THE PAPACY AND THE LABORER.

The Efforts Made Under the Pope's Guidance to Solve the "Labor Question."

GLENGARIFF, Sept. 30.—Since my last letter, in which I spoke of the deep, widespread, and active interest taken everywhere in Europe by leading Catholics in the social question and in favor of the laboring classes, other facts have given to the part taken in this movement by Leo XIII. and the Catholic episcopate an unexpected degree of significance.

I believe I am putting the matter in its simplest and most intelligible form before the American mind when I say that the two great moral forces which now stand face to face in Europe endeavoring, each in its way, to solve the difficulty between labor and capital, are the Papacy on the one side, and on the other the anti-social, anti-Christian organizations, which obey the orders or are carried away by the influence of Continental Freemasonry, as distinguished from the Masonic body in the British empire and the United States.

There has just come to light in the columns of an advanced Italian revolutionary journal the *Reo d'Italia* of Genoa, a document which clearly reveals the purpose of strategy of that hidden power which now controls and governs France and Italy, which ultimately aims at the destruction of all Christian institutions not only in what was ancient Christendom, but in the United States as well, if American citizens will only allow the secret organization and the spirit which rules it to grow up and spread among us.

This document is none other than the secret "Instructions of a Grand Inspector of Freemasonry (European)." Here is one pregnant passage which I recommend to the serious attention of public men, of those, especially, who favor and patronize in the United States the principles and practices imported from foreign countries. These "Instructions" are directed toward securing the result both of political elections and of the agitations and insurrectionary movements promoted by the radical press.

"You should see to it carefully that in every lodge we should have a group of influential brothers who, if they be not men of strong conviction, are at least strongly interested and know how to conduct the social work of the lodge, either through the agency of brothers who may be persuaded to undertake the work at their own risk, or, what would be preferable, by the agency of outsiders (*profanes*).

"In this latter case, do your best to put in the hands of such agents the protestations uttered against the existing government of society, so that when once you have prepared the soil in the minds of the masses you may sow therein our true doctrines, which, compared with other doctrines, will present an appearance of real moderation. Do your best, nevertheless, not to lean too much toward the proletariat, inasmuch as non-proprietors ask for much and bring you no profit."

We see here what kind of work is expected of the men who, seduced and deceived by these hypocritical and treacherous reformers, volunteer not only to do their unholy work, but to lead their forlorn hope in every revolutionary enterprise, and to incur all the risk and danger while the men who are to benefit by the result remain out of sight and risk nothing.

This is the one great fact which aims at transforming the world, society and moulding human life on new aims and new principles.

Now here is the other, the force which was the main agency, under Providence, in creating the Christendom of our forefathers, in moulding and directing that Christian society and civilization which was the glory of the human race. This force is the Papacy.

As I have already more than once told the readers of THE SUN, the one great purpose of Leo XIII., from the very first days of his Pontificate, has been to make both governments and peoples accept the doctrine that the self-power divinely instituted and destined to save society and the human race from anarchy, revolution, and the thousand corrupting agencies which are evermore at work to bring us back to the savage state.

This lies at the bottom of the powerful plea which the Holy Father has addressed to Italy in favor of the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy, and of the real independence which can alone enable the Popes to exercise their divine mission for the spread of Christianity, and for the well-being and happiness of all Christian peoples.

An an answer to the appeal addressed by the Grand Orient of Italy to revolutionary, anti-Christian, and anarchical passions, take the following declaration of *Le Temps*, the leading organ of Protestant public opinion in France. It is taken from an editorial on the recent and powerful work which Monsignor Bernardo Rendu, entitled "The Letter of the Pope and Official Italy." And do not forget that M. Rendu, a former Garibaldian, contributed to the establishment of the present king Jom of Italy.

"Another unforeseen cause," the editor says, has contributed to develope Leo's moral power and this action of the Pope not only in what concerns the conscience of mankind, but in what relates to the political destinies of almost every nation. One may here contemplate a curious antinomy (irregularity) in the field of history. The Pope we will call Italian par excellence; it is the development of the popular liberties, and of these habits of parliamentary government which give to the people an ever-increasing preponderance in the administration of affairs. All that the people have acquired in this direction has been gained in defiance of the monarchical force of olden times. But peoples, on their side, as they become more and more sovereign, yield none the less to moral, religious, and philosophical influences.

"Now, what is in the civilized world at the present day, if not the highest and the best, at least the mightiest moral force, the most intellectual and the most universal, if not the force of Catholicism, of which the Pope is the supreme head?

"Thus it is that in our age, thanks precisely to the spread of the national sovereignty among the popular masses, and to their habits of self-government, Leo XIII. has acquired, and does, in fact, exercise, a political action a hundred times more powerful and more extensive than any of his predecessors at the most ambitious period of the middle ages. All nations feel this, and fear it, at the moment they are going to use the privilege of universal suffrage."

This is said grudgingly and perforce. But what most interests us Americans, and the masses among us now so passionately moved by the labor question, is to know how thoroughly, how cordially, how energetically Leo XIII. uses at this moment all the influence of his office, all the great character, all the activity of his Bishops and his priests in benefiting all over the world the children of toil.

Read the proceedings of the great Convention of the League of the Cross just held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Sept. 14 and 15 instant. This great temperance crusade was set on foot by Cardinal Manning, the man who in the whole Church of Christ most resembles Leo XIII. in saintliness of life as well in the gifts of intellect and heart. Its chief promoter has been another apostolic priest, the devoted Father James Nugent, who is the living providence of the laboring poor of Liverpool and of their homeless children. The great Catholic weekly established by this good man at his own expense and risk, and carried on in the face of difficulties seemingly insurmountable, has now the largest circulation of any Catholic newspaper in the English language. As the organ of the League of the Cross, as the advocate of charity and temperance, and as the fearless champion of home rule, the Liverpool *Catholic Times* deserves the unbounded gratitude of the laboring classes everywhere, of all Christian peoples.

Men like Cardinal Manning and Father Nugent, obeying the inspiration coming to them from Rome, are removing fast from the lives and the homes of the laboring poor the blight and curse of intemperance. The warm letter of approbation which the Pope addressed lately to the American apostle of temperance, Bishop Ireland, was intended to encourage the holy cause not only in the United States, but wherever the English language is spoken. Indeed, the social congresses lately held in Liége and elsewhere make of temperance societies and temperance men one of the great moral agencies destined to sanctify their lives and to improve their condition. The letter to Bishop Ireland is mentioned as the sanction and encouragement given by the head of the Church to all combined efforts to wear away the evil of abuse and the use even of alcoholic stimulants.

As the success of this crusade depends essentially on the zeal and the examples of the clergy, the priests of England are fast taking up the cross of the League; and in Ireland, where the crusade is making great headway, your readers can judge of the prospects of temperance when I tell them that within the last two years the students of Maynooth College, the great nursery of the Irish priesthood, have joined the League of the Cross, stimulated by the example of their President, the Very Reverend Dr. Browne.

In removing intemperance totally and forever from the hearth and the habits of the laboring man, the Church is doing away with one great cause of poverty, and implanting in the toiler's home the blessed germ of thrift, well-doing, and more than godly virtue.

This year, 1887, the year of the Pope's golden jubilee, will not pass away without new light being shed on such labors by the ever-watchful and solicitous Pontiff. They send him a faithful and detailed account of all that is done to benefit the poor man and the workingman in these Catholic conventions. And, with all his immense occupations, Leo XIII. does not allow a single detail to escape his eye or a single beneficent endeavor or suggestion to go without his commendation.

When shall we have in the United States some such gathering of enlightened and true-hearted men as met in Liége to lay the foundations of a reform which is sure to grow with each succeeding year, till employers and workingmen, churchmen and statesmen, and every true Christian who is zealous for the salvation of society and the happiness of all its members will work together, under God's blessing, to perfect and to crown the divinest undertaking of all modern times?

BERNARD O'REILLY.

FRENCH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The Paris "Octroi" and Some of the Clever Means by Which It has been Evaded.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—There is one admission of inferiority which even the most bigoted and conceited of Englishmen or Anglomaniacs cannot refuse to make. With its rich soil, its agricultural improvements, its favorable climatic conditions, its model farms and perfected husbandry, England has been and is still lamentably incapable of producing two not unimportant items of consumption—good fowls and luscious outdoor fruit. The poultry yard is the object of great care, the most esteemed breeds of foreign birds are imported, and yet at a third-rate railway station on the Continent you can get an ordinary wing of chicken more succulent than the primest British reared capon served at a millionaire's table, and the trim and pruned orchards of wealthy landowners give neither pears nor apples to be compared with those growing almost wild in Normandy and Anjou.

The Channel Islands are the forcing houses for the early fruit and vegetables consumed in England; the inhabitants cultivate the first peas and potatoes to send them across the Channel for a price which will enable them to enjoy a second growth of these same products when they are no longer in such request by the London gourmet. But the British landowner is becoming alive to the fact that he had better convert large tracts of his own unremunerative fields into orchards and market gardens for home consumption, and with the actual depression of land and insufficiency of agricultural labor this idea is gradually gaining ground. Instead of drawing largely and expensively, not only on the Channel islands but on the Continent, for apples and pears, the English proprietor will exert himself to let English soil grow and English suns ripen his own. A visit to one of the large fruit-growing districts in France would well repay him for his trouble and teach him a useful lesson, while for the mere tourist on his return from his holidays it is a new and pleasant excursion, as interesting and picturesque in its way as the views of old cathedrals and ivy-clad ruins.

Touraine is christened the garden of France, principally on account of the pretty verdant parks and gay blossoming gardens through which the broad river Loire meanders, but Anjou is emphatically its orchard, and a generous and prolific one. From the comparatively limited Department of the Marne et Loire, during a period of two months, hundreds of thousands of baskets of fruit are sent to Paris, to Russia, but especially to England. Around the city of Angers, at some distance from its outlying suburbs, the whole of the arable land has been for the last fifteen years entirely devoted to the growing of pears, the soil and the climate having been found particularly suitable to that species of fruit. Over an area of many square miles nothing is seen but the low, rugged, homely pear trees, varying in age from 10 to 15 years, and all in full bearing. The inhabitants, a shrewd race, sharply alive to their commercial interests, ambitious to emulate the prosperity which Normandy owes partly to its apples and cider, were promptly made to understand what increased profits would accrue to them out of the conversion of their motley little property into uniform orchards, and they unanimously renounced corn and potatoes in favor of pears. Paris absorbs the first pickings, but the ravenous ogre is John Bull, who during the season devours 80,000 cases of the fruit at 40 shillings each. Russia only imports the very best qualities. They are most carefully packed, each pear being separately wrapped up in tissue paper and then placed in layers on thick paper shavings. But England is more catholic in its tastes, and accepts indiscriminately all that can be conveyed to its capacious maw.

Only one other vegetable production finds favor with the Angevine population, possibly because it in no way interferes with the more important one, and is an additional source of revenue during the early months of the year. In February, March, and April two hundred tons of cauliflowers leave the station of Angers daily for Paris and Cherbourg and Germany. A little later the whole department appears once more plunged into the depths of a rigorous winter and covered by a heavy fall of snow; the pear trees have burst forth in universal bloom, and transform the fruitful plain into the semblance of some lovely Russian steppe, while the cauliflowers, pacing under their congeniel branches of the trees, the aspect is quaint and fairylike, and not one easily forgotten.

The earliest pear is the common, savory nature Beurre Giffard, which reaches its maturity in July; a luscious anomaly one of the most esteemed and successful varieties in Anjou is the William, of English origin, which appears to have developed its best qualities in exile.

Before entering Paris the Angevine pears and cauliflowers have to run the gauntlet of the village Octroi, that omnipresent and autocratic municipal institution ever on the watch at all the entrances of the city, represented by men in uniform of domineering manner and intrusive aspect, who look upon every tourist, traveller, or pedestrian as a natural enemy, who pounces on your cab, hauls your bundles, probe the cushions of your carriage, harass you with the perfunctory question, "Rien à déclarer, Monsieur, Madame?" and do not dissemble their profound incredulity at your negative reply. All edibles are subject to a duty upon admittance in the capital and the suburbs, and a good many other things besides, appertaining to the Custom House charges. Wine—that cheap luxury in France—must apparently cost absolutely nothing in the provinces, considering that even those common qualities sold in Paris at 50 centimes the *litre* pay nearly three-quarters of that sum to the Octroi, and all comestibles are proportionately and exorbitantly taxed. But as there is proverbially a silver lining to every cloud, even the grim, mercenary, commonplace Octroi can afford some amusement, providing it is not your interest surreptitiously smuggle into Paris the forbidden fruits.

The foreigner thinks he has done Paris when he has visited the Louvre—not the American woman's Louvre, the Grands Magasins, but the galleries—the theatres, Cluny, the Luxembourg, and perhaps, if he is catholic in his tastes, the Folies Bergère and the Musée Grévin; but he still has not sought admission into the Musée de l'Octroi, or rather the Capernaum of France. It was founded with the intention of teaching the Custom House officials some of the thousand and one stratagems by which their watchfulness is foiled, and owes its origin to the patient and intelligent investigations of two members of the Parisian Octroi, who have collected and labelled all the articles employed for the fraudulent introduction of prohibited goods captured at various times by the Custom House and its branch offices.

The Museum consists of a long, low attic with whitewashed walls. Six narrow windows unprotected by shutter or blind throw a garish light on the miscellaneous collection it contains. In one corner a large solid block of white Carrera marble excites some wonder as to the difficulty it must have created to reach its present position. Touch it, and it yields to the hand, weighing no more than its bulk in feathers. It was one of a number of marble blocks on a train coming from Italy when an official, attracted by its weight, unscrewed a portion of the surface, chipped a piece off with his hammer, found it to be of tin, hollow, and containing £1,000 worth of Venetian lace. Further on lies a heap of rustic-looking logs. They are shells covered with bark, the ends unscrew, and contraband cigars are packed within. Large rolls of white linen fresh from country looms have only a thin layer of stuff over a zinc demijohn conveying a goodly quantity of alcohol. In one corner of the attic a tall fellow in livery, seated on a chair with his head sunk upon his breast, has apparently succumbed to slumber after a hearty dinner. On closer inspection you learn that a certain M. Trois Etoiles was in the habit of returning every evening to Paris from the Bois de Boulogne, driving his own victoria, with a footman on the box by his side. In due time the octroi men, knowing the gentleman and his servant well, ceased to stop the carriage and let him pass, only touching their hats. Presently Mr. Trois Etoiles had a new footman, and took to driving furiously past the office. This hurry was his perdition, for one day he came into violent contact with a huge van. The footman was thrown violently from the box, and fell to the ground with a dull thud. The octroi officials ran to his assistance, and were amazed at seeing a yellow fluid pouring from his head, and the same liquor flowing out of the shattered victoria. The servant was a cleverly constructed hollow figure able to contain many gallons of spirits, the head, face, and hands being admirably modelled in wax. Drawing nearer to the sleeping man in livery, the gash in the face which betrayed the secret is plainly visible.

The most unlikely articles are pressed into the smuggler's service. Webstones are tobacco boxes, bustles are brandy bottles, a capacious matronly bosom has suckled an India rubber baby with eighteen quarts of gin for months before it was detected; two bladders and two crutches were the stock in trade of a poor paralytic who dragged himself wearily through the gates of Paris morning and evening. The bladders hung between his apparently infirm limbs, and with the hollow crutches carried wine. An honest-looking workman's corduroy waistcoat is double-breasted with tin, and was filled with alcohol; it was found on a stoker killed in a railway collision. One ingenious pumpkin, among many others for three months on a costermonger's cart, under the scrutiny of the Octroi, without eliciting any suspicion, till the pumpkin season being over, its obstinate reappearance led to its capture, and its owner was convicted of fraudulently passing cider alcohol. In 1884, during the serious cholera epidemic, a humble hearse, covered with a pall, drove daily before the Octroi. The employees stood at a prudent distance to let it pass, respectfully baring their heads before the victim of the disease. But as time passed and the cholera subsided, and with it the fear of infection, they one day ventured to raise the pall, and found beneath it, not a corpse, but a brown mummy constructed of choice brands of cigars. These and many other equally ingenious devices reveal the deep craft, unscrupulous invention, and bold recklessness of those who belonging to or simulating any profession, make it their business and probably their pleasure to circumvent the Octroi and put to naught its regulations. M. DE B.

A CHAPTER ON WEDDINGS.

The Court Journal's Style of Printing Lists of Presents—Brides' and Bridesmaids.

The blackmailing of people into giving expensive presents at weddings by the custom of publishing afterward a full list of the gifts and the donors, which has long been abolished in this country except on such state occasions as when the daughter of the ex-Mayor of Oshkosh weds the nephew of an ex-member of the Legislature from Kalamazoo, and the Oshkosh *Herald of Freedom* publishes an account of the affair in double-leaded pica, with job-type heads, is in full vogue in England, and in the columns of no less august and conservative a periodical than the *Court Journal*. When beings in British high life effect a matrimonial alliance, if it is a regular one, the organ of the court transmits to posterity not only the name of the bride, the style of her dress, the particular shade of hair she wore on the occasion, and interesting details as to the trousseau, but also surrenders anywhere from half a column to a column and a half of its presumably valuable space to a catalogue of the little trifles sent in by the friends in honor of the occasion. Every article, down to the very last pickle dish and the poor little mite of some affectionate chambermaid or coachman, is set out in cold type, and even the little tokens of regret sent in to the groom personally by his bachelor friends do not escape this dire catalogue.

These columns of record of the tribute of people to the fear of being thought mean are interesting reading, as an evidence of the eccentricity of human nature bent on giving somebody something. The great majority of the gifts, of course, are, as in this country, butter dishes, spoons, cream jugs, and things of that sort, but occasionally there are incursions into the regions of originality. In the account, for instance, in the last issue of the *Journal* of the marriage of Mr. Arthur Percy Richardson, youngest son of the late Mr. J. Richardson of Glenmore, county Antrim, to Miss Ethel Stronge, eldest daughter of Mr. Edmond Stronge, and granddaughter of the late Sir James M. Stronge, Bart., Tynan Abbey, county Armagh, it is set out that Mr. Acheson St. George presented upon the bride one brass-mounted aneroid barometer; and further on is put down the fact that a brass-mounted aneroid barometer was the gift to the bride of Major and Mrs. Lopdell, while, to show how prevalent was the idea that a storm indicator was likely to be needed in the new Richardson family, is the record in the list of presents to the groom of the gift of one large aneroid barometer, in horseshoe stand, from Mr. and Mrs. Crailsheim. The bride in this case had nothing of which to complain in the ante-nuptial generosity of her husband, for he heads the column and a half of gifts with a diamond and sapphire ring, diamond solitaire earrings, diamond star, gold and platinum curb bracelet, and a gold and cut crystal pin. From this munificence the groom passes down the list to the registration Prayer Book and hymn book sent in by the Archdeacon of Derry, the "large glass bowl on mirror" for which the household servants and coachman at Lizard Manor chipped in, and the photograph frame from the Misses Walsh of Ballykilcavan. Ten candlesticks, three clocks, three sets of seven bracelets, and a button hook are included in the list of the bride's gifts. Two different ladies, both misses, gave the groom cigarette cases, and somebody else gave him a silver and crocodile match box, while both bride and groom received a tantalizing spirit stand.

Another wedding in the same issue of the *Journal* was that of Major Horace Walpole, late King's Royal Rifles, of Mannington Hall, Norfolk, to Pauline, younger daughter of Charles Langdale of Houghton Hall, Brough, Yorkshire, and Celbridge Abbey, county Kildare. Here, the groom generously gave his gift being a tiara of diamonds, sapphire and diamond crescent, sapphire and diamond bracelet, and a sapphire ring. Altogether, however, Mrs. Walpole started in married life considerably less well provided with sugar bowls, spoons, and toilet sets than was Mrs. Richardson. The great folk probably did not know that her list of presents would get into the *Court Journal*, for so high and mighty a name as that of the Viscountess Canterbury is set down opposite one table cover, while Lady Drummond Wolff sees herself confronted in starring fashion with the awful record of one mustard pot, and Lady Keppel appears as sponsor for one book marker. Lady Henniker and Lady Bonthwick each contributed one pepper box to the future happiness of the wedded pair, and an idea of the desirability of spice in the family seems to have been general, for four other pepper boxes are in the list, besides no end of salt cellars and an array of mustard pots. Mr. Cecil Drummond Wolff, in spite of his name, gave only some Egyptian dress trimmings. The Hon. Mary Howard is down for one inkstand, and the Hon. Teresa Maxwell for a dozen of silver teaspoons. The Earl and Countess of Londesborough gave silver handglasses, and Mme. D'Arcos one card tray. Sir T. Grattan Esmonde was more generous. His gift was four large silver dessert dishes, while Sir Charles and Lady Clifford gave "antique ornaments." The assessments in the household servants evidently were not heavy, for they raised only a silver crumb tray and an illuminated address. The workmen on the estate gave "silver salts," the tradesmen silver fish carvers, and the school children one smelling bottle. Altogether Mrs. Walpole received five scent bottles, three sets of clocks, seven candlesticks, two button hooks, three inkstands, and three prayer books.

Another strange freak of English fashion is that of giving tradesmen a puff along with the wedding notices. So it is gravely set forth at the end of one account in the same large type that records the style of the bride's dress that "The lovely dresses worn by the bridesmaids, the toilets worn by several of the company, and the pretty gowns for the bridal trousseau were supplied by Mesdames Ponceret and Langstaff, 25 Alfred place west, South Kensington," and further that "Many of the bridal presents were supplied by Messrs. Parkins & Gotto, Oxford street, by special appointment to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales and H. R. H. the Crown Princess of Germany." Likewise, in the account of the marriage of Catherine Penelope Cave-Browne-Cave, second daughter of the Rev. Ambrose Cheyne Cave-Browne-Cave, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Cave-Browne-Cave, Bart., of Shelton-en-le-field, Derbyshire, with William Crewdson Howard, eldest son of the late John Eliot Howard, Esq., of Tunbridge Wells, it is recorded that "The magnificent wedding cake, which was greatly admired, was supplied by Messrs. W. & G. Buszard, of 197 and 199 Oxford street, London."

The prevailing costume for English brides now is of rich white or cream satin. White silk is also fashionable, and one recent costume was of royal blue satin with a blue tulle bonnet and sprays of laburnum. In bridesmaids' costumes there is more opportunity under fashionable license for variety, and the opportunity is not neglected. The four bridesmaids of Miss Pauline Langdale wore cell blue merveilleux, covered with point d'esprit, with merveilleux bodices in Louis XV. style, with long sashes of moiré ribbon, and hats to correspond, with bluets of different shades.

The maids who attended Miss Mary Orme when she married Mr. Gervase Oliver, late of the Royal Navy, wore dresses of fine white embroidered muslin, with sashes of white moiré and hats to match. They each carried a basket of real flowers, and had real flowers in their hats, and also wore gold bangles, the gifts of the bridegroom.

Miss Boothby, daughter of Col. R. T. Boothby, had eight bridesmaids at her wedding. Four of them were young ladies, and wore white China silk with large silk hats to match, and the other four were children. The elder ones carried posies and the children baskets of shaded carnations, with ribbons en suite and brooches with the initials H. and M. in diamonds, gifts of the bridegroom.

Miss Georgina Howard had only two bridesmaids at her wedding—an unusually small number for the present fashion—but they were dressed in primrose faille française, with trimming of crêpe de chêne of the same color, and full vest, of white lace, deep red straw hats trimmed with primrose watered ribbon, and they carried bouquets of red and yellow flowers.

The seven bridesmaids of Miss Maud de La Fosse all wore pale pink silk and white lace, with tulle veils and ribbon aigrettes, and shoes and stockings to match; also bouquets.

The same number of maids attended Miss E. G. Gambier Parry, and they were dressed in white striped muslin, with waistcoats of white watered silk and long sashes and ribbons of the same, and white tulle bonnets trimmed with wheat and oats. Each wore a safety pin brooch with pearl butterfly, and a bouquet of choice white flowers and yellow allamandas.

At the marriage of Mr. J. J. Tylor, eldest son of the late Alfred Tylor, Esq., F. R. S., with Miss Marion Young, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Young, the bride wore a curious turquoise brooch which had been for four generations worn by the bride at a wedding of the eldest son of the Tylor family. This was the only bit of color in her whole costume, her dress being a bodice of white-ribbed silk with a skirt of white crêpe de chêne, her veil of tulle, orange blossoms and pearls.

Speaking of wedding dresses, Pope Leo XIII., when the question of ordering a trousseau for his niece came up the other day, told his private secretary that he wished all the dresses to be either white, blue, or black, those being in his opinion the only colors that really become young women. Gray and brown are both very well in their way, but should be reserved for elderly ladies. All the other colors, his Holiness thinks, unsuitable for women to wear.

Striped Bass in Barnegat Bay.

Piscatorially inclined readers of THE SUN will be pleased to hear that there are more striped bass along our coast at the present time than there have been for many seasons. At the inlet in Barnegat Bay there are boilers running from two pounds up. Charley North and Al Clayton of this city tried them on Monday, and after getting a dozen pounders lost all their tackle on big fish. Jersymen from all parts who have the tip are now heading for Barnegat.

THE HIGHWAYS OF ASIA.

How the Matchless Roads of British India Were Built—What the Japanese Can Show—The Wretched Roads of China.

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Leading the world in many things, this country is most emphatically behind all other civilized countries in the matter of roads. Every American who has travelled abroad, and particularly in Europe, comes back home filled with regrets that the splendid macadam highways of England and Continental Europe have no counterpart in this country. I am not one who thinks this state of affairs calls for unqualified reproach, for many natural causes combine against good roads in the United States. First and foremost, no doubt, come the railroads, which in many parts of the country preceded wagon road improvement entirely. The tremendous extent of territory, the comparative sparseness of population, the absence of suitable material over large areas of rich agricultural States, and the lack of military necessity, may be mentioned among the reasons for inferior roads here.

It is not the purpose of this sketch, however, to dwell upon the hackneyed subject of roads and their inferior condition in America, but rather to take a peep at the roads of other countries and the methods employed in their improvement. The most critical judges of roads are undoubtedly the men who traverse them on bicycles. A horseman or a pedestrian can step over holes, wade through sand or mud, and pick his way through loose or protruding stones without undue annoyance. The wheelman, however, guiding his sensitive steel steed is affected from first to last by the condition of the ground beneath him. It might seem a good deal like presumption on my part to assert that I am in a position to pronounce upon the comparative merits of the world's roadways better than any man living; but no reader who has ever ridden a bicycle would doubt the assertion. Having made a trail around the land portion of the earth's surface with a bicycle, I can now take an ordinary map of the world and trace out from beginning to end of that great circle, where the road is good, where it is bad or indifferent, and where it is execrable.

The best roads in the world, many readers will be surprised to hear, are in British India. After riding the bicycle 1,400 miles through the Punjab, Oude and Bengal, I am fairly at a loss to find words to express sufficiently my admiration of the enterprise that has belted India with such magnificent highways as I found there. The finest road in India is known as the Grand Trunk road; it extends for 1,600 miles, an unbroken highway of marvellous perfection, from Peshawur on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta. It is metalled for much of its length with a substance peculiar to the country known as kunkah. Kunkah is obtained almost anywhere throughout the Punjab underlying the surface soil. It is a sort of loose nodular deposit of calcareous concrete which may be readily converted into lime by burning in a kiln. When rolled and wetted it cements together and forms a hard surface smooth and compact as an asphaltum pavement, and of excellent wearing quality. A valuable and peculiar property of kunkah is that the beds are constantly replenished by natural processes born of some favorable condition of the soil. After exhausting a bed of kunkah the land is levelled and allowed to remain undisturbed for a year, after which the same land again yields a supply of kunkah. In passing down the road one sees big gangs of natives repairing the surface with kunkah dug out of beds immediately by the roadside. At certain seasons of the year the road overseers of the districts collect big gangs of men and women who proceed to repair such portions of the road as need attention. The worn portions are picked out to the bottom of the metalling, and refilled with new kunkah as neatly as though it were a section of concrete pavement in a city sidewalk. A portion of the men carry the kunkah on their heads in wooden trays from the near-by pit to the road, the women carry jars of water from roadside well, pool, or river. The kunkah is spread, the water thrown over it, and another gang of men tamp it down with iron tampers, in renewing whole miles of road this process is continued over ranged three and four deep and stretch clear across the road, the order of procedure being one short step forward at every tamp. In this manner the gangs pass up and down the new-made stretch several times, leaving it at last solid enough to run a steam engine over. Of late years bullocks and heavy iron rollers imported from England are used, and sometimes the rollers without the bullocks, big teams of men taking the place of the animals.

When the British first began making roads in India, it was with the greatest difficulty that they could induce the natives to pay a cent pay. "No, Sahib," the gentle Indian ryot would say. "No, Sahib, we will make the roads for you and welcome, but we will never submit to being paid for the work." Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the reception of wages would be a violation of the caste employed by the dusky road makers. The class of people the Government had to depend on to make the roads were independent ryots or small farmers, accustomed from time immemorial to subsist by tilling the soil for a share of the produce. The prospect pay for service was anything outside their established profession would degrade them and lower their caste. The only way the Government could recompense them was to make them presents from time to time. No end of tact had to be employed even in doing this, so much is a violation of caste regarded by the Hindoos.

Among the Asiatics themselves, the Japs appear to be the only people who, of their own independent enterprise, approach the road-making methods of Western nations. The Japs are a wonderfully clever people any way, and a few hundred years ago were probably the equal of any nation that had good artificial highways. Kaempfer, the Dutch traveller, who travelled considerably in the Mikado's empire in the latter part of the seventeenth century, spoke of the excellent condition of the Tokaido at that age, when the roads of England and Europe were almost impassable, and worse than now. To-day the enterprising Japs can show features of road improvement that I, at least, saw in no other country.

Japan is a pretty mountainous country, and the roads are maintained at a good deal of expense and trouble. I traversed 800 miles of Japanese roads with my bicycle, and found them excellent the whole distance, although somewhat hilly in places. At one point I found that the enterprising road makers had burrowed clear through a mountain, making a tunnel several hundred yards long, and at another point one somewhat shorter. These were the only tunnels I passed through the whole world round that had been made entirely for the ordinary roadway. In the longest tunnel they maintained a system of big kerosene lamps and reflectors, and at the entrances to the shorter one were sun reflectors that cast a gleam of light into it from either end. The only vehicles used in Japan, except a few carriages about Tokio and the treaty ports, are *jinrikishas*, or man-carriages. These were first introduced into Japan by an American missionary about twenty years ago, and now it is computed that not less than 100,000 are in use throughout the country. The wheels of the *jinrikisha* are about three feet apart, and the roads are usually about ten feet. At one point, over the Hakone Pass, the Japs have paved sixteen miles of the road with matched boulders. At first this was probably as smooth as ordinary Belgian block, but time and travel have in the course of several centuries made it rough. The only piece of real neglected road I found was from Kobe to Osaka, about twenty miles. This is significant from the fact that a railway has for several years been in operation between these two cities. It would seem to indicate that the introduction of the iron road bodes ill for the proper maintenance of the ordinary roadways of the country. The Japs make their roads out of broken stone, gravel from the beds of the rivers and from the beach, and from disintegrant granite from the mountains. The Tokaido winds its way a good deal around the base of mountains. I have seen swarms of road men up the mountain sides, loosening and starting down banks of this broken granite, while other men were busy at the bottom of the hill in bamboo baskets. Gangs of criminals, chained together, or with shackles and ball, are also sometimes employed on the roads in Japan. Tiny tolls are collected at wide intervals, amounting to twenty-five cents, probably, throughout the entire 800 miles I rode over. It was the Grand Trunk Road that saved India to the British during the Sepoy mutiny; and, no doubt, Japan was first indebted to military necessity for the splendid imperial roads that traverse its mountainous length from Nagasaki to the north of Tokio.

The worst roads in the world are in China. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that China is a country without roads as we of the West understand the term. My personal observations were confined chiefly to southern China, but I believe they are worse, if anything, in the north. The roads in Canton consist of rough slabs of sandstone, about six feet long by a foot wide. These are sometimes laid crosswise and sometimes lengthwise, two by two, across the rice fields. When the rice fields are situated in the river bottoms and liable to inundation, these stone walks are elevated several feet above the general level on the top of narrow banks. The thrifty and acquisitive Celestial agriculturist, unable to resist the temptation of encroaching even on the narrow bank that supports the stones, sometimes picks the dirt away until the two parallel stones stand away from the middle like the bridge tile of a roof. It is often a more difficult feat to traverse these elevated pathways than it would be to walk along the top of an ordinary brick wall. I suppose these paths are repaired sometimes, but I never saw a man repairing a road in China. Even in districts where much of the traffic is carried on the peculiar wheelbarrows of the country, no improvement ever seems to be made in the roads. The barrows are taken over all sorts of breakneck places, but only by main strength and awkwardness. The wheelbarrow coolies travel in big companies, and when they reach a place that cannot be wheeled over they unite strength and lift the loaded barrows across.

The country about Constantinople presents a curious picture of former methods of road making in the Orient. The country is traversed in all directions by narrow causeways of huge blocks of stone. These were evidently built by the Greeks or Byzantines for military purposes. Sometimes these ancient roads are not over three or four feet wide; the object being to provide roadways for troops when the country was muddy and impassable.

The Turks are now making good macadam roads throughout Asia Minor under the supervision of European road engineers. With the exception of the methods of forced labor employed in their construction, we might emulate with profit even the unspeakable Turk in making road improvements. They have a very mountainous and difficult country in Anatolia, Angora, and Sivas to make artificial roads through, and the work they are doing there is simply tremendous. The Pasha of a district, when the spirit moves him to go into the business of making macadam roads, orders out all the able-bodied men and the pack donkeys to the task. A European road engineer is employed, and a staff of assistant superintendents and surveyors. The men are provided with tools and blasting powder, and are required to do a certain amount of work each. The broken rock is carried with painful toil from the quarries to the road on donkeys' backs. The men receive no wages, and are required to provide their own food and support for their donkeys. These are the military roads that are believed to be the only salvation for Turkey in the next Armenian campaign with Russia. As there is practically no vehicular traffic in the country, one sees these well-made military roads winding through Asiatic Turkey mile after mile without so much as a wheel track.

The Persians have no artificial roads except short drives about Teheran, and a semi-improved stretch of 100 miles between Kasyeen and the capital. The French have short stretches of good road about Saigon, and the Russians have built miles of good road in Siberia and Turkoman cities. The great road builders of the age, however, are undoubtedly the English. Beside the matchless roads of India, every little settlement in the East and about the treaty ports of China and Japan speaks eloquently of this particular road building enterprise of our cousins across the water.

THOMAS STEVENS.

SEARCHING THE BUSTLES.

A Woman's Description of the Work of the Inspectresses on the Wharves.

From the Providence Journal.

Indignant woman is not a pleasant person to run against, and usually people give her a wide berth; but wait on the docks of New York on a European steamer and you find her, not in the singular, but in the plural number. In former years it was an easy matter to rush through a few (?) presents, fifty or so. Now, with the advent of women on the docks as inspectresses, a sad change has come o'er the spirit of the fair traveller's dream. These inspectresses are Barge Office employees, under the charge of Mrs. Mary E. Williams, chief of the bureau. They range in age from 16 years to that point where women stop having birthdays. Their hours at the Barge Office on the Battery are from 9 and 7 A. M. on alternate weeks, to 6 P. M. At this season they are rushed, Sunday being the busiest day. A competitive civil service examination, such as any pupil in the upper grammar grades could pass, secures a position and a salary of $93 a month. When a vessel is signted off Fire Island its arrival is telegraphed to the Battery. As the barrows the Custom House officials board the great steamer, and others, with inspectresses, prepare to meet her when safely tied to her landing. At one end of the gorgeously fitted up saloon the men in brass buttons and white caps with gilt insignia, seat themselves, and in Indian file the passengers come up to the impromptu desks.

"Your name?" asks the officer.

"J. Helene Jones." So much is honest.

"Alone or with an escort?"

Here comes the rub. If unattended, her ladyship must pay a duty of this hundred eyes of the female Argus detailed to inspect the luggage of ladies travelling alone. If with a gentleman this is avoided, and although she has tramped all over the Continent, and bought from every shop in London and Paris without any aid, the result, just being pulled up from the hold of the ship, at the seaside resort, with a male protection a most desirable thing. Her answer, truthfully or no, goes down, and the next interrogation is regarding the number of trunks, boxes, parcels, and packages. They must all be enumerated "big box, little box, bandbox, and bundle."

"Dutiable or non-dutiable?" she is asked. Nine cases out of ten she smilingly says she has nothing at all upon which duty can be charged—in her judgment. Subsequent events prove that differences of opinion still exist in this cold, cruel world, where an unfeeling Government demands its pound of feminine flesh *friperie*. Madamoiselle is then passed to the man opposite and signs her name to this paper. She has thus sworn to possessing no dutiable articles. If squeamish she may reply that she has a few trifles and is asked to name them and value them, and to swear that "Seldom is the true cost given, and often sales bills are produced (kindly arranged by parties across), substantiating her statements. The questioning closes with a number handed her on a check, corresponding to that on her sworn deposition. With it goes a printed circular informing one bribery is punishable. The steamer reaches her pier.

Mlle. Jones, in a now seal jacket and Parisian bonnet, brings down numberless small parcels, her steward, gracious under a final tip, in the rear with portmanteau, rugs, and umbrellas. His spaces having all mirrors, announces she "had a perfectly lovely time; actually gained sixteen pounds!" this last fact corroborated by an apparent increase in volume and weight. Somehow her dress-improver has swelled, but she accounts for this as the very latest from Regent street fashion models. But keep quiet, ye relics! the actress, most voluble, too much so for the cool miss in ulster now controlling all belongings. To the hand bag first dives the woman official. Nothing there. Her steamer trunk. Also empty, void of anything suspicious, although a nightdress case is poked into, to the bag and boxes ditto. Still *nihil*. Rugs, full cloak, and umbrellas are opened. Miss Jones started with none, she now carries four of a recent make. They pass. A second key opens a huge Saratoga and each tray comes under inspection. There is much head gear, suspiciously new, but it goes as personal belongings. Dresses undergo no inspection, but also passes. Dresses of late make are tossed aside and into each corner go the quick hands. Ah! Something hard is struck