without warning. We squeezed between wheels; dodged briskly under horses' heads; kept cautiously around their heels and were in centimal dread of being run over, or bitten, or kicked to death, or lassoed by whip or reins. It might be fun in the green field, where there is plenty of room, or where there is some place of safety, such as a foot-path; but in the crowded streets of drenched Rome, on the first day of the Carnival, when you have had no sleep for more than thirty hours, and but an indifferent breakfast, and are looking for some place to go to pretty that you can't get any in particular, it is not fun at all to any but a very funny fellow indeed.

But the energy of the Practical Member was something marvelous. We could only repress our feelings, and follow submissively where she led. We never knew before how resigned we could be. We always supposed ourselves to have the ordinary amount of self-assertion, and "a will of our own." But already the unquestioning submission required of good Romans had possessed us, and we went meekly from door to door, and climbed lofty stairs unmurmuringly, and uttered the stereotyped phrases of question and answer, and "No" report. Only the first house excited remark—a remark that all were silenced by, at once made, it was unnecessary to repeat. "What a dirty entrance!"—what dirty passages and stairs!" And they were dirty, they were dirty, and probably will be always dirty. As our friend remarked—the source who told us that carriages have the right of way—"If you could put an American house down in Rome, they would think it one of the marvels of the new earth." Carriages and people come into the building by the same passage, generally—a passage which is for all the world like the street, only lighter and darker, because no beneficent rain falls on it, owing to the super-posed stories of the house. The stairs lead up from story to story, and are the common passage-way for all kinds of people in the house and all tradespeople, servants, pedlars, monks, beggars, thieves, and the world besides. No person feels interested in keeping them clean; and they go on accumulating dirt from year to year, and from generation to generation. "You were a very good entrance," said one of our friends to another, one day. "Yes," he replied, "it is put in the bill." And so every advantage is put in the bill; but no discount is made for disadvantages. The modern conveniences "do not abound, and people soon learn at Rome "how little they really need" in the way of "quarters," as our military people are fond of calling their residence.

Our first impression of Rome—that is, our after-breakfast impression—is one of a single dirty entrance, from which rises a single dirter stairway into an indefinite succession of rooms so much alike that you cannot tell them apart. One window in a room, a lot of rickety furniture, a voluble landlady expatiating on the sun and the Carnival and her last lodgers, in all tongues, but those used at the dispersion from Babel. How seedy it all was, and how impossible for us to live ten days in such pretentious and uncomfortable rooms! We so expressed ourselves to the Practical Member, whereupon she said, "Very well; we'll try this place of which I have the address, as we are not likely to find anything better." In short, we went, saw, rented, and occupied in less than an hour.

Then came the question of how to live after all. We had, it is true, rooms; but to go up and down those everlasting stairs, three or four times a day, to get something to eat, was not in our programme. But, again, the Practical Member was equal to the emergency. She looked at the rooms, and reported, in an absent-minded way, down the first cross street; scanned the numbers on the door-posts and turned into a dark entry, above which, in fat Roman letters, was the sign of "English Dairy." There, a few minutes' conversation resulted in an order to have milk, butter and eggs sent to our rooms in state quantities every morning. Then an "English baker" agreed to send of *his* wares every morning. Then a grocer received his orders; and then, crowning achievement of all, we boldly entered a restaurant, where they advertise to "serve dinners to apartments," and gave an order which would have brought in into merited contempt with a hotel proprietor, but which, nevertheless, procured ample supply for our wants. And now, behold us established, and at liberty "to do Rome at our leisure."

We will only add, as the conclusion of this recital, that an experienced person might have accomplished our three hours' work in less than forty minutes. We could now do it ourselves in that time.

So far we had not seen much of Rome; a few ruins as we approached the city; a few dirty streets of modern-built houses, but with a look of premature age, like the young wife of an old, old man; monuments here and there, made up of some ancient statue or column, set upon a comparatively new base, with a grand inscription recording that the old part had been purged from its bad associations, and set up by such or such a Tourist to commemorate some event, decree, dogma, or the beneficent reign of the good man who had reconciled his love of art and antiquity with his Christian zeal in the preservation of the work he inherited from people with his name. Neither had we seen the opening of the Carnival by the Senator, which all the world desired to see. It would never do to see nothing the first day. We *must* take a walk or a ride to the Piazza del Popolo, or Piazza di Spagna, or somewhere else. The Forum was too far off; so was the Coliseum; so was St. Peter's. But why not go down to the Corso and see the Carnival—that gay and brilliant scene which had been so often described, and which is more to the young English damsel making the grand tour than ever her first ball was? Yes, we would stroll down to the Corso, taking good care not to be run over on our way, and being on our guard against mad showers from advancing streets.

Our first glimpse of the Carnival was a multitude of hats, baskets and boxes containing confetti, and large trees of bouquets, all for sale to participants. We were somewhat surprised to see so many people assembled at the corner of the Corso and Via del Condotti, the centre of festivities. We supposed that if much fun was going on, there must be some laughing or shouting; but although the people were almost a crowd, only a mild murmur rose from them, and gave us the impression that the ruin or something else last had a depressing effect upon their hilarious spirits. And in truth it seemed but the ghastly skeleton of a festival—a skeleton brought forth into the open day in a vain effort to reclothe it in flesh and cause it to revive.

Nothing more lame and insipid, not to say stupid, could well be imagined than the Carnival as we first saw it. The balconies and windows had been gaily dressed in red, but occasional showers had caused the removal of most of the cloths, leaving the fringe tied fast with limp and bedraggled ribbons and fluttering ends of strings, while the rough boards which made the framework of the temporary canopies were half bare. A mob of roughly dressed men and boys, such as hang around street-corners and beg, or rush frantically to open the door of a carriage which is stopping before a store, in the hope of receiving a small copper, were sauntering up and down the Corso, in the mud, well floured with confetti—a forlorn and piteous spectacle of creatures who had gone out for wool and were going home—if they had any homes—shorn. On the dismantled balconies above were occasional English or American youths intent on throwing down upon the street below their daily allowance of confetti, indifferent whether it fell on heads or shoulders or in the mud. They must get through it, and so down it went by handfuls, by tin-cupfuls, or by the scoopful. It was a make-believe, a sham, a mockery, very spiritless and dull, about which the Romans shrugged their shoulders in the vain endeavor to comprehend how the strangers found it amusing. So did we; and as we saw the few figures which had graced the balconies disappear, one by one, though the doors and windows, when the baskets and boxes of confetti had been emptied, until almost none remained, we concluded that it was not altogether our fatigue which deprived the festival of its charm, but that the spirit of the thing had gone; and as its glory had departed long since, we had been present at its burial, and saw carried over the tomb of the Carnival the fitting epitaph: Ichabod.

THE FINE ARTS.

Industrial Fine-Arts for Women.

That instruction which can fortify the indigent or the self-reliant of the female sex against the vicissitudes of life, and give them a resource, whether we take the resourceless young woman who must otherwise "prick back death with the needle-point," or the prouder spirits that disdain a dependent position and seek a means of self-support—is surely one deserving every attention and assistance; and the peculiar conditions of American society, involving a large and increasing proportion of females who are destitute of living in respectability without reliance on a husband's resources, make the encouragement of such instruction obligatory on every community, and the elevation and methodizing of it a tit task for the wisest heads among us.

The arts of design have something feminine in their very essence, which naturally attracts the attention of many young ladies. The taste of the two sexes, during the formative period of life, appear about equal for this kind of training, with probably a slight over balancing in favor of the school-girl over the schoolboy. And it is one of the most obvious of outlooks for the indigent young woman, leaving the seminary where she has been freely educated on the beneficent American system, to contemplate a development of the drawing-lessons, which she remembers with pleasure, into a means of self-support.

There is in this city an institution of the first class, which is fulfilling to admiration the functions of a Normal School for instruction in the arts of design, and of an industrial school for reversal applications of the fine-arts. We refer to the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, on northwest Penn Square, with its accomplished Principal, Mr. T. P. Braidwood, has always, by a certain originality of method and energy of character, identified himself in a personal and quite peculiar manner. We have examined this institution very thoroughly, as well as the best examples of similar schools in Europe, and we are not certain but that the establishment in Philadelphia is more creditable, and better adapted to the surrounding conditions of society, than any of them. It is, of course, a mere infant in swaddling-bands, if we compare it with that noble and harmonious system of art-assistance which spreads over England, Ireland and Scotland, and whose anchors, the Museum at South Kensington in London, has latterly become the most complete, the most enterprising and amiable, and the most prodigally generous in the world. The Kensington Museum, in authorities on any subject—be it a bronze for some of the Gates of Paradise by Ghiberti, a cast of Pisano's font in the Baptistery of Pisa, a mere bit of tapestry, or lace, or glass, or illumination; and in attractive and winning opportunities for study—is in very large range of conservatories, where fern baskets are seen hanging with dazzling effect against obscure caverns of rockwork—is now rich above all national and private collections of industrial art. *Our* school, with its individuality and its earnestness, though perhaps equally alive, is the toy of adverse and chilling circumstance; but, everything considered, it is a credit that the establishment lives at all, and did live through the crisis of the late national struggle, when the patrons of this, as of many such institutions, generally withdrew their hands and diverted their aid to interests of still more vital national importance. We believe, on the other hand, that Mr. Braidwood's nursling compares very favorably with either of the two similar schools of the metropolis with the Ecole Speciale et Gratuite de Dessin, 7, Rue Dupuytren, or the Ecole Gratuite de Dessin, de Mathématique et de Sculpture d'Ornement, where we have been almost painfully struck with the adherence to obsolete methods of instruction, to models depletating a false and disproved taste, and to the whole baggage of traditional customs and notions which cling in some country has the advantage of starting clear of.

The school at which Mr. Braidwood presides has today 50 pupils, lodged in a building which now, since the improvements perfected in the latter half of 1869, may be considered adequate. By the generous exertions of the Directors a building about sixty feet in length by twenty-two feet in width, and three stories high, now adjoins the rear of the main building at the corner of Filbert and Merrick streets. The second and third stories of the new building have a single room each, covering the whole area. The fitness of the rooms for the purposes intended comes anything which the school has heretofore possessed, and permits something like a complete exhibition of the valuable collection of casts belonging to the school.

The collection of casts from the antique is indeed very ample complete, forming "a liberal education in itself," as ranged in the spacious, handsome gallery upstairs; while the nature-casts,—of wheat-sheaves, water-plants, or whatever possesses the ephemeral grace of vitality,—are perhaps of still greater immediate importance, and are obtained by Mr. Braidwood, through his relations with the aforesaid Kensington art-centre, in fine condition and remarkable profusion. At the same time Mr. Braidwood is himself the author of a scientific analysis of the laws of harmonic design, by which the training of simple curves and their variations into themes of beauty is made simple and demonstrable, to a degree that would almost seem to render useless originality and invention in the artist. His demonstrations of these rules, as well as of those of art, are a feature of great importance in the system here taught. And truly nothing is more necessary, in the present incipient state of American design, than a firm basis of rudimentary pattern-making, having system and method.

But we will not go further into a description of the appliances of the school, which have a technical rather than popular interest, and may be here dismissed in the general terms of adequate and complete. Suffice to say that the directors, by their activity in preparing a good building and collection, have formed, and are already utilizing a working plan of great value among the class intended to receive the benefit. The history of the school during the last few years contains many examples of young ladies trained from a state of destitution to a cheerful and industrious competency; some design prints, paper-hangings, carpets and druggets; several are employed by our Academy of Sciences in making records of its splendid ornithological collection; while a number are finding congenial employment at teaching in various seminaries, and one, by one, though the dozen and a half who have sketched and painted, and its comparative usefulness as a barbier of refuge, lead me to question whether the school receives an appropriation on which it lives. The appropriation this year will be $5,000, to be divided among three schools. Upon its share of this, and upon an annual contribution for which some liberal citizens have made themselves responsible, the institution stands. It is always, and now, in almost urgent want, and the Treasurer, Mr. James L. Claghorn, will account for, and cause to improve a hundred-fold, any contributions that may be evoked by this or similar articles. A more hopeful work, directed to a more grateful and worthy field, can hardly be indicated.

The President is now Mr. W. J. Hortsmann; the Vice President, James H. Orne; Secretary, P. F. Morris; Treasurer, James L. Claghorn, and the Directors are W. J. Hortsmann, James H. Orne, P. F. Morris, James L. Claghorn, W. P. Wilstach, David S. Brown, Redwood Fisher, George Whitney, R. W. Cummins, Isaac Hinckley, John Sartain and Edward S. Clarke. The lecturer on anatomy (with the aid of the Auzoux manikins and natural bones) is Prof. A. E. Thomas. A lady teacher has been sent express to Paris for a technical education, and has recently returned and is installed. Prof. Schoneck, of the Pennsylvania Academy, has freely corrected the drawings, but is just now unable to attend from the state of his health. The use of our academy lecture-room, Mr. Thomas Moran; some attention has been paid to botany; and Mr. A. G. Heaton has read several popular lectures on subjects.

THE "RIVER AND HARBOR GANG."

The Railroad Ring is gathering at Washington—over forty railroad projects are already before Congress, all asking and begging for subsidies. In the meantime the "River and Harbor Gang" are also at hand. Here is a little bill of items which the good Uncle Sam is asked to pay:

For Baltimore, Maryland,	$20,000
For East river, N. Y.,	1,000,000
For Des Moines Rapids,	500,000
For Rock Island,	394,000
For Potomac river,	10,000
For Port Ontario,	50,000
For Milwaukee, Kenosha and Racine, each,	50,000
For Charleston (West Virginia),	100,000
For Pass-a-l'Outre (La.),	500,000
For Fort Washington (Wis.),	154,000
For Mobile Bayou river,	50,000
For Michigan City (Ind.),	204,000
For Michigan Harbors,	302,000
For Penobscot River,	50,000
For Kaaraguagus River,	50,000
For Ontonagon Harbor,	80,000
For Marquette Harbor,	90,000
For Eagle Harbor,	100,000
For Bayou Teche,	50,000
For the Chicago River,	684,000
For Alton Harbor,	50,000
For Appomattox River,	250,000
For Bees Sales, Manisee, Père Marquette, Pentwater, White River, Muskegon and Grand Haven (Mich.),	482,000
For Palapaco River,	107,000
For Mouth of Mississippi River,	500,000
For St. Joseph's River,	118,000
For Black Lake,	90,000
For ten New York lake ports, *i. e.*, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Olcott, Oak Orchard, Charlotte, Big Sodus, Little Sodus, Oswego, Ogdensburg and Plattsburg,	863,000
For Burlington (Vt.,)	75,000
For Upper Mississippi,	500,000
For Middle Mississippi,	385,000
For the Ohio river and tributaries,	500,000
For the Lower Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri,	1,500,000
For the Pacific Coast,	200,000
For the Hudson River,	150,000
For the Rondout,	70,000
For the Connecticut River,	10,000
For the Providence River,	15,000
For the Pawtucket River,	25,000
For the Saco River,	25,000
For the Kenebec River,	50,000
For the St. Croix River,	20,000
For the Guthack River,	93,000
For Cape Elizabeth (Maine),	40,000
For the Penobscot River (Maine),	810,000
For Boston,	35,000
For Cape Cod,	30,000

Making a total in round numbers of eleven million seven hundred thousand dollars.

There is not one of these harbors, not excluding our own, but ought to be "improved" by the private efforts of the merchants and others who are benefited by its commerce. Hell Gate could have been cleared long ago with half the labor which has been given to log-rolling appropriations through Congress; and if it were once settled that Congress would give nothing out of the public purse, the people interested would very quickly put their hands in their own pockets. The merchants of New Orleans, for instance, would have either the Passes to be blocked up, or they would get a cent from Washington.

And, bear in mind, this is an annual and annually increasing expense. The place which this year demands $20,000 probably had as much last year, and will expect twice as much next year. Here is a sample, from the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, of the manner in which this money is got and spent:

"The little town of Conneaut, Ohio, is somewhere between Ashtabula and Erie, or say nearly midway between Cleveland and Buffalo. I instance it only because I happened once to have stopped there, and to have heard the new harbor discussed. The little town was perfectly dead (for an Ohio town), but everybody was saying: 'We will get an appropriation next year. Our Congressman has promised to do all he can. This, with a good appropriation, Conneaut will be a live place.'

"As I looked around Conneaut, I thought of the story, a doctor's saying that 'sickness would be picking up' after that appropriation.

"Now, behold! Since the period of my visit Conneaut has had nearly $25,000 of government money, and is hard after more this year, while the engineer officer in charge says of it:

"'In the year ending June 30, 1869, there was collected for duties at Conneaut harbor, $18 in currency, which Deputy Collector Phillips, at Cleveland, thinks should be the amount of commerce likely to be benefited by the improvements in progress.'

"Conneaut has had her money, and you and I have helped to contribute it. About fifty thousand dollars of the expenditure to collect eighteen dollars a year. Besides, this superfluous harbor will probably require to be dredged every year, and be kept open by piers, as the engineer in charge says:

"'In the year extending, having been made this spring, its effect upon the channel is not yet observable. It is probable that a small amount of dredging will hereafter be required, and if it be determined to maintain twelve feet depth of channel, though the commerce which the place has, and its comparative usefulness as a harbor of refuge, lead me to doubt whether the expenditure of the money for the purpose would be a judicious one.'

"You will naturally ask how Conneaut, standing at the extreme end of the other side of her half a dozen harbors—Erie, Ashtabula, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Cleveland, &c.—should get so much of the money, and the answer is that Congress. It was effected by the interlinking interest of many points, in many cities, each demanding something, and the good had to admit the evil into the beneficial association.

"Moreover, the engineer officers of the United States are often seduced by the hospitable ways of the people and places like Conneaut, to report favorably upon worthless schemes of this sort. Once an appropriation allowed, it becomes an argument for more, as these works drag out years in their completion, and thus year after year Congress, at Washington is merely provincial, egged on by dozens, of decoyed villages; and the underground of pretenders now extends from New England to Puget Sound. There is the St. Mary's improvement, that has already cost more than the harbor of St. Diego in partnership with Conneaut; Zanesville gets a custom-house, provided Dock Creek can have a United States flood-gate."

And then we are to squander nearly twelve millions of the money which we have first to earn by hard work and then have taxed away to tax-gatherers. Does the Republican majority in Congress think the people have no feeling? We trust the "powers of the land" will show that he is a true friend of economy.—*N. Y. Post.*

FIRE-PROOF SAFES.

THE SECOND GREAT FIRE IN GALVESTON.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED!

HERRING'S SAFES

PRESERVE THEIR CONTENTS IN EVERY INSTANCE, WHILE SOME OF OTHER MAKERS FAIL.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Feb. 22, 1870.

Messrs. Herring, Farrel & Sherman, New York:

DEAR SIR: We beg to inform you that during the night of the 19th inst. a conflagration of the most extensive character took place in this city, destroying property valued at not less than one million dollars.

"There were a number of your safes in the fire, and every one thus far opened has proved entirely satisfactory, very, while the contents of other makers were more or less injured. Yours, A. W. & F. P. CLEGG.

SPECIAL DESPATCH BY TELEGRAPH.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Feb. 20, 1870.

Messrs. Herring, Farrel & Sherman, 251 Broadway, New York:

Your Champion Safes have stood this second large fire splendidly, saved their contents. Of 40 in every, nearly some solve of other makers burnt up. J. J. GREEN.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES,

"The best reliable protection from fire known."

HERRING'S NEW PATENT CHAMPION

Combining wrought iron and hardened steel, and iron and steel in alternate layers, with Franklinite—the only one afford protection against burglars to an extent not heretofore known.

Dwelling house safes for silver plate, valuables, jewelry, silks, laces, deeds, and other valuables.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN,

251 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN,

PHILADELPHIA.

CORNER MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN,

CHICAGO.

HERRING, FARREL & SHERMAN,

New Orleans.

mh21 f m w 1Mo4t

PRINTING.

A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,
A. C. BRYSON & CO.,

607 Chestnut St. & 604 Jayne St.
607 Chestnut St. & 604 Jayne St.
607 Chestnut St. & 604 Jayne St.