Perchibers Wrote Up and Printe ment of Their Wares and -A Fow Extracts From the me of an Old Boston "Garette,"

The great-grand fathers of the blue-blooded as of to-day of Boston or Salem, New York r Philadelphia, a century ago sold needles, and wire, or ground stuff, and turned an onest ponny in a variety of ways. A newspor of a hundred years ago is to Americans oper of a hundred years ago is to Americans the Domesday book is to Englishmen.

The test of the advertisements is highly ertaining. The Boston Gazette of 1767 in which is introduced the character of

m which is introduced the characteristics, and good people are warned to look out for "The Prince of the Air," who reigns with almost "uncontrouled Restraint." Whether "Lucinda" induced persons of ality to be less giddy no one can say, bu is is probable that many of them hied to Sarah Todd and Mary Purcell, genteel hab-ordashers of that time, who had moved from Sarah Todd and Mary Purcell, genteel habordeshers of that time, who had moved from the Old Brick Meeting House to Cernhill, next door to Deacon Botineau, and bought there "Horse Hair quilted Petticoats, Tandem Holland, Paistboard Stomachers, Stone set in Silver Shoe Buckles, Prussian Cloaks and Hatta, and a Variety of Millenary Goods, too many to enumerate." Many of the stuffs ones in common use are unknown to-day. What are Mamoodics, Chillabully Bastas, Jollopoor Sannas, and Aleabad Mowsannas? Occasionally an eccentric gentleman of to-day sports a bandana, but men and women adorned themselves in the past with "Indian fabricks," and very beautiful were they, of fine texture and of suberb hue. In 1760 some cunning people wanted to forestall the market in Boston and got up a smallpox scare, whereupon "Ezekiel Goldthwait, Town Clerk," exposed the fraud as "a wicked and abusive practice," and told the country people who were alarmed "by seeing silks hanging on poles, that the smallpox was not in such houses, "they being hung out at the Silk Dyers for Dying." Daniel Parker, at his shop near the "Golden Ball, Boston," holds "an assortment of articles in the Goldmith and Jeweller's way." He has "Button and Earing stones of all sorts, Brilliam Ring sparks, stone buttons in silver by the card, best Sword Blades, Shoe and Knee Chapes of all sizes, Turkey Oyl Stones, Coral beeds, Stick ditto for whistles, small raizing anvils for Cream Potts, Lanchashire Watch Plyers, best Sword Blades, Shoe and Knee Chapes of all sizes, Turkey Oyl Stones, Coral beeds, Stick ditto for whistles, small raizing anvils for Cream Potts, Lanchashire Watch Plyers, Birmingham ditto, with sundry other articles cheap for cash." Thomas Handasyd Peck advertises "Button Lupes," (100ps ?) and Silk Lace and Frogs." In 1759 Towniey, at the "Wheat Sheaf," tells of the excellence

Silk Lace and Frogs." In 1759 Towniey, at the "Wheat Sheaf," tells of the excellence of his "figured and corded dimothys," (dimities.) Occasionally in New England you can pick up to-day good pewter, part, perhaps of that stock of Ebenezer Coffin, who offered "best London hard metal and common pewter and common pewter and common pewter dishes, piates, basons, porringers, quart pots, tankards, soup ketles, communion flaggons, christening basons, etc." Boston was not for prohibition in 1769 any more than it is to-day, for Rosanna Moore will sell "by wholesale and retail, at her Wine Cellar, near Liberty Tree, old Sterling Madiera, Lisbon, Tenerif, Claret, Port, Malaga, Tent, sweet, and other wines, all in their original purity." Are Mein & Port, Malaga, Tent, sweet, and other wines, all in their original purity." Are Mein & Fleeming still looking out for a "discreet elderly woman that can be well recommended, who understands dressing victuals and the economy of a large family"? They advertised for, her in 1768. How dear lemmons (with two m's) must have been 118 years ago! They were worth 10s per single dozen. But they were "Good and Fresh Liston lemmons." People to-day have no idea how memons." mons." People to-day have no idea how ne-cessary a lemon was in those thirsty times. You couldn't brew a punch without them. Does not Mr. Stevenson tell us how a Scotch Does not Mr. Stevenson teil us how a Scotch gentleman in 1745 invariably had a bag of lemons tied in front of him when on horse-back, so that his punch should always be perfect? Samuel Allyne Otis, wants New England Rum and it is supposable that Medford's supply was scant at that time (1797.) for he will exchange "Bohea Tea, Indigo, Long and Short Pipes and Dumb Fish for N. E. Rum." What is Dumb Fish? Will the United States fish commissioner please explain? William Lang will serve his cusexplain? William Lang will serve his customers "in the most genteel and pointe Taste" with wiga. He assures judges, divines, lawyers and physicians, "because of the importance of their heads, that he can assort his wigs to suit their respective forms. wigs to suit their respective Occupations and Inclinations." For the ladies he has the gitt of "a nice, easy, genteel, and polite Construc-tion of Rolls, such as may tend to raise their Heads to any Pitch they desire."

A very pretty bit of patriotism and some

little of a twist and turn in politics is appar-ent by the cards published in the Essex Gazette relative to the departure of Gov. Hutchinson from the province of Massachu setts in 1774. It appears that sundry citizens had given the governor a send-off and had landed him. Soon after Hutchinson's departure the battles of Lexington and Concord had taken place, and there was a change of sentiment; so the signers of the address of laudation to the governor took back all they had said and signed to. It would never have done for the gentleman to have been accused of Toryism. J. Fowle is right down plain and honest, for he points his recantation in this way: "Whereas I, the subscriber, signed an address to the late Governor Hutsigned an address to the late Governor Tra-chinson—I wish the Devil had said Address

before I had seen it. J. Fowle, Marblehead 1774." Certainly J. Fowle was no They did not say tooth brushes a century ago, but "teeth brushes" and "teeth pow der." Isaac Greenwood, whose advertise-ment is ornamented with the queerest kind of a rough woodent of a simpering woman, with a "construction" on her head and a parasol in her hand, will sell "teeth brushes" and "will repair violins, make flutes, fifes, hautboys, ciarionets, tamboy frames, backgammon boxes, men and dies, frames, backgammon boxes, men and dies, billiard balls and lemon squeezers." Here is the curious heading of an auction: "By authority Jeweis and Diamonds for senti-mentalists. "Robert Bell, bookseller, mentalists, is just ar-Provedore to the Sentimentalists, is just ar-rived from Philadelphia," and will sell hisrived from Philadelphia," and will sell history, art, science, novels and adventures "by the most ancient and modern authors, who have explored, investigated and attempted to illuminate the human understanding with the godlike attribute of knowledge." Certainly in those days, which are past, those poor authors had their meed of praise allotted them. In 1791 Salem has a wax work exhibition, and in the Eden Musee of that time there was "the unfortunate Bar Trenck in real chains" and "Doctor Frank-lin dressed in a suit of his own clothes." Baron Trenck was peripatetic for a great many years in wax, and always was dressed "in real chains." Baltimore in 1788 had a very barefaced but persuasive man in it when Tom Hepburn tried to sell liquors with this advertisement: "The Rosy God, ever this advertisement: "The Rosy God, ever attentive to the wants and wishes of his vota ries here below, has for their use deposited in ries here below, has for their use deposited in the hands of the subscriber (one of his oldest Tapsters) some of his choicest gifts, the best Produce of various vintages, etc., etc." Sometimes the advertisements contain notices of goods which are quite mixed. W. P. Bartlett, of Salem, in 1788 will sell "next Friday Bandannoes, Broadcloths, Whalebone, Bibles, Bottled mustard and Playing cards," with "a few pounds of nutmegs." The Barnums of America went their requires exited. Bibles, Bottled mustard and Playing cards," with "a few pounds of nutmegs." The Barnums of America went their rounds early, for Mr. Gilbert exhibits at Salem "a large Baboon, a Porcupine, Bear, Rackoon and Rabbit; a collection of Living animals, harmless and playful." Were rabbits rare in those days? Later on we have the Salemt Dog and "the Pig of Knowledge." How the character of words changes! In commerceration of the death of Washington, Mr. Brewer makes "a very ingenious and

How the character of words changes! In commemoration of the death of Washington, Mr. Brewer makes "a very ingenious and elegant mourning Vignette," thus described: "Round the monument are nymphs in the posture of mourning." The Temple of Fame in Boston goes in for a real allegory, with an excellent figure of Gen. Washington in a temple expressive of the late melancholy event. " The Young Ladies which represent the Sister States (with a real Eagle hovering over) will be seen with sullable alterations." What is meant by alterations?"

There is a fine fire of patriotism when the frigate Essex is built and launched at Salem in six months, and the people are asked to send on timber, and galiantly do they respond.

"Next September is the time
When we'll issued her from the straud,
And our cannon load and prime
With tribute due to Talleyrand."

On September 30 the Essex left her stocks, and, as Adams was reported to have said, as Adams was reported to have said, as Adams was reported to have said, as probably never did say, "Let ue have a say, and there was a navy." They were say, and there was a navy. "They were say, and there was a navy." They were say, and the say, and his Excellency Lieut. It is offered to the say, and the

THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

"said sum in good Spanish dollars without the least delay."

When Non Intercoursecame quill pens became sance and "Cushing & Appleton have a few thousand on hand." but J. Greenleaf will sell seel pens at "40 Cornhill, Boston," while is about the sarliest of dates we have

which is about the earliest of dates we have ever seen assigned to steel pens. Fountain pens are sold, for here is the "Pocket Writ-ing Instrument" which is good "for lote 12 hours \* \* \* without the sid of an inkstand," and more than that, here is the Draisena, the forerunner of the bleyde, with a cut of the machine. It is a very awkward looking vehicle, and it looks as if the impetus was given by putting the feet on the ground. A nice exhibition that must have been of Messrs. Tromelle and Girard, who wanted to show Essex how to fight with small swords "until one of the parties falls weltering in blood!" Music occupies a certain position in the advertisements of 75 years ago. We have heard of oysters on the half-shell, but what is "Music on the Leaf ?" "The sounds produced by the Leaf are admired by the lovers of Music." If we should hunt up the music books of our grandmothers we might find such panoforte compositions as "Polly Hopkins and Tommy Tompkins," "The Merry Flageolet," "My Heart and Lute," "Adventures of Paul Pry," "The Washing Day"—for these were songs, as "The Merry Flageolet," "My Heart and Lute," "Adventures of Paul Pry," "The Washing Day"—for these were songs, as probably were "The days of good Queen Bess," "A fragrant rose there grew," "Bol-ivar's Peruvian Battle Song," "Love in a Barn," "St. Patrick was a gentleman." J. M. Ives sold them, with instructions for the

A ROMAN LEGENS. Her eyes are depths of dark delight Her lips, twin roses closely prest in rapture of contented rest. From night till morn, from morn till night. Her hair, that fell in dusky clouds. The soft black veil torever shrouds.

The convent walls are high and strong, rom matins until even song and last to mourn and first to pray is the young nun Veronica.

Within her cell she keeps alway That lovely marble saint, who lies As in the tomb for centuries The sweet, pure, martyred body lay: With heart-warm love oft murmurs at Santa Cecilia, pray for me

And when at vespers heavenly cle Her voice rings out above the rest,
Santa Cecilia, sure has blest.
Say the proud nuns, "our sister dear,
What joy, did listening angel come, As to the noble day of Bome

No angel came Veronica Or silent saints in sculptured stone, Or sisters white and cold as they, And gazed up to the impassive blue, Where not one heavenly tace looked through

But youthful blood runs hot and fast. And narrow are the convent walls, And wild ambition leaps and falls, And leaps again. "At last! at last." Loathing the pale life that can tend To no beginning and no end.

She walks beneath the flex trees, She warks deneate the consistency of the Watching the dull suns rise and set. Her days are fixed with vague regret; In the long nights strange dreams she sees. And wakes in terror. "Must this be? anta Cecilia, pity me :

Dear saint, who hadst all that I lack-Wealth, love, hope, joy-O martyr sweet ' By thy dead hands, and straight, dead feet Now walking safe the heavenly track, And woman's soul, from flesh set free -Santa Cecilia, come to me !"

Was it a vision? Close beside There stands a Presence in the cell; The white shrond round her itmbs that fell Shines like the garment of a bride. The blood marks in her neck yet stay. It is the Saint Cecilia.

Few of her words, but soft as tain Down-falling on long-thirsty soil: "Sister, go torth. Live, love, and toil. I in thy stead will here remain. Farewell." And broken are all bands; Outside the gate the young nun stands.

O Fame, how grand thy empty sound

O Love, how sweet thy treacherous breath Youth, strong in life, thinks not of death. She climbs the hill-top, looks around Her eager feet have reached their goal : Earth-satisfied is her full soul.

Santa Cecilia," oft they call The heavenly singer, human yet.
Midst home and babes does she forget
The narrow cell, the convent wall,
Or through applauding crowds can bear The nuns' meek voices chanting clear

Whoknows? She lived her life they say, Serene, contented, proudly pure, Of earth and heaven alike secure. Till out of herblue sky one day The boit fell. Childless, widowed, lone, Earth faded. Is heaven also gone?

Of Christ " who proved that marters Lord Whose service only cannot tire, Who only fill'st the heart's desire, I will arise and hear Thy Word, Who am as truly slain as she,

One May morn at the convent gate A pale, gaunt woman knocked and cried; Open: Oh, let me here abide; am so very desolate."

Who art thou ?" "That young sister gay, The singer called Veronica.

Laughed the good nun: "Our sister dear Has never left these peaceful walls; Each morn and eve her sweet voice calls To prayer, and saints and angels hear. Her face is lovely, as of yore. But thine ? Begone !" She shut the door.

In her old cell that even-tide Veronica awoke, and saw, With a strange quiet, mixed with awe, Her old self sitting by her side But sweater, holier, calmer made,
As pure souls grow whose bodies fade.

Slowly it changed. Unright and fair. In her celestial youth, there stands The statue with the linked hands, And straight dead feet, and folded bair. And virginal soft raiment, white And shining in the Lamb's own light.

Welcome fit-those stiver accents fall "God proved thee astrong souls are proved. Thou in the world hast lived, worked, loved and suffered. Sister, is it well?" The path desired thy feet have trod : Is aught enduring, except God ?

A low sob thrilled the convent cell The gray hair swept the convent floor Veronica areas once more. Ay, all was best as it beful: But all is past. I trust his word. Deal with me as Thou wilt, O Lord

Next morning on the pallet bed They found a woman wan and gray "Can this be our Veronica, Who was so fair last night?" they said. And will she rise once more and sing God's praises, like the birds in spring

She rose ; she saug. Her step was slow Feeble her voice, like song in dreams. The same, yet not the same, she seems: As when some lace we used to know We sudden meet, and on it see The shadow of eternity.

Yet still she went her datly round Of humble duties, dear as joys, And still the music of her voice Rejoiced the convent's narrow bound. Outside, the world went on its way ; Forgotten was Veronica. Her cell the silent secret kept

Years long. At last they found her there, The sainted nun with silver hair, oft smiling, like a child that slept Only the dream of life was o'er: They knew that she would wake no more And as they mourned above her bier.

They felt a sudden sweet perfume, And through the stillness of the room They heard two voices singing clear, Then fading, pass far, far away.
So lived, so died, Veronica.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman,"
in Harper's Magazine for August.

## His Delicate Correction. From the Farmer's Friend.

"What a lovely cow, Uncle James," ex claimed a Boston girl, the morning after her arrival, "and how comically she shakes her head." "Yes, but don't get too near that cow," cautioned the uncle; "he's an ugly critter."

Slightly Premature A Texas teacher was calling the roll. Just as he called out "Robert Smith," Robert himself rushed in out of breath, and answered: "Here, sir!" "Robert, next time you must not answer to your name unless you are here." "Yes, sir, I'll try not to." A DAY IN ROME.

FROM DANN TO DARK IN THE ETER NAL CITY.

How to Employ the Time Suggestions to Tourists-Treasures of the Vatican-Night Scenes-The Routine of a Summer's Day Onite Graphically Depleted.

The routine of a day in Rome in sumn

is something as follows: The stranger wakes gradually and rises from his slothful couch by slow degrees, exasperated by the noises that come in from the stony streets, but liant arrows through his blinds and halfdrawn curtains and gilds the long lines of the root and cornice of the building opposite Following the advice of the storekeeper in America, "If you don't see what you want ask for it," he rings for such articles as may be necessary to his toilet, and has his wants supplied by a smiling chambermaid, who would be glad to speak some language besides Italian, but cannot, or by an overworked jarcon who, in the duliness of the warm season, struggles vainly to perform a combination of duties. Quiet reigns throughout the establishment, in office, court and corridor. The breakfast room has a deserted aspect. In fact, the tourist may be the only foreign guest of the hotel, and may have lay ished upon him all the attentions bestowed in the winter season on a multitude of guests that fill the now darkened saloon and general dining room. The proprietor and his clerk are pretending to be busy, though their chief occupation during the day is to drowse in the office, sleep in the court or wander in a dreamy, listless and altogether useless way about the balls and into the adjacent streets, where they gossip lazily with the shopkeepers. If a carriage is wanted for the day, or to go to a particular piace, it is well to dicker with the coachman, who will demand twice the regular fare for any point beyond the walls, though he will, after a little gentle re-monstrance, listen to reason. If a carriage is not desired, one emerges into the adjoining street, which may be, according to the lo-cation of his hotel, the Via Frattina, the Piazza di Spragna, the Piazza di Colonna, the Via Nazionale, where his first glauce falls on Trajan's column, or into the narrow and to tuous, but not unbusiness like Corso. NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.

You must not go out without a sun umbrella. It you do not take a carriage select the narrow thoroughfares. All the streets are as straight as the way that leadeth to eternal life, but it is necessary to choose the nar the sunshine rarely falls to its lowest levels and along it draws over a gentle and refresh-ing breeze. So far oversome your natural inclinations to repose as to be ready to leave your hotel before the sun is far up the east-ern slope of the heavens, and either return to it before il, or to arrange your time as to pass the hours from il to 2 or 3 in some hurch or museum, whose drafts and damp church or museum, whose draits and damp-ness, though more dangerous than the mid-day heat, can be easily guarded against. Carriage hire is not expensive, and if the time is precious and the places to be visited a little off the main lines of communication it will be found economical to use this means of locomotion. If one prefers the street cars or omnibuses he will be liable by this means to reach with little inconvenience nearly every point of interest within the limits of the city and not a lew that are far beyond the

All the streets and places are still half in shadow. A soft most from a lovely fountain touches him with a refreshing moisture. A stately obelisk throws its shadow across his pathway. Beggars haunt the portico of the adjoining church, in and out of whose cushloned doors steal poorly clad figures, or now and then an English traveler, habited like a friar of orders gray, his guide-book burning like a flame. His clothes are subdued in tone, but, with rare exceptions, this class of tourists is never subdued in manner. Then, having fully emerged into the fullness of the soft yet rightly diffused, daylight, his results of the soft vet richly diffused daylight, he pauses soft yet richly diffused daying it, he paneses to think whither he shall turn his course and how he shall spend his day most profitably among the antique riches and the modern poverty of Rome. And while he is thinking he invests two cents in a glass of lemonade which a peasant-like girl, standing behind ; which a peasant-like girl, standing bening a miniature fountain in a little opening in the wall resembling the wicket in an American postoffice, offers him with a smile that he takes all to himself, though it is gratuitously lavished on the whole world irrespective of social station. By this time he has concluded that he will go to the Vatican or St. Peter's. It may be the first time, it may be the second or third, but this makes no difference. may live years in Rome, yet still visit with ever-renewed interest the most magnificent church in the world and the art marvels of the Papal palace. So, having looked in at the neighboring church, where a black-robed priest withdraws for his convenience the cur-tain which covers the "Christ on the Cross," by Guido, hanging above the altar, h nounts the omnibus and is borne through the devious streets and across the Santo to Angelo to the sacred locality.

AT THE VATICAN. As all the roads in Italy once conducted to Rome, so all the emnibus lines in Rome conduct to St. Peter's. It is taken for granted that everybody wants to go there, and wants to go often. No matter in what quarter of the city you happen to be you get on the passing omnibus or street car, and in a few minutes find yourself under the walls of the Vatican. Your first idea of it is that it is a building of surpassing ugliness, and you do not recover from your primal impression. The multi-tude of omnibuses of all lines are drawn up in rows at the end of one of the colouades of the oval place which gives the church its per spective opposite the wall, which you have ample opportunity to contemplate arriving and departing. It seems to rise before you in numberless stories, bare, blank, small-windowed, without cornice, destitute of or-nament. That it may seem a little more ri-diculous, the domestics of the Papal house-hold, who live on this side, on wash days hang out of the windows the family lines, in numberless stories, bare, blank, amaliincluding the articles of wearing apparel whose usefulness is confessed, but whose names are not mentioned in polite society, and there it dries and blanches and way and flutters on the outer walls like Macbeth

AN ABCHITECTURAL FAILURE. The architecture of the Vatican will no bear discussion. Dating back to Charlemagne and having been slowly aggrandized by the addition of ugly building after ugly outlding, it has acquired an extraordinary ensemble of unattractiveness, with dimensions whose hugeness of extent are best desocials whose inigeness of extent are best described by the statement that the palace comprises twenty courts and 11,000 rooms, chapels, halls and sub-divisions of various kinds. And all these various inner divisions are characterized by length, or length and height, without sufficient breadth to secure harmony of proportion. The Sisting chapel is simply the enlargement of a monk's cell. It is 100 test long by 16 wide and court of the sisting the chapel of the sisting the simply the enlargement of a monk's cell. simply the enlargement of a monk's cell. It is 130 teet long by 45 wide, and on the celling, which is so high that the most powerful glasses hardly render it visible, are the wonderful freeces of Michael Angelo. You can only see them at the risk of distorting your neck, or by lying on your back on one of the teenches, and to add to the discomfort the light is miserable. So of the other halls which are adorned with the freezes of Raphael and with the paintings by this and others of the old masters. They are long and marrow, and God's sunlight is admitted as sparingly as if there were a prohibitive duty sparingly as if there were a prohibitive duty evied on it and it were not in impoverished Italy the one thing which nature has lav-ished with boundless prodigality.

A COMMON PAULT. But it is not a fault of the Vatican alone. The Quirinal, now the Royal Palace, is in the same style of inconvenient narrowness. Four persons can walk abreast in King Humbert's glided saloons, but scarcely more with-out crowding, a contractedness that is un-kingly, to say the least of it. The fault is common to the other palaces, in whose dark and narrow halls are gathered ancient, meand narrow halls are gathered ancient, me-dieval and modern treasures of art. The idea of spaciousness in any building intended for human habitation, except as to circumference and the general details, seems hardly to have entered the minds of builders three or four-hundred years ago. The external wall of a castle might be a mile in circumference, an army might maneuver in the courtyard, and the noble owner sleep in a closst, with his head in the fireplace and his feet projecing from the grated window. THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS ANTIQUITIES,

No European country is doing much to

motion. To prove this it is only necessary to mention Pompeit, Herculaneum, the Palatina, the Forum, the Coliseum, the museums and numberless Roman relies and memorials that are to be seen in every part of the city and country. The work of excavation goes on slowly but surely, and tourists are courteously received and offered every facility for inspection. Not only is this done in the city, where every effort is being made to keep the treasures of art intact, but in the country, as shown by the interturence of the graph: ountry, as shown by the interference of the

authorities when the owners of the Borghese villa endeavored to sell the property with the intention, as was supposed, of allowing its works of art to be exported and the property to be turned to more practical uses. And while the ballan government has been doing all this, London has caused all its monuments to disappear that stood in any manner in the way of its commercial pro-France has allowed its old abbeys and castles to become shapeless ruins or turne hem into prisons, while Paris has permitted almost everything connected with its pass o disappear in the process of rebuilding.

During the heat of the day the visitor is in he cool galleries of the Vatican or the delily nave and chapels of St. Peter's, wisely, it is to be hoped, guarding himself from those sounded coulds, indeed by fever, which are too often attributed to the night air and exhalations from the excavation of the Forum and Palatine. By prudent management he can leave the Vatican at 2 o'clock, and, with a carriage, visit one or two galleries which are open till 4 or a o'clock. If he wishes to reserve his forces he spends an hour or two at his hotel, reserving other galleries, mustages oums and ruins till succeeding days, and an four or two ere sunset saintiers out he nust always saintier and hever walk or run and up the broad and lofty stairways and roadways that conduct him to the Pine isn Hill. It is a peculiar place, with trees walks, drives, fountains, flowerheds, and busts of everybody who was ever celebrated in Italy each perched on a tall oldong piece of marble to narrow and too thick for a gravestone, and yet in no wise having the form of a column. The tasnionable world comes up on the Pincian Hill to drive, especially when there is music, and people of all classes come o walk in the shade and look at the pano-rama of Bome, which is supert, and the sun-sets, which are glorious with red and gold. Directly in front rises the great dome of St. Peter's, the Vatican tifting its square massive outlines beside it. There is the dome of the Pantheon. Here and there are the domes and campaniles of famous churches, everywhere communs, obelisks and notable points of interest, on all sides the hills and mountains, where common are communities. ancient history, while over the landscape hangs an atmosphere suffused, shot through with lines of red, yellow and orange, and in-tensely luminous with the cast-off riches of

While the sun is going down the prome naders gather in knots along the terraces to watch its red lish vellow disc touch the horison with its burning edge, then gradually go out like a neatly outlined segment of flame, till there is only a crimson dot over the un-seen Mediterranean, and there comes not darkness, but the full glow of twilight, in which the great city seems to bathe as in a injuid sea. Conspicuous among these are the theological students from the Catholic colleges maintained at Home by nearly all nations of the world, even by the little South American republics. They wear a long priestly robe, showing all the colors of the rainbow, with every intermediate shade since invented, and of different styles, according to nationality. They go in squads, and now and then one may be seen intent on a book, though as the season is advanced and they soon go into some studious retreat in the mountains to spend the remainder of the summer, study gives place to gossip and reminiscences of home. If one listens attentively he may now and then hear English spoken in the quick, bright American manner, and may, if he desires, find very pleasant acquaintances among the students from his own country. soon go into some studious retreat in the

A SUMMER EVENISM Summer evenings at Home are excessively tranquil. The sauntering of the day continues or is merged into a somnolent attitude in front of a cafe, where there is imbibing of the most temperate kind, and conver as on the deadened senses of the "Lotus Eaters." Ferhaps there is a concert by a the world goes there and sits in a rush-bot tomed chair at the base of the column of Anconinus, the band in front, a fountain behind the plash of whose waters illis the intervals of the music, the faint clash of glasses from the lemonade klosk coming in like a queer and unobtrusive variation. If you are at Rome in summer, never fret yourself. Eat your lotus with the rest and dream your dreams. Do not worry about the fever. about freely evenings if you are of mature age, but avoid the colds that sometimes steal insidiously down the air passages to the lungs. You cannot if you want to very well paint the town red, make a night of it, for at midnight at Rome, if not at Naples, all the world has gone to bed and sleep has fallen alike on palace and Ghetto, on bed of sill and down and paliet of stone and straw.

OVE OF IRELAND'S FINEST



Michael Davitt, a Man of Mayo, Who Has

Served Nine Years in Prison. Michael Davitt, who ranks among Ire and's most popular men, was born in Mayo ounty. He has devoted many years of his ife to the solution of the Irish question, and has been in prison for his connection with Irish politics for over nine years in all. This length of time was passed in several lails and convict establishments. He was treated as an ordinary prisoner, not being allowed any indulgences, until the favor was granted him duigences, until the lavor was granted him (on his remission to Portland prison on the 3d of February, 1881, after breaking his ticket-of-leave,) to keep a little blackbird. This bird, named Joe, was the "Solitary Audience" of the book which he wrote while la prison and which was published in London in 1884, under the title of "Leaves from Prison Diary; or Leaves from Prison Diary; or Leaves a Solitary don in 1884, under the title of "Leaves from a Prison Diary; or Lectures to a Solitary Audience." Both sad and serious, gay and amusing are the notes found therein; written in a style at once simple and eloquent. 'He writes with much pathos of his "chum Joe;" most especially in the passage where he releases his little companion. He says: "I opened the door with a trembling hand, when, quick as a flash of lightning, he rushed from the cage with a wild scream of delight and in a moment was beyond the walls of the prison." In speaking of his hope that the bird would return to him, he says: "the instinct of freedom was too strong to be resisted, though I had indulged the fond hope that he would remain with ms." After Davitt's release from prison he went to England and spent some time there maturing future plans. He intended scient to a puttile hefore within the delegation of a purison to the plans. time there maturing future plans. He intended going to Australia before visiting America, but that plan was abandoned, and he will be in this country, as envoy of Mr. Parnell, at the coming Chicago convention. He intends delivering lectures and hopes to make them financially successful so that he can return to Ireland and devote himself entirely to the work of reform. He says "victory is certain if the Irish race throughout the world will stand united and calmly persevere on the present lines. severe on the present lines.

Stop My Paper. The English Churchman lectures the Prince of Wales sharply because he recently gave a dinner to forty guests on Sunday. The dinner was followed by a variety show preserve its monuments as ftaly, though every dollar of money she has is needed to keep the machinery of her government in with rising indignation!

THE REAL INCENDIARY.

Bertison J. Lausing, L.L. D. In N. V. Independent In the very interesting letter of the bright correspondent of the Independent, writing from Washington, which appeared in its issue of May 20th, is the following para-

" The British made a little raid upon us in 1814, and one fine morning walked into Washington at one end, while Mrs. Madisonthe wife of the president, rushed out at the other, with the portrait of Gen. Washington, torn hastily from its frame, under her arm. The British took things leisurely, and were nclined to be kind to their adversaries and whilem brothers, General Ress, in command of their forces, took up his quarters in the corner house of the block, which makes the southeast corner of Capitoi square. One day he was riding along on Maryland avenue, which runs over the crost of the hill, when a shot was used from the house of Mr. Dangerfield, and it killed his horse. He was very angry and vowed vengeance, and the Capitol and the White House were burned," and the White House were burned."
This but of remaines of history "Seems to be the fruit of misinformation. I ask the readers of the Independent to listen a few minutes to what I claim to be a truthful acount of the " little raid " on Washington is 1814. I rest this chain upon the foundation of documentary evidence and the uttorance of living participants in the event, who

ago: The British did not enter Washington The British did not enter Washington "one fine arrayse," but at eight o'clock in the creater nor did Mrs. Madison "rush out at the other end." of the city when the British entered; nor did she carry "the portrait of General Washington, torn hashing from its frame, under her arm." if it is a full length, life-size portrait); nor did the British take things "leisurely" but fled in baste in less than thirty hours after they entered the town, nor did General Boss, "riding along Maryland avenue." "one day," (implying a tarrigage of some days).

urned. Let us look at the record: The builde near Biadensburg, a subage bout four miles from Washington, had been night, and won by the British, early in the tion; the Americans were commanded by General Winder, then governor of Maryland. The Americans had retreated beyond theorie-lown; and when Ross was assured that his victory was complete, he crossed a bridge over the eastern branch of the Potennic with

Ross errand was only to destroy munitions of war, so as to oripple the military strength of the Americans; also to gain the moral advantage of possessing their national capital. It was not for the destruction of public buildings used for civil purposes, nor of private property, for which he cames life had been urged to all the measure of revenge for the unwarrantable destruction, by the Americans, of the government house at York (Toronto), and the village of Nowark, in tanda, which the desolation of the Nisgara frontier by the British had not appeared. He was urged to "harm and destroy" everyfrom. That amateur incendiary was Admi-

by the women of adjoining residences, as it would endanger their dwellings. With his own hands, assisted by seldlers and sallors under his charge, he cast the printing materials of the Intelligencer into the street, broke up the printing presses and burned the library containing several hundred vol-

Thanks to the restraining influence General Ross, the fury of Cockburn's per-sonal spite, in its attack upon private prop-erty, was confined to the actions named and the destruction of some houses on Capitol Hilt, a ropewalk and a tavern. Several houses and stores were plundered. Cock burn then proceeded to burn the arsenal and the barracks for three thousand troops, also the unfinished capitol, with the library of Congress, the president's house and the treasury building. These produced a con flagration which was plainly seen at Balti more, forty inites distant. In the course of a few hours nothing of the superb capitol and a few hours nothing of the superb capitol and the presidential mansion was left but their smoke-blackened walls. Of the public build-ings nothing but the patent office was spared. In a letter written to me from London in Issil, by Sir Duncan McDougall, a descend-ant of "the Lord of the Isles," who was Ross' favorite aide, and who was also the aide of General Pakenham when he left at New Orleans, a few months afferenced. aide of General Pakenham when he leil at New Orleans, a few months afterward, he said: "It was not until he (Ross) was warmly pressed that he consented to destroy the capital and president's house, for the pur-pose of preventing a repetition of the unciv-ilized proceedings of the troops of the United States." Cockburn was literally Ross' torch

bearer. Whilst the public buildings in Washington were in flames the public property at our navy yard was all abiaze; also the long bridge across the Potomac between Washington and the Virginia shore. Before the battle of Bladensburg. Commodore Tinjey, commandant of the navy yard, received orders to fire the vessels, buildings and stores there in case the British should win the vic-tory, and there was a prospect that Washingon and the naval station might fall into their hands. When he was informed that the invalers were within the city limits of the cap-liol, he applied the torch. Property to the amount of \$1,000,000 was destroyed. The long bridge was fired at both ends immediand you be a supposed a farge body of the British were about to pass over, and by the British at the city end, who supposed a large body of the British at the city end, who supposed a large body

f American troops were about to er The president, with General Armstrong (the secretary of war), Colonel Monroe, the secretary of state, and other civil officers of he government, rode out toward Bladens burg to watch the conflict and to render such assistance as they might give. They re-mained on the field until Commodore Bar-ney, who with his sallors and mariners had pined Winder, fell, badly wounded, when joined Winder, fell, badly wounded, when they fled toward thecity as fast as fleet horses could carry them. The "Government" thus became one of the first messengers to the anxiously-waiting people, of the startling news of the defeat of their troops and the impending danger. Over this flight from the field of conflict of President Madison and his cabinet, the opposition press and orators were very merry, and share colorages. were very merry, and sharp epigrams, broad lampoon and spirited caricatures concerning it soon abounded. Charles, of Philadelphia, put forth a caricature, representing a stam-pede peli mell, helter skelter. The New York Executive. York Evening Post said: "Should some Walter Scott, in the next century, write a poem, and call it 'Madison, or the Rattle of Biadensburg,' we would suggest the following lines for the conclusion, to be put into the mouth of the bero:

dust, come to bid me fly, but I wait for him. . . . Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad bumor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is socured, and it requires to be unsere wed from the wall."

Whilst anxiously awaiting the coming of her bustand, Mrs. Madison, unmindful of her personal safety, resolved to severe from

her personal safety, resolved to secure from the grasp of the invaders the original copy, on parchiment, of the beclaration of Inde-pendence, which bere the autographs of the signers, and the full-length pertrait of Washington, painted by Stuart, which hung upon the wall near each other. Finding the pro-cess of unscrewing the frame from the wall too tedious for the emergency, she had it broken and the pieces and the picture re-moved, with the "stretcher," or light frame on which the canvas was nailed. This she did with her own hands. Just as she had did with her own hands. Just as she had accomplished so much, two gentlemen from New York—Jacob Farker (a mane familiar to old New Yorkers), and R. G. L. de Peyster—enteted the room, and affered their assistance to Mrs. Madison. The precious picture, and more precious Declaration of Independence, were lying on the floor. The drum heat of automatic trees, was heat drum best of approaching troops was heard. They might be the British invaders seeking so notable a captive as the beautiful wife of the president of the United States. She prepared to fly. "Save that picture if possible," she said to the New York gentlemen. "If Then, snatching up the Declara-Independence, she hastened to her

of Mrs. Madison from the White was made the subject of a witty on colonic slipin's Ride," only one of which I am able to recall. This is the beginning of the poem, where Mrs. Manison giving directions for the dight of the family, says to the president:

So it was that Mrs. Madison left the city

at one end fully tour hours before tieneral Ross entered it at the other end. The approaching troops, which hastened dential mansion, received some refreshment and pressed on toward Montgomery cour house, the appointed place of rendezvous olled it up, followed the troops in a light wagon, with their precious charge. They led the pasture with a farmer who was com-mended for trustworthiness, at whose house hey lodged that night. A few weeks after-ward Mr. Barket conveyed the portrait to the

he government, I reserved from the sits of the voncrable Mr. Barker, at New Orleans in the spring of Isal. He was then an active backer in that city. When Fort Sumter was attacked and evacuated (April 1861,) I was in New Orleans in quest of the materials for may a Pretorial Field Book of the War of 1812," and had a long conversation with Mr. Barker on the topte of this paper. I layored with the perusal of many of Cou Aurelia W. Townsend, of tyster Bay, L. I. I also derived information on this subject from correspondence with Sir Duncan Melbougail, of Lemion, the aide of General Ross, who was an eve witness of the scenes, and with the Rev. E. E. Gieig, who at the time of our correspondence, was the chaplain general of the British Army.

The capture of Washington at that time was an accidint and a surprise. The movement of the British naval and military forces up Chesapsake Bay was only a feint to divert the attention of the Americans

the people, and impressed with a sense of imminent peril from a powerful reactive blow, he and Cockburn stole away with the troops on the night of the 25th, and bastened to the fleet typing off the mouth of the Pat-usent river. Writing about this stealthy dusht, Mr. steig said; "No man spoke above his breath. Our steps were planted lightly, and we cleared the town without exeming observation."

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ing lines for the conclusion, to be put into the mouth of the hero:

"Fly, Monroe, fly! Run, Armstrong, run! Were the last words of Madison."

Mrs. Madison had, meanwhile, received messages from her husband advising her of the progress of events at the front. When Congreve reckets caused the militia to break and flee, in a panic, the president sent messages to his wife, telling her that the army would probably be defeated, and advising her to fly to a place of safety, for the capture of the city seemed inevitable.

This startling intelligence reached Mrs. Madison between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. She at once packed her plate and other valuables, and sent them in a wagon to be deposited in the bank of Mary, land. She also ordered her carriage to be ready for immediate use, if necessary, and she invited her sister (Mrs. Cutts) and her family to accompany her in her flight. To Mrs. Cutts she had sent frequent builetins. At three o'clock she wrote to her saying:

"Mr. Madison comes not! May God protect him! Two messengers, covered with A Baptist Minister's Experience.

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