Plattsburgh Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

AT $2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Local Interests, and General News.

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Plattsburgh Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT PLATTSBURGH, CLINTON CO., N. Y.,

In Warren's Block over Laforce's Store.

By W. LANSING & SON.

For $2.00 per annum, payable in Advance.

Rates of advertising.

One square 1 week, 1.00; One square 1 year, $40
One square 2 weeks, 1.25; ¼ column 1 year, 25.00
One square 3 weeks, 1.50; ½ column 1 year, 40.00
One square 3 months, 3.00; One column 1 year, 80.00
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Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, $5 per year - for each additional line 25 cents.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MOORES, N. Y.

G. M. BECKWITH & SONS,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
Office, Brown Building, North side of the Park.

WM. R. JONES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Notary Public.
Office on Margaret Street, over Hathaway's Store, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

D. S. McMASTERS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Justice of the Peace, and Licensed Agent for Procuring Pensions, Bounty, and Back Pay.
☞ Office over First National Bank, Plattsburgh.

GEORGE L. CLARK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
And Licensed Agent for Collection of Pensions, Back Pay, Prize Money, and all Government Claims.
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

SMITH M. WEED,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Land and Insurance Agent,
Corner Bridge and Margaret Streets, over H. W. Cady & Co.'s Drug Store, Plattsburgh.

100 Dollars Bounty, And Increase of Pensions

UNDER THE NEW LAW,
PROMPTLY COLLECTED, BY
H. S. HALE,
U. S. CLAIM ATTORNEY.
OFFICE OPPOSITE THE DEPOT, AT Moore's Junction, all soldiers will forward their discharges, and widows and orphans particulars by mail if required.
Moores, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1866. 583

Increased Pensions, Additional Bounties, &c.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW PREpared to prosecute the following claims against the government, by virtue of laws recently passed by Congress.

For Additional Bounty of One Hundred Dollars for soldiers who enlisted for three years, served their time, have been honorably discharged and received, or are entitled to receive, $100 and no more; or have been discharged for wounds received in the line of duty.

For Additional Bounty of Fifty Dollars for those who enlisted for two years, served their time, were honorably discharged, and have received, or are entitled to receive, one hundred dollars under existing laws, or have been discharged for wounds received in the line of duty.

For Increase of Pension of two dollars per month for every widow who has children under 16 years of age.

For Increased Pension to Orphan children under 16 years of age, of two dollars per month for each child.

For Increase of Pension for every soldier who has lost a leg or arm, or has been disabled equal to the loss of a leg or arm, from $15 to $25, according to extent of disability. The soldiers of all wars are included except revolutionary soldiers.

For Pensions for Fathers and Mothers who have lost an unmarried son on whom they were dependent for support.

For Three Months Extra Pay for officers who were in commission on the 19th day of March, 1865, and who were honorably discharged after the 9th of April, 1865.

For Rations to Prisoners of War and their heirs.

For Pay to Officers who entered upon their duties, but were not mustered into service for reasons beyond their control, within thirty days.

He hopes by his past success in prosecuting hundreds of claims against the government, to merit a liberal share of the patronage of claimants.

A. G. CARVER.
Plattsburgh, Aug. 15, 1866. 582tf

Marble Works.

Plattsburgh Marble Manufactory.

F. T. EATON,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the citizens of Clinton County that he still continues business at the OLD STAND, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, and is prepared to furnish

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC Marble Monuments, Tomb Stones, Table and Counter Tops,

At Twenty Per Cent. lower than ever before offered in Northern New York. Persons wishing to erect memorials to departed friends will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere, as he will not be under sell. F. T. EATON.
Plattsburgh, June 4, 1865. 562

KEESEVILLE Marble Works!

C. A. BIGELOW,
DEALER IN
American and Italian Marble.

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES, Center & Side Table Tops, &c

He will guarantee to furnish at Short Notice, on reasonable terms and of

Superior Design and Execution.

Any of the above work at a less rate by 15 per cent. than any other establishment in Northern N. York.

SHOP ON LIBERTY STREET.
Keeseville, Oct. 4, 1866. 580

PLATTSBURGH MARBLE MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD INFORM the inhabitants of Clinton County that he is prepared to furnish them

MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, Head and Tomb Stones, TABLE AND STAND TOPS, PAINT STONES, MULLERS, MARBLE POSTS FOR FENCING GRAVES, Caps and Sills for Building, &c.

All the above mentioned articles will be sold cheap, than ever to be offered in this vicinity, and as to quality of stock and style of workmanship, he defies competition.

☞ "Quick Sales and Small Profits," is our MOTTO ☜

☞ Shop opposite the Post Office Park. ☜
WILLIAM BUTLER.
Plattsburgh, June 21, 1866. 575

Hotels.

LAKE HOUSE,
Opposite Rail Road Depot,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
658 E. O. BOYLE, Proprietor.

MONTREAL HOUSE,
BY S. LARABEE,
Ausable Forks, Clinton Co., N. Y.
Entertainment promptly furnished, and satisfaction given to all. 541

JOHNSON HOUSE,
Nearest the R. R. Depot and Steamboat Landing,
Corner of Ford and Patterson Sts.,
Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
R. JOHNSON, - - - PROPRIETOR.
Good Omnibus and Trusty Porters will be in readiness to convey Passengers and Baggage to and from this House.
FREE OF CHARGE.
Ogdensburgh, June 14, 1866. 573

SARANAC HOUSE.
THE SUBSCRIBER, HAVING TAKEN this House, begs leave to say that it has been put in the best possible condition, and furnished through out with all the necessary conveniences and facilities pertaining to a desirable Hotel. With ample rooms, good fare, and commodious house, travelers will find themselves at home, and meet with prompt attendance. L. P. KILE.
Saranac, June 21, 1866. 574

UNION HOUSE,
(Formerly Roberts' Hotel.)
S. W. HATCH, Proprietor,
Chateaugay, N. Y.
THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN NEWLY FITted up and refurnished throughout.
Carriages in waiting at the Depot, and Guests carried to and from the House free of charge.
Parties conveyed to Chateaugay Lake, and other places of resort, on reasonable terms.
Chateaugay, June 27, 1866. 575

CLINTON HOTEL,
(Opposite the Prison Gate,)
DANNEMORA, N. Y.
HAVING RECENTLY FITTED UP THIS house with substantial improvements, and necessary additions, it is now open for the reception of company. Guests will find all the comforts and luxuries formerly enjoyed, and no pains will be spared to make it a pleasant home for travellers whether on business or seeking recreation and amusement.
EDGAR AVERILL.
Dannemora, July 4, 1865. 574

DUNLOP HOUSE,
Nos. 715, 717 719 Broadway,
ALBANY, N. Y.
B. G. WELLS, Proprietor,
Late of the Steamer B. W. SHERMAN, Lake Champlain. 591

Board, $2.50.

AUSABLE HOUSE.
KEESEVILLE, N. Y.
THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS HOUSE A takes pleasure in giving notice that the improvements upon it have been completed, and that it has been supplied throughout with new furniture.
With its spacious and airy rooms, its well laid tables, and pleasant surroundings, a more desirable resting place for tourists or others cannot be found.
Carriages and boats can be had at all times on short notice.
D. S. CUTTING
Keeseville, June 21, 1866 574

CENTRE HOUSE.
Ellenburgh Centre, N. Y.
THE SUBSCRIBER TAKES PLEASure in announcing to the public that he has just completed important improvements in the above named Hotel, and he is determined that the entire house will furnish shall be such as to give perfect satisfaction.
A Livery Stable has now been attached by Mr. H. A. Gerlick, and teams can at all times be furnished to parties wishing to visit the delightful sporting grounds at the Chateaugay Lakes, and to reach them this is the nearest and most direct route.
Stages are also in attendance at every train at Ellenburgh Depot, and no delay will occur in reaching the desired destination. W. F. POTTER.
Ellenburgh Centre, June 14, 1866. 575

FRENCH'S HOTEL.
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Opposite City Hall and Park,
COR. FRANKFORT STREET,
NEW YORK.
Spacious Refectory, Bath Rooms and Barber's Shop.
Servants not allowed to receive perquisites.
DO NOT BELIEVE RUNNERS OR HACKMEN WHO SAY WE ARE FULL 647y1

Sewing Machines.

Sewing Machines.

CALL AT W. D. MORGAN'S AND PURchase a good and useful Gift for the family, by way of a present.

Sewing Machine,

that will do all kinds of Sewing, Embroidery &c.
Plattsburgh, Dec. 21, 1865. 548tf

Empire Shuttle Sewing Machines
Are superior to all others
FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.
CONTAIN ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEments; are speedy; noiseless; durable; and easy to work.
Illustrated Circulars free. Agents wanted. Liberal discount allowed. No consignments made.
Address EMPIRE S. M. CO., 610 Broadway, New York. 680y1

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED 420 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Harbel &c. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. 569y1

Wheeler & Wilson's SEWING MACHINE. The Best Machine in the World. FOR SALE BY GEORGE W. WATSON, At Wm. H. Morgan's Store. Plattsburgh, April 27, 1865. 571

DYSPEPSIA.
Dr. Strickland's Tonic.
DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC.
It is a concentrated preparation of roots and Herbs, with and noble and combinations to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. 552y1

Sight Drafts
ON ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, France, Germany, and all parts of Europe, for sale at par by NATIONAL BANK PLATTSBURGH.
Plattsburgh, May 24, 1866. 569tf

Music.

Music and Musical Instruments.

For Sale,
SHEET MUSIC, PIANOFORTES.
Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs,
Which are the best Instruments of their kind.
The best Italian Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, By
EDWARD FLORY,
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Plattsburgh N. Y. 410tf

TEN THOUSAND COPIES
Sold the First Month.
"THE JUBILATE," I. O. EMERSON'S new Collection of Church Music, is meeting with a sale unprecedented by that of any similar work. It is all we claimed it to every Choir, Musical Convention and School in our land, and it requires but an examination to convince any one that it is the best book of its kind now before the public. Price $1.38. Sent post-free.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston.

ORGANS Pianos, MELODEONS.
THE UNDERSIGNED, AGENT FOR THE WELL KNOWN FIRM of
J. Estey & Co.
begs leave to call attention to the following facts:
Every description of Needed Instrument now in use is Manufactured by them.
They are the ONLY manufacturers in this country of the Perfect Organ and Melodeon with the following improvements:
The Patent Harmonic Attachment which doubles the power of the instrument without increasing the size or number of reeds;
The Patent Manual Sub Bass, which brings into use an independent set of large and powerful Sub Bass Reeds, which are played by the ordinary keys and controlled by a stop;
Patent Vox Humana Tremolo, which entirely changes the Reed Tone, giving the sympathetic sweetness of the human voice. Besides their

Cottage Organ,
designed more especially for family use, and their
Harmonic Organ,
for Churches, Lecture Rooms, Music Halls, &c., with its fine Pedal Bass, they are prepared to announce for sale their entirely new invention, the
Boudoir Organ,
the finest instrument for Parlor or Drawing Room now in use.
PIANOS from all the best manufactories in the country constantly for sale
☞ All Instruments warranted in every respect ☜
☞ For full particulars address
CHARLES E. DAY, Agent,
Vaicour, Clinton County N. Y.
June 14, 1866. 573

Boots and Shoes.

Ladies who have Slim Feet,
CHEAP FINE GAITERS FOR YOU AT DROWN'S.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 6, 1866. 585

Old Lady's Easy Shoes,
AT DROWN'S.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 6, 1866. 585

Polish Boots.
FOR MISSES, LADIES AND CHILDREN a nice article, just received by
H. H. SHERMAN.
Plattsburgh, Nov. 16 1865. 543

Boots and Shoes.
THE SUBSCRIBER IS IN RECEIPT OF a large and varied assortment of the best qualities which will be sold at the lowest possible cash prices.
H. H. SHERMAN.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 28, 1865. 536

Drown Sells
MEN'S COARSE BOOTS, OF HIS OWN make, for $3,50
do KIP do. do. $3,75
do CALF do. do. $5,00
Plattsburgh, Sept. 6, 1866. 585

BOOTS & SHOES.
H. H. SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
In all descriptions of
Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers.
Also, SHOE FINDINGS.
☞ 1st door east of D. Laforce, Bridge Street.
Plattsburgh, March 1, 1866. 454tf

100 CASES,

Not of Cholera,
But of Boots & Shoes.
JUST RECEIVED AT DROWN'S.
Cash taken at Drown's has caused LOW PRICES to assume an Epidemic Form.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 6, 1866. 585

DROWN'S LEAGUE
With the People of Clinton County,
To Sell Boots and Shoes
From the 11th of September, 1866, till the completion of the Plattsburgh Vetoed Rail Road, promises to give more Boots & Shoes
Of his Own Make
for Cash than any other house in Northern New York.
Plattsburgh, Margaret St. 585

Physicians.

E. M. LYON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Edwards & Son.
Plattsburgh, N. Y. 559

T. B. NICHOLS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
Office on Margaret Street, over Weaver's Provision Store. Residence east side of Oak Street, south of Bridge Street, and one door south of District M. E. Parsonage.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY
Eye & Ear Infirmary,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
Dr. A. G. HAYNES, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.
For Sale,
A FEW PAIRS OF BURMAPOOTRA Fowls, pure breed. Apply at the Telegraph Office.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 27, 1866. 588

New Arrival at Chandler's.
GLASS AND TIN PRESERVE JARS, Of a style eminently useful and desirable.
Plattsburgh, June 21, 1866. 574

Hair Dressing.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE
Shaving and Hair Dressing
SALOON.
G. W. DUSTIN, Proprietor,
Plattsburgh, N. Y.

DAILEY & GROGAN'S
Hair-Dressing Emporium,
THE UNDERSIGNED TAKE THIS OPportunity to announce that they have opened a
HAIR-DRESSING EMPORIUM,
On Bridge Street, one door east of Kempter's Jewelry Store, and would be happy to give prompt attention — all who will favor them with their patronage.
Connected with the above is a Ladies' Department, where CURLING, FRIZZING and CRIMPING, will be done in the most skilful manner.
N. B. Particular attention paid to CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
J. C. DAILEY
J. H. GROGAN.
Plattsburgh, May 18, 1865. 517

Educational.

Plattsburgh Academy.
THE FALL TERM WILL COMMENCE on motion to be hereafter given. The Term will continue FOURTEEN WEEKS.
A full corps of Teachers will be in readiness to commence the Academic Year.
Provision has been made for the gratuitous instruction of a "Teachers' Class," and no effort will be spared to make it profitable to those who join the class. This will receive FREE instruction in Penmanship at the Commercial College. Tuition at the same rate, per week, as formerly.
E. A. ADAMS, Principal.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 13, 1866. 586

Plattsburgh
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.
A Permanently Established Institution for the Instruction of LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
—IN—
Penmanship,
BOOK-KEEPING, ARITHMETIC,
Commercial Correspondence,
and all branches pertaining to a
THOROUGH BUSINESS EDUCATION.
Specimens of Penmanship may be seen at the Rooms. For further information Address S. P. ADAMS, Principal.
W. J. McCAFFREY, Teacher of Penmanship.
Plattsburgh, Sept. 15th, 1866. 586tf

Hoop Skirts.

Hoop Skirts.

The Best Article in Use.
JUST RECEIVED, AT CHAS. ROTHschild & Co's, a large assortment of
BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC SKIRTS
In Ladies', Misses', and Children's sizes.
Also, the PARIS EMPRESS TRAIL, and TIP TOP.
☞ Call and see them.
Plattsburgh, May 10, 1866. 568

The SILVER SKIRT.
More Durable,
More Elastic,
More Graceful!
And will keep its shape and retain its Place better than any other Skirt.

This new and beautiful style of Skirt, (Patented March 7, 1865,) was awarded by the GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, held in New York, October, 1865, a
SILVER MEDAL!
The highest Premium ever given for a Hoop Skirt.

The Steel Springs are wound with a fine plated wire (in place of a cotton covering) which will not wear off or become soiled, and the whole Skirt may be washed without injury or fear of rusting, and will be as good as new.

The Combination Silver Skirt!
This invention combines with the ordinary cotton Skirt the advantages of our SILVER SKIRT; the bottom hoops are the same as those used in the Silver Skirt, the covering of which cannot wear off, while the upper ones are covered with cotton. No lady having once worn one of our Skirts will be willing to wear any other, as the lower hoops of all other kinds are soon injured and soiled.
The best materials are used in their construction, and, from their durability and neatness, they are destined to become a
Favorite Skirt!
Manufactured solely by the *Silver Skirt and Wire Manufacturing Company.*
30 & 32 Barclay Street,
NEW YORK.
T. S. SPERRY, Sup't. 560y1

Watches & Jewelry.

NEW JEWELRY STORE.
CHARLES R. KEMPTER,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER, keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Spectacles, Plated Ware, &c.
All kinds of HAIR JEWELRY made to order.
Particular attention paid to the REPAIRING and CLEANING of WATCHES.
Shop in Mrs. Ricard's New Brick Block, next to the Bridge.
Plattsburgh, July 12, 1866. 577

J. R. COTTRILL'S
New Jewelry Store,
One Door North of
COOK'S HARDWARE STORE.
Dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, &c.
HAIR JEWELRY made to order.
☞ Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired. ☜
Plattsburgh, May 10, 1866. 568tf

Stamping for Braiding & Embroidery.
WOOLS—DOUBLE, SINGLE and SPLIT Zephyr.
FLANNELS, Lady Betty and Fingering Wools.
PATTERNS for Slippers, Cloaks, &c.
FINE FLANNELS for Infants.
STAMPED YOKES, &c.
SEAR and OTHER BRAIDS.
CASHMES and other FRILLINGS, EDGINGS, &c., &c.
At MRS. WRIGHTS', Margaret St., Plattsburgh, opposite the Post Office.

Wood Eave Troughs.
FOR SALE BY W. D. MORGAN.
Plattsburgh, March 1, 1866. 555

Selected for the Sentinel.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

In thy heart there is a chamber—
None but God and thou hast seen it—
Darkened by the sombre shadows
From the folds of thought that screen it.
On its walls are many pictures,
Painted by the hand of time,
Sketches of those mystic regions
In the Infinite Sublime.

There are portraits of the faces
That have passed away from earth,
Glimpses of those sunny places
Sacred to thy childhood mirth;
Of the homestead, old and mossy,
Close beside the meadow green,
Where the brooks, like threads of silver,
Wound their graceful curve between.

And it is a haunted chamber—
There the ghosts at midnight stray—
Silent as the stars that wander,
Down the white-paved milky way.
You behold the light forms trembling,
In their pure robes, like a bride,
And they look so like the living,
You forget that they have died.

You forget the marble features
Of the friend you laid to rest,
You forget the pale hands folded
On the pulseless, soulless breast.
But you see him slowly walking,
'Mid the glow life's sunset weaves,
When his lips dropped farewell blessings,
As the trees their autumn leaves.

Thus comes he, long since departed,
Reaching out his hand to thine,
And his lips unto thee murmur,
In a tone which seems divine.
In this chamber stands a mirror,
Memorys lamp hangs overhead,
Throwing down a softened radiance,
On those pictures of the dead.
In its clear depths we distinguish,
What we were, and what we are,—
There our inner life reflected,
Shows us hideous, or fair.

Oh! 'tis in this secret chamber,
That we learn a solemn truth,
As in links of spirit chains,
Age is joined again with youth.

Written for the Plattsburgh Sentinel.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. SELAH W. BROWN.

No. 17—ROME—The Campagna—Wall—Palaces—Ruins—Government—Beggars—Lotteries—Pantheon and Mammertine Prison.

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy! What has befallen me!
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images,
And I spring up as girt to run a race.
"And I am there!
Ah! little thought I, when in school I sat,
A schoolboy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian."

Rome, the capital of the Papal States, the seat of the Popes, and the ancient home of the Cæsars, is situated on the banks of the Tiber, about 16 miles from its mouth. It has a population of about 200,000.

We approached the "Eternal city," through a desolate region called the "Campagna."—St. John in the Apocalypse describes Rome as sitting upon seven hills "in the wilderness," and a wilderness indeed it is. Surrounding the city, is an uncultivated, unhealthy, and lonely region, where scarcely a human habitation is visible. The people have such a dread of the malaria that infects these plains, that they will seldom tarry on them over night.

Rome is surrounded by a wall 30 feet high and 14 miles in circumference. The present city touches this wall only on the north, in other points it does not approach it nearer than two miles. Modern Rome occupies but a small portion of the space covered by the ancient city. In the present wall are 13 gates, which are closed from 10 o'clock at night until 5 in the morning.

We enter Rome, by the "Porta del Popolo," (the gate of the people.) This gate opens into the "Piazza del Popolo," a spacious square, in the centre of which rises an Egyptian Obelisk, nearly 80 feet in height. From this square radiate the principal streets of the city. The "Corso," running from the Piazza del Popolo to the Capitol, is the finest street in Rome.

"Piazza di Spagna," is the quarter of Hotels. There you will find English and American Bankers. From there, by a long flight of stairs, you go up on "Pincian Hill," the great promenade of Rome. This hill is a delightful place in summer, and in fact at almost all times of year, for in Rome "December's as pleasant as May." On the 2d day of last December, I found the gardens green and blooming. In midsummer the heat is oppressive. Then there are few strangers in the city, and many of the inhabitants leave for more northern regions. In the winter they have a few weeks of cold and rain, with a little snow which remains upon the ground but a few hours. They have very few stoves, but in cold weather you will see each person with a "Scaldino," a little pot of burning coals.

Rome is one of the worst governed cities in the world. There is but little order or security. Robbery and murder are common, and it is thought that often, the police share in the plunder.

Though the "Poor Box" is found at the door of every church, and hospitals and benevolent societies are numerous in Rome, I found beggars on every corner. Well dressed beggars, half dressed beggars, gentleman beggars and priestly beggars everywhere. Sometimes they are profuse in their compliments, addressing you with "please your excellency," or "please your highness," &c. Give them, and you will get a blessing which it will take the Bank of Heaven to pay, refuse them and you receive a frightful curse.

There is in Rome a great gambling institution under the supervision of the Pope, by which his treasury is filled at the rate of $30,000 a week. These Plus lottery offices are as common in Rome as gin shops are in London, and around them the people gather as if infatuated. Many of these Romans will earn, beg, or steal money enough to buy a ticket; then with prayers to the Virgin Mary, make the venture, dreaming of riches as the result.

The first of the many interesting sights I saw in Rome, was the Pantheon, in "Piazza della Rotonda," called by Pliny, "one of the wonders of the world," and by Byron, "The Pride of Rome." It is the oldest and yet the best preserved building in the ancient city. As I approached it, the first hour I was in Rome, it looked like some old friend, so familiar had I become with its appearance, by the pictures I had seen of it. The Pantheon is a Rotunda 143 feet in diameter and 143 feet in height. By an inscription upon the freize of the portico, we learn that it was built by Agrippa, twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ. It is a century older than the Coliseum. Though it is a weather stained and defaced, though it has been injured by fires and earthquakes, and ravaged by Goth and Vandal barbarians, there it stands, entire and complete, just as it stood nearly 1900 years ago. Its grand Portico 110 feet long and 44 feet deep, consisting of 16 magnificent columns, each column a single block of granite 5 feet in diameter and 46 feet high, with capitals and bases of white marble, has been admired for ages.

Let us enter through the great marble doorway. Those large bronze doors once opened to admit Roman Senators and Emperors. Within we find a vast circular room. Beneath our feet is the marble pavement once trodden by the great Cæsars as they came to pay their devotions to some heathen divinity. Overhead is the immense dome that covers the whole Temple. A circular opening in the summit of the dome admits all the light the building has, and that is ample. Provision is made for draining off the water that falls through this opening upon the marble floor below.

The Pantheon was built by Pagans, and from the time of Augustus to that of Constantine, it was a heathen temple. There are two tiers of recesses or niches in the wall, once, probably, filled with images of Pagan deities. From the marble altars beneath these images once rose the incense offered to Idol gods.—At those altars I saw worshipers, but they worshiped Mary or Jesus instead of Jupiter, for, more than a thousand years ago, the Pantheon was cleansed from its heathen idols. In A. D. 608, Pope Boniface IV, dedicated this old temple to the Virgin Mary, and since then Romish parsons have taken the place of heathen priests, and prayers to saints have supereceded prayers to idols.—Now masses are said, and indulgences given, in that old Pagan place of worship. Over the bronze doors I read: Indulgences, Plenary, Daily, and Perpetual, for the living and the Dead.

Behind the great altar is all that is mortal of Raphael, the celebrated Painter. On a marble slab are inscribed these words:—"Rafaello Sanzio Natus est, Mar. 8th, 1483; Obiit, Ap. 7th, 1520: 37 aet."

As we pass out let us stop in the vestibule, and read the Latin inscription, which tells us that Pope Urban VIII took the bronze, from the roof of the Pantheon, and melted some of it into apostles for the church of St. Peters, and some of it into cannon for the castle of St. Angelo.

While speaking of ancient things, let me describe one older than the Pantheon; the "Mammertine Prison," a place famous for 600 years before Christ. It dates back to the "kingly period" of Rome. I found it beneath a small church, just at the foot of Capatoline Hill, on the side toward the "Forum," and nearly opposite the remains of the "Temple of Concord."

The Prison consists of two subterranean cells or dungeons, one below the other. An old monk with a lighted lamp conducted us down a flight of steps to the upper prison. We found it to be a room 30 feet long by 22 wide, and 10 feet deep, built up, on all sides and overhead, with massive stones. In the middle of the floor is a circular opening just large enough for a human body to pass through. This, for ages, was the only opening to the lower dungeon, and through it prisoners were passed. In modern times a stairway has been cut around through the rock from the upper to the lower prison.

Following our guide, we went into the dungeon below and found it 12 feet deep and 20 feet in diameter. No light of sun, moon, or stars, has ever penetrated that dark, cold, damp, gloomy place. There Jugurtha the African Monarch was thrown and left to starve in the darkness alone. In that dungeon the accomplices of Cataline the conspirator were strangled by order of Cicero.—There Sejanus another Roman conspirator was choked to death.

But the chief interest of the place lies in the Romish tradition, that St. Peter and St. Paul were confined there first before their martyrdom. In descending the stairs the monk paused before a rude indentation in the stone wall, which I could imagine looked like the side of a man's head. There our guide waxed eloquent and said: "This is the impression of St. Peter's head. When the jailors were taking the Apostle to the prison below, they rudely pushed him against the wall, leaving this indentation in the solid rock!"

In the lower dungeon the monk showed us a spring, and again becoming eloquent he said: "Here Peter preached to two of his jailors, until they believed and asked to be baptized. Then the Apostle touched the floor, and this fountain of water miraculously sprung up, thus furnishing water for baptism." But alas for the old Monk's story, Plutarch tells us that Jugurtha drank of this same fountain when he was in the prison, and that was a century before Peter was born. I tasted of the water and found it pleasant.

Written for the Plattsburgh Sentinel.

Woman's Trials and Triumphs.

I am no story-writer. But this evening, having taken up an old paper, these words were the first I read: "Will woman never learn the art of being cheerful?" They made an impression on my mind not to be forgotten. It brought vividly to my remembrance the past—the day when I learned the art of cheerfulness—and for the benefit of others, I write it. My story begins on a dull and cheerless December night.—After a day of toil and care, my thoughts seemed in perfect unison with nature. I looked out upon the vast sheet of snow which lay around my dwelling, and felt, or tried to feel, thankful to the Great Giver for all the blessings I was receiving from His hand. I seated myself and tried to feel thankful for my pleasant, though very humble home—pleasant to me because it was my home. My husband and children were there, and I had exhausted all my strength of mind and body trying, with my scanty means, to make my home a pleasant place. Yet, after all, my lot seemed hard: for tired as I felt, my day's work must be finished. I drew nearer the fire, took up my basket of work. There lay garment after garment, already threadbare and worn. That must be mended before I retired. The cold weather was coming on, and as that increased, I must double my diligence; for no clothing could be bought for the little ones for a long time to come. Then the old ones must have stitch after stitch taken. Then there was washing, ironing, cooking, house to be put in order, baby to tend; all, to be done with this one pair of hands, already tired out. "Oh, dear!" said I, surely, "woman's work is never done." How can I ever accomplish so much! Then came copious shower of tears. I gave up in despair and sought my room. Finding husband and children sleeping all quietly, and so comfortably in their clean clothes, made clean by these tired hands, I went to bed, too tired, (I thought,) to commend myself to Him who careth for us. Husband sleeps on soundly, confident that wife, (who has nothing to do but to take care of the house and children,) will wake in season to get his breakfast, which must be in season; for he is a mechanic, and works ten hours in twenty-four.

Baby cries every half hour, and when daylight comes, I awaken unrefreshed.—Creeping carefully from my bed, I kindle a fire, and hurry to get the breakfast before baby awakes. But, as bad luck would have it, the baby soon wakes, and husband says, "do, wife, take this child, so I can take a little morning nap." The child is taken up, washed, and dressed. The other children hurry up, all eager for breakfast, husband soon gets up, and all are ready for the morning meal. Husband smiles, and says, "wife, I wish you would get me up a little earlier to-morrow morning." Smiles, and thinks himself a model husband. Never troubles himself to make the children mind—oh, no; men ought not to be troubled with such little things as governing a family of children. Eats his meal and goes out. Now comes "the tug of war." 'Tis almost school time, Johnny must be washed and combed, ready for school; cries, "Oh, mother, don't make me go to school this cold day. Clara must have a clean dress, apron, and stockings, her hair combed, shoes tied, hood and cloak put on. Meanwhile, baby screams, and all is confusion. Finally, after some scolding, and some coaxing, Johnny is persuaded to stop crying, and four of them start for school. I take up the baby, and draw a long breath, feeling glad to have it quiet once more. The fire is down, but soon replenished, dishes washed, water bro't to mop the floor; for carpets are out of the question, and husband likes to see white floors and everything in order. The children's aprons must be washed, dinner cooked, baby tended, &c.

The hour of twelve comes, oh, so soon! In rush the children, hungry and cold. Husband comes in, quiet and orderly as ever, and takes his seat at the table. "Wife, this meat should have been baked longer." Eats away a few moments in silence. "You should have put a little more sugar in this pie—but don't let the baby cry, you know I can't endure it. When I come home, I love to have it quiet." The meal is passed in silence. Baby goes to sleep, husband to work, children to school. I shall have a good time after my dishes are washed to do some mending, said I. But the dishes were hardly finished when in comes a neighbor from over the way. She keeps help, and has no children.

"I just called to see why you don't attend your society, as you used to do. And prayer meetings, too; you ought to attend. You have a talent, you must not wrap it in a napkin, but make yourself useful. I attend every means of grace, and it is your duty to do the same."

With this, she leaves, and I draw a sigh of relief, partly because she is gone, and partly because I am unable to do what she terms duty. No one to leave baby with, and nothing fit to wear from home. After a refreshing shower of *bitter* tears, I went to work. Baby awakes. A neighbor comes in, to say that she was afraid I had lost my religion. She had long felt it her duty to speak to me about going to church. She said Sister such an one had talked it over, and, as I had told the other sister I could not go, she had come to inquire the reason. She went away no wiser than she came, for surely, thought I, she shall never know how destitute we are for clothing.

Soon the children come. Oh, dear, now I must hurry to make biscuit, cake, and apple sauce for tea. The baby cries, but no matter, everything must be ready when husband comes. Busy hands can accomplish a great deal in a little while, and when husband comes, all is ready for supper. Sits down and says, "Wife, everything looks pleasant and cheerful, excepting yourself. Why can't you smile and look a little less gloomy?" The tears fill my eyes, I cannot trust myself to speak.

The meal is done, children are put to bed, baby to sleep, dishes washed, a little preparation made for breakfast. The basket of mending is brought out, and I commence to work with a will. Husband says, "come, wife, put by that work. You are growing old, by sitting up, and all to no purpose. I am sure, you cant have much to do all day, why don't you mend in the day time?" Husband goes to bed and to sleep. Oh, how desolate is my heart, as I sit there, and take stitch after stich, till after midnight. My thoughts ran on, away into the future. All was dark—no bright spots. I look back upon the past. There I found a few bright spots. I seemed to live over again those days of happiness. How vividly came to my mind the first years of my married life, when husband spoke encouraging words. But now, when I so much need encouraging words, he thinks they are useless, thinks it would not be manly to imprint a kiss upon a forehead already wrinkled with care. I am tired, worn, and discouraged. It seems there is no use trying, no one to sympathize with me, and had my love for husband been a little less strong, I should then and there resolved to try no more. But did I love him the less for his coldness and indifference? Ah, no; he was only a man of the world, and though kind, sympathy was not a part of his nature. And should I blame him; the father of my children? Ah, no; I would struggle on. But, oh, how can I endure all this work, and I so tired! Again I find relief in tears. Oh, will I ever find rest?—There comes a passage to my mind, long since forgotten. "There remaineth a rest for those who love God." Surely that was for me, for did I not love God? What is this promised rest? The answer comes to my heart, "rest in Jesus." Ah, yes, this rest is mine, and when I have rest in Jesus, my burden will be light. I arose from my chair, kneeled, and poured out my soul to God in prayer. There I promised to trust more fully than I had ever done, to never cease pleading till God in mercy had brought my husband to a knowlegde of the truth in Him. I arose, a calm inward peace had taken possession of me. I slept a calm, peaceful sleep. Even baby was better natured, and all seemed peaceful when I awoke. From that hour, I trusted in God. 'Twas no half way, formal religion, but a life by faith. I prayed on, firmly believing that God would answer prayer. And so he did, and now, in after years, I can say, only Jesus' love made me what I am, made husband a kind and loving husband, willing to help bear the burdens, and willing, even, to relieve the poor; for God has blessed us in basket and in store. My story is told.

A WIFE.

Sense.

On the road to ruin every traveler pays his own fare.

He who is willing to be what he really is, is a real man.

He who leaves duty undone will soon find himself undone.

A penitential tear in value surpasses the wealth of worlds.

The great and essential element of happiness is holiness.

Act where you are, and you will always have a place to act.

The devil makes short calls where he finds short welcome.

He who invites a Christian to a social entertainment, and then censures him for acting like a Christian, has neither manners nor morals.

If one could know all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man indeed.

Nonsense.

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full."

A little girl of three, very fond of her boy-playm