally and upon formal topics only, such, I mean, as we shared with the rest of our company, reminding myself often that though we now met in the same house and at the same table she was still the Mlle. de la Vire who had turned from me in the King of Navarre's antechamber. And this I did, not out of injured wounded pride, which I no more, God knows, harbored against her than against a bird; but that I might not in my new prosperity forget the light in which such a woman, young, spotless, and beautiful, must still regard me.

But this conduct, as it appeared, failed to disarm her. After the first two days, during which I remarked that she was very silent, seldom speaking to me or looking at me, she resumed almost her old air of disdain. Had that been all I should have cared little, but she presently went further and began to rake up the incidents which had happened at St. Jean D'Angely, and in which I had taken part. She delighted to refer to my poverty while there, to the old flints I had cut, and the many jests her friends had made at my expense. She seemed to take a pleasure positively savage in this sport, gibing at me sometimes so bitterly as to shame and pain me and bring the color to Mme. de Rosny's cheeks.

To the time we had spent together she never, or rarely, referred. One afternoon, however, a week after my arrival at Rosny, I found her sitting alone in the parlor. On seeing her, I was for withdrawing at once, with a bow and a muttered apology. But she stopped me with an angry gesture. "I do not bite!" she said, rising from her stool and meeting my eyes, a red spot in each cheek. "Why do you look at me like that? Do you know, M. de Marsac, that I have no patience with you?" And she stamped her foot on the floor.

"But, mademoiselle," I stammered, "what have I done?"

"Done!" she repeated angrily. "It is not what you have done, it is what you are. I have no patience with you. Why are you so dull, sir? Why are you so dowdy? Why do you go about with your doublet awry? Why do you speak to Maighan as if he were a gentleman? Why do you look always solemn and polite, and as if all the world were a sermon? Eh? Why? Why? Why?"

She stopped when she did from sheer lack of breath rather than of words, leaving me as much astonished as ever in my life. She looked so beautiful in her fury and fierceness, too, that I could only stare at her and wonder dumbly what it meant. "Well," she cried impatiently, after bearing this as long as she could, "have you not a word to say for yourself? Are you dumb?"

I was not, and I began again. "The truth is, mademoiselle," I said—

"Chut!" she exclaimed, cutting me short, as the way of women is. And then she added, very abruptly, "You have a velvet knot of mine, sir. Give it me!"

"It is in my room," I answered, astonished beyond measure at this sudden change of subject and equally sudden demand.

"Then fetch it, sir, if you please," she replied, her eyes flashing afresh. "Fetch it! It has served its turn, and I prefer to have it. Who knows that but some day you may show it for a love knot?"

"Mademoiselle?" I cried. And I think that for the moment I was as angry as she was.

"Still, I prefer to have it!" she answered, sullenly, casting down her eyes.

I went without a word on that and fetched it, and bringing it to her where she stood in the same place put it in her hands. When she saw it some recollection, as I fancy, of the day when she had traced the grey for help on it came to her in her anger, for she took it from me with all her bearing altered.

She trembled and held it for a moment in her hands, as if she did not know what to do with it. She was thinking, I believe, of the house in Blois and the peril she had run there, and being quite willing that she should feel how badly she had acted, I stood looking at her, sparing her no whit of my glance.

"The gold chain you left on my mother's pillow," I said coldly, as she did not speak, "I cannot return to you at once, as I have pledged it. But I will do so as soon as I can."

"You have pledged it?" she muttered, with her eyes averted.

"Yes, mademoiselle, to procure a horse to bring me here," I replied dryly. "However, it shall be redeemed. In return there