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March 13, 1898, pp. 4,5 940

TRICKS WITH LIQUID AIR

SOME OF MR. TRIPLER'S NOVEL AND STRIKING EXPERIMENTS.

A TANTALIZING COCKTAIL—STEEL BURNED IN OXYGEN AT 300 DEGREES BELOW ZERO—A NEW PROCESS THAT PUZZLES THE SCIENTISTS—GALLONS OF LIQUID PRODUCED CHEAPLY.

A whiskey cocktail which the compounder would allow no one to touch was prepared in the presence of several scientific men, two or three days ago, by Charles E. Tripler, of this city. Having poured about "two fingers" of old rye into an ordinary tumbler, he added about half an inch of liquid air from a tin dipper. The mixture effervesced in a rather lively fashion, but only for a moment. Mr. Tripler stirred it meanwhile with a slender glass rod, and then dumped the contents of the tumbler out on his laboratory table. The stuff then had the consistency and appearance of Muscovado sugar or slightly moist snow which had acquired a yellowish-brown hue.

When a visitor attempted to take a small pinch of it between thumb and forefinger, and thus to transfer even the smallest quantity to his tongue, the boss bartender promptly interfered. "Why, man!" he exclaimed, "it will blister your mouth fearfully! Drop it!" Afterward he explained that as alcohol does not freeze until it reaches a temperature of about 200 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and as the fluid with which he began the experiment had been frozen by the evaporation of the liquid air that had been added, the innocent-looking crystals were much colder that an uninitiated observer would suppose and would sear flesh almost like a hot iron. Mr. Tripler then proceeded to conduct a number of other wonderful experiments with liquid air, the preparation of which has occupied much of his time and thought for several years.

Perhaps a description of these should be prefaced with a word or two about the liquid itself. Mr. Tripler keeps a quantity of it on hand, in an open cask, from which he or his assistants scoop dipperfuls as occasion requires. The air, in this form, is not confined under pressure, and shows no explosive tendencies until it is converted once more into gas. In that process it expands instantly. Seen through the walls of a globular glass vessel, it looks like water, being beautifully transparent and almost colorless. A depth of several inches imparts a pale blue tint to the stuff. This is the hue of the contained oxygen. Inasmuch as nitrogen of the air has a lower boiling point, or is more volatile than oxygen, the former element slowly evaporates if the compound is allowed to stand for a time, so that a residue of almost pure liquid oxygen is left.

If a double-walled glass globe be prepared, with a space of about half an inch between the walls, and a vacuum be secured there, the vessel loses the power of radiating and absorbing heat. Such a globe, four or five inches in diameter and having a short, wide neck (say an inch or more across), may be half filled with liquid air and allowed to stand in a moderately warm room, uncorked, for several hours without any serious reduction of its volume from evaporation. The liquid remains still, too. But if a single-walled globe of the same size and neck be used, the contents will boil gently and disappear in about twenty or thirty minutes. In the mean time a delicate, visible white vapor will slowly rise into and overflow from the orifice.

The fingers may be plunged quickly into a dipperful of this queer fluid without any serious effect, if they be withdrawn promptly. The fingers come out dry, not wet, and during the momentary immersion only a sensation of coolness is felt. A thin wall of vapor which is instantly formed about the fingers protects them for a second, or a fraction of a second. But let them stay there for a longer period, and they would be seriously burned. In like manner, a few drops may be poured out into the palm of the hand without harm if shaken off to the floor almost immediately. While lying in the hollow of the hand the liquid shows a tendency to gather itself into spherical shapes and to separate itself into distinct globules.

Apply a warm hand to the exterior of the globe or to a thin tumbler containing liquid air, and the contents will boil more vigorously and emit this vapor more profusely. A single finger inserted into the open mouth of the globe, but without touching the surface of the liquid, will hasten the vaporizing process, so that the digit itself appears to give off steam. When boiling the liquid air is as white and opaque as milk, owing to the large number of small bubbles developed therein. Pouring water into a dish containing liquid air results in the conversion of the former element into ice, although the latter fluid is boiling vigorously in consequence. A chunk of this ice, too, will produce ebullition. Or if a tumbler containing liquid air be partially immersed in a basin of cold water, the latter will produce the same effect.

Here is one of Mr. Tripler's prettiest demonstrations. A thin, straight-sided glass tumbler is half filled with liquid air and then set into a basin of water two and one-half or three inches deep. So intense is the cold produced by the evaporation of the air that a film of ice is quickly formed on the outside of the tumbler. When this shell has acquired a thickness of an eighth of an inch, it may be detached from the tumbler, now once more empty, by pouring into the glass a little water. Thereafter the ice film is manipulated with a cotton handkerchief. Holding the shell in one hand, Mr. Tripler pours into it with the other half an inch or an inch of liquid oxygen. A burning match, at the end of a foot or two of steel wire or ribbon, is now dipped into the fluid. Instantly the end of the wire begins to burn, scintillating beautifully. Sparks fly in all directions for a distance of a foot or two.

"There you have a very fine temperature contrast," says Mr. Tripler. "The burning steel represents about 2,600 degrees above zero. The ice cup and oxygen mean 300 or more below."

For another pleasing experiment Mr. Tripler took a globular glass vessel, ten or twelve inches in diameter and looking like a huge carafe, except that its walls were smooth and thin. It was nearly full of water. Into the open mouth was poured a tumblerful of liquid air. This, being a trifle lighter than the water, floated in a layer which at first was an inch or more in thickness. The downward impulse acquired from the act of pouring it in caused a little oscillation of level for a moment or two. Then, after a short interval, large globules of its lighter fluid would show a disposition to dive to a greater depth, but always returning to the surface again. The dancing of these spheres, seen from the side, was a fascinating spectacle. The air remained distinct from the water, and did not mix as one might expect. So nearly the same was the specific gravity of the two that only the most trifling change was necessary to alter the balance. And every now and then the plunges of the upper element would go deeper than before, until finally, for a second, the bottom of the vessel was touched. The little masses of liquid air looked like glass alleys or Jackson balls, nearly an inch in diameter, but colorless. They glittered like jewels. The increasing density of the air, in consequence of partial evaporation, as shown by this experiment, was attributed by one of the bystanders to the carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere.

A copper tube having a thickness of nearly a quarter of an inch, a diameter of an inch and a half or two inches, and a length of ten inches, and open only at one end, was fastened upright in a vise. A tablespoonful of the liquid air was poured in, a wooden plug was quickly driven into the mouth with a hammer, and then the company was warned to step off to a safe distance. A moment later there was an explosion like that of a small cannon, and the plug smote the ceiling violently. The warmth of the metal had vaporized the liquid, and a great pressure was thus developed.

Mercury poured into a mould was frozen into a solid block three inches long, an inch or more thick and an inch wide. The threaded ends of two screw eyes were laid in place at the outset so that a casting was made around them. One screw eye was then caught over a stout nail and a weight of one hundred pounds or so was suspended from the other. The mercury did not yield enough to let the weight fall for fifteen minutes, and it did not all return to a liquid form again for more than half an hour.

Tin dipped into a basin of boiling liquid air and thus reduced to a temperature of 300 below zero became as brittle as glass. Rubber treated in the same way was much hardened, but also crumbled like stone under a hammer. Copper, leather and aluminum, however, retain their flexibility in spite of the extreme cold here utilized.

The method employed by Mr. Tripler to reduce air to a liquid form is original with him in some respects. Although Linde (in Germany) and others have also adopted it, Mr. Tripler says that he was the first to do so. Various scientific men have supposed that there was a theoretical absurdity in the explanation given by the New-York experimenter, but, as Mr. Tripler believes he not only produces liquid air in larger quantities but much more cheaply than foreign chemists, he laughs at the sceptics. He says that he produces about ten or fifteen gallons of the fluid with an expenditure of about half a ton of coal.

One of the practical uses to which this wonderful stuff can be put is refrigerating. It is asserted that a cold-storage system using liquid air would be much cheaper than if operated by ammonia. In time, engines may be run with it, perhaps. It can be exploded, like gun cotton, and used in cautery. When once the various other practical applications of Mr. Tripler's product are recognized it is possible that he may figure as a benefactor of mankind.

NEW-YORK'S SYRIAN COLONY

ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE WHO CAME FROM NEAR MOUNT LEBANON.

THEIR RELIGION AND THEIR RELIGIOUS GUIDES—A NEWSPAPER IN ARABIC AND ITS PECULIARITIES

The Holy Land contributes its share toward the population of the metropolis, and about four thousand dusky men and women who were born near Mount Lebanon make up the Syrian colony which is confined for the most part to Washington-st.

If these people lived on the far East Side or had their shops in Essex or Rivington st., they would be looked upon as Jews, and entertainment would probably be denied any one of these Syrians at those places where "Hebrews are not wanted." But despite their Semitic features the Syrians are all devout Christians; they are strict Sabbatarians, and, according to a prominent member of the colony, "they are real Christians and not followers of Christ in name only."

An estimate by a member of the colony shows that the Syrians are divided as to their church as follows: About 35 per cent are Greek orthodox, 30 per cent Maronites, 25 per cent are Greek Catholics, and 10 per cent have drifted away from the Syrian churches and now attend services in the Protestant chapels near the Syrian colony.

Like all Oriental people the Syrians have the spirit of trade well developed, and nearly all the members of the small community are either shopkeepers or pedlers, although there are a few small manufacturers of fancy goods, buttons and embroidered ornaments. There are a few large merchants in the colony who import large quantities of goods from the Orient and from Europe and sell them to dealers here and in South America. They learn to speak the English language in a short time, but they use Arabic in their intercourse with members of the colony, and their signs over the shop doors are covered with great, sprawling marks which resemble a cross between the characters of the Chinese and Hebrew.

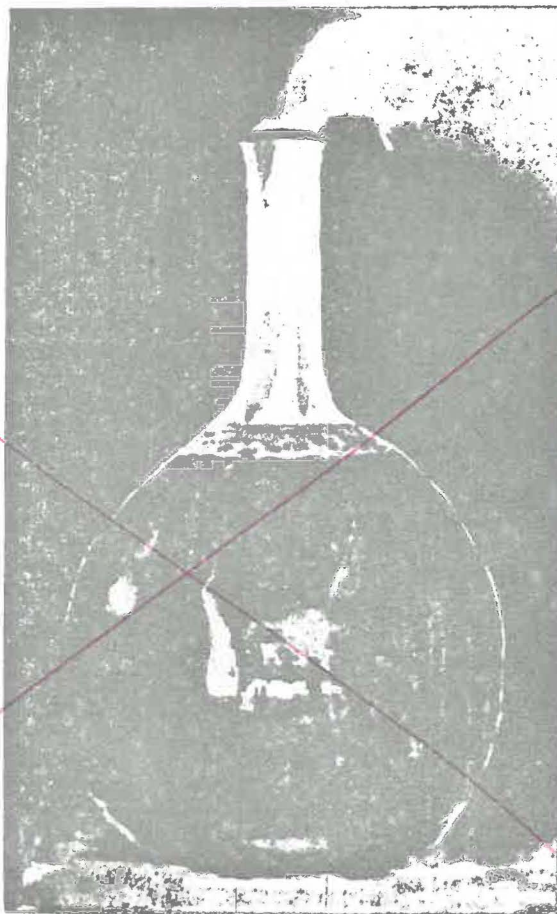
The Syrians have a semi-weekly newspaper known as the "Kawkab America," which is sent to all parts of the world from New-York. Its editor, N. J. Arbeely, who is Inspector of Immigration and has served as United States Consul to Jerusalem, said:

"'Kawkab America' is now the source of information for all people who can read the Arabic language, and the Arabic paper published in New-York has the largest circulation of any similar sheet in the world."

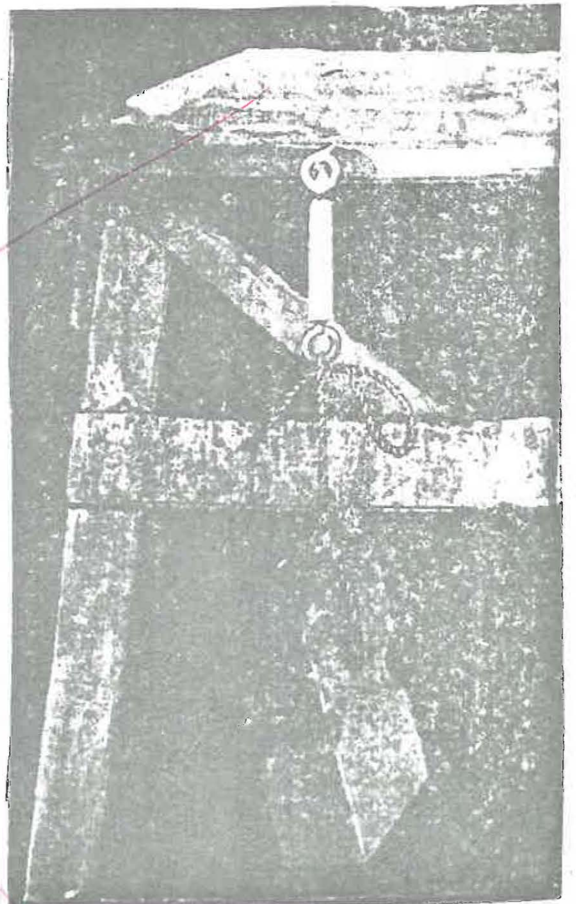
The paper has four pages of six columns each and twelve hundred characters are required to print it. These characters represent letters, words, syllables and sentences, and the matter is so thoroughly condensed that it would require four columns to reproduce in English one column of Arabic.

The place of worship of the Greek Orthodox Syrians is over a store, No. 77 Washington-st. A steep stairway leads to the room which corresponds in size with the store below and is divided into two parts, the larger part being the auditorium and the small part at the rear being reserved for the priest and his assistants. The partition separating the sanctum from the main

BURNING STEEL IN AN ICE CUP.

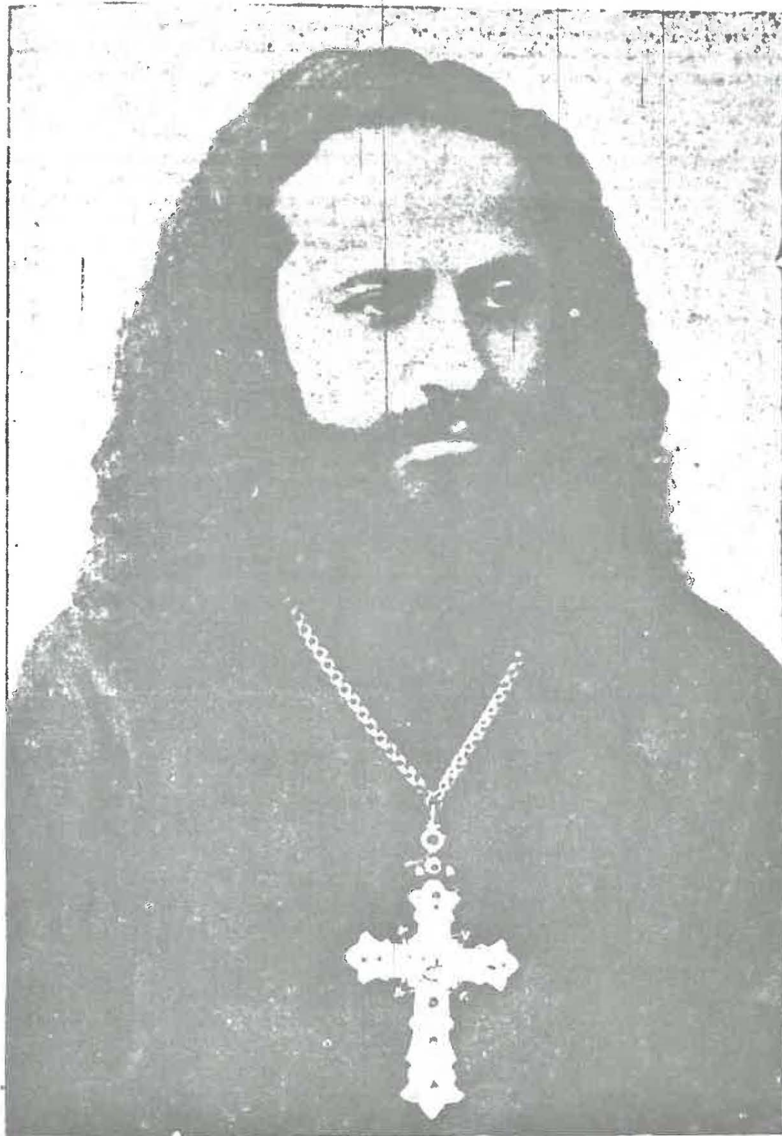


A SPECIFIC GRAVITY TEST. (Layer of liquid air floating on water.)



BAR OF FROZEN MERCURY, WITH WEIGHT SUSPENDED.

THREE OF MR. TRIPLER'S EXPERIMENTS.



THE REV. RAPHAEL HAWAWINY, ARCHIMANDRITE.
Rector of the Syrian Orthodox Church.

room is hung with pictures of saints, and on either side of the altar are large embroidered pictures, also of saints, which were sent to the church from Syria.

Aside from these the chief decorations are three crystal chandeliers which hang from the low ceiling. Only one-half of the room is furnished with chairs. In explanation of this the priest said that only the women are permitted to sit in the house of God, the men remain standing during service. An air of neatness and cleanliness pervades the place, which is not in keeping with the Oriental decorations, and those who visit the place seem devout and earnest.

The rector of this church is the Rev. Archimandrite Raphael, who is known among his people as one of the most learned theologians of the Orient. He is also an orator of no small ability and is known throughout the far East as an author. He has been decorated six times by the Russian Government, and at the request of the Archduke Alexis he was made a life member of the Palestine Russian Society. He was a bachelor when he entered the priesthood and for that reason cannot marry.

"No Greek priest may marry after he has been ordained," he said, "but a married man may become a priest. But the unmarried brother priest has advantages which the married brother may not enjoy. The unmarried man may become an archimandrite or a bishop, but the married priest may never aspire to these places."

Raphael is an archimandrite, and his friends believe that he will become a bishop. He lives in apartments at No. 7 Battery Place. An air of religious quiet and Oriental splendor pervades the little rooms, and when there, enjoying the hospitality of the young priest, one can hardly realize that it is but a few steps to the Battery, the ferryboats and the crowds that populate the lower end of Manhattan Island.

The Maronite Syrians are under the spiritual charge of the Right Rev. Peter Korkemas, whose nephews, Gabriel and Stephen, are also Maronite priests in the employ of the church. These priests, although they came to this country by the order of John Hagge, the Maronite Patriarch whose official home is in the village of Bekirkeh, Mount Lebanon, they are under the immediate protection and at the call of Archbishop Corrigan. There is one other Maronite priest connected with the American mission and he is also a cousin of the Right Rev. Peter Korkemas. His name is Josef Yezbek and his church is in Boston. Like the New-York priest he is a monsignor, and the question as to who is the head of the American Maronite mission is one which is frequently discussed by the Syrians.

"It does not matter much," said one of the colony, "who is the head, it's all in the family."

Father Korkemas lives in a small apartment at No. 27 Rector-st., which bears no resemblance to the artistic den of his Orthodox brother Syrian. There is no carpet on the floor, the furniture is severely plain, the room is untidy and void of attractive features, and the most conspicuous decoration on the wall is a Van Wyck handbill left over from the last political campaign.

The Maronite chapel is also over a store, No. 82 Washington-st., and the visitor would see little difference between it and the ordinary Roman Catholic chapel. At the service it would be found that there is more chanting in the Maronite Church than in the Roman, and that the Syrian language is used instead of Latin. The patron saint of the Maronites is Maroun and his picture is always conspicuously displayed in their chapels and places of worship.

The Syrians recently organized the Syro-American Club, which has its headquarters at No. 63 Greenwich-st., and has a membership of about one hundred. To become a member one must be an American citizen or must have declared his intention to become a citizen. The object of the organization is to Americanize the Syrians and to induce them to become interested in matters pertaining to this country. The officers of the club are N. J. Arbeely, president; S. Kisbany, secretary, and Josef Moshy, treasurer. There are also three benevolent societies, a club for matrons and one for young women.

Many Syrians who belong to the colony have outgrown the Washington-st. restrictions, and have established homes in the residence part of New-York. "Many of those more fortunate ones," said a Syrian, "have become lost forever to the Syrians. They have joined Protestant churches and have assumed names like Jones, Smith and Johnson. Their children know more English than Arabic, and the next generation will be so thoroughly American that they will not believe that their grandparents came from the Holy Land."

THE JAPANESE MINISTER'S GIFT.

From The New-Orleans Picayune.

The Japanese Minister has presented to Miss Helen Long, the sponsor of the vessel launched here recently, two superb Cloisonné vases, as mementos of the occasion. These vases are of exquisite design and workmanship, the dark background bringing out in relief the clusters of pure white plum blossoms, as they grow in the land of sunshine. There are also nightingales on the vases, and the proximity of the songsters to their favorite flowers is of beautiful significance.

POPULAR MUSIC IN PARIS.

From The London Post.

The Opéra Comique, with its repertory, was, after the disastrous fire of some ten years ago, transported to the Théâtre Lyrique on the Place du Châtelet. A few months ago its manager, M. Carvalho, died, and a new director in the person of M. Carré was appointed by the government. The new buildings of the Opéra Comique on the site of the old ones which were burned down, near the Boulevard des Italiens, are now nearly ready, and will be opened in July next. This leaves the Théâtre Lyrique vacant. Two theatrical managers, the brothers Milland, have petitioned for the right to establish there a popular opera-house at cheap prices, in which they will play pieces from the repertory of the Opera and Opéra Comique which those State-subventioned establishments no longer play. Should their request be granted, which is not unlikely, in view of the success which attended a season of the same lines which was given last summer at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, now occupied by Coquelin aîné, Paris would have three theatres devoted to the best class music permanently established and under the supervision of the State.

PETER THE GREAT'S MEMORY

ALMOST A WORSHIP OF THE GREAT CZAR BY THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

From Black and White.

Peter has become almost a cult in Russia. Go to his cottage on the banks of the Neva on a Russian holiday, and you will have to fall in queue and squeeze your way into his little rooms, ostensibly to kiss a holy picture, but this holy picture is mixed up in the Russian's mind with Peter the Great. The Moujik looks around on the little home Peter built for himself on the Neva marshes as though he looked on the relics of a saint. Peter was essentially a man of action—an artisan of genius, as his handiwork and the tools he used prove; yet a born commander, restless, ruthless. When near the site of his future St. Petersburg he saw a tree scored with a mark high above the ground, he asked of the peasants near:

"What is that?"

"The height to which the waters rose in 1680," replied a peasant.

"You lie!" cried Peter. He cut the tree down. He was not to be deterred by the fact that floods had swept over his chosen site, and his masterfulness is to-day felt by the Russians until they have nearly made a god of him. It is impossible now to see the exterior of Peter's Cottage on the Neva's banks, for a stone house was built by Catherine II over it as a shell to preserve this little wooden cottage, and so the outward appearance is gone. Inside this stone building you see the wooden building, but this has very foolishly lately been painted to imitate bricks; but inside you can see in one room the type of place Peter lived and worked in. Here in this one little room—there are but two in the cottage—are the oak furniture, old leather chairs, a little cooking service, some of the sails of his boat, and the worn little wooden bench seat on which he sat at his door and dreamed of the future capital, or raved at those who carried out his orders or failed to do so. In this room he transacted business with his Ministers of State and received foreign Ambassadors.

The very greatness of the man forces itself upon one by this act alone. He, the Czar, with all the jewelled group of the Kremlin to enshroud himself with, sitting on this bench, or in his timber hut, and creating a power that in less than two centuries was to rule half the world. The other room of the cottage is also greatly transformed; it was Peter's sleeping and dining room; now it is a chapel, and a picture of our Saviour which Peter took with him upon all his travels, and which he bore with him at the famous battle of Poltava, hangs here. It is in a gilt frame with a jewelled crown that, as is usual in Russian towns, quite overshadows the picture.

Not long ago I went out to this cottage on a Russian saint's day, and service was being performed in the chapel. A small choir of men in ordinary dress were squeezed in behind the little altar, and a priest in robes was chanting the service. The people were packed flatly together in the room and outside around the door, and under the passage of the outer building that protects the cottage. Some tried to get others to pass in lighted candles to place before the picture, and others crushed and squeezed until some moving on gave a chance to get in. All devoutly blessed the picture and crossed themselves continuously, and when they got out went with reverential air and looked at Peter's room and the boat he built, this latter placed between his cottage and the outer building. The heat in the little chapel, with the lighted candles and the packed little mass of not too clean humanity, was excessive, and the perspiration stood out on the faces of priests and choir, who went about their work in a quiet, business-like fashion; but the devotion of the crowd to a memory, to a something they themselves perchance could not explain, was very apparent. Ostensibly it was the holy picture, but it is the link between the picture and Peter that gives it so much value and makes it so revered.

This Peter who built St. Petersburg gave Russia a port and a navy, and started her on her world-influencing career. The fierce, remorseless, indomitable restlessness of the man and his crimes are forgotten; all the bloodshed he caused in seizing upon the sole rule and in his ill-planned campaigns—even the one great terrible crime of the murder of his own son Alexis, which rumor and tradition lay to his charge—all is forgotten in the memory of the man who by that same indomitable will and force of character started Russia on her aggrandizing career. Everything that is associated with him, his clothes, his trappings, his jewels, the tools with which he worked, his writings, his books, everything is treasured up and looked upon with such reverence by the Russian that even strangers begin to feel they are in the presence of relics of a man of men. The common folk may well be excused for so crowding to the little house where he lived and worked almost as they live and work, and so passionately venerating the holy picture that receives their worship of the founder of Petersburg.

CHANGING THE GRADE OF A SEWER.

HOW CHICAGO WILL MAKE ONE DISCHARGE WEST INSTEAD OF EAST.

Without waiting for the completion of her great drainage canal, Chicago proposes to stop the discharge of her sewers into Lake Michigan, which supplies her with drinking water. Two new sewers are to be constructed, emptying into the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and slight changes will be made in some of the existing sewers to adapt them to this new plan.

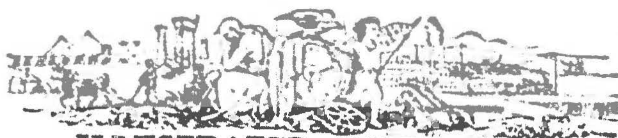
A rather curious feature of the work in hand is an alteration in the grade of a section, 104 feet long, of an old sewer so that its contents will flow westward instead of eastward. The inclination is very slight, and the required modification will therefore be trifling. A flooring of concrete will be laid on the bottom of the great six-foot conduit. It will be nearly eighteen inches thick at what is now the lowest end, and less than six inches thick at the other. This difference will be sufficient to give a slope in the opposite direction. The flooring will not be flat, but curved, so as to form a furrow of less width than the original sewer.

DECORATION OF THE PANTHEON.

From The London Post.

Once a church, after having been built as a memorial to the country's great men, "Aux grandes hommes las Patrie reconnaissante," and then again devoted to its original purpose, the Panthéon has until recently looked somewhat cold and bare. The defect is being gradually remedied. All round the walls are paintings of episodes of the National history, due to the brushes of the most eminent painters commissioned by the State to decorate the building. Statuary is now to be added, and M. Antonin Mercié has just finished the rough model of a huge group of the generals of the Revolution, which is ordered for the building, and will be placed in Ste. Geneviève's Chapel. On the right are Marceau, Hoche and Desaix, grouped together; a little in the background on horseback is Bonaparte, who points to an army on the march depicted in bass-relief, while beyond him is Carnot, "the Organizer of Victory." The whole is backed by a triumphal obelisk, from which is descending winged Liberty, bearing laurel wreaths. Another group, to represent the orators of the restored monarchy, is being prepared by M. Dalou.

THE RIGHT REV. PETER KORKEMAS.
Priest in charge of the Maronite Mission.

New-York  Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY. MARCH 13. 1898.

SARATOGA'S GOLD FIELDS.

ACTIVITY IN A REGION LONG THOUGHT TO CONTAIN PRECIOUS METAL.

THE COUNTRY COVERED WITH CLAIMS–A COMPANY FOR GETTING GOLD FROM SAND.

Gold-hunters do not always go to the far-away gold fields and mines to look for the precious metal. Thousands of ambitious seekers after the yellow metal begin in the back yard or on the farm or in a creek which had never given any person cause to look for anything of value in or near it. There are large tracts of land in the State of New-York which have received extraordinary attention in that direction, and great areas have been secured for mining purposes by people who seemed to be sure that there was gold there ready to be taken out. The Greenfield Hills and the Adirondack Mountains have been favorite regions for the near-home gold-seekers for many years, and for over fifty years scientists have been employed at frequent intervals to assay specimens of quartz and sand in which the valuable metal was contained. In many houses in that part of the State specimens are preserved which when they were brought home years ago were shown with fear and trembling, lest the secret of the gold find might get out before the "claim" was made perfectly secure.

Shattered hopes and bitter disappointments followed most of these finds, but the search for gold continued, and is being carried on to-day more industriously than ever.

One of the active centres in this industry is Saratoga, because it is one of the few places where gold has actually been found, and the Klondike excitement stimulated activity in the gold-mining business and caused many of the property-owners to stop digging for new mineral springs and devote their time to gold. During the summer and fall of 1897 many claims were filed, and it is believed that every foot of land from Saratoga to Hadley, a distance of about twenty-two miles, has been staked for mining. Even the river bed of the Sacandaga is covered by a claim. Swamps, creeks and bad lands have all been claimed and staked by enterprising gold-hunters, and the work seems to be justified by the fact that a number of assays have been made from quartz and rocks in which gold was found in quantities ranging from $6 50 to $63 25 to the ton.

The mines from which the most valuable rock was taken are situated in Woodlawn Park, in the towns of Greenfield, Wilton, Corinth and Hadley, all in Saratoga County, and the recent reports from these places cause the natives to look for a large influx of prospectors.

The largest company formed thus far for the purpose of developing the gold fields is the Sacandaga Mining and Milling Company. This company has erected a plant at a cost of $25,000, and its efforts are directed toward extracting gold from sand. The yield has been about $6 or $8 in gold to the ton. The gold-bearing sandbank is situated at Hadley, twenty-two miles from Saratoga, near the junction of the Hudson and Sacandaga rivers. It is a rocky and picturesque region, with nothing near the works save a few sawmills; but those who are interested in the gold enterprise are confident that it will in time exceed in popularity the Spa, which was known in all parts of the world when the Hadley gold fields were unheard of.

Some of the most influential men of Saratoga are interested in the company, and one of these said:

"As soon as the snow leaves the ground digging, crushing, baking, smelting and grinding will be discussed as familiarly in the places where Saratogans meet as first choice, handicap, mudhorse, heavy track and sure tip were discussed by the same people before gold eclipsed the racetrack."

LIFE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

Rome correspondence of The Westminster Gazette.

I am sure that when the North Pôle is discovered, and with it the proverbial Scotsman, he will be found to be accompanied by an Italian. Italians are the most ubiquitous race in the world. Here in Rome, for instance, I have found one who was imprisoned for thirteen years on Devil's Island, where Dreyfus, innocent or guilty, now languishes. A distinguished personality, seventy-four years old, who has fought all his life in Italy and France for the liberty of the people, is General Paolo Tibaldi, of Piacenza. His family was originally Florentine, and among his ancestors another Paolo Tibaldi, the well-known painter, was a master of Michael Angelo. The General is still a strong, well-built man, with flowing white beard.

When I called on him he entered with admirable quickness of memory into the past, recalling all the details of his adventurous life. "Oh, Devil's Island," he exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye, "is a devil of a place to live in. I was landed there on the bare rock, without a tree, grass, or other vegetation. Fortunately all the other convicts in the island had been condemned, like myself, for political reasons. They greeted me with warm sympathy, and one of them shared with me his hut until I built my own, which was 28 feet by 8 feet, with thatch for a roof and beaten earth for a floor. The furniture consisted of a camp-bed without mattress, a handful of straw for a pillow, and two big stones for chair and writing desk. My life was spent with eleven others, each taking his part of the hard work of trying to cultivate the portions of the island that seemed the least sterile, catching birds without firearms, and fishing from the shores. The Government provisions, sent daily from the adjacent Royal Island, consisted of a pound and a half of the worst bread for each convict, a piece of old meat or salt fat, beans or rice, a little oil, and six centilitres of tafia, a kind of spirit. We took turns as cook, and I gained quite a reputation for preparing Italian dishes which I had learned to make when a volunteer in the Italian war of 1848 against Austria.

"It is impossible to describe the sufferings to which we were subjected by our cruel keepers. According to their caprice, we were chained and kept for months on bread and water, or beaten almost to death with ropes, and so obliged to remain in bed for weeks at a time, suffering horribly. Ledru-Rollin, together with Mazzini and Campanella, the philosopher, had been, although absent from France, condemned with me to deportation for life on the charge of having conspired against the life of Napoleon III. In 1857 Ledru-Rollin gave General Nino Bixio £1,000 to organize an expedition to rescue me, but several attempts of the kind only served to make my situation worse. Contemporaneously, however, the press and public opinion in France claimed my liberation, which I obtained at last, arriving in time to fight for the French Republic, and to have the sad privilege of signing with Trochu the capitulation of Paris to the Germans."

PRINCETON'S PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

From The Chicago Record.

Henry Clay Cameron has been professor of the Greek language and literature at Princeton University for a great many years, and, like many of his vocation, is a man of marked peculiarities. One of his eccentricities is to wear an old plaid shawl over his shoulders, summer and winter, and a hat of unique pattern. It has always been a mystery where Professor Cameron gets his hats. No dealer in the latitude and longitude of Princeton keeps them in stock, and there is a tradition among the students that the professor purchased a quantity many years ago and always has a supply to draw from when he needs one.

This peculiarity has developed a novel and interesting custom, which has become fastened upon the University life at Princeton, and no longer attracts attention from the faculty or the citizens. As long as any one can remember, it has been the practice of each class during the second term of the sophomore year to steal Professor Cameron's hat and cut it up into little square pieces, which are distributed among the students and worn by them in the buttonholes of the lapels of their coats, like badges or bouquets. The professor expects it, and takes it good-naturedly. He makes no particular effort to protect his property, but one day in each year–and it is often the coldest of the winter–he is compelled to go home from recitation bareheaded or wrap his old graw shawl around his old gray head. The next morning, if the professor takes the trouble to glance around the classroom, he can identify the fragments of his hat pinned to the coats of his pupils, but the trick is so old and the professor is so accustomed to it that he treats it with indifference.

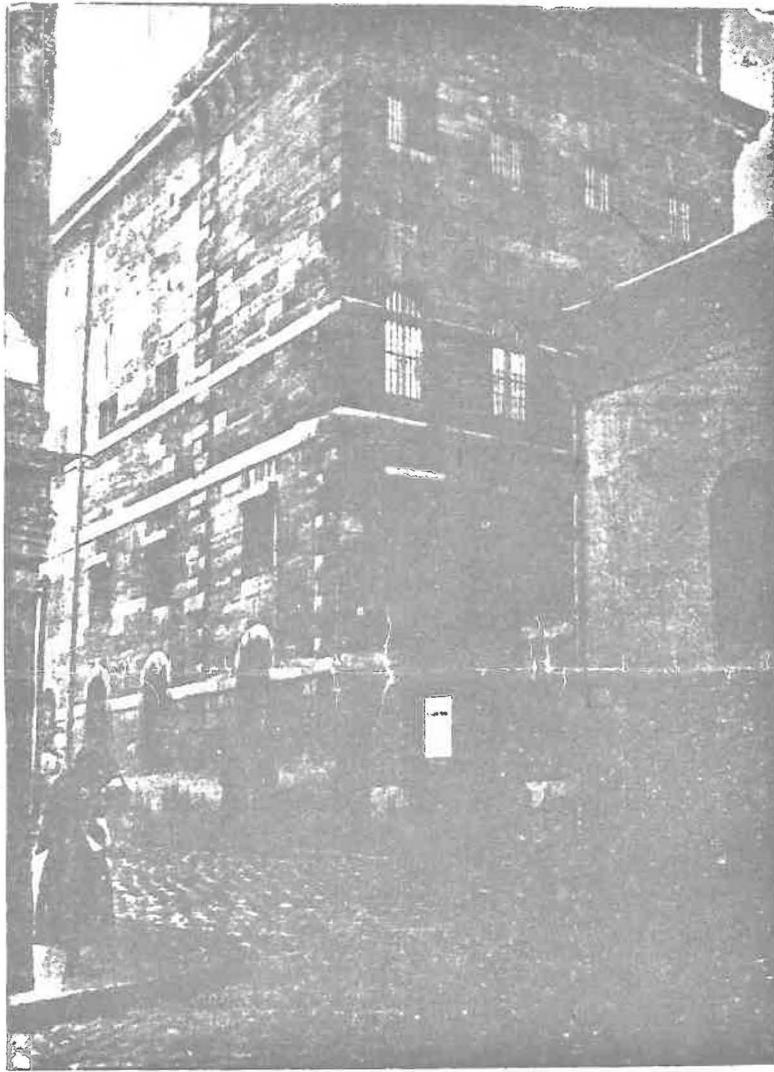
THE FRENCH PRESS LAWS.

HOW THE "YELLOW JOURNALISM" OF PARIS IS KEPT IN CHECK.

SEVENTY ARTICLES THAT PROVIDE FOR EVERY JOURNALISTIC CONTINGENCY–THE WEAK PART OF THE LAW–A DANGEROUSLY UNDERPAID MAGISTRACY.

Paris, February 24.

Although the laws of the French Revolution came, as Sainte-Beuve forcibly puts it, "like those of Mount Sinai, amid thunder and lightning," it is singular to find that more than a century after the Declaration of the Rights of Man the legislation of the country under the Third Republic is so scant that whenever great National issues like those involved in the Zola trial come up the only legal method of redress is afforded in a somewhat indirect way by the laws regulating the press, which are due to the inspiration and activity of so modern a reformer as Gambetta.



THE PRISON OF STE. PELAGIE.

Where Zola will suffer his term of imprisonment. The two arched windows in the third story are those of the room from which Mme. Roland was led to the guillotine.

Paradoxical as it may seem to students of history who may recall the scurrility of Marat's "Ami du Peuple," it is nevertheless true that the French press never enjoyed even the semblance of freedom until so recent a date as 1881.

From the Revolution until then it was subjected to the most arbitrary and vexatious conditions and requirements. The preliminary authorization to print and publish newspapers could be obtained only as a sort of favor from the Ministry of the moment, and this authorization was revocable at any time. Newspapers were often forced to submit to a rigorous and annoying preliminary censorship before the publication of each issue. The publisher was obliged to deposit a considerable sum of caution money, liable to be forfeited wholly or in part upon the most trivial pretext. Then there were excessive stamp duties imposed with the special object of impeding circulation, and there were hundreds of minor obstacles invented by the "preventive system," which under the Second Empire became almost one of the fine arts. During the war and the Commune people had other things to think about. But in May, 1877, the Duc de Broglie Cabinet, composed of Royalists and Imperialists, applied all the legal and administrative machinery of press restriction with a vigor that not only brought about the downfall of the Ministry, but became one of the primary causes of the resignation of Marshal MacMahon on January 28, 1879. During five months there were 2,750 press persecutions in Paris and the provinces. The fines imposed exceeded a million of francs, and the sentences of imprisonment of journalists made altogether during that short period a substantial total of over forty-six years. The press-muzzling campaign of the closing months of Marshal MacMahon's Presidency was followed by a strong liberal reaction, and the fundamental law of July 29, 1881, swept away the preventive obstacles, and established the liberty of the press on a legal basis for the first time in French history.

The trial of M. Zola–so far the most momentous one of the Third Republic–the trial of Peyramont, editor of "La Revanche"; the trial of Norton, and the numerous legal vicissitudes of M. Henri Rochefort, indicate that the French Press law has become a sort of touchstone to test the efficacy and popularity of proposed political changes. The Press law of July 29, 1881, is a remarkable one; and a distinguished American jurist and professor of Harvard University, who was recently in Paris, suggested that some of its provisions if transplanted in New-York might cure some of the abuses of "yellow journalism" without interfering with its liberty. The French press law is composed of seventy articles which cover almost every imaginable journalistic situation. It enables every Frenchman, after merely giving formal notice of his intentions to publish a newspaper, remaining, of course, answerable to a jury (in most cases) for any offences or misdeameanors his journal may commit. The fullest expression of opinion is allowed. An excellent and popular feature is the right of persons mentioned in any issue of a newspaper to reply to or correct any statements made in the paper concerning them. The publication of such replies or corrections is obligatory and gratuitous, and they must appear in the same part of the paper and in the same type as the original articles to which they refer, but they cannot be more than twice their length. Such replies or corrections must appear within three days after their reception, or else severe fines or imprisonment may ensue. Any editor who publishes an article which, in the opinion of the jury, constitutes a direct incitement to murder, incendiarism or pillage is liable to a maxium penalty of two years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. The editor of any newspaper publishing an article which a jury deems contrary to public decency is liable to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs. The publication of false news or falsified documents or letters maliciously attributed to persons not their real authors may be punished with one year's imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs. Libels against the constituted authorities (this was Zola's case) may be punished by imprisonment from eight days to one year, and with fines from 100 francs to 3,000 francs. Libels against private individuals (this was Rochefort's case when he libelled Joseph Reinach in the "Intransigéant" on Christmas Day) may be punished with imprisonment from five days to six months and a fine of from 25 francs to 3,000 francs. In libels, as in all other press offences, not only the editor of the newspaper but also the writer of the article that caused the mischief is subject to punishment. Libels against public officials or officers of the army or navy (Zola's case) must be tried by a jury, while libels against private persons are simply tried by a police justice without a jury (as was done in Rochefort's case). The reason for this distinction is because in libels against officials the truth or "justification" of the libel is a good plea, while, on the contrary, the truth or "justification" cannot be pleaded in defence of libels against private individuals.

THE PENAL CODE PROVISION.

Besides the seventy articles of the Press law of July 29, 1881, which is slightly modified in regard to several points of procedure by the law of July 29, 1894, there is the formidable article 84 of the Penal Code, which provides "that any person who by a hostile act not approved by the Government shall expose the nation to a declaration of war shall be punished with banishment and, if war ensues, with transportation." The application of this article has, however, been invoked only four times during the present century. It was under this law that M. Peyramont, Editor of "La Revanche"–a sort of "yellow journal" of the period–was tried on March 12, 1887. M. Peyramont published in "La Revanche" an insulting cartoon representing the German Emperor and Prince Bismarck in the shape of a great double-headed wild beast of the Apocalypse, charging at full speed against the levelled bayonet of a little French infantry soldier, while in the rear was a Russian soldier in the act of chopping off with his sabre the huge tail of the Apocalyptic beast. After a sensational trial M. Peyramont was acquitted by the jury on the ground "that he was carried away by the excess of his patriotic emotions."

The weak and often dangerous aspect of the Press law, in common with every other department of French jurisprudence, is its application by the magistracy. The French judges form a distinct caste by themselves. They begin their careers not as lawyers or advocates, but as auxiliary justices. For the first few years they receive no salary at all, and even when they attain the height of their career their pay is wretchedly inadequate. For instance, the Judge