# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1881. VOL. XIX-NO. 43.



**SPRING 1881**

EVERYTHING NEW IN SPRING SUITS

A. C. YATES & CO.

LEDGER BUILDING **Philadelphia.** SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN SPRING OVERCOATS **SPRING 1881**

**BUY YOUR**

# LUMBER,

**SHINGLES, LATHS,**

## Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,

AT LOW PRICES FROM

**Samuel Burns & Co.,**

**104 LIGHT Street Wharf,**

*Baltimore,* - - - *Maryland.*

## Wanted: 500,000 Bushels of Corn

—AND—

**50,000 *BUSHELS OF WHEAT,***

**For which the Highest Market Price will be paid, delivered at any Station on the Kent County Rail Road.**

☞ I shall be glad to have the Farmers to come and see me in person or by postal, as it may be to their interest to do so before selling their grain. ☜

**E. T. COMEGYS,**

*Locust Grove, Kent county, Md.,*

Nov. 25, 1880—tf. AGENT FOR CHRISTIAN & CO., PHILADELPHIA

**FALL & WINTER ARRANGEMENT.**

**Chester River Steamboat Company**



On and after Monday, September 13, the steamer **B. S. FORD** will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn Creek, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., stopping at the above named Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

Sept. 9, 1880.

**LIME! LIME! LIME! LIME!**

**Shells! Shells! Shells! Shells**

**30,000 bushels of each for sale.**

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish LIME and SHELLS to the citizens of Kent, Queen Anne's and Cecil counties; and will land the same on the Chester and Sassafras rivers, or any of their creeks where there is a depth of five feet of water, of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

*WILLIAM PERKINS,*
*Rising Sun Saloon.*

Chestertown, Md., Oct. 22, 1878—tf.

**LIVERY**

AND

***EXCHANGE STABLES,***

**Cannon Street, Chestertown.**

THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.

CHAS. H. DAVIS.

Aug. 5. 1880—tf.

**AT PRIVATE SALE,**



A convenient and comfortable Dwelling House, on S. E. side of Main street, in Chestertown, second door from Water street, with good dry cellar; containing 4 rooms on 1st floor; 4 rooms (all private) and passage on second floor, and two attic rooms. A desirable location. For particulars apply at the house to HESTER A. RUSSELL, or

Sept. 16—tf. T. W. RUSSELL.

**NOTICE.**

C. F. STAM has just received a large stock of the

**NEW METHODIST HYMNALS,**

very nicely bound, and which he is selling very cheap, from 50 cts. to $3.00—an examination of stock and prices is solicited. Call at the corner Drug Store. [Jan. 8, 1880

**PARIS GREEN**

and

***LONDON PURPLE***

*For the Destruction of Potato Bugs.*

and other Insects, for sale at the lowest pric

T. W. WICKES,

June 17, 1880. Druggis

ATMORS Mince Meat for 10 cts. per lb. at J. A. PERKINS

NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Hester; Golden Sun, and the New Golden Sun —for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

NEW FRUIT. Raisins, Currants, Citron. Nov 11 At SPARKS'S.

**STOP! STOP! STOP!**

**HAVE YOU EXAMINED**

the

**LARGE STOCK**

of

**L. K. STAM'S?**

*If Not You Had Better Do It.*

HE SELLS HIS GOODS AS CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY,

**AND WILL DELIVER THEM**

**TO YOUR HOUSES FREE OF CHARGE.**

**NOTICE A FEW ARTICLES.**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Bed Room Suits.** | **Chairs.** |
| **Extension Tables.** | **Lounges.** |
| **Beadsteads.** | **Mattresses.** |
| **Sideboards.** | **Kitchen Safes.** |
| **Wardrobes.** | **Bureaus.** |

The Celebrated

**HEYWOOD RATTAN CHAIR.**

| | |
|---|---|
| **China Tea Setts.** | **Mustache Cups.** |
| **Looking Glasses.** | |

**Beautiful Window Shades.**

**Library and other LAMPS,**

and many other articles too numerous to mention

Do not fail to call and examine his Stock even if you do not buy—you will be politely received.

Remember the place—just below C. F. Stam's drug store, and adjoining Mrs. Melvins'.

Dec. 9, 1880.

**1845 1881**

**WICKES & BROTHER,**

**GENERAL STORE,**

**High street above Cross street,**

**CHESTERTOWN, Md.**

WICKES & BROTHER have now in stock a general and well assorted line of

**Dry Goods and General Merchandise**

to meet the wants of the season, and which is being constantly replenished with cash purchases made with care. They will at all times be offered to reliable and prompt paying buyers at most satisfactory prices.

Chestertown, January 1st, 1881.

**Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.**

The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at Oct 21 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

STOVES CLEANED and REPAIRED, at short notice—at Sept. 16 THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

EVERY Farmer should have Hoosier Corn Drill—sold by KENNARD & CO.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.


### A CHARACTER SKETCH.

[New York Sun.]

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
As if by conscience pricked;
But when they came to share his woes
He raised objections—kicked.

The cat came up to sympathize,
With mew and gentle purr;
Alas! she got within his reach,
When—fiddlestrings and fur.

The dog, in pity, neared him to
Alleviate his care;
He tried to pass around him once,
But—sausage meat and hair.

And John, the honest farmer boy
Who had the beast in charge,
Tried recklessly to harness him—
His funeral was large.

Oh, trifling were the causes which
His flexile legs unfurled;
And many were the quadrupeds
That sought another world.

He never did a decent thing;
He wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked and kicked until he died,
And then he kicked the bucket.

### WOMEN AS WIVES AND MOTHERS.

"It is not good for man to be alone. We all need the motherly, and we must find it in a wife. Do you know what I think the prettiest story of courtship I ever read? It is the account of Isaac's marriage with Rebecca, away back in the simple old times. You remember the ending of it. 'And Isaac brought her into his mother Sara's tent, and took Rebecca, and she became his wife, and Isaac was comforted for his mother's death.' There's the philosophy of it," he added, "its the mother living again in the wife. The motherly instinct is in the hearts of all true women, and sooner or later the true wife becomes a mother to her husband. She guides him, cares for him, teaches him, and catechises him, all in the nicest way possible. Why, I'm sure I never should know how to get along a day without Polly to teach me the requirings and forbiddens of the commandments, to lecture me for going out without my muffler, and see that I put on my flannels at the right time, to insist that I shall take something for my cough, and raise a rebellion to my going out when there's a north-easter. So much for the body, and as for the soul life, I believe it is a woman who holds faith in the world—it is a woman behind the wall, casting oil on the fire that burns brighter, while the devil pours on water; and you'll never get Christianity out of the earth while there's a woman in it. I'd rather have my wife's and your mother's opinion on a meaning of a text of Scripture, than all the Doctors of Divinity, and their faith is an anchor that always holds. Some jackanapes or other I read once, said every woman wanted a master, and was as forlorn without a husband as a masterless dog. It's a great deal truer that every man wants a mother. Men are more forlorn than masterless dogs, a great deal, when no woman cares for them. Look at the homes single women make for themselves; how neat, how cosy, how bright with the oil of gladness! The fact is, women are born comfort makers, and can get along by themselves a great deal better than we can."—*"Uncle Jacob" in Mrs. Stowe's Story in Christian Union.*

IT has been resolved by the Municipality of Rome that the venerable Ghetto, the well known Jewish quarter, shall be levelled with the ground, in order that a number of stately houses may be erected upon its site. The huge group of sordid buildings thus sentenced to destruction is the most ancient of its kind in southern Europe. The originator of the Ghetto is said to have been King Herod, who caused a palace to be built near the Pons Janiculensis, for the accommodation of his sons and diplomatic envoys when visiting Rome. When the Apostles Peter and Paul came to the Eternal City to preach the Gospel, they abode in the Ghetto. Ten centuries later it was the residence of the celebrated Israelitish jeweler Elkanan Diodato, who became a Christian, and whose grandson, under the name of Anaclete II., occupied the Papal throne from 1130 to 1138. The Ghetto has long been a physical as well as historical reproach to the Italian capital, and its demolition is one of the many modern reforms and improvements upon which its municipal rulers may unreservedly be congratulated.

VIENNA PHYSICIANS have been examining with much interest a three-year-old pair of twins, who are not less of a natural curiosity than the Siamese twins were. From the breast bone down they have but one body; above that they are two wholly separate and complete organisms. They have only two legs and feet, but four arms. The sense of feeling in the two upper parts is entirely distinct and individual. At the moment of medical inspection, one of the heads looked peevish and occasionally cried on account of a painful tooth, while the other looked fresh and lively, and shouted "Mamma!" The inner arms come in conflict, and cause fights between the twins. Though the pair have one body below the breast, they do not get hungry at the same time. The left foot seems to be connected only with the left head, and the right foot with the right head. One of the feet was pinched, and only the head on that side cried out.

CHILDHOOD often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which is the pride of utmost age to recover.

YOU can't make your child love you by scolding and fretting all the time any more than you can catch a bird by flinging your hat at it.

The doctors of Salisbury charge $1 for vaccination.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

*Mr. Colton Bids Farewell to the East and Writes his Last Letter—The Eternal City, and Its Classic Shades—Churches, Statues, Pictures and the Tarpeian Rock—Florence, Pisa and Turin—Patriotism and Poetry.*

NEW YORK, December, 1880.—As this is my last letter, I propose to do as the Irishman did in digging his hole—commence at the other end. I begin my letter where I ought to close. When I left London, in August, I had carefully prepared the following route, which I strictly adhered to, with a single exception: From London to Paris, Paris to Brussels, Brussels to Antwerp, Antwerp to Rotterdam, Rotterdam to Hague, Hague to Amsterdam, Amsterdam to Cologne, Cologne to Mayence—visiting Wiesbaden, Baden Baden, Worms, Homburg, Frankfort and other cities on the Rhine—Mayence to Heidelberg, Heidleberg to Stuttgardt, Stuttgardt to Strasburg, Strasburg, passing the Black Forest, to Treiberg, thence to Schaffhausen to Zurich, Zurich to Lucerne to Interlachen, over the Brunig Pass, Interlachen, via Lake Thun, to Berne, Berne to Lausanne, Lausanne to Geneva, Geneva to Chamounix, Chamounix to Martigny, Martigny to Brig, Brig to the hospice over the Fulca Pass; thence, via Biasca, to Lacona, and by way of Lake Maggiore, to Arona; Arona to Milan, Milan to Venice (stopping at Venora) Venice to Trieste, Trieste to Vienna; Vienna, down the Danube to Pesth, Bustchuck and Varna; from Varna across the Black Sea to Constantinople; Constantinople to Beyrout, stopping at Smyrna, Rhodes and Cyprus; from Beyrout to Damascus, the ruins of Baalbeck and return to Beyrout, Beyrout to Jaffa, Jaffa to Ramleh, Ramleh to Jerusalem; from Jerusalem to Hebron, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, the River Jordan and Jerico, and back again, stopping at Bethany, from Jerusalem to Ramlem and Jaffa, and thence to Port Said; Port Said to Ismalia, Ismalia to Cairo, Cairo to Alexandria, Alexandria to Brindisi, Brindisi to Naples, Naples to Rome, Rome to Florence, Florence to Pisa, Pisa to Genoa, Genoa to Turin, and thence to Paris and back to London. When I left the British metropolis in August I told my friends that if I had good luck I should make the entire trip and reach that city again by the first day of December. I am glad to say that I did have good luck, and, as a general thing, enjoyed good health; and during all the time never missed a train or got in a wrong car, and reached London on the 2d of December—just one day after I told my friends I would be there. But now for Rome.

Leaving Naples in the express train, we were whirled rapidly past interesting and historic towns, reaching the Eternal City in about seven hours. I found it to be a miniature world in marble and on canvas; the cradle of Christianity, the nursery of arts, science and literature, and the hallowed spot toward which all Christendom turns in its yearnings for religion.

I think I am rather of a practical turn of mind; certainly, I am not at all imaginative, and not in the least superstitious. But, somehow, I felt embarrassed in the shadows of Rome. What little of humor I possessed was crushed out of me while I was there. I saw nothing whatever to laugh at. In fact, I do not see how any one can be merry in Rome, weighted and burdened as it is with centuries of gloom and sorrow, unrelieved with the splendor and lascivious luxury of the days when Nero fiddled and Heliogabalus achieved the perfection of debauchery. And yet the present inhabitants do make merry, and eat and drink and enjoy themselves in every conceivable way, and too often are not a bit better than they should be. I suppose they have got used to the Eternal City, or, may be, they never saw or heard of it. Perhaps they know far less than I do of

"The city that by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds—
Then fell; but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where she now dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished."

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Of course, I can undertake no minute description of Rome, but I shall venture upon a brief mention of a few of the thousand wonderful things that particularly impressed me. And first of all these is St. Peter's great church—"founded on a rock." The present structure was begun in 1503, and it is said to stand on the spot where St. Peter was buried. Outwardly it is grand, imposing, immense, and yet of most graceful proportions. Nearly four centuries of weather-buffetings have in no respect diminished the splendor of its exterior, nor shrouded it with any of the somberness of antiquity. Bright, burnished and stately, it towers loftily, as if defying time and decay. The colonnades around the piazza enclose a circular space 787 feet in diameter. The facade, or front of the great church, is 397 feet wide and 148 feet high to the grand vestibule—this being 468 feet long, 50 feet wide and 66 feet high. Through this vast space you reach the interior, which you are told is 613 feet long, with transepts 446 feet, and a nave 152 feet high. It is impossible to conceive the vastness of the building. Worshippers at one side look like pigmies to those on the other, and gigantic statuary is seen in the dim distance as of ordinary proportions. The marble pen of St. Peter is about four feet long, but appears no longer than a gray-goose quill. Everything is of extraordinary dimensions when closely scanned, but of admirable proportions in perspective. At first the visitor feels like a dwarf, but he gradually expands until he imagines himself colossal.

Aside from its stupendousness, the interior has no entrancing charms. There are statues, and rescoes, and bas-reliefs in bewildering profusion, but they all seemed to me to lack that beauty and grace which I had always attached to objects of art. They are all too big to be beautiful. Wonderful, no doubt, vastly impressive, unquestionably; but beautiful? Not at all. In fact, there is a sensation of magnitude about the entire edifice that startled, rather than pleased me. But I am not an esthetic, and, therefore, not a competent critic. I like to be able to take a comprehensive grasp of whatever I see; but St. Peter's is too much for a simple American.

Everywhere are monuments; on every side chapels and sacristies. There is a canopy under which Mass is celebrated, and it is supported by pillars one hundred feet high.—Frescoes and bas-reliefs are in endless and gigantic profusion. Tombs and effigies gleam at all points in the dim, religious light. And over all hangs the great dome—448 feet from the pavement of the interior. I was over-whelmed; and it made me melancholy to think what an insignificant figure my state would cut among such an assemblage of giants.

Of course, amid all this vastness it was only by accident that I chanced to see anything closely. It was, perhaps, in this way that the monument of Marie Christine, Queen of Sweden, who separated from her husband because he took sides with Luther and was ex-communicated, went to Rome, died there, and was thus immortalized. I also saw a bas-relief memorializing a similar experience on the part of Marie Clotilde de Medicis, wife of Henry IV., of France. That monarch became a convert to liberalism in the sixteenth century, and was ex-communicated by Pope Clement IX.—His wife left him and went into a convent at Rome. Soon afterwards King Henry recanted, took his recantation to Rome, was pardoned, did penance, and made a new treaty with the Pontificate. The bas-relief represents him kneeling and kissing the Pope's toe. The paintings, statuary and mosaics in St. Peter's are the most wonderful I have ever seen, I did not go up to the dome, being sufficiently amazed with a look at it from below. I also paid a visit to St. Paul's Church, which, in my judgment—though not as large, grand or costly as St Peter's—is the most beautiful gem of a church in the world. Its silver decorations so entranced me that I could have lingered for hours among its glittering charms.

THE COLOSSEUM.

Next in general interest to these magnificent churches is the Colosseum. It is a tolerably well-preserved and considerably repaired amphitheatre, built in honor of Titus, and in its construction, it is said, 60,000 captive Hebrews were forced to labor for ten years under whip and scourge. It had a seating capacity of 90,000—as the theatre-vernacular runs—and was dedicted in the year 81, when Titus died. It is not very clear to me why the Colosseum was dedicated to Titus, nor is it an important question; but the Latin historian tells us, in modern newspaper style, that the ceremony lasted one hundred days, and that 5,000 wild beasts and 10,000 captive men and women were offered as a sacrifice during the carrying out of the programme, which must have caused a considerable decrease in the census returns. It is, or was, four stories high, with monstrous tiers of arches. I prudently refrained from measuring it, but the books say it is 1,641 feet in circumference, 157 feet high, with an oval arena of 278 by 177 feet, and that the entire structure covers six acres of ground. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that for many years it was used as a sort of quarry from which enough material was taken to build many of the churches in Rome. It was here that thousands of the early Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts "to make a Roman holiday," and here the brawny gladiators fought with real swords, and consequent real slaughter, to please the fair and tender hearted ladies of Rome in its olden time. It is a weird place, and would still serve an assassin's purpose, but for the modern police system.

"I see before me the gladiator lie,
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow,
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first drops of a thunder-shower."

at least, that's the way I've seen the great tragedian, John McCullough, do it; and I suppose he knows all about it.

But there are too many things to see to dwell long upon any one. I visited the Forum, the Pantheon and Palace of Concord; passed under the Arch of Titus and of Constantine; crossed the Tiber; drove out to the Appian Way, and tried to see everything worth seeing.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

I wandered too among the picture galleries, whose name is legion, and the beautiful churches that are without number, and the ruins that are without form, and the catacombs that are unwholesomely unpleasant—always the shadows of Rome pursuing and oppressing me with their somberness. And in this uncomfortable frame of mind I sauntered to an elevated position not far from the ruins of the celebrated Tarpeian Rock. Finding nothing amusing there, I mused. It was hence that in olden time they tumbled over the precipices all the miserable criminals—a cheap and expeditious mode of execution, as hempen rope was then scarce and costly. Just now the gorge of the old precipice—filled with centuries of rubbish, is not so deep, and it would not much hurt a convict to be hurled into it, and, consequently, hemp has been substituted. I reflected upon the number of culprits that were here tossed into eternity; they probably justly deserved it.—But I could not help considering how many others, equally deserving escaped that fate. There was Nero, for instance, who set the city on fire and fiddled a jig while its flames were spreading, and who had his mother disembowled in order that he might see whence came so vile a wretch as he. Nero was just the sort of fellow that the Tarpeian Rock was made for. Commodus, too, the profligate emperor—who caused every good man and woman in his kingdom to be killed; who was a glutton and sorry clown; an incarnation of sensual abominations, but who forced the rest of his people to worship him as a god—why did they not compell Commodus to take a tumble? And there came up before me the shades of hundreds of other high-toned Romans of the classic times, who would nowadays be classed with vilest of modern monsters; and it was not at the Tarpeian Rock that they, at last, confronted death. But I must not forget that there were some good men and giants in those days. No doubt, St. Paul many a time stood musing in this quarter over the degeneracy of the people who scoffed at him and chained him in the Mamertine prison.—Perhaps it was here that Cicero rehearsed his famous denunciation of Cataline and his fellow-conspirators and formulated his oratoric thunder in favor of conservative democracy in Rome. Hence probably, were hurriedly sent to Heaven of the Christian martyrs. Who knows but that bare-foot Romulus played truant here in boyhood, when the parental wolf was at home waiting to suckle him! Did Antony tear his hair here for his beloved Cleopatra? Perhaps Brutus stalked majestically in these "diggins" while arranging the details of Cæsar's assassination. With these grim thoughts came visions of the great hosts of scholars and painters and sculptors and poets who, perchance, came here to muse, as I did, over the all manner of varieties and vexations of spirit that beset our common humanity.

HE DIDN'T SEE THE POPE.

But there is no end to such musings in Rome, and I was obliged to leave, on my homeward journey. I left my greatest anticipated pleasure until the last—that of a presentation to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. but I was not presented. Having been kindly furnished with letters from Archbishop Gibbons and Father Foley, of Baltimore, I did not anticipate any difficulty in accomplishing my desire. But I reckoned without my host—of Roman officials—and due consideration for red tape. The first day I called the official who was to present me was not in; the second day he could not see me, and sent word for me to call again; but my experience had taught me that with a Turk, Arab or Italian time was of no account whatever, but to an American in Rome, with but a few days to spare and so many things to see, it was a matter of vital importance, and I had to leave, much to my regret, without the Pope's blessings, but I secretly left him mine.

GLIMPSES OF OTHER CITIES.

From Rome we went to Florence—Florence "the beautiful," but our time was limited, and we could devote but one day to sight-seeing. I visited the great Church of Santa Croce, where are to be seen tombs to many of Italy's great men—

"Within its holy precincts live
Ashes which make it holier; dust which is,
Even in itself, an immortality."

Here repose—

"Angelo's, Alfiera's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes,
And Macchiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

The Cathedral Santa Maria, the Campaniee, the Uffizi Gallery, Pitti Palace and other places are marvels of architectural art; but I had to be content with the more cursory view of them. From Florence to Pisa is but a few hour's ride, and I stopped there only long enough to visit the celebrated Leaning Tower, of which I had seen so many alarming pictures in the days of my youth. It is a singularly useless-looking building 190 feet high, and of eight stories, each one being distinctly marked by an outside balcony. The upper story actually projects on one side fifteen feet beyond the tower's base. And yet, it is perfectly safe of ascent, and carries, I am told, a splendid chime of bells. It has been leaning in this ridiculous fashion for six hundred years; and as there was no telling when a thing that has been leaning as long as that might fall, I walked cautiously around it and hastened away. The next city on our route was Genoa, a city of 130,000 inhabitants; and I was only interested in it from the fact that Christopher Columbus was born there in 1436. He wanted to borrow money enough from his native city to enable him to discover America, but was churlishly refused on the ground that he was a crazy fellow. They are sorry for it now, and have built to Christopher a handsome monument near the railroad depot. The statue of the great navigator stands on an anchor, and an allegorical figure of America kneels at his feet. In conjunction with it there are figures of wisdom, religion, strength and geography.

Turin, our next place, did not impress me greatly. There is nothing of the ancient flavor about it, and it looks like the average American city. But it is clean—so clean, indeed, that I inquired if they had not imported a Yankee to act as mayor of the city.

Onward flies our iron horse, across the Alps, through sunny France to gay and glittering Paris. Still onward by steam to London, to Liverpool, across the boisterous Atlantic and to New York, in the United States of America. As we steamed up the bay, and I saw the old flag floating from towers and mastheads, and Trinity's familiar steeple, and the thousand other dear things that welcomed me, I felt truly glad, and almost truly good—certainly, truly thankful to that great Providence that had guarded me safely through danger by sea and land, through county of Pagan and Christian, and brought me back again to my country, my friends, and my home.

My travels and experience in the monarchies and empires of the Old World had only strengthened my love and admiration for our own republican institutions; and in the following little verses, which, if not good poetry, are at least the real sentiments of my heart, I have endeavored to express my feelings:

Once more beneath the Stars and Stripes
The home-bound traveler stands;
And from Columbia's towering heights
Looks back o'er foreign lands.

There domes of pomp and power uprise
Against the sky's blue span;
But from within rise wailing cries—
The martyrdom of man.

Fair stand the castles of the Rhine,
But misery dwells below;
Italian fields bloom with the vine—
The peasant droops with woe.

Sweet odors float upon the gales
That sweep the Turkish shores;
But rapine all the land assails,
And o'er it bloodshed pours.

Where walked the Saviour of mankind
The squalid robber lurks;
The sacred places are resigned
To the vile rule of Turks.

Yet strongest in its sad appeal,
More crushed than other lands;
See Ireland in her hovels kneel,
And stretch for aid her hands.

No other land in all the earth
Can with her own compare;
For here the lowliest in birth
Breathes liberty's free air.

No happier nation in the world
The traveler can find;
The starry banner, here unfurled,
Gives refuge to mankind.

"Have you read my last poem?" asked a wretchedly bad poet of Douglas Jerrold. "I *hope* so," was the cruel but witty reply. Now, this is really my "last" letter, in both senses; but I trust that the verdict of your readers will not be so pointed as was Jerrold's. My design has been, not only to amuse, but, if possible, to instruct; to have my friends see—crudely and inartistically reproduced on paper—what I saw with my own eyes, and to know what I thought of it all. That I have made mistakes, I have no doubt—I should be more than human if I had not—but I can say truly that when I have dealt with matters, places and things, where truth and accuracy were required, that I have based my judgment upon the best data I could obtain. I have as far as possible ignored guide books, carrying none with me except in the Holy Land, and there I used the Bible alone, which I found to be literally a "lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway." If my letters have given an hour's pleasure to any one, I am well repaid for the labor of preparing them. With thanks to my readers for their good will and kind words, and to the *American* for its careful publication of my hurried epistles, I sign myself, for the very "last" time.

G. C.

SHE PAID A COMMISSION.—A Chicago merchant accompanied a Milwaukee gentleman—an old friend—to his home, where he had been many times a guest before. In a conversation with the charming daughter of his host, he rallied her on her continuance in a state of single blessedness. She replied that none of the Milwaukee beaux were to her taste, and in an indifferent way inquired if Chicago had any nice young men disengaged. Receiving an affirmative reply she remained a minute or two in a brown study, and then brightening up said in a bantering tone, "Well, you are a commission merchant; send me down a nice young man and I will allow you a commission of 10 cents a pound." The Milwaukee girl got her nice young man in due time. The commission charges were just 19 dollars and 50 cents.

IRELAND'S GREAT LANDOWNERS.—The following figures in regard to the ownership of Irish land are interesting: One man owns 170,000 acres; three men own 100,000 acres each; fourteen men 50,000 acres each; ninety men, 20,000 acres each; 125 men, 10,000 acres each; and 452 men, 5,000 acres each. The association of Salterstown 19,000 acres; the Drapers, 27,000 acres; the Merchants 21,000 acres; the Skinners, 24,000 acres; the Fishmougers 20,050 acres, the Ironmongers, 10,000, and the Grocers, 16,000 acres. It is not, therefore, any exaggeration to say that of the $115,000,000 which is annual Irish rental, at least $60,000,000 is spent out of the country, and where, as in the case of Ireland, the country is not wealthy, and has no other industry except agriculture, this state of things, until remedied, will be productive of want and misery.

JAPAN has her proverbs—many of them good ones:—"If you hate any one let him live." "We cannot build a bridge to the clouds." "The world is just as a person's heart makes it." "The tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high." "Send a child you love most on a journey" (to save him from being spoiled by indulgence). "Better avoid blame than seek praise." "A beaten soldier fears a reed." "Great men are spoken of for seventy-five days." "Until polished the precious stone is not brilliant."

A MOMENT'S work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impressions on the youthful mind.

THE hardest thing for any man to do is to practically encourage one who wishes to reform. Once down let him stay there is the general motto. When a man falls, says the proverb, everybody tries to run over him.

FIRMNESS of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success. Without it genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.

ONE of the hardest lessons to learn in life is that the man who differs with you, not only in opinions, but in principles, may be as honest and sincere as yourself.

## All Sorts of Clippings

What do fish scales weigh?

Canada has 5,773 post-offices.

Daybreak is the boss eye opener.

Turpentine will remove ink from white wood work.

If you intend to be a millionaire never visit a church fair.

Keep flour cool, dry, and securely covered.

Does missing a railway train make a man left-handed?

For people with skin diseases, a carbolic bath should be used.

The wind is a blast-erer by occupation.

Dip fish for an instant in boiling water before scaling.

The fires of last year cost Chicago $1,164,159.

Salt fish are quickest and best freshened in sour milk.

The heliotrope is a native of Peru.

To sweeten milk, when it is turned, stir in a little soda.

A tunnel is proposed under Brooklyn.

Use a cement made of ashes, salt and water for stove cracks.

There are not 500 negroes in Germany.

Hang brooms in the cellar way to keep moist and pliant.

Cork, Ireland, has a population of 75,000.

Keep apples in a dry place, as cool as possible without freezing.

A Kansas coon is made to turn a grindstone.

A dish of hot water set in the oven will prevent cake from scorching;

There are no horses in Greenland and Lapland.

There are 24 cubic feet of loose earth in a ton.

A spoonful of sugar added to dried corn when seasoning improves it.

The long Arctic night is of 145 days duration.

Keep cranberries under water in cellar. Change water monthly.

A cheeful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

To whiten clothes boil with them a teaspoonful of turpentine.

The best press ever made—two loving arms.

Kerosene oil will soften boots when hardened by water.

Fame is like a pig with a greased tail—hard to hang on to.

To remove machine grease apply cold rain-water and soda.

Buckwheat cakes are the best kind of a liver pad.

If your coal fire is low sprinkle it with water or salt.

A lady is always athletic enough to jump at an offer of marriage.

Add a little sperm, or a little salt or both to boiled starch.

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.

Fresh meat, if beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed ont doors all night.

A cat in a strange garret is not half so much frightened as a bachelor at a sewing society.

Rub white spots in furniture with turpentine and hold a hot shovel over them.

Can a man who lived on corn meal be said to have Indian blood in his veins?

Gather herbs when beginning to blossom; dry in shade, and keep in paper bags.

No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

Quicksilver and white of an egg, beaten thoroughly and applied, will destroy bed-bugs.

This is the whole thing in a nutshell, as the squirrel said when he extracted the kernel.

Most of misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

700,000 women in France and Italy are employed in the manufacture of raw silk from the cocoon.

Robert Stewart, of Clearfield Co., Pa., is 100 years of age, and is still very active.

Mrs. Bridget Connelly died in Waltham, Mass., at the age of 102 years.

The most durable woods in dry places are cedar, oak, yellow pine and chestnut.

Sound ice, ten inches thick, will bear a pressure of 1,000 tons to the square foot.

Senator Sawyer bestowed $100,000 each on his two daughters as wedding presents.

In one grove in California, are 1380 trees, none measuring less than six feet in diameter.

The average deposits in the Salt Lake banks in 1880, were more than double those of 1876.

Canada has a public debt of £30,000,000 which is equal to £7 10s. per head of her population.

Ten vineyardists in Napa county, California, produced last year over 1,100,000 gallons of wine.

A sister of the King of Sweden is a missionary in Lapland, and has sold her jewels to aid her in her work.

The salary of that noted horseman, Joseph Cannon, as "trainer to Lord Roseberry," is said to be $10,000 a year.


[Cincinnati Irish Citizen.]

Mr. John Miller, of 54 West Fifth street, tells us that he was cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil of a complicated case of rheumatism of ten years standing.


Pope Leo, who has been very ill for several weeks, is now recovered. He will be 79 years old the present month.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild has a new necklace which, although it is only a single row of pearls, is valued at $100,000.

The rising generation is lametably ignorant. At a country school the question was asked, "Who is at the head of the United States government?" And every boy in the class answered, "Sitting Bull."


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