THE CARLISLE HERALD.

J. M. WEAKLEY. J. M. WALLACE. } CARLISLE, PENN'A, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1869. { TERMS: $2 IN ADVANCE. $2.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.

DEAD LEAVES.

A golden robin whistled in the elm;
A shivered lance of gold shot through the leaves
The first Autumn winds sang low and trist,
And in the valley, under the violet mist,
The bending gleaners bound their golden sheaves.

Adown the quiet air the painted leaves,
Russet, and gold, and crimson, drifted glow;
Sadness sat in all sound that golden noon;
The stir of dead leaves and the robins tune,
And the faint ring of sickles from below.

Long stood we thus, well knowing change was near,
Hands clasped, hearts throbbing for one bitter sweet,
Most perfect day we wandered thus together,
But where would Autumn's wild and stormy weather
Find us, the bird, the dead leaves or our feet?

The robin sings his song in the elm again,
Thrice have the gleaners bound their golden sheaves;
But we who stood hand clasped, our lives are riven
Wider apart than this sad earth from heaven,
And love, and faith, are only as dead leaves.

"I FIGHTS MIT SIGEL."

BY THE CHAPLAIN.

Well, I met him at first he was straddlin' along,
His knapsack with chickens was swellin',
He's "Blankered" those dainties and tho't it no wrong,
From some secessionist's dwellin.
"What regiment, young? under whose flag
Do you fight?" said I jostling his shoulder;
Turning slowly around, he sullingly said,
For the thought made him stronger and bolder:
"I fights mit Sigel!"

The next time I saw him his knapsack was gone,
His cap and canteen were mis-hung,
Shell, shrapnel, and grape, and the swift rifle ball
Around him and o'er him were hissing.
"How are you, my friend? and where have you been?
In whose corps and brigade are you fighting?"
He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a-"kiting,"
"I fights mit Sigel!"

And once more I saw him and knelt by his side,
His life blood was rapidly flowing,
I whispered of home, wife, children, and friends,
The bright land to which he was going!
"And have you no words for the many dear ones at home,
The 'wee ones,' the father, or mother?
"Yes!" said he, "tell them I fell in the fight—
Poor fellow, he thought of no other—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

We scraped out a grave, and he dreamlessly slumbers
On the banks of the Shenandoah river;
His home or his kindred alike are unknown,
His record is in the hands of the Giver.
We placed a rough board at the head of his grave,
"And we laid him alone in his glory,"
But on it we inscribed, ere we turned from the spot,
The little we knew of his story—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

UNCLE SAM'S TREATMENT OF HIS SERVANTS.

We make the following extracts from an article from the pen of James Parton, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December. They contain many facts most interesting to the mass of Americans, and are written in the best style of the distinguished author:

I fear we must admit that Uncle Sam, with all his generosity and good intentions, pays to his upper servants the smallest wages a government ever pays—wages so mean that it is wonderful he gets any faithful, efficient service at all. He does get a good deal; but he has little right to expect it. When he confers security, he gives along with it a pinching, lowering, corrupting salary; and in the majority of cases, his servants enjoy neither safety nor abundance.

I will mention a few facts with regard to the Supreme Court, the judges of which receive 6,000 paper dollars a year, and the chief justice $6,500. When I was in Washington, last winter, the daughters of the late chief justice were earning a scanty, precarious livelihood by copying documents in one of the public offices, at eight cents per 100 words. The father of those ladies, 27 years before his death, lured by an honorable, long cherished ambition, gave up a practice at the Maryland bar which in a few years would have enriched him, in order to accept the post of chief justice. Whatever his others may have been, I know he accepted the seat from a proper human motive—that of winning the esteem of his countrymen by interpreting justice to them; and he devoted himself wholly to the performance of its duties. I well remember hearing him, one evening, some years before his death, give a sketch of his daily and yearly round of work and travel. It was wonderful that a man of fourscore could get through an amount of labor only equalled by that of the editor of a great daily paper. Except that he smoked like a steam engine, his habits were regular and abstemious; but he died so poor that his family were destitute almost immediately after his last year's salary was spent.

Other cases: A justice of the same high court—the highest, considering all its duties, in the world—was paying exactly his whole salary, last winter, for the board and lodging of himself and his wife. They had one parlor and one bed room. The judge, of course, gave up the parlor to his wife and her guests, and used the bed room for an office and consultation room. There was a great clearing away of papers at bedtime; for the room being very small, the bed had to serve as an office table. Another justice, who relinquished a practice of $40,000 a year, being a Californian, had to sell his paper dollars during the war at from one-third to one-half their nominal value; and he spent a quarter of the year in laborious travelling. One eminent member of this court was compelled to resign his seat—not because he could not live upon his salary, for no justice of the Supreme Court can do that—but because he had not private income *enough* to eke it out. There is not a justice now sitting upon that bench who lives or can live upon his salary; although, fortunately, it is not etiquette for a justice of the Supreme Court to entertain.

Now, reader, it is no hardship for a man to spread his papers over his bed; nor is it much more painful for the daughters of a chief justice to do copying at eight cents a page than it is for the daughters of a chief cook. I never ran $6,000 a year, and have managed to rub on pretty well without it, and expect to continue so to do. To me, to nine-tenths of all the readers of this magazine, and to nine-tenths of all the people in this world, $6,000 a year would be wealth. I cannot, therefore, consider it a hardship for men in general to be limited to such a revenue. Nor is it hard for a patriotic President to be limited in his choice for the office of Supreme Judge to the very few lawyers who happen to possess an independent estate. It is a hardship to a great lawyer, formed by nature and circumstances for that sublime place, to be compelled to leave it to inferior men, because he cannot live upon the salary. It is a hardship to the generous people of the United States to see men of such exalted rank in their service—men intrusted with such difficult and important duties—cramped, and pinched, and anxious for a little money, unable to keep a secretary, and too poor to afford a ride on horseback before going into court.

To this, some will be disposed to reply that any sum per annum is too much for a court from which the Dred Scott decision emanated. But on that principle you must cut off supplies from the White House, starve Congress, and suspend nine-tenths of all official and all private salaries. We were all misled or corrupted by slavery, except the few original, thorough going Abolitionists, who alone of all the inhabitants of America have a "record" on that subject of which they need never be ashamed. Because Judge Taney was perverted and corrupted by slavery, is no reason for degrading, forever, the court over which he presided. It is worth mentioning, too, that if the Supreme Court had been decently compensated, the Dred Scott decision would never have been written. Judge Taney was past eighty when he wrote it, and he would have retired some years before if he could have retained his ridiculous, but indispensable little salary.

It is not necessary, I repeat, for the judges of this court to be paid high salaries; because the appointment is for life, and the honor is immense. It is only necessary that they be paid such a sum per annum as will enable lawyers who have little property to accept seats on that bench without injustice to those dependent upon them. Judges of the same rank in England, if there were any, would receive a salary not far from equivalent to a hundred thousand of our dollars per annum. We can, and properly may, get the best lawyers at a lower rate; for the same principle should fix the compensation of a Supreme Judge as regulates the wages of day laborers. The average of unskilled laborers being two dollars a day, if you want men of average quality, you pay two dollars a day. If you want only the refuse of the streets, you pay a dollar and a half. If you want the pick of the whole town, you pay two dollars and a half. The question is, what grade of lawyers do we desire for a justice of the Supreme Court? If we desire the highest, and no other, we must give him an equivalent for what he is to surrender. A lawyer of the first rank, at the present time, earns an income ranging from $30,000 to $60,000 a year. Hence, I presume that if the salary were fixed at $20,000 a year, with a proper retiring pension, the government could look over the bar of the whole country, and get the best living man for every vacancy. Perhaps $15,000 would almost answer, which is about the sum it costs to keep house decently in Washington at present.

On almost any morning during the winter, if you take your stand at the front (which is the back) of the Capitol, you may see lawyers who practice in the Supreme Court, driven up to the entrance in well appointed carriages, while the justices before whom they are to argue, get out of street cars or trudge up the steep hill on foot. It is pleasant to see the judges in the cars, and to observe that the respect due to their place is manifested by all who ride in their company. Nevertheless, if *any* people about the Supreme Court are to have carriages, surely the justices ought to be among them. Uncle Sam can certainly afford to pay his highest servants as liberally as clients pay their lawyers; and it confers both his dignity and his interest to do so. Of course, people can always be found to take any place at any salary; but the more able a man is, the more he can choose what he will do, and the harder he is to get. If it is desired to have truly competent persons in the public service, the public service must be made truly desirable.

The reader will observe that in constituting this court Congress has nobly parted with a portion of its sovereignty. When it was first established, a claimant had to procure a decision in his favor from the court, and then go to Congress and enter upon a course of lobbying to get the money appropriated. This was heart breaking work to many a wretch; nor was the time of Congress always saved by decisions which had no effect until Congress ratified them. The court was in fact no more than an adjunct to the Committee on Claims. At length, Congress wisely gave to the decisions of the court a practical validity, by empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the sums awarded—securing to the disappointed claimant a right of appeal to the Supreme Court.

Every reflecting person, I think, will feel that judges intrusted with powers so peculiar and so great—judges singularly liable both to temptation and suspicion—ought to be lawyers of very high rank, and men of the highest character. In other words, they ought to be men who in private life can earn a liberal income. In 1815, when a dollar was a dollar, Congress fixed the salary of the judges of this court at $4,000 a year. It was not enough then; but the salary has never been changed, except by the depreciation of the currency. Consequently, it now possesses about one-half of its original value, and a judge who has no private income is in a sorry case. Wealthy and powerful claimants come before him, some of whom are foreigners, whose *only* care is to get their claim allowed. Thriving lawyers plead at the bar, gain large fees, go to luxurious homes, and enjoy every facility for the doing of their work; while the judges, if they have no estates, and are blessed with families, will be in doubt sometimes, whether they can really afford to ride in the street cars.

Now, human nature being always human nature, ability and force will, as a rule, take the path in life that leads to a good front door, with a nice saddle horse tied to the post before it. Therefore, if a judge on the bench gets $4,000 a year, and the leading lawyers at the bar gets $50,000, you will observe, *as, last*, that the first rate men remain at the bar, and the third rate men are on the bench. Not at first, because the permanence of the appointment counts for much, and the honor for more. But in the course of time, if you persist in condemning judges to a lifetime of respectable pinch, the valuable men will resign and decline, until the peculiar honor once attached to the title of judge is gone. I say nothing of the temptation to which a poor judge in *such* a court may be exposed, because we have not yet sunk to the point when an American judge, permanently appointed, can be thought of as subject to temptation. But keep judges' salaries as they are, for a few years more, and there will be no justice obtainable in the United States, except by purchase. If a seat on this bench should become vacant to-morrow, the President might be driven half mad by the multitude of applicants; but if he were to offer it to each of the hundred most eminent lawyers in the country, it is probable that it would be declined by them all. Most of these would probably reply: "Mr. President, you do me great honor, but I really cannot afford it; the luxury is beyond my means."

Every senator, I believe, without exception, and nearly every member of the House, will own, in conversation, that the salaries paid to judges, heads of departments, some heads of bureaus, and other officials, are insufficient; but many senators hang back from increasing salaries, for fear of an imaginary fool of a farmer, who is supposed to begrudge the servants of the public a just compensation. Whenever I have been in the country lately, I have looked about in search of that narrow minded agriculturist, but I have not been able to find him. The farmers understand this matter as well as senators; they know perfectly well that if the government wants a diamond or a man, it must go into the market and pay what the article will fetch from other purchasers. The only question is, what grade of diamond or man does it want?

Sir Frederick Bruce might well be interested in the Court of Claims; but there is something in Washington a thousand times more wonderful and more original than that. Like other wonders, however, it escapes observation because we are so familiar with it. Walk over the Treasury building; mark the thousands of persons employed therein; consider the nature of their employment; contemplate the magnitude and difficulty of the task imposed upon the head of that department; think of the wide spread ruin that could result from an error on his part, and the lasting good that might come of one superior method. Consider the trust reposed in him, the ease with which that trust could be violated, and the absolute certainty we have that it never is, never has been, and never will be violated. Think of all this, and then reflect upon the fact that out of those inconceivable millions that pass under his control, we permit him to retain for his own use not enough to keep house upon. "How much rent do you pay here in Washington?" asked some one of Mr. Evarts last winter. "My salary," was the reply. This is the great wonder, not of Washington only, but of the world. The pyramids of Egypt are commonplace compared with it. The man that supplies the Treasury building with any one of the leading articles used in it would turn up his nose at $8,000 a year. Fortunes were made in the mere creation of the edifice. Yet Secretaries of the Treasury, as they have gone down those granite steps in the afternoon, have doubtless often fallen into a deep meditation upon the ways and means of getting over the next rent day. They have generally been men of small fortunes. Hamilton was obliged to resign and go home to earn money for his large family, and Gallatin was never in very liberal circumstances. Gallatin had an opportunity, *once*, of gaining a large fortune in Paris without dishonor. "No," said he to the representative of the great house which he had obliged,—"no; a man who has been intrusted with the finances of his country must not die rich." In this lofty spirit the office has generally been held.

The time has come, I think, for putting the members of the Cabinet a little more at their ease. The people do not want to be under an obligation to them of a pecuniary nature. They did not want Mr. Stanton to work during the war as no galley slave ever worked, and yet live in part upon his private fortune; nor is it wise to subject human nature to such a staggering temptation. The man whose signature confers place and wealth ought not to be left to grapple with the embarrassments of an insufficient income. Uncle Sam has a large, although not unencumbered, estate, and he can well afford to maintain those who serve him, in a style suited to the importance and dignity of their duties. To keep house in Washington, on the scale adopted by Mr. Seward, who lived plainly enough, and gave, perhaps, 20 moderate dinners a year, costs about $15,000 per annum; which is about the present value of the salary which Hamilton found inadequate during the presidency of General Washington. Hamilton, however, had married a rich man's daughter, who had probably a rich man's daughter's ideas as to what are the necessaries of life. His vices, also, were expensive, or, to speak more exactly, his vice. This virtuous public man of the present day could probably retain the post of Cabinet Minister, or Vice President for a few years upon $15,000 a year, without seriously encroaching upon their private fortunes; and a salary of that amount would give the President a much wider range of choice. "Perhaps," said Mr. Wade last spring, "I should have taken office, if it had been offered me; but the pay is inadequate. I could not have held the position and kept house in Washington as Cabinet Ministers are expected to, for the salary." It would have taken $5,000 a year more from my private means, unless I'd steal, and I'm too old to begin to steal."

The grade of officials just below that of Cabinet Minister, the class represented during the war by Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, are persons of great importance in Washington. The supposed necessities of party sometimes induce a President to fill a place in the Cabinet with any old figure-head that happens to be lying about. In any case, the person next in rank to the chief exercises great authority, and will generally be to his department what a first lieutenant is to his ship. It is admitted on all hands that the sudden expansion of the navy of the United States during the first years of the war, resulting in a real blockade of an immense line of coast, and in the immortal victories of Farragut and his comrades, was the *ne plus ultra* of administrative achievement. It is also admitted that this was chiefly the work of Mr. G. V. Fox. Now, it was no hardship to Mr. Fox, in those glorious years, to serve his country for less money than would pay for the board and lodging of a small family in a third rate hotel. On the contrary, it was a sweet, a high, a priceless privilege. The meanness of the salary enhanced the glory and fascination of the post. It must have been delicious, sometimes, when he had signed contracts that would enrich half a dozen men, to contemplate the leanness of his own exchequer. It must have been a gratification bordering on the sublime, just after he had asked a creditor to wait till next quarter day for his money, to read in a Democratic newspaper of the enormous sums he was making from his interests in navy contracts. But human nature cannot be kept at that pitch of exaltation in which we lived from 1861 to 1865; nor is there any need that it should be. In the long run, bread and butter, as alderman Johnson styled it, rules the world; and, when the war was over, Mr. Fox was more than justified in resigning his place in Washington, at $3,500 a year, to accept the superintendency of a manufactory at Lowell, at $7,000. $7,000 a year at Lowell is about equal to $11,000 a year at Washington.

About nine o'clock one morning, on going by the President's house, I observed a great number of men standing about the front door, and many others, walking towards it, as though something was going on and the public had been invited to attend. I joined the throng and entered the hall. The President's family had not yet taken possession, and several upholsterers were making wild efforts to take up the carpets; while parties were waiting for some one who had gone to find some one else who had the key of the East Room, which they were desirous of seeing. Meanwhile, they strolled about in the smaller show apartments, stumbling over rolls of carpet, inhaling dust, and viewing works of art. But most of those who entered this private residence of a respectable family went up stairs, where the President was supposed to be. Following the stream, I found myself in one of the suite of rooms of the east wing, adjacent to the apartment in which the President usually receives people who call on business. These large rooms were filled with men, standing in groups talking eagerly together, or sitting silent and anxious on the seats that lined the wall. The roar of conversation was like that of the Chicago Exchange when wheat is coming in freely, and the air was as pestiferous as at an evening party the giver of which keeps four stout colored men opening champagne, but forgets to let in a little inexpensive atmosphere. The men here assembled had a sufficient, capable aspect; many of them were persons of note in politics; many had distinguished themselves in the war. Strolling about among them, and passing from room to room, I came at last to the door,—the door of doors,—which all of those present desired to enter. Some of them had crossed a continent to enter it; and there it was, tight shut, guarded by two pushers, and two hundred people were waiting to go in. It was not necessary for any one to be told that this door led to the President's office. There was a lane of men, formingting at the door, and extending back into the middle of the room, each man of which looked at the door as though it were beef and he had tasted nothing for three days and three nights. I saw then what the poet meant who first spoke of people *desiring* objects with their eyes. Those men had a hungry look. With their eyes they were eating up that dingy white door. So intent were they upon it that they were unconscious of themselves, of their attitude and expression; and, when at last the door opened, it was awful to see how they scanned the face of the messenger and watched his movements. And so they waited, hour after hour. Failing to get in one day, they would try again the next. Some of those then present had been trying for four days for admission, and had still no expectation of getting in very soon. Many had given up the attempt to see the President, and were waiting there in hopes of speaking with their senator or member, who would convey their wishes to him.

A scene similar to this, but on a smaller scale, was going on wherever there was a person in Washington who had business with the President. A member of Congress who was supposed to have any particular influence with him would have a hundred applications a day for the exertion of that influence. One member, who was not on the best terms with the President, would have twenty callers in one evening, asking his aid in procuring favorable presentation of their claims. Washington swarmed with office seekers. At the Capitol, when a messenger arrived from the White House with a packet of nominations, the rush of men toward the Senate wing of the building was like the thundering tramp of buffalo on a prairie.

I might dwell upon the waste, the anguish, the indecency, the degradation, of this scramble. I might speak of men coming to Washington with high hopes and full pockets, who begin by living at Willard's and treating with champagne, then remove to a less expensive hotel, afterwards to a cheap boarding house, and finally, after subsisting awhile on free lunches, borrow money to go home, where they arrive haggard and savage. I might speak of the impossibility of making good appointments in such circumstances; of the much better chance that brazen importunity has of such a time than merit; of the greater likelihood that a noisy relevation of how convert will get an office than a man who has borne the burden and heat of the day, but has omitted to come to Washington; or of the infernal cruelty of working a President to within an inch of his life in the first six weeks of his term. But all things cannot be said in one short article. The great evil of the system, as it is seen at Washington, is, that it compels the chief persons of the government to expend most of their time and strength upon a matter that properly belongs to subordinates. When President Grant came into office, there were several matters of great importance which demanded his attention, and that of his Cabinet; such as, Cuba, the Alabama claims, reconstruction, and the adoption of a financial policy. The consideration of such subjects is the high duty which the constitution assigns to the heads of the government, and in order to get *that* duty done, the people gave General Grant their votes. But during the first week of his term he was worn out, day after day, by listening to the claims and settling the differences of people whose existence would naturally be known to a President or a Cabinet Minister only through the Blue book. And this, let me add, is the chief labor of a President all through his term.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A BOY AGAIN.

A company of gentlemen in Reno were, not long since, whiling an evening away by songs, and relating anecdotes, when one asked for the song of "Would I were a boy again," at which "Old Pi Ute" (John K. Lovejoy,) who was present, broke out as follows:

"A boy again! Who would be a boy again if he could? To have the measles, mumps, and itch, to get kicked by bigger boys, and scolded by older brothers, to stub your toes, to have the belly ache from swallowing cherry stones, to get lousy helping Mike do his sums, to have chapped hands, and frozen toes, to get your ears boxed, to get spanked with slippers, to get whaled by a thick headed schoolmaster, to have visitors come to school and tell you how miserably weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in your life if your parents had not been so kind to you, to eat at the second table when company comes, to get out cabbage plants because you are little, and consequently it won't make your back ache much, to get hit in the eye with frozen apples, and soggy snow balls, to cut your finger, to lose your knife, to have a hole in the rear of your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin comes from the city to see you, to be called a coward if you won't fight at school, to be whaled at home if you do fight at school, to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her, to have a boy too big for you to lick to tell you your sweetheart squints, to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy, to have no fire crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas, to want a piece of bread and butter with honey, and get your ears pulled, to be kept from the circus when it comes to town, and when all the other boys go, to get pounded for stealing roasting ears, to get run by bull dogs for trying to nip watermelons, to have the canker rash, catechism, and stone bruises, to be called up to kiss all the old women that visit your mother, to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own dear sister, to be told of what a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington, to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and to wish you was big so you could kiss her too, and—and—why damn being a boy again."—*Crescent.*

As the fashionable season of lectures is at hand, one of our exchanges receives that polite hint of humbug, cant, and mediocrity, as follows: "If a person is incapable of lecturing in these times, he may set himself down as a pretty 'poor shoat.'" Everybody does it that is; anybody, and those who modestly abstain are thought just nothing at all. But for the lecturing platform, where and how could individuals, who itch for careers outside of their private duties, find that vent for their talents, which is proof against a fatal collapse? Hence the styles of lecturers are about as various as the lecturers themselves. Those who imitate the mannerisms of the bell wether of the business are unconsciously original in their very efforts at producing a perfect copy. One assumes the didactic role and reports pearls of instruction with the profuseness of a public fountain. Another tries the comic, and tells stories to half a dollar per head, and it ought to be worth twice that money to the patient victim to listen to. Another comes the dramatic, and rolls his r's like the reveille of a military camp. A fourth takes the part of a common scold, making the chips of other reputations fly thickly all about him, but giving as no clue nor splinter of his own. A fifth puts his faith in dressing, the female lecturer particularly; and if ample skirts, rainbow colors, dazzling jewelry, profuse hair dressing, fine necks and arms, and all the other features of such attractions will not take, retire in disgust, and resolve in secret that the public doesn't know what a good thing really is. From a purely intellectual and instructive recreation, lecturing has caught the airs of the day, and become another thing from its first design. There are superior thinkers and declaimers in the field, but the swarm of concertanas, military people, jumping jacks, solemn, bores and common scolds, threaten to overwhelm them by force of numbers.

Five or six years ago, J. H. Pinney, who lived with his wife and daughter in Newark, west West with several other persons. While in the Indian country his party were attacked and nearly all were killed. It was said at the time that Pinney was killed, and after three years his wife remarried, and about a year ago removed to New York. Recently her first husband, who had traveled through Mexico in search of wealth returned to Newark and was naturally surprised to learn the change which had taken place in his family, but did not seem to heed the matter. He visited his wife and family in their new home, but showed no disposition to interfere, and after a pleasant interview he started for Willimantic, Conn., where his brother lived. On Sunday the fourteenth ultimo, he was buried there, and on the Tuesday following the news came that he had committed suicide.

A voyage around the world can now be made in eighty days, by the following route: Start from Philadelphia and proceed to San Francisco by the Pacific Railroad, taking seven days, thence to Yokohama in twenty-one; thence to Hong Kong in six; thence to Calcutta in twelve; and thence to Bombay in three; thence to Cairo in fourteen; thence to Paris in six, and back to Philadelphia in eleven days.

LETTER FROM ROME.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE ETERNAL CITY—LIFE IN APARTMENTS—COST OF MEALS AND SERVANTS—FUEL ARRANGEMENTS THE AMERICAN QUARTER—NEW ARRIVALS IN ROME.

[Correspondence of Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

ROME, Italy, November 5, 1869.—It is very true one-half the world does not know how the other half lives; if they did, there might be some agreeable changes made. For instance, the luxurious Americans, with their heavy, cumbersome machinery of housekeeping, have no idea of the true philosophy of that sort of business as it is understood by the Southern European. It's all useless for our dear country people to come to Rome and sigh after the seventeen kinds of hot bread, the delicious oysters and terrapins, the whisky that "never hurt anybody," declare that there is no place like an American home—then return, the men to their down town luncheon, the women to endless spiritual scuffles with Bridget, or Gretchen, Patrick, or Fritz, to enormous bills for food they never eat, to all the endless perquisites of the old machine, which, like the old time family coach, ought to be broken in bits—and expect us, who have been there, and gone through with the whole heart breaking business, to agree with them. The husbands do secure, it is true, a little trotting wagon sort of existence, which is sometimes more agreeable and "fast" than strictly proper; but the wives must either grow reckless, and shut their eyes to numberless impositions, or fret their lives into wretchedness while urging on and keeping in some sort of order this heavy coach of "good, old fashioned housekeeping" after the manner of those darling, mystical personages who exist in every generation—"our grandmothers!"

Let me give you a short sketch of life in Rome, and you will not wonder that those of our dear country women who have seen and enjoyed it to perfection, pine for the "flesh pots of Egypt." In the first place, we rent an apartment. They are of various sizes and prices, to suit all tastes and purses. The rooms are, with few exceptions, on one floor. An apartment for an ordinary family consists of a *salon* or drawing room, parlor, dining room, three or more bed rooms, a kitchen, and one or two servants' rooms, and sometimes a billiard room and ball room. There are few rented apartments in Rome where large dances are allowed, for the buildings are old and insecure. A dancing ball is only safe on the *piano nobile*, which, in most palaces, is reserved for the use of the proprietor. Only carpet dances can be enjoyed, and even these are risky. I was at a *matinee* last spring in the Palazzo Odescalchi, when the ball room was thrown open and a dance for the young people started. There were but two or three quadrilles on the floor, and yet I saw the door hangings and curtains of the adjoining *salon* sway to and fro quite alarmingly.

There are smaller apartments to accommodate one, two or three persons. These are usually suites of rooms which are rented unfurnished of proprietors by persons with small capital; sometimes working people, wives of petty tradesmen. They invest their little gains in furniture, divide their apartments off, and underlet them. Service is supplied, and sometimes meals. Many who rent these small apartments of these persons have their meals sent in from a *trattoria*, or eating house. If you have a comfortable purse, and can order your meals from Nazzari's or Spillman's—those delightful Roman restaurants—you may find *trattoria* fare palatable. But my advice is to become an apartment where the *padrona*—as your landlady is called—will serve you with your three meals; that is, if you are only one or two, have moderate means, and come to Rome to study and see everything. Your landlady will render you a daily account, and you will be amused with the precision of the items.

"*Fettello*, eight *soldi* a slice"—that is, breast of turkey, which is sold in that way uncooked, and you can have as many slices as your appetite requires. "*Fegettini*, ten *soldi*"—a delicious dish, made of the livers and hearts of chickens, with rice and curry sauce. *Oso*, ten cents, which is the bone and meat for the daily soup. *Pane*—bread—five cents a loaf. Butter, from three to ten cents a pat, just enough to last the day. Cream, from two to ten cents—as much as you want; and so on—every vegetable, meat, fruit, &c., mentioned with its price. Thus you can daily order your next day's meals according to your taste and purse. If a visitor comes in suddenly to whom you wish to be hospitable, you can send to Mmes. Nazzari's, or Spillmann's for one or two fine dishes, and your table will be sumptuous. Then there are plenty of delicious little potted delicacies, *pate de fois*, anchovy, paste, &c., which are extremely nice to have on hand for emergencies, or for your own occasional dainttiness, when the natural depravity of your stomach makes you quarrel with your padrona's paradisical providings. By managing in this way, four or five francs a day (equal to eighty cents or one dollar in gold) will give you an excellent table—three meals for one person; while one good *trattoria* dinner, alone, from Nazzari's or Spillmann's, costs six francs for one person—then comes in added the expense of breakfast and luncheon.

The great charm of this Roman mode of life, when managed in the Roman fashion, is that you can regulate daily, to a penny, your expenses; and when you dip out, or when your duties out doors make it more convenient for you to dine at a restaurant, your expenses are not going on at home. Even if you have a kitchen and servants, their table is not yours. You pay them certain wages, and then allow them daily so much money for their own food, which they spend as they please. You have no responsibility. It is no menniness to have a fine roast, or any nice dish set aside for your own future use. The servants here are so experienced in their science of culinary economy, also, that they seem to know to a slips how many many potatoes to cook for one person, and so on with every article of food.

True, wealthy Americans come to Rome and bring with them home habits. The surveillance of house accounts has hung around it wretched memories of home wrestlings and griefs, so the mistresses omit this very necessary duty. They order more food than is needed, or than can be used at their own table, and think according to the law and gospel their own kitchen gods and goddesses taught them with bitter suffering, that it is a contemptible parsimony to have the cold meats kept for further use at their own meals and sent them all into the kitchen. The Italian servants, unaccustomed to this "barbaric generosity," become speedily demoralized, and a system of thieving begins which is endless.

But those of us who have small means and little leisure fare differently; we copy the natives, adding the while a few liberalities of American life, and the comfort and peace of mind that results is delightful. Everything about housekeeping in Rome can be under your own eye, and is arranged to give the smallest amount of trouble. Wood, for example, you purchase by the *charette*, or load, which is a little over half a cord, and order it, strange to say, at your grocer's! To be sure, the Romans of comfortable means get their fuel in another way, from their own lands, or from farmers; but the stranger will do better to go to Mme. Ficholli's, on the Piazza di Spagna, or some well known shop of the kind. The wood is sent, nicely dried, cut small, up to your apartment door, and stored away, sometimes in clothes presses, or in the recesses of an auto chamber, and hidden very often by a beautiful curtain or piece of rich old tapestry; for economy of space is also another branch of this "great virtue for women and vice for men," as old John Adams used to define economy. Poor man! What would the good old '76 square foots say, if he could come to life in those days of women's rights? to all men's vices, and "more too." Verily "*Nous avons change tout cela!*"

Fire is only needed night and morning in Rome—except in December and January, and even then there are few days when it is required the whole sixteen hours. The Romans use fire very little. The Pope—a hale, hearty old man of 78 years of age, who takes a cold sponge bath, daily exercise in the open air in all weathers, and is one of the cleanest, tidiest old gentlemen you ever saw—never has a fire in his rooms, no matter how cold it is; and those immense *salons* of the Vatican palace are cold enough in winter. In the auto rooms there are large brass *scaldinas* or braziers, filled with hot coals, around which His Holiness' Crimson Plushes toast their shins and toes—but that is all.

Many of the rooms in Rome have no fire places. But we, who come from cold climates, feel the, raw dampness of the Roman winter more than the natives do. Moreover, we have become enervated by our luxurious houses, the tight, wooden, carpeted floors and heated rooms. So the brick or stone floors of Rome, even though they may be well covered with straw and carpets, are cold; and the large, lofty old *salons*, with all their rich heavy door and window curtains, are shivery places to us. Thus, in selecting apartments, it is wiser to seek first, and above all, a full exposure to the sun, and then rooms with chimney places or stoves. The *scaldina* filled with coals is a pernicious thing for living rooms, only fit for large palatial auto chambers, and should not be used—by us at least.

The American quarters in Rome are around the Piazza di Spagna, on the Pincian Hill and it slopes over to the Corso. It is all very well to think you would like to live in other quarters. I remember, when I first came to Rome, fancying apartments here and there, and in another place, as my historical memories or tastes were gratified by the surroundings; but this does not work well. What the majority does is generally wisest. To be sure, one need not be sheep, and leap blindly every popular fence. But in the main run it is better to go through where the bars are let down; there is always some good reason for it.

The Piazza di Spagna is healthy, gay, bright, modern, and full of the life of to-day—the life of which we ought to see something if we expect to be agreeable and useful to our kind. We may go off in the morning early and live all day, as Mrs. Skewton desired, with those dear, delightful heathens, "Neptune and Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzar;" talk with Phidias and Buonarotti, with "Raphael and his scholars;" go down into the bowels of the earth, look on statues, frescoes, and tread on mosaics, which have lain buried in silence and darkness so many centuries, with tides and tides of warring barbarians sweeping over their buried beauties.

But at nightfall we grow "*spookey*" and dreary. We pine for that which is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, and if we cannot have that, we must have the creature comforts of one's own home, which, after all, are extremely solacing in all circumstances and trials. Then how pleasant it is to have this local habitation directly among the wide awake living of the present day! The drawl of the Southern and the nasal twang of the Yankee sound like the sweetest music to our ears, and we are ready to fraternize, even though we may not belong to each other's "set" at home, nor unfortunately never met each other in "society." It is also delightful to be within a few minutes' walk of Pinle's, where you can step in and read the Boston *Post*, the New York *Tribune* and *Times*. By the way, we Philadelphians, however, wish our own city to be represented in that congress of journals, and I intend that my *Lolligers*, which Mr. Childs kindly sends me, shall be placed in Pinle's Reading Room all this winter.

Then, after dinner, it is agreeable to be within a short distance of the pleasant receptions, or other entertainments given by our hospitable resident artists or gay visitors to Rome, or to be within calling or visiting distance of one's friends. Moreover, all the American artists, with two or three exceptions have their studios, as well as their residences, in this Piazza di Spagna quarter, and even those who are farther off—Story, Healey and Tilton—are only up a little beyond the Pincian, near the Barberini and Tritone Piazza.

I have left little space for news of any kind, and there is little to give. Bishop McFarland, of Connecticut, has arrived, and Bishops Wood and Bayley are expected daily. Mgr. Nardi has returned, after his long and agreeable journey to France and England. He looks extremely well, and is as hospitable and genial as ever. Dr. C. F. Winslow, whose book I noticed last spring, "Forces of Nature," (a work highly commended by Liebig and other European philosophers), has settled professionally in Rome for the winter. Mr. Conegys and family of your city, are also in Rome. Among the royalties that have come to Rome lately are the Queen of Wurtemberg and her niece, Grand Duchess Vera, the daughter of Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. These ladies arrived on Wednesday. The Queen is traveling as the Countess Teck. She was Olga Nicolievowna, and is sister of the present Emperor of Russia, and had in her younger days some reputation as a beauty. She walks about very simply in the street with her niece and attendant. One thing can be noticed in royalties at the present period—they seem to have caught the unceremonious spirit of our day, and look and act like ordinary persons.

ANNE BREWSTER.

THE KISSING DEACON.

In one of our puritannical towns of New England, says an Eastern paper, lived Deacon Brown, a very dignified sort of a Christian, a perfect model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and in the age of 40 found himself with a family of four small children, and without a mistress to his farm house. As he could not immediately take another wife and avoid exciting scandal, and could not get along without some one to take charge of the kitchen and nursery, he had recourse to employing a young woman as housemaid.

Nancy Stearns was a laughing, romping beauty, who delighted in experimenting upon the deacon, by way of testing the strength of human nature. For a time the deacon was invulnerable; but at last, in a moment of unguarded weakness, he was led into temptation, and committed a "slight indiscretion" with his beautiful housemaid. When he recovered his wonted coolness and presence of mind, he was horrified at the enormity of his sin. In vain he repented and grieved for lost virtue. Finally, as a last effort of easing his conscience, and at the services on the following Sabbath morning, he arose and requested the forbearance of his brothers and sisters for a few moments, when he electrified them by making the following confession:

"My Christian friends, you know that I lost my wife some months ago, (sobs and tears), and that Nancy Stearns has been keeping house for me. And you know that I have a little child not a year old. Well, sometimes that child would cry in the night, and it would be a long time before I could quiet it, and last Thursday night—God forgive me!—the child cried so hard that Nancy arose and came into the room, and leaned over the bed to hush the child—and, brothers and sisters, her leaning over me made me forget Christ!"

"What did you do?" demanded the minister, sternly.

"I—I—I kissed her!" stammered out the deacon between his sobs, "but I have been very sorry about it, and prayed to be forgiven, and I want you to forgive me, brothers and sisters."

As the deacon bowed himself upon his seat, like the mighty oak before the tornado, Deacon Goodfellow arose and astonished the audience still more by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, you have heard what brother Brown has said; now he wants our forgiveness. For my part, I believe brother Brown is truly penitent, and I am willing to forgive him with my whole heart. And, brothers and sisters, I will add still further, that if I had no wife, and if a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns should come into my room and leaned over my bed, and lean over me, I'd kiss her, sin or no sin!"

Horace Greeley, although great as a philosopher, is not much as a penman. In short, he writes about the most execrable hand that was ever written by mortal man, not even excepting the late Rufus Choate, whose writing neither himself nor the Evil One could decipher. Two or three good anecdotes concerning the philosopher's chirography, which we have not seen in print, are told by *Triphune* men. On one occasion the great editorial genius wrote the words, "Save your money and buy land," and when the compositor, who had been familiar with the peculiar scratches of the philosopher from early youth, had puzzled himself over it for a half hour or so, he made it out to be, "Save your money, Benjamin Wood," and to Greeley's indignation, thus set it up. On another occasion, the philosopher indulged in the familiar Shakespearian quotation, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." But, as Horace seldom quotes poetry, and seldom writes an article without dabbling more or less in figures, the anxious type setter interpreted the quotation in this wise, "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; 'tis two, 'tis fifty-two!" The philosopher, on this occasion indulged in a little profanity when he received his proof.

The question of premature burial continues to excite much interest in France. So many cases of persons being buried alive, or only