An hour after leaving the Palace Cenci, I was standing by Shelley's grave, in the Protestant Cemetery. It lies sheltered in a nicht of the wall built around Rome by the Emperor Aurelian, and is marked by a simple slab reposing on the

representatives of the poet have commemorated his shipwreck in the gulf of Spezia, his antique funeral rite, and the conservation of his heart, which, by a natural condition, remained whole after the fuel was exhausted. That cor cordiumthat heart that used to beat so high with a vague revolt at all oppression-is what was laid, calm, large and free, under the snowy stone. Standing around, like flames about an altar, are a group of cypresses, their solid and dusky pyres hardly stirring in the breeze; and some splendid roses, all heated with noon, and stretching back their broad. petals in the most voluptuous expansion, shed from time to time a passionate leaf upon the name, or the date, or the verse; while the toothed shadow of the grim Roman battlements goes grinding slowly over the place of graves. A friend, more imaginative than I, declares that it

Heretic Ground, rests the lonely dust of Keats. A simple upright marble, planted at the grave's head, bears a clumsily-cut lyre, and a clumsily-

which surrounds the inclosure; behind it extend the niches and machicolations of the Aurelian wall; and a noble relic of the statelier days of Rome, the tomb of Caius Cestius, stands just behind, like a watcher.

pyramid 114 feet high, profiles its angle with Egyptian severity upon the blue, and once every day rakes the graves with its sharp shadow. At the time of my visit a crop of wheat, which the sexton had taken the liberty to cultivate out of the mass of Protestant dust, was swinging and rolling over the field in the golden air.

grave by a passing votary, rattled or rustled in a mockery of homage. The cicale were chirping around, and a lizard, easily climbing by the indentations of the lettering, scaled the lowly tomb-

fect of a lonely and noble Roman, rests well the singer whom I think the last of the great pagans. After a cemetery, one needs a good long walk in the country.

side to the horizon-a piteous prairie bathed in melancholy light. Under foot lay the old Romans. with the ruins of their tombs, their homes, their towers-they and their affairs mingled and rolled together in the inarticulate dust. The torn lines of ancient aqueducts stretched almlessly about the plain. recalling many a picture I had pored over when a child at home. Come, let us explore the Campagna. Let us have adventures, let us meet brigands, let us drink ewe's milk, let us buy intaglios from the shepherds, let us make

about flye o'clock, Policeman Kelley arrested Alderman Maull.

Samuel M. Felton is now making regular trips to

s made up of fifteen chemical elements. As the tissues formed of these are constantly wasting, supplies for repairs must be constant, or the fabric must crumble. These repairs must be done with elements corresponding with the original structure. As brick walls are not repaired with stones, or garments with tin, so the walls of "the house we live in" are repaired only by food and drink containing similar elements. Normal food is worked up by the digestive apparatus into chyle, and poured into the blood. The integrity of the blood depends on the kinds of food, and the quantity of air breathed, as no food can be digested or assimilated without oxygen. When this element enters the blood at each inspiration, it diffuses itself through all the vital fluid. There it combines with the nutrient portions to form and repair all the organs of the body, unites with fat, sugar and starch to convert them into carbonic acid, seizes effete matter, transforming it into other substances for elimination. In these disintegrations and combinations animal hea is evolved. Oxygen, then, is the chief builder of the body, the only purifier of the blood, and the great generator of vital force. Any deficiency of this element arising from small lung capacity, obstructed air passages, or from bad 'air, must inevitably load the blood with debris and engender disease. The rational cure, then, is not found in pills and powders, syrups and expectorants, which often make two maladies where there was but one, but in the formatire power. elimination agenes, and vitalizing energy of oxinen-

being disposed of in aid of the Riverside Institute, de

resolution into Congress to bestow a vote of thanks on Petroleum V. Nasby for the good he has done the country in general, and, we suppose, Mr. Schenck in particular. We hope Congress, when it passes the Co., the eminent Clothiers under the Continental, on account of the number of good habits they have spread

Buttonhole Sewing Machine. Call at the reception

sable article to one traveling. We find everywhere a difference in the water we are accustomed to in the city, and this causes an unpleasantness at the time, in fact with many sickness. A little of Brown's Ginger soon

PORT OF PHILADELPHIA-JULY 10.

instant.

Brig Moses Day, Loud, cleared at Boston yesterday

lay night.

hence at Dighton 8th inst

J. T. DELACROIX,



53