MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 8, 1874.

GOLDWIN SMITH, formerly professor of history in Oxford university, and who lately occupied the same chair in Cornell university, New York, has returned to England, disgusted with the United States. Of course, he had to make a speech in explanation of his course when he got home. In this, among other things, he charged the people of the Union generally, and of the eastern States particularly, with a deep-rooted feeling of hostility to England. To this Professor Tyndal was called upon to make answer by the *Academy*, which he did by trite quotations from the speeches of William M. Evarts, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Professor Draper and other equally notable gentlemen, delivered at the farewell banquet given to him on the eve of his return to England from a lecture tour, unexampled for success in the history of this country or England. The distinguished scientist, in adducing these proofs of the conservative feeling of Americans for England, said that either the speakers surpassed in dissimulation, or they spoke the truth, and as their actions spoke louder than their words, he was forced to believe they were honest in word as in deed, and he was right. There may be, and there are foolish people, compounds of so many prejudices as to hate England, and speak that hate in terms neither tame nor choice, but they are comparatively few in number. We believe that the great majority of the American people regard England, if not with affection, certainly with the favor of kinship and identity in language and similarity of effort for civilization. England has many wrongs to answer for; so have we; and what nation has not? but the good she has done, and the benefits she has conferred upon mankind, will far outweigh the wrong. We remember her labors for human freedom, and we remember that in all the arts of peace, in mechanics and at present in science, she is the first nation in the world, a nation that makes herself felt as a controlling power in all the avenues of human endeavor. The citizens of the United States, alive to the weaknesses of the British system of government, and fully informed of all wrong growing out of it to the people of the three kingdoms, are not unmindful of the greatness and goodness of the people who have championed every liberal cause, and were among the first to enforce respect for citizenship from foreign nations, setting an example that even we have not yet fully availed ourselves of. We do not forget the almost abject condition of the British laboring-classes, nor the multitudinous injustices of Ireland; neither do we forget India, nor China, nor our own colonial days; but we remember, too, much that is good and great in English history, and can afford to say that we do not hate England, if we do not love her. The people of the United States have an intelligent appreciation of England, and willingly concede to her the highest place among the nations of the Old World, hoping it may be given them to concede that by the adoption of a republican form of government, and the wiping out of laws of entail and primogeniture, and other blunders, crimes and absurdities in legislation, to say that she stands on a footing with the United States the freest and best of all the nations of the earth.

THE people of the United States, and especially of the south, have fewer holidays and fewer public sports, and indulge less relaxation from toil, than any on the globe. Thanksgiving day is only observed in New England. We once recognized the fourth of July as a holiday; but the government of these States became so terrible under Radical dispensation, that the people absolutely deplored for a time separation from the "mother country," and independence-day was forgotten. When slavery subsisted, Christmas week was a jubilee, and everywhere in the south perfect idleness, and endless sports and festivities reigned. "The bottom rail got on top," and Christmas was forgotten. In substitution for these holidays of the olden time, Memphis, copying from New Orleans, instituted the festival of fun and maskers. It has and can have no religious significance. It wounds no prejudice of intelligence, and if there be those degraded enough to use masks to flaunt their indecency in the faces of the multitude, we must condemn them, and not the innocent occasion that evoked the facts? Two or three depraved, perhaps unfortunate, misanthropic women, hating the world as they despise themselves, have excited this outcry against the appropriation of one single day to fun and laughter. Sanctimonious piety, therefore rails out against it. Puritanism is aghast, and it is practically asserted that this people, when masked, cannot enact parts of decency. It is a terrible commentary upon the power of churches and schools, upon the civilization and morals of the place, and, if true, it were well to abandon the scheme and let Front row pull at cotton and Main street at tape and calico, tirelessly any ceaselessly forever. If the absurdities and drolleries of individual maskers, or the splendid garniture of processional wonders; if representations of each king and queen of England for a thousand years, offend the taste of Memphis, because mock heroic monarchs are masked, the scheme should be abandoned. We cannot see the wrong done, or how it is harmful to indulge a harmless taste for the ludicrous, and let wonder and laughter reign in Memphis after many months of tears and sadness, through a single blessed day.

IT is the misfortune of the Catholic church just now to have a few indiscreet spokesmen, who seem to take pleasure in being as offensive as possible. For instance, Mr. Louis Veuillot, editor of *L'Univers*, of Paris, because the Bishop of Orleans refused to exalt the banner of the Sacred Heart carried by the Papal zouaves during the late war between France and Germany, compared that illustrious prelate to Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilot. This was more than the man of peace could stand, and in a response written with all the fire and force which have made the name of the great Savoyard prelate illustrious, he said "that no influence has done half so much as *L'Univers* by its insolence, and the exaggeration of its ideas, to destroy the work of the Catholic and monarchial restoration, which is the great hope of France." This was enough. *L'Univers* has suspended, and Veuillot will have to deal out his blackguardism, if at all, in some other sheet. But we have a sample of imprudence nearer home. Mr. Orestes A. Bronson, in the January number of the *Catholic Review*, argues that children should be trained to live in the sphere in which their parents live and move, and never, as a rule, for a higher sphere. This is not only wrong, but stupidly so in these days of progress, and the Boston *Pilot* (a Catholic paper of deserved influence) most effectually answered it when it said: "We believe it to be the duty of every parent, no matter what his social position—so long as he is neither hind nor slave—to give his child the best education in his power. Religion demands this from him, civilization demands it, and the moral and physical health of the child demands it."

THE Waverly *Journal* speaks our sentiments in an admirable article under the head, "Organize." It says that "what is required of the Democrats in order to defeat the ulterior purposes of the Republican party, is to organize. Let this be done without delay. Organize in every county and civil district. This is a duty which Democrats owe to themselves, as well as to the country at large. We have a clear majority in nearly every county in the State, and can easily defeat the Republican party in the coming elections, if we only act together, and do not suffer our strength to be fritted away, as we did, by the ruinous policy adopted in 1872. The results of our folly in the last State election should teach us a most wholesome lesson. Will we profit by it?" That's the question.

THERE is no room for doubt that Mr. Gladstone and the liberals are beaten "horse, foot and dragoons," by the conservatives. The figures by telegraph today announce the election of four hundred and eighty-four members, two hundred and fifty-five of whom are conservatives and two hundred and twenty-nine liberals. The London *Telegraph* and the *Post* attribute this defeat to the indiscretions of Mr. Bruce and some of the workingmen's leaders. There are one hundred and seventy-four seats still to fill, and the liberals are bending all their energies, but it is conceded without hope of lessening the majority of the conservatives. Disraeli will doubtless replace Gladstone as premier in a few days.

THE Jackson correspondent of the Vicksburg *Times*, writing of the recent election of United States senators by the legislature of Mississippi, says the conservatives generally voted for Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, and that considerable bitterness of feeling is manifested by the disappointed candidates, not because of the election of the gentlemen who have been honored, but on account of outside influences which were brought to bear, through, it is charged, selfish motives, and alleged breaches of faith on the part of influential and distinguished gentlemen. Congressman Howe comes in for a generous share of the cursings, sometimes loud as well as deep, which are indulged in by groups of disappointed politicians.

THE second instant was a day to be remembered in New York on account of the intense cold, and a blinding snowstorm that made pedestrianism difficult, especially during the hours when the poorer portion of the working -es are making their way home from labor. The misery and suffering thus entailed were intensified by a high wind which drifted the snow in hammocks, impeding the progress of the overcrowded street-cars, even when drawn double teams. But the storm was not without its lesson. The leading papers of the metropolis are loud in their demand for either underground or elevated railroads whereby alone these troubles of travel in winter may be obviated.

THE Union railroad depot and the location of the courthouse are now the questions of the hour, and should receive the immediate attention of the general council. The construction of these great works would afford employment to four or five hundred of our unemployed laborers and mechanics, and be the means of giving an impetus to private enterprise that is very much needed just now.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says Kellogg and his supporters are quite mistaken in imagining that there will be any opposition to his plans from the holders of bonds that have heretofore been held as repudiated and valueless. They are quite willing to exchange for consolidated bonds at sixty, and Kellogg has supplied them with a very satisfactory agency to effect such an exchange.

WHEN the general council meets in regular session next month, it should take up the suggestions of the mayor *seriatim*, and enforce them by ordinance. That one in particular having reference to the cleansing of the streets and alleys, and the repair of the pavement, should be passed upon without delay. We cannot make wealth without health.

MISSISSIPPI is the happy land of Canaan for political darkies. They have one of their own color for lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, superintendent of public education, speaker of the house (who is characterized by the Vicksburg *Herald* as "ignorant, base and insolent"), and any number of sheriffs, clerks, constables, representatives and senators.

THE abolition of the franking privilege saves the postoffice department over two hundred thousand dollars a year on one railroad alone—the Baltimore and Ohio. It would be interesting to know how much on all the others. But this is enough to prove the necessity for opposition to the revival of a privilege so costly.

THE New York legislature is, we are happy to say, considering a bill making it a criminal offense to treat Italian boys as chattels. We hope every State in the Union will follow suit, and assist Victor Emmanuel in his efforts in behalf of the liberty of his children.

THE New York *Times* makes a timely confession, and says that, "look at it in what way you please, no one can deny that, under such a government as ours, it is a terrible scandal to have a great State kept in the condition in which we see Louisana at this moment."

GENERAL MAXEY, the recently elected senator from Texas, is a graduate of West Point, and, according to the press of his State, is an old army friend and associate of President Grant, by whom he has always been cordially received.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY GEORGE W. GIFT.

Within the past ten days I have been called upon by two dozen or more people, who wished me to tell them in very few words (as they knew my time was valuable) all about the climate of California, whether it was anything like what the "gushers" from the "slop" are in the habit of describing when they write back; whether it is real cool in summer and mild in summer? And as there is more interested in the matter than those I have seen, I conclude to print my answer. I hardly know where to begin. The State extends between the parallels of thirty-two and forty-two degrees, north latitude; has within its boundaries ranges of mountains continually covered with snow, and also a region of thousands of square-miles of desert, which in summer is as hot as a furnace and as dry as a powder-horn—hence there is a range all the way from a hundred degrees above zero to the freezing point. This would indicate that the climate of the immense territory called California, is not all alike, any more than Maine is like Florida; which is so. Invalids and those who are inquiring about climate, to two classes, of whom I shall address myself, to-wit: those suffering from complications arising from a deranged liver, and those stricken with disease of the lungs. I take it that the first class desire a bracing atmosphere, free from malaria, equally mild and temperate. You do not wish it hot in summer or cold in winter, but a happy mean between the two. To such the counties adjacent to San Francisco are to be commended; say Monterey, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Alameda, Contra Costa, Napa, Sonoma, Mendocino, Mavin and San Mateo. In summer you will get an average maximum day temperature of seventy-five degrees and an average minimum night temperature of from sixty to sixty-five degrees. The highest temperature will not warrant summer clothes, and the lowest demand blankets on the bed at night. In winter the grass grows about as it does here in the latter part of March, and it is very seldom that the mercury recedes to the freezing point. Occasionally several winters occur in succession in which the temperature does not get down to thirty-two degrees. The seasons are divided into "rainy" and "dry." The first begins in November, and is generally opened by a heavy storm, with the wind from the southeast. This storm of wind and rain may last for forty-eight hours, although generally not so long. It clears off with a blue sky and balmy atmosphere, and the grasses spring up as if by magic, and in a few days the hills and valleys are clothed in a garb of emerald. During the winter, and until April, it rains frequently, though not all the time. December is marked sometimes by twenty rainy days; January, February and March have less damp weather. In April a last shower occurs, and then begins the dry season. From that time on until November there is neither rain nor dew; everything is dry and parched; the grass cures and becomes hay as it stands in the fields, and the dumb brute fatten and grow sleek on the withered grass. Persons camping out require no tents. The warmth of this climate in winter is due to the "set" of the Kuro-Siwo, or Japanese gulf-stream, against the coast, as does the Atlantic gulf-stream against the coast of Great Britain. Its bracing coolness is due to the fact that the constantly prevailing winds of the coast blow from the northwest, infringing upon mountains along the coast, and following the direction of the ranges. These ranges are generally sufficiently lofty to bar the ingress of these fierce northerly sea breezes into the interior, but at San Francisco, and several spots near there, gaps are made by the outflowing of water courses, or depressions, and the winds sweep in. The speed of these winds is accelerated in day time, in summer, as they rush inland; accelerated because the bright sun sets the plains glowing, and rarifies the air, and sends it upward. A vast store of sea breeze, tonic and invigorating, is drawn through these funnels, and distributed through the counties named. Just at the point where it rushes in, it is likely that the climate is too raw for a delicate person; but after it has been toned down by passing over a few miles of warm radiating ground, it makes a most delicious climate. For the reason that the breezes named are, to a certain extent, laden with moisture, the localities named are not to be recommended to persons suffering from pulmonary troubles, not to be recommended as compared with the countries farther south. If you will look at the map you will observe that a mountain formation completely shelters South Barbara and the southern counties. San Bernardino is the place I would select as the spot for consumptives. It has an exceedingly dry atmosphere, being sixty miles from the sea, with an altitude of twelve hundred feet; and the climate is so mild that tomatoes have been cultivated this season during the entire winter. As a matter of course the tropical fruits flourish; so they do also in the counties about San Francisco. As between Florida and San Bernardino, I should prefer the latter for many reasons: First, a better climate—better because it contains less moisture, and is not subject to changes in consequence of northerly winds, and has no taint or trace of malaria (or, to speak more correctly, has none of the parasites which occasion the fevers we attribute to malaria); second, the scenery is bold and picturesque. The surrounding mountains inviting healthful rambles and excursions. I have mentioned San Bernardino merely as a representative place. I presume there are fifty other spots in the counties of Sandiego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara and Ventura equally as good as the town of San Bernadial. In summer the weather in the southern counties is warm enough to be oppressive in daytime, hence I do not recommend it to the sufferer from a deranged liver. There is a subtle principle in the atmosphere called ozone, which is always detected in great quantities in times of healthfulness, and cannot be found during the prevalence of violent epidemics, hence it has been thought that this principle is antagonistic to the influence that causes disease in men. San Francisco is the most healthy city in America, and there also ozone is found in greater quantities than elsewhere. In the valleys near by, and in the foot hills and mountains, the quantity increases, and human life is subject to fewer necessitudes. The last person who spoke to me on the climate subject also desired to know whether I thought he could make a living out there. As this paper is already sufficiently long, I will reserve my answer to the last query for next Sunday.

Memphis, Tenn., February 7, 1874.

Chorus of ladies to comely curate who is ascending the ladder to hang decorations—"Oh, Mr. Sweetlow, do take care! Don't go up! So dangerous! Do come down! Oh!" Rector (sarcastically)—"Really, Sweetlow, don't you think you'd better let a married man do that?" —*Punch.*

Dr. Alpheus B. Crosby thinks that in fashionable churches, where ventilation is generally defective, it will be found that children are the first to succumb to asphyxia, and because of his elevated position the minister is often enabled to complete his sermon without much physical discomfort.

The Los Animas (Col.) *Leader* says: "The duke of Somerset has been sojourning in Bent county for some weeks, the guest of J. W. Campbell. He is hunting in the wilds of Bent and Los Animas counties, and thinks it enjoyment. He gets fifty thousand pounds a year for being his father's son."

On the arrival of the duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie in England, about the beginning of March, they will proceed direct from the port of disembarkation to Windsor Castle, in order that the grand duke may present his bride to the queen before receiving any public congratulations.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

SKETCHES IN THE PROVINCE OF GENOA.

Arriving at Genoa about two o'clock in the afternoon, and being cordially invited to the house of my happy friend, Signor Zanone, I there partook of a luscious Genoese dinner, which was enlivened by a few bottles of "Barbera," a wine of the first vineyards of Piedmont. As I longed to go to the mountains, and along the gulf toward the east, it was my earnest desire to end my stay at Genoa as soon as I had passed over all spots of interest. Hence, I concluded to pay my next visit to the churches, of which this city boasts, as being among the grandest of the kingdom. On my way thither, I passed over several public squares, among which, the most noteworthy are Aqua Verde, Annunziata, Carlo Felice and Fontane Amorose (Loving Fountains): a colossal monument erected by the Genoese to the memory of Columbus and the depot are the remarkable features of Aqua Verde, while the church of the Annunziata, the theater of Carlo Felice and the palaces of Fontane Amorose give prominence to the others. I now arrive at Saint Lawrence, the cathedral, a very large and imposing edifice, coated with marble and containing rare paintings and statuary. This church was erected previous to the year 1000 A. D. There is an object here which awakens many vivid recollections of scripture. As the sexton discovered it to me, he averred it was a sacred vessel which did service at the last supper, and as such, it is preciously treasured up among the things of sanctity. The church of the Annunziata presents from the outside a most beggarly aspect, almost without form, crumbling to ruin. I entered. Can this be a vision? I stood amid glittering gold, rich paintings, and variegated marble. The contrast has an indescribabl effect. Magnificence has here lavished her wealth in a most reckless manner, I might say, in an unpardonable manner. The structure is of moderate dimensions, and owes its creation to the piety of the Lomellini family. The church of Carignano is another edifice of sanctity which well deserves a visit. It was walled by the generosity of the Sauli family at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars in gold. The interior is divided by three naves forming a Grecian cross. Four colossal columns, each beautified by a large statue of saints, support a grand central cupola. There are many other churches which contain objects of much interest; among them is Saint Matthew, amid whose sepulchres sleeps Andrea Doria, a prince that flourished in the middle ages, in pomp and magnificence. One day longer, and my saunterings in Genoa will be of the past. It is five in the morning. I have just awaked from a summer's night slumber. I open my window and behold a scene of enchantment. The sun is peeping over the mountains, the birds are caroling, the air is balmy, and the gulf sleeps well. What a delightful time of day for a stroll through the gardens! Having indulged in a frugal breakfast, which, according to the customs of the country, consists of a cup of coffee and a little loaf of very palatable bread, I wended my way to Belvedere, a dear little park situated on a hight, commanding an unobstructed view of the city and of the gulf. Here, sauntering over a net-work of pretty walks, with merry fountains rejoicing in the morning air, I whiled away a very pleasant hour. I next directed my steps toward Acquasola, another beautiful park, lying in the eastern part of the city. While it is more spacious, yet it possesses not that exquisiteness which belongs to Belvedere. Commanding a very happy view of the gulf and surrounding palaces, traversed by shaded promenades, and refreshed by a single fountain which sends its playful water up from the center of the park, it is calculated to make a most pleasant walk. Here, every Sunday evening in the spring and summer months, a military band and a throng of gayly attired people, strolling along the promenades, enliven the scene. The villa of Palavicini, at a short ride's distance from Genoa, resembles an abode of the fairies. Art and nature have exhausted themselves in beautifying this lovely spot. Grottoes, and fountains, and dales, and gentle streams, and rustic bridges, and flowers, and shrubbery are some of the features. However, there are those who find fault with this because, they aver, art has overworked nature. The palaces of Genoa are many and grand. Among them are the ducal palace of the ancient doges, the palace of the king, the palace of Andrea Doria and the Serra palace. This last, a private palace, is noted for having the richest and most beautiful hall, contained by any edifice of a like nature, in the world. Carlo Felice is the leading theater. From without it presents an appearance which is not exceedingly grand; but the interior is worthy of admiration, having a capacity of accommodating three thousand people, and containing five tiers of private apartments. I might confidently assert, the world knows not another city whose water surpasses that of Genoa in aught that is conducive to health or pleasantness of taste. Rising from the fresh gushing springs of the surrounding mountains, it rushes headlong down into the city, visiting the palaces of wealth, and the home of poverty; leaping from fountain and ministering here and there to the thirst of the passing throng. As I stroll along the streets, I frequently hear the sounds of the English traveler, who is in search of pleasure. It is so long since I have spoken his language that I have a burning desire to introduce myself, but I forego the pleasure. This revives in my memory a little incident which occurred during my stay here; perhaps it is worth telling. Wishing to purchase some paintings, accompanied by my friend, I entered a store. There were two ladies within, who with violated accent and bad Italian, were striving to convey thought to the vender of art. The talker having ended her sentence and thinking me a native-born, who with my friend, was ridiculing her sweet Italian, cast at me a horrid glance of terror, and remarked to her companion, speaking English, "Mary, that thing," alluding to me, "behind us is laughing at my bad Italian." Stepping forward, I very gently replied, "I beg pardon, madam, you misrepresent me." A pair of rosy cheeks and an early desertion of the premises soon followed. I will now bid Genoa good-bye, and travel a little to the eastward along the gulf, where, I have been informed, I will see the most picturesque scenery of Italy.

THE DECADENCE OF DISEASE.

Diseases which in former times were very destructive have now disappeared, and some which formerly swept away whole peoples, now only attack individuals. Smallpox, between 1675 and 1757, annually caused from seven to ten per cent. of the mortality of London. Now, through that most beneficial of all discoveries, vaccination, this loathsome disease is well-nigh banished from civilized nations. Measels, which formerly caused from eight to eleven per cent. of the deaths, has now fallen below two per cent. From 1675 to 1727, thirty per cent. of the deaths among children came from teething, while now the rate has fallen below one per cent. And even consumption, which many people think a modern disease, was formerly more fatal than now. In the seventeenth century seventeen per cent. of the deaths were caused from consumption. The percentage in London, where the mortality of this disease is still great, is now not more than ten per cent. One hundred years ago fevers caused the death of one-sixth of the people of London. From 1857 to 1860 this percentage was reduced two-thirds. Some diseases now unknown made frightful havoc in those days of low civilization. The "black death" carried off twenty-five millions of the inhabitants of Europe in 1348 and 1349. The "sweating sickness" was another terrible scourge. From 1602 to 1655 each year there died in London from one thousand to ten thousand four hundred persons of the plague. For the last two hundred years this scourge has appeared only occasionally, and in those parts of Egppt and Asia where civilization has not removed its causes. Two hundred years ago the deaths averaged annually about one in twenty of the living, even in the most favored districts. From 1846 to 1865 the deaths in England were one in forty-two.

WHAT THE WIND-ELVES HEARD AND SAW.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE WEST WIND:

The saddest sound that I ever heard
Was the wailing plaint of a mother-bird
For the one wee nestling that cheered her nest,
Dead, with a thorn in its pretty breast.

THE SOUTH WIND:

I have known a sight that was sadder still;
There's a grave up yonder, upon the hill,
And a mother weeps at her poor boy's name,
And his ruined soul, and his guilt and shame.

THE WEST WIND:

The sweetest sight that I ever knew
Was the kiss of two lovers whose love was true,
As they pledged themselves, come weal or woe,
One path in life they would henceforth know.

THE SOUTH WIND:

Once, when a weary old man died,
I saw Heaven's gate open wide,
And his wife, who an angel long had been,
Stretched welcoming hands and cried, "Dear, come in!"
And the look of her face!—I was dumb with awe—
A sight that was grander I never saw.

THE WEST WIND:

Last night, when the stars were out in the blue,
Like a dead white lily kissed by dew,
I saw a baby of two short years
Wet with its mourning mother's tears.

THE SOUTH WIND:

I saw a mother go in one day
Through the gates of Heaven, and heard her say,
"Is my baby here?" And they put in her arms
A wee child, sweet with baby's charms;
And she cried as she kissed it, her face aglow,
"I have found my babe! *This is Heaven, I know!*"

COMBUSTION WITHOUT SMOKE.

The new system of burning bituminous coal, and other kinds of fuel, which renders the combustion so perfect as to prevent the generation of smoke and thus effect an economy of thirty-five or forty per cent. in the amount of fuel used, is said to be coming into general use in England, and it is believed that, in time it will be universally employed. This apparatus consists of a blast from a fan or blower introduced under the fire-grate into a tight-fitting fish-box, which passing through the fire, is met at its upper surface by a back atmosphere pressure, created by one or more pipes, descending from that point of the furnace where the heat and smoke usually escape into the chimney. To create a back pressure, the downward pipes are employed. The air from the fan or blower meets this back atmospheric pressure in the body of the fire, and produces a heat and combustion like that from an ordinary blow-pipe, so perfect as to prevent the generation of smoke. All the combustible matter of the coal or other fuel being consumed, nothing escapes except the residuum, carbonic acid and nitrogen gases, which, if permitted to remain, would extinguish the fire. To avoid that difficulty, by freeing the furnace from such an incombustible residua, the pressure of the fan is somewhat greater than the back atmospheric pressure, thus keeping up a slight circulation from the furnace into and through the down-pipes, thus enabling the heat, usually escaping from the top of chimneys, to be utilized in water in a tank, in which these pipes, or the succession of down-pipes, are immersed, the water thus heated affording additional economy in the process.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AS "MEG MERRILES."

The history of the great actress with the part of "Meg Merriles" is thus told of herself: "Her assumption of this part happened while she was filling the position of walking-lady at the Park theater, New York, in the season of 1837-8, and was the result of pure accident. John Braham, the great London tenor, was performing an engagement at the time, and a series of light English operas had been put upon the boards. *Guy Mannering*, which was originally produced as a musical drama, was one of these. The greater part of the play was spoken, but melodies and set-pieces were interspersed which called into requisition the art of the vocalist. The character of 'Henry Bertram' was assumed by Braham, while Miss Cushman was cast for the humble part of the young 'Gypsy Marie.' As the business of the play was then arranged, it fell to the lot of 'Marie' to sing the cradle song in the scene where 'Meg' recalls herself to the recollection of Bertram by means of the ballad with which she used to soothe him to sleep in his childhood. Acting upon the supposition that her voice was broken by age and unequal to the task, it was her custom to summon the young 'Gypsy' to revive the song for her. One day after rehearsal, the leading lady of the theater was suddenly seized with indisposition. In the dilemma that arose, the manager begged Miss Cushman to go on and read the part of 'Meg Merriles' that evening. Miss Cushman obligingly consented, but with no intention of reading the part. She took the lines to her room, and had them at her tongues-end by nightfall. 'I had never paid any consideration to that character,' said Miss Cushman; 'it was always my habit to attend studiously to my own business, and give no heed to the performances of others. When stars were on the stage, I watched them closely to learn whatever was possible. At other times I confined myself to my individual work. Thus it came about that I had little idea how 'Meg Merriles' was dressed or played, and never having rehearsed the part, was entirely ignorant of the business. While I was conning my lines, and walking back and forth behind the scenes, waiting for the curtain to rise on the play, the manager came to me again in great distress. 'I have forgotten to provide a singer in the part of the young "Gipsy," he exclaimed. 'What shall we do?' 'I don't know, I am sure,' replied I. But, after thinking a moment, I added: 'Perhaps, when I come to the place, I can manage to introduce the song myself—I will try,' and thus relieved, the manager left me. In much trepidation, I listened at the wings trying to catch some inspiration from the progress of the play, when I overheard the closing words in the dialogue 'Hatteraick' and the 'Gypsy'—just preceding the appearance of 'Meg' on the scene—when one says of her, 'Oh, she dotes,' to which the other replies, 'But she rules the tribe.' These sentences gave me a sudden clue to the situation of the decrepit but still powerful queen, and a full conception of the character flashed upon me. I immediately sprang before the footlights in the attitude I have ever since taken. The *pose* was so novel and striking, that the audience manifested a good deal of emotion, and when Braham turned and discovered me he gave an unaffected start of astonishment. This assured me somewhat, and I went on with the part, giving it in all-important particulars the interpretation and action which I have always retained. I saw that Mr. Braham was puzzled throughout the evening; that I was continually surprising him, but whether pleasantly or not. I could not tell. As we had not rehearsed together, and I was consequently ignorant of the stage-business, I had to trust wholly to my intuitions, and naurally occasioned him considerable perpexity. When I came to the cradle-song, which I managed to bring in successfully, Betram fairly glared at me in amazement. My nerves were sorely tried, but I poured out in the song, and as I gradually drew near and bent down over Bertram, slowly dropping my hand on his head, I saw the big tears rolling down his cheeks. Then I knew I had made a hit, and felt encouraged to go through the piece. After the play was over, and I had gone to my room quivering with excitement, the call-boy rapped at my door, saying, 'Miss Cushman, Mr. Braham wishes to speak with you.' I arose in affright, feeling sure he must mean to reprove me for my inadequate acting. As I went to the door I framed in words the excuse that, as I had not enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal, it could not be expected that I should satisfy the demands of the part. But Mr. Braham met me with extended hand, saying, 'Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for a genuine gratification. If you had played 'Meg Merriles' in London as you have played it here to-night, your fortune would have been made.'" Miss Cushman was born twenty-third of July, 1816, and is consequently fifty-eight years of age in July next.

WHO THEY ARE.

The New York *Freeman's Journal* describes five newly created cardinals as follows:

Mgr. Allisandro Franchi, Archbishop of Thesalonica, *in partibus infidelium*, formerly Apostolic Nuncio in Spain. [Cardinal Franchi is in the 55th year of his age; a native of Rome; preconized archbishop in 1856.]

Mgr. Flavio Chigi, Archbishop of Myra, *in partibus*, and Apostolic Nuncio in France. [Cardinal Chigi is in his 64th year, was born in Rome, and preconized archbishop in 1856.]

Mgr. Luigi Oreglia di Santo Stefano, Archbishop of Damietta, *in partibus*, and Apostolic Nuncio in Portugal. [Cardinal Oreglia is in his 45th year; a native of the diocese of Mondovi, Piedmont. He was preconized in 1866.]

Mgr. Moriano Falcinelli Antoniacci, of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, Archbishop of Athens, *in partibus*, and Apostolic Nuncio in the Empire of Austro-Hungary. [Cardinal Falcinelli completed his 67th year in November last. He was born at Assis, preconized Bishop of Forli, in the papal States, in 1853, and promoted to the arch-episcopate in 1857.]

Joseph Hyppolite Guibert, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and Archbishop of Paris. [Cardinal Guibert completed his 71st year in December just past. He was born at Aix; in 1812 he was preconized Bishop of Viviers, and in 1857 he was promoted Archbishop of Tours. Thence, in 1871, he was transferred to Paris.

Mgr. Rene Francois-Regnier, Archbishop of Cambray. [Cardinal Regner is in his 67th year, a native of the department of Maine-et-Loire, preconized to the metropolitan see of Cambray in 1850.]

Mgr. Mariano-Barrioy Fernandez, Archbishop of Valancia, in Spain, of whom we gave an account in last week's *Freeman*. He has entered his 69th year.

Mgr. Maximilian von Tarnoczy, Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria. [Cardinal von Tarnoczy is in his 67th year, born in Schwtz, Lower Austria, and preconized in 1851.]

Mgr. John von Simor, Archbishop of Strigonia (Gran) and Primate of Hungary. [Cardinal von Simor is in his 61st year. He was born at Alba Begala (Raab), in 1857, and promoted to the Primacy of Hungary in 1867.] It is a little curious that the usually accurate Almanach de Gotha has, for several years, styled Mgr. von Simor "Cardinal!"

Mgr. Ignazlo de Nasceimento Moraes Cardoso, Patriarch of the Indias, and Archbishop of Lisbon. [Cardinal Cardoso was 62 years old on the twentieth ultimo, two days before he was proclaimed cardinal. He is a native of the north of Portugal, was preconized for the See of Faro in 1863, and promoted to the patriarchate in 1871.]

Very Reverend Father Camillo, Tarquini, of the society of Jesus. [Cardinal Tarquini has been long known in Rome for eminent qualities. He was theologian of the apostolic penitentiary, and consultor of the sacred congregations of affairs, and of the propoganda.]

Fra Tommaso Martinelle, of the hermits of St. Augustine, and consultor of the sacred congregation of the index. We think the last two named cardinals are natives of Rome, but we are not able to tell the age of either of their eminences.

TALKING FURNITURE.

"Sweetbrier," the charming new Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has an admirable way of putting things, even when in a fault-finding humor. In a recent letter describing the vexatious experiences of "a day's hunt for a boarding house in our capital city," the narrative concludes with a summary of semi-historical reminiscences, the perusal of which, we think, would amuse and interest our readers. She says: You sally forth on the quest early, as if it were a gala-day. You have read the advertisement in the morning papers of delectable quarters and wonderful *cuisine*. You return at eventide, after contemplating relics everywhere of decayed gentility, living and inanimate, with trailing hopes, a mingling of fatigue and disgust. * * You retire to your parlor, and, while retiring upon the cumbrous old sofa, you wonder whose it was in days of yore. Weariness compels sleep. A soft voice falls upon your dream-closed ears. You hear: "I belong to the fair wife of the secretary of state a generation ago. The pillow which supported your head was broidered by her white hands, and often has she rested upon it after the stately ceremony of her reception days. I am separated from all my old companions; alas! that we should outlast those times." "Yes," piped in reply a spindle-legged easy chair, "you may well regret them. I was owned by Chief-Justice Marshal, when it was something to be a chief-justice; when one could not secure that honor upon whose name rested a shadow financially, morally or soci——" "I thought you were of good family," chimed in the inevitable square, marble-top table monstrosity. "I am an F. F. V., too. John Randolph wrote his famous letters upon me, while his man John stood hard by, ready to post them. We will never see such grandure again. I have been knocked about most shamefully, from garret to cellar over this city. I am glad to be near finished up, and again find myself once more in respectable society. One thing that grieves me is the new people that get here. I hear very few old names." "Very few, indeed," responded the cracked voice of a cracked mirror, resting upon a marble slab. "Last winter I had to reflect the face of a beef contractor's wife." "Is that what cracked you?" giggled the antique vases upon the slab below." "No one has seen greater changes than I," mournfully said an inlaid writing-desk, which in its day must have been a prize. "Aaron Burr has written many a *billet-doux* to 'faire ladye' upon me, and deposited sweetest replies in my care. I well remember the day he wrote to gracious Dolly Madison that his daughter Theodosia had arrived, while she, the blooming bride, sat by. But, alas! I have since passed through many ordeals that would cause mahogany to blush. Last winter secrets dark were hidden by me, which, if brought to light, would have made short work of the credit mobilier. "Are you at home?" gently inquired our sable Mercury, handing me a card. "Yes," was the drowsy response, wondering if the visitor, whose *forte* was fashion, could make "lovely hats," "exquisite costumes," and "new shades," as interesting as my inanimate companions were; or, indeed, what could compensate for losing that revelation in regard to credit mobilier.

THE MIKADO'S PALACE.

A correspondent, writing from Yeddo, gives the following description of the palace of the mikado, or Temo: "Passing through an immense stone archway, a large court-yard was entered, paved with great square blocks of granite, and scrupulously neat; then, on through another archway to an inner court, strewn with gravel and shaded with immense trees, whose wide-spreading branches and huge gnarled trunks betokened the growth of centuries. Then came the garden, or more properly park, of the palace. It is surrounded, as were each of the courtyards, with a large stone wall not less than thirty feet in hight, and about fifteen in thickness. I have read of English landscape gardening, and of the ancient manors and castles of that country, but I never expect to see, even in England, more tasteful ornamentation or greater extent than is visible in this park about the Temo's palace. For miles you walk through a perfect fairy land. It is like a page from the *Arabian Nights*, with its trees trimmed in almost every fantastic shape, its artificial mounds and lakes, and its wealth of foliage and flower. The palace itself is not visible from the park entrance. It is low, and built in the Japanese fashion, and so ingeniously concealed that you do not suspect its presence until you suddenly come upon it from a turn in the road. Like other Japanese buildings, it is deceptive in appearance, and it is not until you have traveled a day or so through its long corridors, and its innumerable rooms, that you begin to suspect its true size."

ALLIGATORS AND ENGLISHMEN.

New York Sun Florida Letter.]

"I suppose," said I, "that there's no doubt about an alligator's eating ducks?" "Doubt about it," repeated the captain. "Bless my buttons, you ask this yere Cap'n Peters livin' yere at Enterprise about it. He knows. I seen him fifteen year ago with Arthur Sumner an' three Inglish lords—their names was Sykes—a shootin' ducks up above Persimmon island nigh onto Thorn Hill, an' the 'gators tuk every duck clean. Thar was Cap'n Peters an' all the lords kivered up in the maiden cane, a poppin' away like porter-bottles, an' the ducks a fallin' like rain, in a little set-off from the river. As fast as a duck fell a 'gator picked him up. Thar wuz three 'gators in the set-off, an' the way they tuk down the ducks wuz a caution to snakes. You ought to hev seen Peters an' the Inglish lords when they stopped shootin' an' began to look for the ducks' Thar wasn't a duck in sight, but thar wuz three 'gators with thar heads out of water, a lookin' at the Inglish lords an. a sayin' 'Bully for you, boys! We don't know your names, but you're doin' us a power o' good.' It didn't take the Inglish lords long to get tired o' duck-shootin'. The 'gators wuzn't satisfied with takin' their ducks, but they made way with three of their blooded retrievers. Lordy, young man, next to a nigger, a 'gator loves an Inglish retriever."

THE EVERYDAY HABITS OF PARIS BUSINESS MEN.

From Belgravia.]

Business commences at a very much earlier hour than in London. By seven o'clock in summer and eight o'clock in winter, business men who want to see other business men, stock-brokers who want to see their clients, or merchants who want to conclude bargains, are up and on foot. The banks, it is true, do not open until nine in the morning, but in all the great financial establishments the heads of offices are at their posts, the letters are opened, and the campaign of the day decided upon, an hour earlier than this. From eight o'clock in the morning to noon is the busiest time of the day. At the latter hour all who have not to be present at the bourse go to breakfast, and consider that their hardest work is over. With business men in Paris breakfast is the heartiest meal in the day and the time spent at perhaps the most enjoyable of the twenty-four hours. They do not hurry themselves. Having been up since seven or eight, and taking nothing more substantial than a cup of coffee and a roll, they are hungry enough by noon to do full justice to what is set before them. With hats and overcoats hung up, napkins deliberately spread on knee and general take-it-easy appearance, they show a marked contrast to the London city man, eating his luncheon against time and injury to health, if not shortening his days by the manner in which he gulps down his food. In Paris the *dejeuner* is a rest to the day's labor. The worst of the work is then over, what follows is merely child's play to what has gone before. Letters have to be written and signed; the result of the day's bourse will have to be discussed, and plans for the next day have to be made. But the real hard work—the talk by which a man makes this bargain; conciliates this creditor, or gets substantial security out of that debtor—is over, and the Parisian working brain is relaxed and released from its worry for the day. The habits of the business men in Paris are as different from those of a London city man as it is possible to imagine. The Londoner who, day after day, breakfasts at half after eight in the morning, goes into town some four or five miles by rail, works incessantly from ten o'clock in the morning to four in the evening, and then returns home to eat a late dinner, go to bed, and recommence next day the self-same round of horse-in-the-mill work, can hardly be said to lead a joyous existence—at least not in the eyes of a Parisian man of business, who would almost as soon be condemned to penal servitude as to lead such a monotonous life. The bourse may rise or fall; exchange on London may be favorable or the contrary; the price of *articles de Paris* may be quoted at remunerative rates or at a dead loss in Berlin, your Paris man of business, in spite of whatever may happen, stops work at five o'clock in the evening, the "absinthe hour," as it is called, who every right-minded Frenchman deems it his bounden duty to proceed to his favorite cafe and there, with either absinthe, vermuth, bitters or some other stimulant to appetite, to prepare his stomach for the great affair called dinner, which will follow about an hour later; for a little prepandial drinking is quite as essential to the comfort and well-being of the Gaul as was the after-dinner port of the Englishman, or as is the after-dinner toddy to our friends north of the Tweed.

THE QUEEN OF OPERA BOUFFE.

Olive Logan sends to the *Spirit of the Times* from Paris the following spicy gossip about the great Schneider: "Until New York has seen this *artiste* it can never truly say that it knows anything about the possibilities of Offenbachian opera bouffe. That vulgar creature, Tostee, got all the cream of the *Grand Duchess* in New York. The music was such a novelty that it was bound to be a success anywhere; but if you can imagine Frank Evans getting hold of one of Lester Wallack's pieces, and going to Omaha and playing it, you may have some idea of the *rapprochement* between Schneider in *La Grande Duchesse* in Paris, with half the crowned heads of Europe elbowing each other for her smiles, and Tostee in New York, getting tipsy on champagne with Gotham's gambler's, and croaking through the parts on nights when she was not 'indisposed.' The extraordinary charm of Schneider was her elegant and dignified bearing; she looked like a Grand Duchess, and had the carriage and manners of one. It was only by occasional flashes, scarcely lasting a moment, that she gave you glimpses of the wild devilitry of reckless fun which lay beneath the imperious and high-bred demeanor which was her habitual manner. Add to this that instead of the plasted mask—one recording map of hideous orgies—behind which Tostee grinned, and through which her incivious little eyes twinkled, Schneider has a delicate and intellectual face, which, despite her life of an undeniably unvestal-like character, bears no traces even now of the ravages of dissipation. Her life has been passed among the finest flower of the nobility of Europe—of course I mean among men of that stamp only—and they have formed her. Such men may be dissipated, reckless, frivolous, but they are not coarse and vulgar, nor will they tolerate these traits in anyone with whom they associate. Her first love was the Duke de Grammont Caderousse. He idolized her, and used to walk arm-in-arm with her on the boulevards in the daytime. Anybody who would not bow to him with her on his arm, he cut most remorselessly afterward. He was a descendant of the crusaders, and had the red hair which the *cadets rouses* of the Grammonts have flourished for six hundred years. He died young, leaving Hortense a good part of his fortune. I saw her in a private box at the theater of the *Delassemens Comiques* night before last. It was easy to see that her presence rendered the actress on the stage very nervous. She applauded their singing once or twice, however. She was accompanied by a very 'swelly' man, and was simply but richly dressed in her Sunday best. Schneider owns one brooch, a monogram of the letters H S, formed of diamonds as big as horse-chestnuts, there or thereabouts. It is said to be worth the ransom of a king—a vague statement as regards money value, for there have been some kings I wouldn't give a dollar-store breastpin for."

Professor Loomis deduces from the weather reports of the last two years that the average rate of progress of a storm in January is six hundred and eighty miles a day, and its average direction five degrees north of east; for February, seven hundred and forty miles, and a direction thirteen degrees north of east; March, nine hundred and forty miles, eleven degrees north of east, and for April six hundred and fifteen miles, sixteen degrees north of east.

WOMAN.

From the Baltimore Gazette.]

It is one of the platitudes of history that the decree of honor in which women are held is a measure of civilization. That nation which holds its women in the highest respect is most civilized. And this is true in one sense, but not in the sense in which it is ordinarily used. If it recognized the equality of women with us it would be well enough, but it is not so intended. The toast—which usually comes late in the evening—is "yers t'her t'doubtles our shoys n'divides our sorras, woman, lovely woman." And then some "gentleman of the old school," and "a ladies' man," will "respond," and gush with maudlin sentiment, in which a belief in woman's inferiority to his noble self is imperfectly hidden under what is considered "chivalry," "gallantry," and devotion to "the fair sex." Very often "women and wine" are coupled together in his oration, and songs are sung in which woman is bidden to "weather the bowl," or "fill the beaker," or do some other imbecile thing for the pleasure of that noble and lordly creature *man*. This sort of thing is gradually wearing away before the advance of common sense, but it is still kept up; and we very rarely escape the dreary bosh of it at public banquets. And it is probable that it never will entirely disappear until the "gentleman of the old school" is happily extinct, or at least sunk so much further into sensibility and absurdity as to be no longer listened to in his babble. If the phrase were "That country is highest civilized where woman is subjected to least restraint, physical, legal, or social," it would be wise enough. Where woman is freest she grows to her fullest development; where she grows to her fullest development the aggregate happiness of all society is raised. Her present status in the most enlightened lands, even now is more or less a subjection. A golden slavery where she is happy and a leaden one elsewhere. This is not recognized fully; and women themselves deny it. Nor is this strange, seeing that they have never known anything better. They have been fed with flattery or reduced by blows, or coerced by custom, or degraded by menial toil, or condemned to elegant indolence, or frittered away in vanities, or wasted in the thousand ways—but of hearty, independent, natural life they have never dared to think. We are not preaching woman's rights—certainly not her right to vote and sit on juries. But we do mean to say, gentlemen, that as a question of political economy woman is not at her best among us, and that we, as well as she, are the losers thereby.

THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

From the New York Tribune.]

MM. Elme Marie Caro, Alfred Mezieres and Alexandre Dumas were recently elected members of the French academy. The three writers who have attained the highest literary honor to which a French author can aspire, have acquired distinction in diverse fields of literature. MM. Elme Marie Caro is from Poitiers, and is in his forty-eighth year. He received his education at both Stanislas college and the normal school, and was successively professor of philosophy at the lyceums of Angers, Rouen and Rennes. In 1865 he was sent officially to Antwerp to expound the spiritual and religious teachings of the University of France before the literary society of that city, and since that time he has been prominently identified with higher education in France. M. Caro is author of several works of a philosophical and biographical character, including *L'Idee de Dieu a ses Nouvelles Critiques* (1864), *La Philosophie de Goethe* (1866), and *La Vie de Pius IX*. Alfred Mezieres, one of the other academicians, is noted for his knowledge of foreign literature. He was born at Rehon in Moselle, November 19, 1826, and is son of an eminent French writer. After delivering a course of lectures before the faculty of letters at Nancy, he was appointed professor of foreign literature in the Sorbonne. M. Mezieres is author of several books, including "*Shakespeare, ses Ouvres et ses Critiques*" (1861). "*Contemporains et Successures de Shakespeare*" (1864), and a critical work on Petrarch, which received the Montyon prize in 1868. M. Alexandre Dumas, the other author admitted among the select Forty, is the only son of the celebrated novelist. He is in his fiftieth year, and received his education at the Bourbon college, in Paris, where he distinguished himself. His principal work of fiction, *La Dame aux Camelias*, published in 1848, has become one of his best known productions. He is author also of about four other novels, which have found numerous readers. M. Dumas has, however, succeeded best as a popular dramatist by his power of delineating and magnifying the worst side of society in the professed interest of morality. His name is constantly before the French public as a writer on current questions of literature and politics, or as author of a drama or novel which is usually provocative of lively controversy.

THE "VILLE DU HAVRE."

That the lately lost French ship should be called the Ville du Havre, while her sister ships are the Ville de Paris, and so on, is accounted for by the fact that there is no such city as Havre. Le Havre, or "The Harbor," is the designation of the famous seaport commonly known as Havre. In full, the name is Le Havre de Grace, or the Harbor of Mercy, just as the name of the place we call Havana, or the Havana, is San Cristoval de la Habana, that is, St. Christopher of the Harbor, or the Harbor of St. Christopher. The French idiom requires in such cases that *du* (of the) should take the place of *de* (of)—so that while it is correct to say Ville de Paris, it is incorrect to say Ville de Havre. Le Havre is quite a modern French city, not having completed its fourth century. Its baptismal name was given from Francis I, and signified the City of Francis, but that name wouldn't "stick," and the place took the name it bears from a religious house that stood there, called Le Havre de Grace, probaby because it was a sort of sanctuary in which "rogues and thieves, and honest men among," found refuge when hard pressed by the hounds of the law and the lawless—and the law greatly was given to lawlessness in those days that formed, in the opinion of fools, the golden age. Harbor, asylum, and place of refuge have much the same meaning. The name of the vessel that destroyed the Ville du Havre is Loch Earn, which means Lake Eagle or Eagle Lake. The Tri-Mountain, but for which not a person might have been saved from among the three hundred and thirteen persons on board the lost French ship, bears one of the "fond" names of our own city, where she was built three-and-twenty years ago.—*Boston Traveler.*

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

"Confidence," says the proverb, "is a plant of slow growth." It is, perhaps, best not to grow it at all in the Australian bush, judging from the following incident related by a Melbourne paper: A certain person was traveling through a lonely district when he heard a great outcry. Thinking bush-rangers were at work, he fired off a pistol to intimidate them; and presently the noise ceased and a scampering was heard. On coming to the open ground the traveler discovered a man tied to a tree. "Oh, sir," cried the victim, "I am so glad you are come. I have been attacked by ruffians, and they were robbing me when they heard your pistol." "And couldn't you get loose, my friend?" asked the traveler. "No; they tied me so very tightly." "And did they rob you of everything?" "No; only my watch. They had not time to search for my money, which I placed in my left boot." "How fortunate," observed the traveler. "Was the sum considerate?" "Over a thousand, thank heaven," said the poor man. "Are you sure they are gone?" asked the other. "Oh, certain." The new-comer looked round and round, and, seeing the coast clear, said cooly: "Well, as they're gone, I think I'll finish the job myself." And he proceeded to rob the unfortunate victim.