

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 25, 1874.

MEDILL IN PARIS.

THE QUEEN OF DRY GOODS.

THE SECOND CITY ON THE GLOBE.

Is Topography, Fortifications and Boulevards.

But there are other boulevards besides the one above described. In 1814 the French, for the purpose of resisting the invasion of the Allies, erected a circle of fortifications around Paris at an average distance of a mile beyond the old bulwarks pulled down in 1670. As before stated, another system of works was commenced in 1814, about a mile still farther out, which yet remains, with a few alterations, unaltered, and a great circular street established on the space occupied by them. This second circle is called the Boulevard "Exterieur," while the other one is called the "Interieur," and the outer walls are called the Fortification Boulevards, on the inside of which is a wide roadway enclosing the present city, twenty-one miles in length; and a few hundred yards inside of that is a military railroad, also enclosing the city, and intended to handle troops and munitions with celerity in time of siege. From the centre of the city irradiate irregularly wide streets called boulevards, like the spokes of a wheel from its hub to its tire (the tire representing the aforesaid line of fortifications). The general appearance of Paris on a map is that of a spider's web; but its streets, other than the boulevards and a few wide streets, are long and narrow, and the hensible narrow lanes and alleys, which only the cabmen are supposed to know or understand when they come or whether they go.

At hundreds of points six or eight of these streets converge and end. Where they go from those points of intersection, no following can find out, for that is not stated. Follow any direction but for a short distance. Follow one of them for a few minutes, and you come to a "fork of the road." Take either hand, and you come to another fork, or several of them, or suddenly reach a blind wall, and are out of sight. These streets, in our steps, and, in a few hundred yards' travel, you are in some other street not seen before. Follow that in any direction, and it brings you speedily to a focus of half a dozen streets. Then take your choice and start ahead, and you are lost, no matter which one you select.

The finest thing in the street system of Paris, in my eye, are the two magnificent roadways along the Seine, on either side thereof. The river makes a grand curve through the city for a distance of eight or nine miles. The roadways laid out on either bank average 150 feet wide, and are planted with trees. The slopes of the river are walled up with solid masonry from the bottom to the top, a height of perhaps forty feet—for the whole distance, except the upper part of the river, where landings or levees have been graded and paved for the reception of the commerce of the river, and the banks of wood, brick, sand, gravel, hay and other country produce.

There can be no more beautiful drive imaginable than on one of those river-bank roadways. On one side is seen many of the finest public buildings in Paris; on the other hand is the curving river as it sweeps through the city, with half a dozen magnificent arched bridges spanning the stream, and, on either side, each bearing its stream of vehicles and people. On the opposite shore is the other great driveway, lined with splendid buildings and beautiful gardens; while floating up and down the river itself is a flotilla of "steam omnibus batteaux," which carry passengers from one landing to any other within the walls for three cents per passenger.

The streets of Paris are all paved, and kept clean continually. Such a nuisance as street dirt whirling about into shops and dwellings, and blinding the eyes of pedestrians, is unknown in Paris. Every day the streets are sprinkled with water, and those which are paved with asphalt are washed as well as swept, and kept as bright and clean as the marble floor of the Grand Pacific hotel. The usual pavement material is composed of a hard, compact sandstone of blue color, neatly as durable as granite, and prepared in a circular shape, about two or three inches in diameter, and laid so as to present a level surface. It lasts a long time, but is hard on horses, and very noisy under street traffic. The length of paved streets in Paris is about 600 miles, of which not far from 100 miles are asphalt, which seems to be a great improvement on the old-fashioned cobble block pavement. But there are serious objections to it; one of which is, that it affords no hold for horses' feet, and where it has been laid down on streets having any grade or incline, horses can draw but little load up the incline, but slip and fall, and having fallen, are apt to slip and fall again. On level streets it does very well, but the surface must be nearly flat; for if crowned more than a few inches, the horses, in wet weather, slip and fall and ruin themselves in efforts to rise.

I observed the same objection was made to the use of the asphalt pavement, in a place where there is perhaps twenty miles of it. Wherever there was a grade of more than one or two feet in one hundred, the horses could not hold their footing with any greater load than a cab and two or three persons in it. On a wet day, one might see a dozen squares, with gaping crowds standing around each watching the struggles of the poor brute to arise with the help of the driver and several policemen. The cabmen of London recently held a great meeting, at which they passed resolutions condemning the asphalt pavement, opposing the laying down of any more, and demanding its removal from all streets that were not almost level.

In both Paris and London, asphalt is coming into general use for sidewalks. For this part of the street nothing is so good. There is equal to it, and it is destined to supersede every other material for that purpose in European cities. The city government of Paris pay the contractors \$300,000 a year for keeping the streets clean, removing all garbage and dirt, and sweeping the streets clean, and for the use of the contractors deliver this rubbish to other parties outside of the walls, for which they receive about \$200,000. The purchasers of it, after having rotted it in pits, sell it to the farmers and gardeners at from sixty cents to one dollar a cord, and to the city at a price of \$750,000 to \$800,000 per annum. The number of scavengers in the city employed in cleaning the streets and carting off the accumulations average 6000, divided into several legions and companies, each having its own district of territory to clean. There are, in addition to the scavengers, a large number of whom are women, and the rest old men and boys—range from 5 to 8 cents per hour, or 50 to 80 cents per day. But what a contrast between the street-cleaning of Paris and that of any American city! It is almost the difference between a paragon and a pig. There is not the slightest particle of dirt in the streets, or soil or spilt the delicate and dainty displays of goods in tens of thousands of shops which line the thoroughfares. Can as much be said of the streets of Chicago?

The first municipal consideration of a city is a system of sewers to carry away all liquid impurities and filth, and to drain the soil. The sewerage of Paris is very perfect, but the surface-level favors easy drainage, as the city lies in a valley, with a range of low hills on either side, so that the ground rises as the streets recede from the river. At the distance of a mile back from the Seine, the ground is generally 75 to 100 feet above the surface of the river, which itself flows, at low water, twenty-five or thirty feet below the adjacent street-level. The Seine has a fall of 199 feet between Paris and Havre, a distance of 150 miles; hence it is a rapid-running current, and easily carries off all that is discharged into it. The present system of sewers consists of seven main tunnels, each as large as the tunnels under the Chicago river at Washington or LaSalle streets, and some of them three or four miles in length. Into these main galleries open forty or more smaller tunnels of eight or ten feet in diameter, and these are fed by a vast number of smaller ones. The aggregate length of all the sewers built in Paris is about 400 miles. The contents of all the sewers on one side of the Seine are conveyed under the river through a great siphon, and discharged into the main sewer, which is eighteen feet in diameter and four miles in length. It discharges its rivers of filth into the Seine below the walls, at a village called Asnières, where the foul fluid diffuses with the water of the rapid stream and passes off to the sea without being noxious to the country. Paris receives its supply of water from several sources, and consumes for all purposes a general average of \$2,000,000 of gallons per day. About one-half of the water is brought from a branch of the Seine called the Oron; one-third is taken from the Seine itself, about 30 miles above the city; and the remainder is procured from the river Marne and the creek called Thury. Several artesian wells, as those of Parry, Archell, and Grenelle, supply the lakes of the Park of Boulogne. The city government receives for the water furnished, about \$1,100,000 from the citizens. But the water is of a very inferior quality, as it is a mixture of the tainting matter of lime and chlorate of soda. Any acid thrown into it will effervesce—bubbles arising as in champagne. It is really not fit to drink. And nobody does drink it if they can help it. It may be proper to add here that comparatively little of the drinking-water of Paris is taken from the people of Chicago, in point of purity and healthfulness. It may safely be asserted that most of the water is bad—hardly safe to drink; and is this not, after all, the actual cause that impedes the whole population to seek a better office and line? Actual experience has taught the people that the water of their country is not conducive to health, and has made them seek for substitutes. The cheapest, most pleasant and beneficial, long custom has decided to be coffee and light wine.

If the water of equal purity with that of Lake Michigan is in questionable whether there would be a pint of wine consumed where there is now a gallon, for the French are an excellent, economical, saving people; and were it not for the deleterious character of the water, they would not occupy so much of their land with grapes, but would raise more grain and cattle. The chief building material of Paris is a soft, cream-colored sandstone, which becomes moderately hard on exposure to the atmosphere. It is very easy to work—indeed, it has been used for the construction of the walls. While new, it is a very pleasant stone to the eye; but, in a few years, it begins to discolor, and eventually turns a dirty, sombre brown, anything but cheerful or pleasing to view. There is no variety of building-stone in Paris, as this cream-colored sandstone is all the material they have. It gives the city a sameness of color which is exceedingly monotonous. The grandest public edifices are constructed of this stone, as well as the commonest buildings; even the monuments of the cemeteries are chiefly composed of this yellow sandstone. Paris is a city that London, architecturally. The continual fogs and vast consumption of bituminous coal have beamed all London with soot, and inflict on it a black and unclean look. But, aside from this besmearing of creosote, the buildings are inferior to those of any other European city. The prevailing styles differ, however. The London taste rather inclines to Gothic, while that of Paris is Grecian. Indeed, the French are exceedingly Grecian in all their tastes and ways; and they boast of it. They call Paris the modern Athens, and London the modern Rome, and regard their art and literature. Several of the recently-erected public buildings in London are modeled after the style of Parisian buildings, and the material is the same, being imported from the basin of the Seine. In fact, the English are importing this straw-colored sandstone in large quantities, not only for their own use, but for other cities of Great Britain.

There is an almost total absence of conflagrations in Paris. Fires seldom break out, and rarely or never spread beyond the walls of the building where they originate. There never has been a destructive fire in Paris, nor has there ever likely to be, except such as are purposely kindled and encouraged by Communists and other madmen. I have been studying the cause of this perfect immunity from fire, and find it simple enough. It consists of the rules for the construction of houses, and personal liability for damage done by the spread of fire. Paris is substantially fire-proof without the use of iron girders and beams, iron lathing, or brick or tile floors, by the adoption of a simple principle of construction, which is that there shall be no spaces between the floors, or between the plaster of walls and the studding or wall itself; and that the roof must be covered with tile, slate or metal. There is not such an incendiary thing as a wooden or tar-and-gravel roof in Paris, and for aught I know, in all France. The spaces between the floors are filled with cement or plaster-of-Paris, which is here cheap and abundant, and the wooden floors must rest close down on this cement, so that in case of a fire, there is no air-space under the floors. The spaces between the studding in partition-walls are also carefully filled up with cement, and against the plaster is placed, so that there is no chance for fire to get between them, to rush up from one story to another, or to fly along between floors. When a fire breaks out, it spreads so slowly in houses thus constructed, that it is always quenched before it reaches much damage, or does any other building.

The other precaution is intended to prevent carelessness and incendiarism, so common in American cities. If a fire, no matter how it may happen, does any damage to any other person, he has full recourse to law, for all his damages and costs, against the party who is presumed to be the cause. This simple rule of equity and right makes everybody watchful and careful of fire. The gross carelessness everywhere witnessed in American cities is never seen in Paris or France. It doesn't pay here for a man to set fire to his own house, or to burn down his neighbor's, for a landlord who has an idle tenant on his hands, or bad tenants, to fire his premises for the sake of realizing on his policy of insurance; nor has any one an object in effecting large insurance. Indeed, the chief insurance taken out in Paris is in the nature of an indemnity against the damage one may have to pay his neighbors in case of fire spreading from his premises to theirs. But the whole amount of insurance paid to the companies in Paris is less than is paid by the people of Chicago, although Paris is more than four times as large as Chicago, and its buildings and their contents, taken together, worth eight times as much as those in Chicago. Insurance is merely nominal here, say 1-4 to 1-10 of 1 per cent on the property directly insured, and a few francs per annum as indemnity against the damage that may be done to other people's property.

To build houses in Chicago after the Paris manner of precaution against fire, would probably increase the cost 15 to 20 per cent; but, if generally adopted, it would reduce a loss by fire more than nine-tenths, and would save the insurance in proportion. Sooner or later, Chicago must come to it. The present style of building is simply incendiary, and should be made an indictable offence. The fire department of Paris costs only \$300,000 per annum, which, comparing Paris generally with the city of Chicago, is a small interest at stake, would be the same as a fire department in Chicago which would cost \$50,000 or \$60,000 per annum, instead of half to three-quarters of a million, as it now does; and this fact furnishes an additional reason for adopting the French system of construction. Perhaps, after Chicago has been consumed a few times more, people will conclude to reform the system of construction, and not be on quite such friendly terms with the devouring monster.

The first steamships that crossed the Atlantic were the Great Western and Sirius, in 1838.

Marriage Made Easy.

The news that a second European is about to turn Mahomedan, as a means of getting more married without fear of the law against bigamy, is a volume by M. Siamma Churn, a doctor on Mahomedan Law—*Tagore Law Lectures*, published by Thacker and Spink, of Calcutta—just come from the press, very interesting, for it treats at length on Mahomedan marriages. The first "essential" prescribed for matrimony might seem to cynics to preclude the venture altogether, for it is coolly laid down that "both the contracting parties must be sane and discreet." But passing over that initial difficulty, it would seem as if marriage threatened a Mahomedan of either sex on all sides, and that it would be next to impossible to escape the meshes which it spread to catch the unwary. A girl may marry herself by a simple smile; she can only escape the danger by complicating it with a sneer. If, when she is asked will she marry so and so, she holds her tongue, "the law respects the modesty of her sex," and her silence is taken for consent. If she laugh it is the same, provided the spectators see no reason to believe that she is laughing at them rather than at the proposed bridegroom. A man may be tied up before he is aware. If he say to a woman, "I marry thee," or even simply, "Marry me," and she is prompt and skilled enough to reply, "I have accepted"—not "I accept," for the present tense seems somehow to be rather loose in its effects—the contract is effected." The same end can be produced in a variety of other ways. If a woman is polite enough to say to an eligible, "I have given myself as an alms to you," or, in a more mercenary form, "I have sold myself to you"—always carefully minding her tones—the marriage is good. And reciprocally if the ardent lover says, "I have bought you for so much," and she answers "Yes" (or smiles a smile without a sneer), the marriage is contracted. A good deal of caution would seem to be necessary in writing love letters, for if a lady says to a couple of her friends, "Bear ye witness that so and so has written offering me marriage, and that I have accepted him," the marriage is valid. The only time when a Mahomedan need not be desperately on his guard is when he is either walking or riding with a lady; the preterite tense does not count on such occasions; but if he and she be in a boat "in progress," he must look out, and at the first symptom of a departure from the present tense of the indicative mood, jump into the river.—*The Homeward Mail*.

What can be done to save our young men? "Pray for them," says one. "Invite them to attend the social meetings of the Church," says another. Yes, we answer, but is this sufficient? Does not this problem we have to deal with require active effort and wisely directed planning and expenditure? The lights in the billiard-saloons and the bar-rooms burn brilliantly every night, while the dark shadows of the closed churches fall across the path of the young man, who is forced in his loneliness to spend his leisure hours outside the cheerless and deserted house, that at the best is a poor abiding for a home. The influence that have six days in which to gain a hold will not be broken by the seventh. Perhaps it is impossible to use even a portion of the church buildings for the purpose of a reading room and library, that shall offer a welcome every evening to all who may choose to enter, but it is possible to secure such rooms elsewhere. Let it be done at once. This is a practical way of doing good that will meet the approbation of the better part of the Community. Go, especially, to those who employ young men in their stores and factories. If wise, they know that it is money in their pockets to aid such organizations. Late hours in dissipation break down mind and body. Sin costs, and the beginning of dishonesty and delinquency is usually traced back to mispent evenings. In directly, if not directly, employers have to pay largely for running these haunts of sin that meet us on every side of our cities and villages, and they are glad to assist in those enterprises that will attract their employes away from these places. It is a good sign to see so many of our large manufacturing corporations making provisions for opening reading rooms and libraries that shall be free to all. Where this is not done, a few earnest workers will find it easy to start the enterprise, and reap the rich reward that comes from opening doors that may lead young men into paths of usefulness.—*De la Salle Monthly*.

OLEOMARGARINE.—This new article of better (says the *St. Francisco News Letter*) is now being openly manufactured in this city. The novelty of the invention calls forth much curiosity from citizens desirous of testing its relative merits. Seeing is believing, and all who visit the manufacturer in Sansone street are surprised at the neatness and simplicity of the operation. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. This butter, surely, ought to be the best in the market. Let all prejudice be removed by going to see the ingredients from which it is made. Clean sweet from fat beef cattle, purified seven times by fire and then churned with good sweet milk from the dairy, gives now per day 1,000 pounds of choice family butter at 35. In a few weeks 6,000 per day will be turned out, at an expense, or rather, cost, of 12 1/2c per pound. The profit is now large; all the stearine product is sold to the candle dealers. Just remember that for 70c you can buy a two pound roll of this choice butter, while 1 dol. 25c is the price of ordinary, or rather choice old-fashioned made butter. There have been one million pounds of this article sold, which have given universal satisfaction. In New York two large establishments are fitted up for 20,000 pounds per day. Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, etc., are in full blast of success. California is now in a condition, with its oleomargarine butter, to defy ranches, dealers, marketmen, and supply the market with a butter good in quality and easy in price.

Never revenge an injury. If you have an enemy, act kindly towards him and make him your friend. You may win him over at once, but try again. Little by little great things are accomplished and repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone. A Nebraska man, on his bed, remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said, "Wife, Henrietta, don't go whimpering about and forget them."

Notes.

The number of people engaged in utterly useless occupations is already so great that it seems difficult to add to their number with any pretence of novelty. Some hundreds of able bodied young men earn their livelihood by traveling through the country and knocking a leather ball about with a stick. Still other able-bodied young men support themselves comfortably by knocking ivory balls about with a stick on a green table. Others make their living by walking incredible distance in an impossible number of hours. Still others of the able-bodied subsist by throwing such rash persons as can be induced to wrestle with them. The perennial slaughter of pigeons is to many a source of fame and fortune, while more than one aspiring youth thinks himself entitled to the gratitude and greenbacks of his countrymen whenever he can turn an indefinite number of somersaults without breaking his neck.

The list of useless occupations might be very widely extended, so as to include, indeed, many who are by no means aware of their own unmitigated uselessness. But, for the present, we shall limit ourselves to noting the advent of a person who may be said to have achieved the champion novelty in uselessness. He has discovered an employment for his nose which, we are convinced, the most sanguine admirers of that highly ornamental and versatile feature never dreamed of. At an early date in the history of our country it was pressed into service as an organ of speech. Most, in the well-known story, had a rival musician by using his own admirably-proportioned nose to play upon the piano-forte. Many persons, as of late has been one or twice agreeably exemplified, have realized the extreme adaptability of the feature to the purpose of being pulled. But hitherto, so far as we are aware, no one has hit upon the expedient of playing billiards with his nose.

For one Mr. Jefferson, who, as we learn with a certain throb of patriotic pride, is an American, it was reserved to make this happy discovery, with which he has lately been enrapturing our British cousins. He played in London, not long since, before a large assembly, a game of 500 points against a certain "veteran druffon," who used a cue. Mr. Jefferson struck the ball "with the point of side of his nose," and in this way "actually" won the game. We may expect, therefore, to see "nose billiards" erected into a recognized "profession," until some emulous countryman of Mr. Jefferson, or, perhaps, that ingenious gentleman himself, shall happily invent a method of playing the game with his ears—a feature in which we should judge Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Jefferson's admirers to be liberally provided.—*N. Y. Times*.

To see a father treating his sons like younger brothers, and to see sons coveting their father's company and conversation, because they think him the wisest and most agreeable man of their acquaintance, is the most amiable picture the eye can behold; it is a transplanted self-love, as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as happy as religion can make it.

A young lady at Winchester lately called upon a photographic artist and asked him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

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