MEMOIRS OF GEN. TROCHU.

DISASTROUS RESULTS OF PETTICOATS IN POWER.

Eugenie's Plan of Campaign—It Sent MacMahon to Sedan and Brought Paris to Capitulation — Trochu's Story of His Interview with the Empress Regent.

In the early part of the present month a French writer, who is preparing a biography of Gen. Trochu, wrote to the ex-Empress Eugénie requesting some documents and points upon the part played by the former Governor of Paris during the "terrible year." The ex-Empress replied, and her letter, by a tragic coincidence, arrived at its destination on the very day that Trochu died. It was as follows:

"You ask me for some details in regard to the conduct of Gen. Trochu toward me. After so many years of silence I hardly feel strong enough to return to a past so full of sorrows, illusions, and disgust.

"What the General was on the 4th of September everybody knows, and the action which he brought against the *Figaro* goes into the subject further than I would like to go. Public acts are as good as documents. To pursue him in his retreat would be repugnant to me. He was always a brave soldier. Pride and ambition ruined him. In the day of misfortune he forgot his duty and his honor.

"He believed, and perhaps sincerely, that he could save Paris. At that price he was guilty of treason through excessive confidence in himself. That is his excuse. He was mistaken, and he has condemned himself by taking refuge in obscurity.

"To-day I try to forget. That is all I can say.

"EUGÉNIE."

Now the *Correspondant* publishes some fragments of the unpublished memoirs of Gen. Trochu which cannot fail to be of interest and of great historical value, and in these curious chapters it turns out that there is an answer to the accusations made against the General by the ex-Empress in the above letter.

The General says that at the conference in Châlons, on the 17th of August, 1870, Prince Napoleon proposed the nomination of Trochu as Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the capital. The Emperor turned to the General, saying: "You have heard Prince Napoleon. Do you accept the mission?" The General replied: "Yes." What he wanted to do and what he hoped to accomplish he thus explains:

"I expected to see a Parisian population forgetting, in the presence of the common peril, its complaints against the empire, and associating itself in the supreme effort that we were about to make. I dreamed of a Paris, with its immense resources, put into a state of defence by the work of 100,000 hands, and, in short, rendered impregnable; of the army of Marshal MacMahon reorganized and increased to at least 200,000 men, watching at the junction of our railroads the arrival of the Prussian columns, falling upon them and crushing them, returning toward the centre in order to re-form, and advancing again to battle, sustained by the hopes and the applause of patriots of all parties, while the German army, exhausted by its efforts to overcome that invincible obstacle, and obliged to call out its reserves, would be obliged to weaken its forces around Metz, and consequently give to the army of Marshal Bazaine sufficient liberty to operate upon the rear of the invasion.

"This plan, or rather this dream, was based upon the supposition that the Emperor would stick to his 'virile resolution' to fall back upon Paris with his army, our last chance. But the dynastic reasons which had madly decided upon the war also decided upon the manner in which it should be conducted. The influence of all the politicians that appeared at Reims, the views of the Minister of War, Gen. Palikao, the counsels of M. Rouher, and, above all, the Empress, led us to Sedan."

Trochu accepted the mission that was given to him by the Emperor, and started out for Paris. He arrived there a little after midnight, that is to say, exactly on the 18th of August, armed with an autograph letter from the Emperor.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, he thought that it was his duty to see the Empress Regent. He woke up the Minister of the Interior, M. Chevreau, who accompanied him to the Tuileries. It was then that the memorable interview, which has been the subject of so much discussion, took place. Gen. Trochu, before giving the details of that interview, speaks of the sentiments which he had already entertained toward the Empress:

"To judge the brilliant and seductive foreigner that the Emperor's passion had made the sovereign of my country," he says, "it was not necessary for me to await the tragic events that were about to bring me into her presence, and compel me, when the empire was tottering, to play a conspicuous part which I had previously declined when the empire was triumphant. In common with all Frenchmen who were not blinded by the conventional grandeur of the Imperial Government, I had good grounds of complaint against her.

"By personal teaching and example, she had contributed to fix and to generalize in France those habits of luxury and of public display which had so profoundly altered the public ways and habits.

"With a chimerical idea, she insisted upon the restoration and the union of the Latin races, and upon that war in Mexico, Franco-Spanish at its commencement, which lowered the prestige of the empire, weakened France, and prepared the misfortunes of the future. No less chimerical, and far more dangerous for the preservation of the throne intended for her son, was her determination to bring about the fatal war in which we were engaged, a war without reason and without apparent aim, improvised, from which the Emperor instinctively recoiled, and in which it was only too evident that the empire and the country were bound to perish. If I refuse to the Empress, whose antecedents had not prepared her for the throne, that far-reaching perception, that solidity of judgment, coupled with the tact and practical experience which form the science of the government of nations, I render in all sincerity justice to the virtues which she exhibited in her unforeseen rôle as a sovereign. Neither the public notoriety of the breaches of conjugal faith by the Emperor, nor the examples and influences of the very brilliant but very mixed gathering over which she presided in all the brilliancy of her incomparable beauty, were able to make her deviate for one instant from a personal line of conduct always honorable and correct, a conduct which has never been stained in the slightest degree by the calumnies of the boldest insulters of the empire.

"In a few days the situation had precipitated her from the summit of her highest aims and dreams, and I came to her full of sincere sympathy. But my devotion was not destined to overcome the political prejudices and the distrusts which she had always evinced toward me, and I knew that I was about to be received like a conspirator who, under the appearance of abnegation in the hour of duty, brought nothing with him but treason.

"I was introduced to the Empress. Behind her was Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, a man in close touch with the sovereign and the Empress. He was an amiable and elegant man, an officer of great merit, and a writer of great talent, but he was weak, impressionable, and uncertain. The relations between him and me were always cordial.

"I told the Empress the object of my mission, put under her eyes the orders which I had received, and sought to explain the meaning of them, but she would not allow me to finish. Standing erect, with flashing eyes and cheeks aflame, she said in a tone of voice in which interrogative irony was revealed: 'I want to ask your advice. Do you not think that, in the extreme peril in which we are placed, it would be well to call back to France the Orleans Princes?'

"The Empress had always looked upon me as one of the principal agents of Orleanism, and I did not at first understand what this extraordinary proposition meant. I did not know that it was intended as an insult to me, and I replied innocently: 'Madame, it is impossible for me to see how the presence of the Orleans Princes can simplify a situation which is so perilously complicated.'

"But the Admiral, who knew his sovereign very well, understood her much better than I did. He knew me also, and he knew that, on reflection, I would feel the insult. Therefore, fearing an explosion, he pushed me almost violently toward the Empress, and literally threw me into her arms, crying out: 'You are made, both of you, to understand each other. Madame, give all your confidence to the General; he merits it.'

"Such was the scene, and such were the words, the truth of which I vouch for on my honor. For me it was the preface of the intolerable distrust and opposition of all sorts that I was bound to meet with in my dealings with the Empress Regent and all her Government and court counsellors. But the country remained. It was threatened just as much as the empire, and, just as much as to the empire, I had a duty to perform to it."

After detailing the efforts that he made to convince the Empress that he was loyal and true to the Empire, and that it was absolutely necessary that the army should fall back upon Paris, Gen. Trochu proceeds thus:

"I believed that she was reassured, but suddenly she said with vehemence: 'Those who have advised the Emperor to carry out the plans which you announce to me are enemies. The Emperor will not come back to Paris,' and as if speaking to herself, she added: 'He will never come back alive. The army of Chalons will make its junction with the army of Metz.'

"Therefore Prince Napoleon, Marshal MacMahon, Gen. Schmitz, and I were made enemies. That meant the ruin of the war plan determined upon at Chalons, and the ruin of the conventions that made my mandate valuable.

"The Government of the Empress had previously stopped the falling back upon Paris of the army of Metz by opposing the plan, and it now stopped the retreat upon Paris of the army of Chalons. Consequently there was no hope. I called her attention to the fact that my mission was now worthless. She replied: 'The Emperor has confided in you the government of Paris, to organize and direct the defence. That mission remains entirely in your hands, and you will perform its duties.'

"I could not think of making her the judge of the military conception, which was exclusively of a technical character, that reduced to nothing the resolutions taken by herself and her Government. I reserved that for the Minister of War. Before taking leave of the Empress I commenced to read to her the proclamation which I had prepared. I commenced:

"'In the peril in which the country is placed the Emperor, whom I precede here by a few hours, has appointed me Governor of Paris.'

"Interrupting me, she said:

"'The name of the Emperor must not appear in any proclamation at present.'

"As I insisted that I could not make known to the people of Paris the mission with which I was charged, without saying from whom I received it, she said: 'No, that indication is not necessary. There are serious objections to it in the present state of the public mind. Moreover, as the Emperor is not coming to Paris, you cannot say that you precede him by a few hours.'

"These words of the Empress gave evidence of the degree of her trouble and anxiety, doubtless aggravated by the recollection of the preponderant part which she had taken in the declaration of war. The torments of a situation which she felt was hopeless justified her fears in regard to the Emperor's presence in Paris. Though very much impressed, I did not for a single moment consider that the Empress had shown any mark of weakness. On the contrary, she appeared to me throughout the whole of that painful interview full of courage, but it was a courage in which there was more excitement than cool reason.

"Long before the sad tragedy of Zululand, which to the misfortunes of the sovereign added the wounds in the heart of the mother, and which justly gave her the first place in universal sympathy, I had pardoned her for having so unfortunately misunderstood me. But I cannot forget that in the hands of Providence, resolved to punish my country, the Empress Eugénie was the principal instrument of its final ruin."

WHY ENGLAND WILL NOT FIGHT.

She Counts the Cost of War in Men and Money—The Argument to Her Pocket.

From the St. James's Gazette.

That noisy portion of the British public which is agitating for the use of force against Turkey appears to think that an Anglo-Turkish war would be something like the bombardment of Alexandria, followed perhaps by a sort of Rhodesian expedition; that, in a few weeks after we had blown Constantinople to pieces, the Turks would come flocking in to beg for mercy, and that the Armenians would thenceforth flourish forever in peace. Lord Salisbury, however, expressed the view, some time ago, that the conquest of Turkey would put us to the pin of our collar, even if Europe merely looked on. Such figures as are available quite bear out Lord Salisbury's opinion.

It must be remembered that the physique of the Turks cannot be surpassed, and that, although the army is not organized up to the standard of the great powers, it is both numerous and brave. Further, a war over the Armenian question would be no ordinary war. It would involve the extinction of Turkey as a European power. The Turks know it, and no doubt they would fight to the bitter end. Their troops, too, are so accustomed to continuous fighting with robber bands and to protecting a difficult frontier that they are always in a state of preparedness to take the field. They are well armed with the Mauser rifle (made in Germany); many of their officers have been trained in Germany; and, indeed, when the German Emperor visited Constantinople he warmly complimented the troops on their whole turn-out. And it would appear that, but for the chronic emptiness of the military chest, the Turkish army would be well able to hold its own, at least in a war of defence, against a very formidable foe. The actual figures of the effective combatant force are, in round numbers:

Infantry	583,000
Cavalry	55,000
Artillery	55,000
Engineers	7,500
Total	750,500

They are rather short of horses, but have about 1,400 guns. The navy does not count.

It may be said that these are only arithmetical soldiers, and that, besides, Turkey could not carry on a war in her bankrupt condition. But we have the startling figures of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 to show what Turkey can do. She was then bankrupt. Her troops were never paid. They were not nearly so well armed as they are now. Yet it was only after a very severe struggle that Russia, with all her hordes of fighting men, came out victorious. It is said that in Europe 600,000 Russians took part in the campaign, and in Asia 250,000. Their losses were 37,000 deaths in Asia and 67,000 deaths in Europe, of which latter number 17,000 were killed in battle. In addition to these terrible losses there were invalided in Europe 35,000 and wounded in Asia 11,000. Thus there were killed, wounded, and invalided a greater number than our whole home army.

Now, is it probable that a less number of British troops than Russian would overcome the Turk? Suppose it is; suppose that Englishmen are to Russians as roast beef and Scotch whiskey are to black bread and vodhka, and that one English soldier could take the place of two Russians. Still, how could we transport 300,000 fighting men to Turkey? In our largest war of the present generation, the Egyptian campaign of 1882, less than 20,000 men were engaged. That is about the number we keep on hand for foreign expeditions. And, with the possibility of European complications and unrest in Ireland, it is about all we could safely spare in a war with Turkey. Take another Russo-Turkish figure. At the beginning of the siege of Plevna there were 66,000 draught horses employed dragging up supplies. No doubt horses would be as necessary in English operations as in Russian. But how could we transport 66,000 horses to Turkey—and this would only be a portion of the total required. We would even have a difficulty in procuring that number, not to mention the transport of the animals in good health. Our army has only about one-fourth of it at home and in the colonies. Nearly as many more are registered and available at twenty-four hours' notice. But it is calculated that in the whole kingdom there are no more than 70,000 horses suitable for war, and almost insurmountable difficulties appear to be in the way of getting at these. Lieut.-Gen. Goodenough says it would take three weeks to despatch 10,000 horses by sea. During the Egyptian expedition the military authorities were seventeen weeks procuring 1,700 horses! That was before the system of registration was commenced. But, after the 14,000 or 15,000 registered horses available immediately were despatched, the very same difficulties would arise now as in 1882 over any required beyond that number. For it is only mature, muscular, corn-fed animals that would be worth shipping.

But even if we could send out, say, half a million or even a quarter of a million men and 100,000 horses, have any of the agitators considered what the cost would be? A national army fighting in a foreign country is a very expensive body. The direct expenditure would be enormous. Russia paid for its victory in 1878 no less than £190,000,000. But we are about the most expensive war makers in the world, and it is doubtful if we could achieve our purpose at this price. France, in her fatal struggle, lost £76 per family, which, according to Sir Robert Giffen, is exactly ten years' savings. In our case the loss would most certainly fall on our own shoulders. We could beat Turkey, no doubt, but we could not make it give us what it has not got. In the last seventeen years Turkey has reduced its national debt, by composition, £85,000,000. No other proof of its poverty is needed. This £200,000,000 expended on the war would therefore be tacked on to our national debt, undoing all the achievements of Sinking Fund Chancellors, and raising the annual expenditure by £5,000,000! This is supposing we could borrow at 2½ per cent., which is not a certainty in the dangerous circumstances. In addition, there would be the indirect losses. To transport troops long distances by sea it needs a tonnage of about one ton per man and five tons per horse. Forty-seven ships, of an average of 3,200 tons, carried our 19,000 troops and 6,000 horses to Egypt. Multiply this by even ten, and consider what a dislocation of our shipping trade would be involved! The draught of our young and strong men would greatly disturb the labor market. There would always be the danger of a great European conflict, which danger alone would enhance the prices of provisions. After the war there would be an immense number of widows and orphans who, in many cases, would become dependent on the public for support. There would be pensions to the invalided, and this would be no small item. The pensions involved by the Franco-German war were estimated to represent a capital of from five to seven millions.

Are the British public prepared to make all this sacrifice for the Armenians? Is the workingman willing to have his tea go up again to 3s. a pound, his tobacco perhaps to 6d. an ounce, his four-ale to become six-ale, his quartern loaf to rise to 8d.? Probably ninety-nine in a hundred British workingmen would rather see the whole Armenian race in Jericho. And one thing is certain. The Armenian workingman would see the thirty-nine million philanthropic inhabitants of these islands at the bottom of the deepest Pacific before he would spend £200,000,000 and give up some fifty or sixty thousand of his young men to death by war.

SOME PATENT PROJECTILES

STARTLING CONCEPTIONS OF ENTHUSIASTIC INVENTORS.

A Bomb to Carry Passengers—Troops to Be Shot Into a Fort—Queer Patents in Shells—Infernal Machines That Fly.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—A patent will be granted within a few days for what must be regarded as an extraordinary contribution to the science of warfare. It is a passenger projectile, designed to hold soldiers, who by this means are to be shot into the camp or fortress of the enemy. Having arrived, they emerge from the bomb and proceed to do as much damage as they are able. It is easy to imagine the consternation of the foe on finding hostile warriors in their midst, and more arriving every minute perhaps in a series of shells that hatch out fighters like so many dragon's eggs. Dragon's teeth, such as Jason sowed for military purposes, do not fit the metaphor.

This novel species of bomb is big enough to contain three or four men. It is provided with portholes, through which the occupants are able to fire their rifles while the projectile is in the air. Naturally, the idea suggests itself that they would be killed by the shock of landing; but this is provided against by rubber tubes like pneumatic tires, three of which encircle the hollow shell. When the latter strikes the ground it bounds along and rolls for some distance before coming to a stop. This method of passing the enemy's pickets at night, by going overhead, is particularly recommended.

Though this country has enjoyed peace for so long a time, Yankee inventors are continually exercising their "devilish ingenuity," as the British call it, in devising new engines of war. The Patent Office is full of queer ideas of this sort, particularly in the line of bombs and projectiles. A Boston man recently has obtained exclusive rights in a shell that is intended for blowing up warships. The point of it penetrates the steel plating of the ironclad and remains fixed, the rebound causing the body of the shell to be detached and fall down. But it falls only a few feet, being attached to the point by a wire. Thus it hangs suspended at such a level as to be below the row of plates which protects the vessel's waterline. Bursting against the unprotected hull it makes a hole so big that the floating fortress must immediately sink.

Equally formidable is a "torpedo shell," contrived by a St. Louis inventor. It is provided with powerful magnets, by means of which it clings to the armor of the ironclad until a time fuse explodes it, rending a chasm in the side of the vessel. Quite a different sort of bomb is one that contains a number little bombs, which are liberated by the first explosion, so as to burst separately. It resembles in construction one of those Chinese tops, which, on being spun, give birth to a lot of baby tops. The little bombs in this case are cylinders, provided with separate fuses. Hardly less surprising is a shell, devised by a Rhode Island man; it is loaded with powder and bullets, and, after striking, it discharges its deadly contents from its rear end. There is another species of bomb, perforated with holes, through which bullets are projected in all directions; and yet another, offered by a clever Oregonian, that distributes a hail of leaden balls as it flies through the air.

An immense amount of ingenuity has been expended in planning ways for shooting bombs loaded with dynamite and other high explosives. The difficulty is to avoid exploding the dynamite in discharging the shell from the gun or mortar. It is a discouraging thing to be hoist by one's own petard. One inventor proposes to suspend the dynamite on springs in an air chamber contained within the projectile. Thus the shock of the discharge is greatly reduced. Furthermore, if desired, an "explosive gas" may be used instead of air to fill the chamber. But more practicableness seems to belong to the idea of an Ohio man, who has contrived a shell carrying a vial filled with nitric and sulphuric acids. When it is ready to be fired a cap is screwed on at the back which contains a quantity of glycerine. The shock of discharge breaks the vial, and the acids and glycerine, mixed by the whirling of the projectile in its flight, combine to make the most powerful of all high explosives—nitro-glycerine.

A Jerseyman is the author of a very peculiar species of bomb, which is provided with propeller-blades. The propeller, started by the initial explosion, revolves at a tremendous rate, giving additional velocity to the projectile and at the same time making its aerial course straight. Another propeller-driven shell is to be fired at ships under water. Yet another, credited to a Buffalo inventor, has wings that spring out on its discharge from the gun and revolve. These projectiles that fly are well enough, but for real devilishness a prize should be awarded to a shell that contains from a dozen to twenty glass bottles of nitroleum. The bottles are embedded in gun-cotton. The latter explodes first, breaking the bottles and setting off the nitroleum, which is capable of smashing anything that human beings are able to construct. The next war assuredly will be one of wholesale destruction, and one cannot help sympathizing with the naval officer who said to the writer the other day that things were coming to such a pass that no gentleman could afford to fight.

In this regard, what is to be said of a bomb, devised by a person from Shaver's Creek, Pa., which continues to discharge bullets and scrap iron after bursting? There is another which is a nest of shells, one within another, so as to make a series of explosions. A projectile, for carrying dynamite, is not put in a gun at all, but is attached by a chain to an iron ball that is placed in a mortar with a powder charge. Thus the dynamite is not subjected to shock, but is conveyed by the iron ball to the place where it will do the most harm on exploding. The author of this idea suggests that a rocket may be used instead for transporting the dynamite bomb. Chain shot are supposed to be forbidden by international law, but no nation would hesitate to use such projectiles nowadays if it wanted to. The old way of firing them was to connect two iron balls by a chain and discharge them from a pair of guns placed close together, but with diverging muzzles. In this manner the deck of a vessel could be swept of men by a single discharge. But that was in the days of close quarters in marine combats, when war vessels clinched and fought hand to hand.

A New York man has invented a curious projectile which holds in its sides, as in pockets, two supplementary balls attached to it by chains. When it is discharged from the gun the twin balls fly out, and the triple shot revolves, cutting everything to pieces in its wide path. Another kind of shot divides in halves, connected by a chain, which fly apart. The point of yet another separates from the body of the shot, the two parts being joined by a chain. Speaking of things forbidden by international law, explosive bullets came under that category fifty years ago; but now the projectiles fired from rapid-fire guns are always explosive, containing bursting charges of gunpowder. Warfare, though a survival of savagery, has never been so merciless as in this epoch of advanced civilization, and no means of destruction can be said to be prohibited short of poisoned bullets and the poisoning of wells.

Just for illustration, consider the new style of shell in use by modern armies as compared with the kind employed during the civil war thirty years ago. The latter were loaded with ordinary gunpowder and broke on explosion into forty pieces, taking an average. The pieces did not fly with much violence, either. On the other hand, the shell in use to-day, loaded with wet gun-cotton, splits up into 1,200 fragments, the smallest of which will go through a half-inch board. It must be realized, at the same time, that the ultimate destructiveness by instruments of this character has not yet been attained. Inventors abroad are exhausting ingenuity in contriving hellish "improvements." There is the "incendiary bomb," which takes the place of the "Greek fire" of the middle ages, with inextinguishable flames; the "illuminating bomb," which lights up an enemy's works with 10,000 candle power, and the "smoke shell," which is intended to obscure the movements of bodies of troops on the field, thus antagonizing the smokeless powder.

The make-up of the incendiary bombs, with which France and Germany are experimenting, is unknown. A Brooklyn man has contrived a shell of this type which is to be filled with molten metal. The latter is to occupy a separate chamber in the projectile, and will be scattered by an explosion of gunpowder. Abroad they are elaborating bombs which are designed to liberate deadly fumes on bursting, so as to suffocate the enemy. The French "melinite" shell is of this type. Experiments with it have proved that its vapors are capable of asphyxiating goats and horses within a radius of 100 feet or more. It seems surprising that at so late a date as October of last year a patent should have been taken out by a citizen of New York for a hand grenade, intended to be thrown from the masts of vessels. However, the inventor makes the reasonable suggestion that in time of peace his grenades may be utilized by railway men against train robbers.

One of the most remarkable inventions for war is attributed to a Frenchman named Paul Giffard. His "miracle gun," as it has been called, is a new thing. It is a repeating rifle which employs no gunpowder or other explosive, but liquefied air instead. Of course, liquefied air, obtained under pressure at a temperature hundreds of degrees below zero, represents an enormous expansive power. It is this power that is the projecting force. The rifle in question is much lighter in weight than an ordinary rifle. The steel cartridge, nine inches long and as thick as one's thumb, contains 300 bullets, which may be discharged as quickly or slowly as desired. There is no smoke and no flash—only a sharp and low report. As soon as one cartridge is empty another can be screwed on in the twinkling of an eye. Three hundred shots cost two and a half cents.

The very latest thing in ordnance actually adopted for use is a shell with which the United States navy is now experimenting. It represents a very important modification of the present type of shell, which is a hollow steel projectile with thick walls—purposely thick, in order that it may not break up on passing through the side of a ship. Owing to the thickness of its walls the ordinary shell has small capacity for a bursting charge, which must be correspondingly feeble. This difficulty is surmounted by the new shell referred to, which is comparatively thin, with a big cavity that is to contain gun-cotton. It is kept from breaking up by a copper ring around the front end. The projectile is one foot in diameter and as tall as a man, and its smashing energy is reckoned at 21,000-foot tons—sufficient to raise the new battle ship Kearsarge two feet in the air. Struck fairly by one of these missiles the strongest armored vessel would be put out of action, if not destroyed.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) inventor has patented a "mushrooming bullet." This is designed to fill a very important want in modern warfare, the new army rifle projectile having proved too humane. The trouble with the latter is that, having only the diameter of a lead pencil and travelling with the velocity of one-half mile a second, it is apt to pass clean through a man without disabling him. It lacks what is technically called "stopping power." The bullet devised by the Bridgeport man has a cavity near the point, which causes it to "mushroom"—*i. e.*, spread—on striking, so as "to produce a large and lacerated wound, accompanied by great shock." In time of peace it may be employed for killing lions, tigers, and elephants.

The very newest thing in this line, however, is the aluminum bullet. Of course, it is very light, aluminum being only about as heavy as chalk. It is not intended for use in war, but for hunting and shooting at targets. Ordinary bullets have an excess of force for such purposes, travelling unnecessarily far. Those of aluminum, on the other hand, have about the same force for short distances, but their velocity diminishes rapidly beyond 300 yards. For small game a person fond of shooting may avail himself of the novel idea of another inventor, who suggests that tin-plated shot would be preferable to the kind now in use. These latter are coated with graphite, to blacken and polish them, and this is alleged to be objectionable because the graphite fouls the gun. Furthermore, the lead is acted upon chemically by the animal juices, so as to be injurious to the eater of the flesh. This is obviated by the coating of tin.

There is a popular notion, by the way, to the effect that lead shot are made spherical by falling from a height. This is an absurd error, inasmuch as the only purpose of lofty shot towers is to give the shot a chance to cool and harden as they tumble. They are just as perfect spheres when they start from the top as when they reach the well of water 200 feet or so below. The usefulness of the water is merely as a soft cushion to receive them. Shot cannot be made from pure lead, but an admixture of arsenic causes the lead to form globules, like mercury. The molten mixture is placed in a big iron saucepan, with perforated bottom, and the drops falling through are the shot. They must fall some distance in order to get time to cool and harden. A batch thus made, they are scooped out of the water, tumbled about in a revolving barrel with plumbago, and finally put through a series of sieves to sort them into sizes for market.

FOREIGN GIFTS FOR NAVY OFFICERS

Forgings for Guns—The War Records—Health of the Service.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—The question of allowing the acceptance, by our officers, of foreign decorations will come up again before Congress through Secretary Herbert's request to Secretary Olney. This is, that Mr. Olney will recommend legislation allowing Admiral Selfridge, Capt. Wadleigh, Lieut.-Commander Gheen, Lieuts. Russell and Hunker, Dr. Bertelotte, and Paymaster Redfield to accept medals offered to them by Russia for being present at the coronation of the Czar.

The custom of awarding medals for such services may seem rather superfluous, but the gifts are considered as an acknowledgment of the courtesy of attendance at the ceremony, so that the practice is likely enough to be continued at foreign courts. It has analogies, too, in unofficial society. But to receive even such a gift requires the special consent of Congress, since the Constitution declares that no person holding any office of profit or trust under the United States "shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any King, Prince, or foreign State."

It is clear that the founders of the Government not only desired to avoid the introduction of class distinctions and their badges here, but to insure that, except by specific legislation allowing it, no officer while serving our Government should be under that obligation to a foreign Government, express or implied, which might be inferred from accepting a proffered gift. In this matter the intrinsic value of the gift is not an element, the question being one of principle. But as to the actual practice, Congress has uniformly interpreted the provision of the Constitution as giving it full discretion in the matter, and in frequent instances has passed the required act. This disposition may, therefore, be made of the present case, although there is no possibility that Russia would take offence should the medal be refused. She would understand that if national courtesy was done her it could not possibly be deemed a discourtesy to refrain from the acceptance of gifts for our individual representatives. Still, Congress has allowed such rewards to be accepted for duties no more arduous than that of having a good time at the Czar's great show.

It is believed that the Bethlehem and Midvale Works will be the only bidders for the forgings which have been called for by the Bureau of Ordnance. They will include what is necessary for fourteen 13-inch guns and one 12-inch, and it is doubted whether any other steel plants will undertake them. But the question of forgings both for armor and guns may call for considerable discussion in Congress. It has been noted that Secretary Lamont, after rejecting all the bids for forgings for small field guns, advertised again and received in reply exactly the same prices. The whole subject of armor prices here and in foreign countries will be considered in a report to Secretary Herbert by a Board of officers and by him laid before Congress.

The fourth volume of the "Naval War Records" passed into the hands of the printer some time ago, according to the annual report of Lieut.-Commander Rush. The appropriations to this work thus far have been $181,400, and $51,300 is asked for next year. By the time the work is finished it will have represented a considerable outlay, but it will fall very far short of the "Army War Records," for the publication of which $2,305,078 has been appropriated thus far.

The Washington Navy Yard will have the proposed model tank protected by a building and supplied with an electrical device for towing the ships around the course.

The health of the navy is reported by the Surgeon-General as good. The iron swinging cots adopted for the sick bays of all vessels have been a great source of comfort. It is urged by this officer that recruiting should be restricted, as far as possible, to New York and Mare Island. At the Naval Academy there should be improvements in ventilation, sewerage, heating, and light. Still, the health of the students is good. In last year's football season there were but nineteen resorts to the hospital for injuries received, and the total number of days involved was sixty-one.

TURKEY: AN AMBASSADOR'S VIEWS.

Baron Saurma-Jeltsch Tells What Can and What Can't Be Done.

Baron Saurma-Jeltsch, formerly Germany's representative in Washington and now her Ambassador in Constantinople, recently gave a noteworthy interview to a Berlin correspondent regarding Turkish affairs. Here are a few fragmentary quotations from it:

"Generally speaking, nobody has influence here. In every European power the Turks think they have an enemy, ready to swallow them up. They are afraid of Russia, who stands on their threshold, whose troops once camped in San Stefano. Excepting the Russians there is only one person who is able to move the Sultan; that is Emperor William. The Emperor, when he visited here, impressed the Sultan by his energy and keenness, and the Sultan respects him highly.

"All in all, it is vain to hope that the Turks ever will change their character or ways. They are Asiatics, and we must try to live with them as best we can. They have their good qualities as well as their bad ones, and, on the whole, are a good-natured people.

"I regard the demands of the Armenians as unjustifiable and impracticable. They have, of course, a right to freedom of worship and freedom in trade, and both of these they have already. Nobody interferes with their exercise of their religion, and in trade they are exceptionally prosperous. It is beyond doubt and denial, however, that their unscrupulous and hardfisted methods of doing business have excited some ill will among the Turks, whom they have plundered for centuries; for the Armenians in trade are usurers and swindlers.

"Most of the things said about Turkish administrative methods are true. In Turkey there is neither order nor justice. There is no check on receipts and expenditures. Whoever goes to law here must bribe the judges. But these conditions are the same for the Turks themselves and for us Europeans as they are for the Armenians. These are Asiatic conditions and the people who live here learn to reckon with them.

"There is not the slightest danger here for Europeans—at least as long as the powers do not proceed too severely with the Sultan.* * * On the other hand, should the Sultan's sovereignty be threatened seriously, all Europeans living in Turkey would be sacrificed to Turkish rage. There would be a massacre such as history has not recorded.

"There are the old demands that we exact more reforms. But all possible reforms have been decided on already; there they are on paper. If they were to be carried into operation, they would remodel the whole empire on the European plan. The question is: Is it possible to reform Turkey; is Turkey capable of reform? Is not the whole character of the Turk antagonistic to these reforms? Can we make the Turks over into Europeans? Or shouldn't we take them as they are? To carry out the reforms, the Sultan must have properly trained and faithful officials. But how can faithfulness and proper training exist in this close communion with bribery and fanaticism?"

BRITTANY ON $1.50 A DAY.

TWO YANKEE GIRLS MAKE A CHEAP TRIP THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

From Penmarch to Mont Saint Michel—Moonlight and Omelette Soufflé—The Golden Rule for Bric-a-brac Hunters.

Before Salome and I decided upon our trip in Brittany we made a mutual confession of our poverty. Our acquaintance had been brief, and each one, it seems, feared a repetition of former experiences endured while travelling with friends who scorned anything more humble than second class. We had met in that Breton artist resort, Concarneau, and as the time drew near for our return to Paris a great wish seized us to explore some out-of-the-way places where we dared not venture alone. We agreed finally to cast in our lot together, and travel for a month if on experiment we found that our expenses could be brought within $1.50 a day for board, lodging, porters, and fees at the inns. Of course we were to travel third class.

"How delightful it would be," said Salome, "if we could spend a week in a thatched farm house, living the simple life of the people, the true Bretons as Victor Hugo describes them in 'Ninety-three.'" We were seated, with maps and guide books, above a shady glen near Concarneau, and, as Salome spoke, she waved her Baedeker toward a picturesque "chaumière" across the ravine. Just then the door opened and out rushed headlong seven children and nine pigs. We agreed, tacitly, to confine our attention to towns and villages and forego pastoral joys while in Brittany.

Concarneau we knew well; the old walled quarter, the fleets of red-sailed sardine boats, the filmy nets blowing in the wind, the Pardons at neighboring churches. We had seen also the great fair at Quimper, going there by diligence. It was by the same road that we set forth on our travels. The capital of Finistère cannot be seen in one day, and we had yet to explore the factory of Breton faience and the beautiful Cathedral of St. Corentin. From Quimper we went by rail eleven miles to the quaint little town of Pont l'Abbé, and then, taking a wagon, drove eight miles to Penmarch. By the wayside were many stone crosses covered with lichen and draped with hoary gray mosses. At first the country was truly Breton in character, high hedges, fine groves of firs, and masses of gorse and whins, but soon we reached a flat open country and over the yellow fields saw the spires of St. Nonné and further beyond the open sea.

In the sixteenth century Penmarch had 10,000 inhabitants, a fleet of 800 boats, and many fine churches, monasteries, and convents. But a great storm destroyed the harbor, the codfishery was ruined, the pirate chieftain Sourdeac surprised and sacked the place, and Penmarch sank to its present sleepy quiet. We could see traces of its former ecclesiastical importance in ruined walls, broken arches, and here and there an exquisite oriel window or bit of Gothic carving built into some village house.

It was in sketching one of these windows that Salome and I had our only unpleasant experience. We had entrenched ourselves close to a high wall, sitting side by side for mutual protection, and were hard at work, unmindful of some small boys, who were exclaiming, "Yah! Old Een-glish-man!" with great pride in their linguistic accomplishments. Suddenly from above descended upon us a shower of sand, stones, and turf, and several boys dropped from the wall behind and fled down the street. Now Salome is of the Quaker persuasion, and I realized that it devolved upon me to wreak swift and sure judgment, or all future sketching in Penmarch would be impossible. But, rushing after the boys, I found Salome ahead of me, and making splendid time. Evidently her principles of non-resistance did not hold good where art was concerned. Each caught a boy at the same instant, and, holding him fast by his collar, spanked him with the clean sides of the palettes we still held. The noise brought a number of indignant mothers to the scene, but we displayed our ruined sketches, and they agreed that the punishment was deserved. After that we had only to look fixedly at a troublesome boy and he would cower before us in abject fear.

From Penmarch, an hour's walk brought us to San Gwenolé. A poor little place it is, where the fishermen make a precarious living with their sardine boats, while the women work in the potato fields. A massive tower and a little chancel and apse are all that remain of the beautiful fifteenth century church of St. Gwenolé. Here, once a year, service is held. About the ruin the low huts of the peasants are clustered, and beyond stretches for miles a lonely, sad country, with sandy fields, pale sea grasses, and wastes of heather. The abandoned church of Kerity, once a possession of the Templars, is not far away, and within a day's walk the churches of Our Lady of Joy, Our Lady of Good Hope, Our Lady of Pity, all standing close to the desolate rock-bound coast. Seldom have I seen a more melancholy spot than that where Our Lady of Joy faced the gray sea, where the breakers came booming up close to the weather-worn calvaire, and the seaweed lay in tangles near the deserted graves.

From San Gwenolé to the Point du Raz is the most dangerous coast in France. Here is heard the *crierien*, or the voice of the shipwrecked crying for burial, and on All Saints' Day, *le jour des morts*, the people believe that the spirits of the dead may be seen in the surf.

We longed to follow the shore to Douarnenez, but our time was short, and, returning to Quimper, we went by rail northeast to Morlaix. This we made the centre of several excursions. One day we went to St. Pol de Leon to see the cathedral and the spire of Notre Dame de Creizker. Another day we spent in St. Thégonnec sketching the fine Renaissance gateway and walking on to Guimiliau, noted for its magnificent calvaire of the sixteenth century. Morlaix, too, we found interesting, with its fine old buildings, especially the house once occupied by Duchess Anne of Brittany.

So far Salome and I had kept our expenses strictly within $1.50 a day, railway and diligence fares, of course, being extra. We carefully avoided all hotels mentioned in the guide books. Usually we asked a promising looking porter or small railway official to direct us to a cheap, clean inn, and in several instances we confided with the best results in the baker's wife, after purchasing some little cakes. Generally a slight reduction was made for a three-days' stay, and tips were small at the little inns.

Cabs we did not indulge in, but trudged along on foot behind the porter, who carried our luggage on his back. Perhaps the sight of our sketching traps and modest outfit had a lowering effect on prices. Certain it is that we were treated everywhere with the greatest civility and kindness, and the first instance of overcharge was when we reached the tourist route at Dinan, and that was in an English *pension*.

After leaving Morlaix we made no pause, except for half a day at Dinan, until we reached San Suliac on the Rance, south of St. Malo. To tell the truth, we went there as a preparation for Mont Saint Michel. Of course we wished to stop while at the Mont in the noted Poularde Ainé Hotel, dedicated to the renown of the Omelette Soufflé. The daily charge would be at least $2, and it behooved us, therefore, to retire for awhile to some place where we could live for three francs a day *tout compris*, and "save up" for Mont St. Michel.

San Suliac was picturesque and sketchable, had a fine Gothic church of the thirteenth century, and the peasants were exceedingly hospitable and friendly. When one small urchin threw a stone at us, not only was he captured and had his ears boxed in turn by half a dozen women, but a formal apology was tendered to us in the name of the village.

We had rooms above a little general shop, which we had to go through to reach the dining room. On the floor of the shop was a huge pile of wooden sabots, which had been smoked in the chimney to render them more durable. Turned up at the ends, varying in color from a pale golden brown to a rich maroon, they were indeed charming. Of course we bought a pair apiece at once, but we never could pass the pile without seeing others that seemed to surpass ours in beauty, and we usually went to breakfast carrying several pairs to be compared afterward at leisure.

One cause of the journeyings of Salome and myself being amicable was a rule we made about the acquirement of bric-a-brac. We "took turns" invariably. If I had first chance at a delightful green jug in the market, Salome had the next with a brass candlestick or blue plate. Let me recommend this plan to artist friends. I have known a permanent coolness to arise over a Holland brass milk can.

One morning early we went with the market women in a sloop down the Rance, past Dinan, St. Servan, and under the gray ramparts to St. Malo, spending the day there and drifting slowly back in the moonlight—all for seven cents. We paid the skipper ten to tell the truth, but it made a great sensation, and was only explained by some one's saying that we were "*les demoiselles Americaines*," and wealthy.

The days passed very pleasantly at San Suliac, but we did not fare sumptuously, and I fancied that the bloom on Salome's cheeks was beginning to fade. The sixth evening, while looking over our accounts, I exclaimed: "Salome, we are twenty francs ahead! Let's go to Mont St. Michel to-morrow." And go we did.

One should stay at least a day and night at Mont St. Michel to see the sunset and the ebbing and flowing of the tide across those wonderful sands. Augustus Hare says that "there is nothing in Europe to compare in interest and beauty" with the Mount, yet most tourists spend only a part of one day there. A glorious sunset was turning the wet sands all aglow and lighting up the monastery towers when we were driven over the causeway and to the Hotel Poulard Ainé. It was the second week of October, but we found every room occupied, though we were told that many would be vacated soon after dinner. Meanwhile, as we were chilled with our drive in the keen air, madame urged us to rest in a cosey nook near the great open fire in the entrance hall.

There we found an enormous fireplace, and before it, turning slowly on spits, fifteen chickens met our eyes. It was a goodly and a noble sight and one on which, after our short commons of the past week, we could hardly look without emotion.

And Mme. Poulard, herself—what words can describe that wonderful woman—a true General among landladies, directing servants, welcoming guests, superintending an elaborate dinner, and always serene, charming, and hospitable.

An hour later, while at table d'hôte, a hush, an expectant air, heralded the coming of the omelette soufflé. Golden, crisp, fragrant, made by Madame's fair hands and served by herself in generous portions—this was indeed "realizing our ideal." An Englishman opposite me, by its charms was almost betrayed into addressing me, an utter stranger. With an expressive wave of his fork, he had smiled, leaned forward, and opened his mouth to speak before he recollected himself, and, with a blush, turned his attention to his plate. Such a bountiful first helping madame had given me that I really had to decline a second, and madame, with a reproachful glance from under her long black lashes, murmured, with a sigh, "Ah! I am not successful this evening!"

We slept that night in the "Maison Rouge," a dependence of the hotel perched far up on the cliffs. Little red paper lanterns lighted the way, but it seemed in the darkness a mysterious romantic passage. Later the moon rose, and from our windows we saw by its light the tide steal slowly upward, and then, reaching the flat sands, sweep onward swiftly, turning the mont to an island.

Mont St. Michel was the culminating point of our tour. A few days in picturesque Vitré, a few hours in Le Mans Cathedral, and a hasty visit in Chartres to revive former impressions, and Salome and I reached the Gare Mont Parnasse in Paris. Great were the suspicions of these customs officers who lie in wait for contraband provisions. The bumps in our hold-alls suggested melons, though really caused by green jugs, and I was pursued while leaving the station by an officer, who, seeing the yellow of a peasant bowl in a net bag I was carrying, immediately suspected a pumpkin.

PIRATE MARTIN OF THE PACIFIC.

The Death of a Skipper Who Was for Years a Terror of the South Seas.

From the Bundaberg Star.

News has just come to hand by the recruiting vessel Rio Logo of the death of one of those celebrities or characters of the South Seas known as Pirate Martin. On interviewing Mr. Douglas Rannie, our representative gleaned the following particulars:

"I knew Pirate Martin well, and often met him during my travels. He was a fine-looking, handsome man, and had the appearance more of a soldier than a sailor. He seemed to be always in hot water, and I never met him without he had a grievance on hand. My first introduction to him was to dress a wound in his chest. He had been gambling in a trader's house, and had a large sum of money about him. While sitting in a room adjoining the store, the store being in darkness, a shot came from the store, and the bullet ploughed across Martin's chest, making a very ugly wound. The would-be assassin was the man who managed the store, and immediately decamped after firing the shot. But not to be outdone, Martin brought a case of dynamite ashore, and placing it under the store, threatened to blow the whole concern sky high if the man who shot him did not turn up. The result was that a search party went out and soon returned with the delinquent, who was shaking with fear. Martin then gave him a chance of settling the affair with weapons on the beach, but the trader was too much of a cur and a coward to fight, so Martin, whose temper had cooled down, let him off for a consideration.

"The next occasion on which I came across Martin was when I was taking a trip on a French schooner, the Dauphine, Capt. Demoselle, my own vessel having been lost. The only other Britisher on board the Dauphine except myself was the mate, Dick Henderson. As it happened, one fine morning we were close to Ambrym, when what should run out but the cutter Constantine, Pirate Martin in charge. He wanted us to heave to, and he ran up the French flag to his masthead, but old Demoselle would not heave to, but called his mate and said: 'Dick, bring de pig.' The pig was brought. 'Now, den, Dick, bring von bottle.' An empty bottle then showed up. 'Now, den, Dick, make the bottle fast to the pig's head, den send on the signal halliards, and run 'em up to the main peak.' And up went pig, bottle and all as a reply to Martin's signal, and old Frenchy drew himself up as he remarked, 'Dere, now, you tam buccaneer, I tell you you von drunken pig.'

"Martin's reply was a shot which made old Frenchy scuttle below, and sing out to the mate, 'Dick, put on all de sail you can.'

"We returned in a week or two in the Dauphine to Port Sandwich, and there we found Martin waiting for us. We were all bad with fever on the Dauphine at the time. And Martin came on board with a challenge to Demoselle to fight him for the insult given when off the coast of Ambrym. But Demoselle was too ill to fight, and the duel was postponed. I was confined to my bed at the time, but I must say that I never experienced such kindness, attention, and nursing as I received from Pirate Martin. He brought me every delicacy he could get from his own ship, and any that money could buy ashore. And through his care and kindness I was soon able to be about again. In the mean time he robbed the Dauphine of everything he took a fancy to. When Demoselle managed to walk about, one fine day Martin put a bullet through the crown of his hat at a distance of about twenty paces, just to let Frenchy know how near he could go without hurting him. He was reckoned about the best shot with rifle or revolver to be met with about the New Hebrides.

"Martin was supposed to be trading for a firm of Noumean merchants when sailing the Constantine. But when he got a full ship he disposed of the cargo, sold the ship, and proceeded to Sidney, where he lived in quite a royal style till the money was spent. Then the longing came over him, and he started for the islands again. When the steamer in which he was a passenger called at Noumea the French police got word of his being on board, and went to arrest him, but too late, as Martin had got the tip and gone ashore. There he annexed a boat, took in supplies, and made for the New Hebrides alone, and arrived.

"The next time I met him he was in charge of a smart cutter named the Paul Jones (suggestive name). He was then lying at anchor off the Rev. Mr. Morton's station at Mallicolo. As usual, he was in trouble. I boarded him on my way to call on Mr. Morton, and he then called my attention to the state of his dingy, which I noticed was all smeared with blood. He informed me that a large crowd of natives had come down to the beach near the mission station, presumably to sell vegetables, &c., so he sent the cook ashore in the dingy to buy what he could. The poor cook no sooner touched the beach than the natives rushed upon him and hacked him down with their tomahawks, and carried off his body. By the time Martin got his repeating rifle the natives had cleared away. But presently two appeared on the beach, and Martin promptly bagged them. He then made some of his new crew swim ashore and bring off the dingy. At this time Martin was occupied for the most part in dodging the men-of-war.

"My next meeting with him was on the coast of Aoba. He was then in command of a schooner called the Black Angel. He told me then that he was the avenger of blood. A Mr. Pana had been murdered by his native crew. They had looted the vessel, and had left her to drift anywhere. Some of them had got to Aoba, and now it was Martin's intention to shoot them on sight, and I believe that he eventually carried out his intention.

"The last I saw of the old pirate was up the river from Port Sandwich, and he had then turned his attention to agricultural pursuits. He had a very pretty site for his house, and on either side he had a plantation of coffee, with some fields of corn and with fruit in plenty. And there he reckoned he would have a long spell if left to enjoy life without interruptions from the natives. But at last one of those swaggering blades whom you will find among South Sea Islanders, as well as whites, made public his intention of potting old Martin. So one day Martin was entertaining some visitors to dinner, when one of his servants came and whispered in his ear. Martin got up from the table, saying, 'Excuse me, gentlemen, for a minute,' and picking up his rifle, he went outside. He returned in a few minutes and sat down as if nothing unusual had taken place. In about an hour's time his servant again whispered to him, and, as before, he picked up his rifle and went out apologizing for his temporary absence. Suddenly a shot was heard and then a laugh. On going out the guests found old Pirate Martin standing with gun in hand, a dying native in his death struggle on the ground, and a chief in irons bound fast to a tree. It seems that Martin had got notice from his servant of the arrival of the chief, had bound him to a tree, and threatened him with death if the man who had avowed his intention of shooting Martin was not produced. The victim was sent for, and, as Martin remarked, 'Well, I had the first shot in.'

"So now they say poor old Pirate Martin is dead. Well, I am sorry for him, although he sent many to their 'long home' during his lifetime. He was about 50 years of age. I should say. A Savoyard, he informed me, but he never told me how he drifted to the southern seas. He had many good points, a kindly heart, and generous to a degree, but of a hasty disposition and a violent temper, and he was quicker with his rifle or revolver than he was with his judgment."

Semi-private Musical Entertainments.

When the janitor will permit it, street musicians with portable instruments, such as accordions, small hand organs, and so on, go through the cellar of the flat house to the rear area and make music there. They give thus a sort of semi-private entertainment, which is patronized by the servants and the children and perhaps by other members of the households within hearing. It is an audience smaller in numbers than that of the street, but one to which appeal is thus more directly made.

FRENCH CHANNEL DRILLS.

ARMOR-CLADS, CRUISERS, AND TORPEDO BOATS TAKE PART.

How a Hostile Fleet from Dunkirk Was Opposed by Squadrons from Brest and Cherbourg and by a Torpedo Flotilla—Some Incidents and Deductions.

While this year's manœuvres of the French fleets in the Channel were inferior in extent to those carried on in the Mediterranean, yet they had a character and interest of their own.

Of the leading ships which took part in them the armor-clads were represented by the Hoche, the Amiral Tréhouart, the Valmy, the Jemmapes, and the Bouvines. These last four are all sister ships, 283 feet 10 inches long, by 57 1-3 broad, and 22 inches draught, displacing about 6,600 tons, or nearly as much as the Maine of our navy. They carry 18.11-inch and 9.84-inch armor amidships, have from 8,911 to 9,167 horse-power, making from 15⅝ to about 16 knots. The Tréhouart and Bouvines carry each two 11.81-inch and eight rapid-fire 3.39-inch guns in the main battery, while the Valmy and Jemmapes carry two 13.39-inch and four 3.39-inch guns. All have good secondary batteries, including eight machine guns, the Bouvines carrying ten. The Hoche, an older ship, built ten years ago, is also larger, having a displacement of 10,581 tons, or a little more than our Indiana. She carries the heavy battery of two 13.39-inch guns, two 10.63-inch, and twelve rapid-fire 5.51-inch, with twenty-six pieces in the secondary battery. Her 10,912 horse-power develops close upon 16 knots speed, so that there was great harmony in the speed properties of the five armor-clads.

Of the cruisers the Friant and Chasseloup-Laubat are sister ships, built in 1893, of 3,725 tons displacement, or just about that of our Charleston. Their speed is put at 19 and 18¾ knots respectively, and they have 2,300 and 3,000 more horse-power, but carry only six 6.29-inch and four 3.39-inch guns, with sixteen pieces in the secondary battery and two torpedo tubes. The Coëtlogon is of 1,848 tons, or rather more than our Yorktown, but faster, having 5,918 horse-power and 20¼ knots and less heavily armed, carrying four 5.51-inch and eight smaller pieces. The Epervier was also among the cruisers, or, rather, she is a torpedo cruiser of between 1,250 and 1,300 tons. The armament of her class consists of five torpedo tubes and five 4-inch and six machine guns.

The Epervier manœuvred in charge of the torpedo boats or destroyers, having at one time nine of the first class under her command. The Cassini may perhaps be called a torpedo cruiser, having a displacement of 958 tons, and securing a speed of 21.3 knots, with 5,500 horse-power. She was built year before last, and mounts one 3.39-inch, three 2.56-inch, and seven 1.85-inch guns. Still more remarkable in motive power is last year's boat, the Surprise, of 627 tons, carrying 3.39-inch and four 2.56-inch guns and four revolving cannon. The Lance and Salve are torpedo boats built in 1885, of 321 tons displacement, and low horse-power and speed, carrying seven pieces each. The Lancier, Lance, Ariel, Aquilon, Averne, Dauphin, Grenadier, and Zouave were other torpedo craft concerned in the manœuvres.

In general the forces employed were the northern squadron and those of the maritime arrondissements of Cherbourg, Brest, Lorient, and Rochefort. The first exercises included evolutions, gun and torpedo practice, and signalling in the bays of Brest and Cherbourg. Next came the special drills at Quiberon, on the south coast of the Brittany peninsula; then the torpedo boats conducted several night attacks on the squadron.

In the second period of the manœuvres a portion of the fleet left Brest, while the remainder left Cherbourg, under orders to find each other and effect a junction, and during this process long-distance signalling was found very efficient. Then came the landing of shore parties and more attacks by torpedo boats. On one day the coast guard ships Tréhouart, Valmy, and Jemmapes, with twelve torpedo boats, navigated the passes around Belle-Ile and Quiberon Bay, and the boats had an engagement with the destroyers Salve and Lance.

But the third and final period of operations was the most interesting. The fleet was divided into three sections, two of which, under Admiral Premesnil, were at Brest and Cherbourg respectively, while a third, hostile to them, under Admiral de Courthille, was at Dunkirk. Of the two former the one at Brest, called Division A 1, included the Hoche, Tréhouart, Friant, and Lance, while Division A 2, at Cherbourg contained the Valmy, the Cassini, the Salve and the Surprise. The hostile Division B consisted of the Bouvines, the Chasseloup-Laubat and the Coëtlogon. The torpedo boats, which had previously gone to Boulogne and Dunkirk, were a light division under the Epervier. Divisions A 1 and A 2 were considered as having a sea speed of eleven knots, and the hostile fleet, Division B, a speed of twelve knots.

The theory of the attack and defence as given by *Engineering*, was that the enemy should pass the line between Cape Gris-Nez and Folkestone on a given day or the night following, and the Epervier's flotilla, aided by other torpedo boats from Dunkirk, was to try to stop them, if possible, by attack, and in any case to signal when they should have passed the line. The semaphore system was to communicate the news at once to squadrons A 1 and A 2. The enemy knew that these squadrons were separated, and had reached the sea from two different ports, and accordingly was to take advantage of its slightly superior speed of one knot to see whether A 2 was still at Cherbourg. If it had quitted that port, which was regarded as impregnable, the enemy could either pursue it or profit by its absence to bombard the coast towns between Dunkirk and Brest.

While the enemy, or Division B, was carrying out this scheme, the other forces, under Admiral Premesnil, were free to try to baffle it in any way possible. The account of what was done proceeds as follows:

Between 10 and 11 on the morning of the 25th Division B passed the Pas de Calais and steamed in front of Cherbourg during the night; it remained in front of the harbor until 4 A. M., when it disappeared toward the west-northwest. On the same day, at 5 P. M., the Division A 1 left Brest, while A 2, having quitted Cherbourg on the same day at noon, joined A1 in the vicinity of the Ile de Batz. During the following day it was able to obtain information from the vedettes about the movements of the enemy. In the afternoon the Division A 1 came in touch with B and pursued it as far as Cape la Hève; but B, having a higher speed than A 1, was able to escape without being attacked. The knowledge gained by this pursuit enabled the commander of the two divisions to signal from the semaphore at Cayeux to the embouchure of the Somme: "I have encountered the enemy, who has steered for Le Havre, six miles to the north of La Hève. I have followed without result as far as the line Cape Gris Nez and Folkestone. He passed this line when the Fleet A1 was forty miles astern."

To which side must the laurels of victory in the operations thus conducted be awarded? It would seem that each, so far as the affair went, and in view of an unexpected shortening of the manœuvres, could claim a measure of success. The enemy, or Squadron B, could not prevent Divisions A 1 and A 2 from meeting, but, on the other hand, it was able to evade the two when combined, and to pass the line of limit for the operations within the prescribed time. The force assigned to the enemy, small originally, had to be further reduced through the withdrawal of the Dupuy-de-Lôme for other duty, and the injury of the Coëtlogon's machinery. However, the authority already referred to holds that these Channel manœuvres illustrated in particular the efficiency of the French naval reserves and the high qualities of the officers, while an additional point brought out was the advantage of having a dockyard not far from the scene of any manœuvres for making the repairs which both cruisers and armorclads, when on high-pressure service, are apt to need.

Why He Didn't Shoot.

From the Utica Observer.

A Utican who is a fine shot, a frequent visitor to the Adirondacks, and a great lover of the woods, was deep in the wilderness a few days ago. With him was a life-long resident of the woods, who in past years was one of the most successful guides, but who now occupies a responsible position as a protector of deer and other game. The two were together when two deer approached, one just behind the other, and both within easy range. The Utican brought his rifle to his shoulder, glanced along the barrel at the deer, and brought his gun down again.

"Why didn't you shoot?" was asked.

"That deer hasn't any horns!" was the reply.

The woodsman instantly extended his hand, with the words, "Shake. It does me good to once in a while find a man who has a heart and judgment as well."

"I have shot a good number of deer in my lifetime," added the Utican, "but I have never shot a doe, and hope I shall never be guilty of doing so, for in my eyes it is really a crime, and a heartless one at that."

"I think," added the woodsman, "that if sportsmen—true sportsmen, I mean—who live in the cities and villages could be made to see and appreciate as I do the harm done in a sporting sense by the slaughtering of does, they would refrain from killing them, and in a few years rejoice to find deer far more plentiful than now. There is a law violated sometimes by brutes, against the killing of fawns, and it would be a good thing in my estimation if it was extended to protect does also, at least for several years. I always feel ashamed of any friend of mine who comes into the woods, shoots a doe, and lugs it off exultantly, as if he had done something to be proud of."