Plattsburgh Sentinel.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT $2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. 12, NO. 21. PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1866. WHOLE NO. 597.

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,	8 00
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
One square 6 months,	5 00		

For other periods in proportion. Twelve lines constitute a square.
Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, $5 per year for each additional line 75 cents.
If each advertisement should be plainly written the number of insertions required.
Legal advertisements published at the rates prescribed by law.
Care should be taken to write on one side only of the paper used.
Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Attorneys.

T. ARMSTRONG,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MOOERS, 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. HAFF,
U. S. CLAIM ATTORNEY.
OFFICE OPPOSITE THE DEPOT, AT Mooer's Junction, and soldiers will forward their discharges, and widows and orphans particulars by mail if required.
Mooers, 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 3d 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

For Increase of Pension to Widows, two dollars per month for each child under sixteen years of age.

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 undersold.
F. T. EATON.
Plattsburgh, June 4, 1865. 563

KEESEVILLE Marble Works!
—oOo—
C. A. BIGELOW,
DEALER IN
American and Italian Marble.
—oOo—
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 10 per cent than any other establishment in Northern N. York.
SHOP ON LIBERTY STREET.
Keeseville, Oct. 4, 1866. 589

PLATTSBURFH 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 AMD STAND TOPS,
PAINT STONES, MULLERS, MARBLE POSTS FOR FENCING GRAVES,
Caps and Sills for Building, &c.
All the above mentioned articles will be sold cheaper than ever before offered in this vicinity, and as for 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 BELL.
Plattsburgh, Aug 23, 1866. 588

Hotels.

LAKE HOUSE,
Opposite Rail Road Depot,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
558 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 St.,
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. 578

SARANAC HOUSE.
THE SUBSCRIBER, HAVING TAKEN this House, begs leave to say that it has been put in the best possible condition, and furnished throughout with all the necessary conveniences and facilities pertaining to a desirable Hotel. With ample rooms, good fare, and commodious barns, 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 for enjoyment abroad, 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, 1866. 524

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 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 travelers or home for permanent boarders cannot be found in Northern New York.
The regular stages come and go, and carriages for private parties can at all times be furnished 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 the entertainment he will furnish shall be such as to give perfect satisfaction.
A Livery Stable has now been attached by Mr. H. A. Garlick, and teams can at all times be furnished to parties going to the fishing and hunting grounds at the Chateaugay Lakes, and to reach them this is the nearest and most direct route.
Stages are now provided to meet every train at Ellenburgh Depot, and no delay will occur in reaching the desired destination.
W. E. POTTER.
Ellenburgh Centre, June 14, 1866. 573

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. 547y1

Sewing Machines.

Sewing Machines.
CALL AT W. D. MORGAN'S AND PURchase a good and useful Gift for the family, by way of a good
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., 616 Broadway, New York. 686y1

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 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 Bachelder. 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 Biddleford, 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, September 21, 1866. 555y1

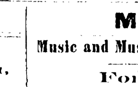
DYSPEPSIA.
Doctor Strickland's Tonic.
DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation Roots and Herbs, with anti-acids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity Stomach, Flatulecy and 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 the 1st NATIONAL BANK PLATTSBURGH.
Plattsburgh, March 1, 1866. 558tf

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. 446tf



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 Reeded 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 Attach-
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,
Valcour, 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 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.	$3,75
do.	CALF	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, BridgeStreet.
Plattsburgh, March 1, 1864. 4541f

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

300 CASES OF Boots & Shoes
Just Received,
consisting of
WINTER STOCK.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING JUST RECeived his Winter Stock of Goods, is warranted in saying that for variety and quality it has rarely been excelled.
Attention is invited to the prices:
1. Lady's Sewed Morocco Shoes, from $2.25 to $2.50.
2. Cloth Gaiters, from $1.25 to $2 25 and $2.50.
3. Lady's Slippers, from 50 cents to $1.00.
4. Misses Morocco Shoes at $1.00 per pair.
5. Misses Size Calf Shoes, from $1.25 to $2.00.
6. Cloth Gaiters, from $1.25 to $2.00.
7. Misses Calf Boots, from $1.50 to $5.00.
8. Kip Boots, from $3.50 to $5.50.
9. Gentlemen's Brogans, $1.75 per pair.
10. Gentlemen's Calf Gaiters, from $2.00 to $3.00.
11. Coarse Boots, from $2.00 to $3.00.
12. Boy's Boots, from $2 50 to $3.00.
13. Youths' Boots, $1.50 to $2.00.
☞All warranted work. Give us a call at the Old Iron Bank Building.
S. LEVY.
Plattsburgh, Nov. 16, 1866.

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 Brinkerhoof, and one door south of District M. E. Parsonage.

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY
Eye & Ear Infirmary,
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
☞Office at the United States Hotel. Open for Examination and Consultation, Saturdays.
For particulars, address
S. HAYNES, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.

Hair Dressing.

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

J. C. DAILEY'S
Hair-Dressing Emporium,
THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES THIS OPportunity to announce that he continues the
HAIR-DRESSING EMPORIUM,
On Bridge Street, one door east of Kempter's Jewelry Store, and would be happy to give prompt attention to all who will favor him with their patronage.
Connected with the above is a Ladies' Department, where CURLING, FRIZZING and CRIMPING, will be done in the most skillful manner.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
J. C. DAILEY.
Plattsburgh, Nov. 15, 1865. 517

Educational.

Plattsburgh Academy.
THE FALL TERM WILL COMMENCE on notice 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 580.

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. 580tf

Hoop Skirts.

Hoop Skirts.

The Best Article in Use.
JUST RECEIVED, AT CHAS. ROTHSCHILDS & 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.
—0—
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. 561y1

Stamping for Braiding & Embroidery.
WOOLS—DOUBLE, SINGLE and SPLIT Zephyr.
SHETLAND, Lady Betty and Fingering Wools.
PATTERNS for Slippers, Chairs, &c.
FINE FLANNELS for Infants.
STAMPED YOKES, &c.
STAR and OTHER BRAIDS.
CASHM'S 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

THE CIDER MILL.

Under the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine a valley lies:
The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.
Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.
Its meadows are greenest ever seen;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;
Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.
I love, oh! better than words can tell,
Its every rock, and grove, and dell.
But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old brown cider mill.
Above the clear springs gurgle out,
And the upper meadows wind about;
Then join, and under willows flow,
Round knolls where blue-beech whip-stocks grow,
To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak-trees clasped in its crystal deeps.
Sheer twenty feet the water falls,
Down from the old dam's broken walls,
Spatters the knobby boulders gray,
And laughing, hies in the shade away,
Under great roots, through trout pools still,
With many a tumble, down to the mill.
All the way down the nut trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.
Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the fall through the breezy air;
And burrs roll down with curled-up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eves.
For ever there the still, old trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.
By the road side stands the cider mill,
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill;
A great, brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill face warm and dry;
And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air;
And heaps of pomice, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.
The carts back up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures in on the floor;
Down through the toothed wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider press below;
And the screws are turned by slow degrees
Down on the straw laid cider cheese;
And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam,
An amber stream the gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parched lip.
But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys
Were soulless to real New England boys.
What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt
As throb electric along a straw
When boyish lips the cider draw?
The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discord life's sweet music drowns;
And yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;
And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;
And I lead at times in a sad sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;
And sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny door of the cider mill.

Written for the Plattsburgh Sentinel.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. SELAH W. BROWN.

No. 19—ROME—Coliseum.

The Amphitheater called the Coliseum, is a grand old ruin. I saw it by daylight and by moonlight, from within and from without, from below and from above, from near and from far; and its majestic walls seemed more and more imposing every time I visited them. Built in the days of Rome's pride and glory, it is the most interesting and magnificent of all the ruins of the ancient city.

As we approached the entrance, a French soldier, pacing his beat as a sentinel, saluted us with "votre permis monsieur," (your permit sir.) Showing him the special permission we had obtained from head-quarters, he allowed us to enter.

The Coliseum was commenced by Vespasian, in A. D. 72, and dedicated by Titus, in A. D. 80, two years before the upper stories were completed. It required the labor of 15000 men for ten years, and among them were thousands of captive Jews. At the dedication, which lasted one hundred days, five thousand wild beasts were forced to destroy each other as a grand display.

This Amphitheater is one of the largest structures ever raised by man. It is elliptical in form, 615 feet long, 510 feet broad, and, where perfect, 164 feet high. The external circumference of the wall is over seventeen hundred feet, inclosing an area of six acres of ground. The outside wall rises in four stories, each one being of different architecture. The lower story is of the Doric order, the second of the Ionic, the third Corinthian, the fourth Composite, and above all is a broad cornice.

On one side, the walls retain for a considerable distance their original elevation, but even here walls have been built in modern times to prevent the ruins from falling to pieces. For many generations the Coliseum was plundered for material out of which to build Palaces and Public Works, but since 1750, when the building was consecrated to the memory of the Christian Martyrs who had suffered death in it, the Popes have put an end to these ravages.

The open space in the center of the Coliseum, called the Arena is also elliptical, being 290 feet in length and 180 in breadth. This arena was surrounded by a marble wall 15 feet high to prevent the wild beasts used in the sports from escaping.

Sweeping entirely around the amphitheater, and reaching from the arena to the top of the outer wall were tiers upon tiers of marble seats, each one in full view of the arena below. On these seats once sat eighty thousand Romans, gazing with delight on the strifes and agonies of man and beast, as they fought and died.

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The Coliseum had no roof, but when there was rain, or a burning sun, awnings were unfurled which formed a covering.

In the arena wild beasts fought with each other, and with men, and even men with men, for the amusement of the people. Under the seats are the dens where Lions, Tigers and other ferocious beasts were kept, half starved, that they might tear each other to pieces on some great holiday. The people watched with savage delight the various modes of attack and defence. If the animals were cowed or sullen, the keepers would try in various ways to work up their rage, until the work of slaughter was fairly commenced. Then the roars and howls of the noble creatures would mingle with the shouts of the vast assembly of spectators, until at last one wild beast stronger or more ferocious than the rest, would prowl around the arena upon the carcasses of his slain victims. To overcome the scent of the slaughter below, the Romans would fill the building, with the perfume of spices.

But for beasts to fight with beasts was not enough, men must fight wild animals. (1 Cor. XV—32.) These men were armed, and fought hard, generally coming off victorious. But even this did not satisfy the people, they thirsted for a sight of human blood, and condemned criminals, or captives taken in war, were thrown unarmed among the hungry lions and tigers.

In that arena, too, for four hundred years the Gladiators fought. They were swordsmen trained to fight to the death for the entertainment of the people. When a gladiator fell his adversary would look up to the hundred thousand spectators, whose shouts filled the air, to know whether he should take his life or spare it. If the people held up their thumbs, the wounded man was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down he must receive the death blow.

In the Capitol at Rome, I saw that world-renowned statue, the "Dying Gladiator." There he is carved in marble, the drooping form reclining upon one arm, the fatal gash in the breast from which great heavy drops are oozing—gradually sinking, his life ebbing away, bringing to mind the words of Byron:

"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 of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone."

Sometimes the arena was flooded with water and a naval battle was represented, then, again a ship would sail in and falling to pieces in the midst send a crowd of wild animals swimming in all directions.

But the most awful association of the Coliseum is with reference to persecuted christians, martyred in the arena. There, men, women, and children were torn by wild beasts because they would not give up their faith in Jesus. It was thrilling to stand where hundreds and perhaps thousands of martyrs, "of whom the world was not worthy," met a violent death, some trembling, but others exaulting, rather than deny Christ. In imagination I could see the tigers and lions tearing the christians, while by faith I could see the angels and the Savior bending over the triumphant martyr. There in A. D. 107, holy Ignatus was brought to be martyred. The wild lions were let loose upon him, and they devoured his body, leaving only a few bones, which the christians gathered and buried.

When the Emperor of Rome professed Christianity, these persecutions came to an end, and no more martyrs fed wild beasts of the Coliseum, though wild games with even blood shed and death prevailed for near a hundred years after Rome became a christian city.

The Coliseum is now a Popish sanctuary. All around the Arena, are Romish altars. In the centre is a rude wooden cross which if you kiss, the priests assure you, you will secure many days of indulgence.

I visited this old ruin by day. Plants were growing in the crevices of the walls, shrubs flourished in the galleries, the grass was green, and the flowers were blooming on the moss-covered seats; all in peaceful contrast with the bloody scenes once witnessed there. But my last visit was in the night. A bright full moon poured its consecrating light over the scene, increasing the majesty of the grand ruins. Seen by moonlight, the Coliseum has a solemn beauty all its own. The hour which the moon and I spent together there will never be forgotten.

The Wooden Cup.

A FAIRY TALE.

It was almost midnight, the full moon looked down on the German hills covered with vineyards, on the broad fields of corn, on the little village just at the outskirts of the Black Forest, and the old well—the haunted well—just within its shadows.

The old well had once been the village well; but it had long been dry, and had become, so said the villagers, the pathway through which the gnomes who dwelt beneath the earth went to and from their abode. This particular race who frequented the well came at last to be distinguished from the other gnomes and fairies, so abundant in Germany, and were known by the name of Spirits of the Well. They were kind and obliging. If a poor man lost his money, he need but go near the well, and he would find lying there perhaps not exactly what he lost, but something that would in some way compensate him for it; and if any one missed his way in the forest by night, he had only to look straight down before his feet, to see a little hopping creature, hardly distinguishable in the darkness, but which, if followed, would guide him aright.

It was almost midnight, as I said, when Crispus and his brother, and his sister Nellie, three golden-haired, blue-eyed, adventurous children, came creeping across the field towards the well. They had stolen out of their father's house after he had shut up his shop, and packed away his boots and shoes and awls, and gone to his bed, believing the children safe asleep in theirs. They reached the well and looked down.

"We must wait till the moon rises higher and shines down there," said Crispus, "then we will see the gnomes, and hear them sing, perhaps."

As he spoke the moonlight began slowly to creep down the sides of the stone well, lower and lower, until it glimmered far down in their depths. As the children gazed they were startled by a laugh behind them. They looked around; there stood an odd-looking little brown man, no more than a foot high.

"You are bold children," said he, "but you are good. I know you. You never tease the dog or cat; you like to give carrots to the horse; and I have seen you carry water to the poor thirsty cow. Such tenderness men sometimes laugh at; but the day will come when these hard-harted men, who scruple not to inflict pain even on the poor dumb brutes, will cease their laughing and laugh no more forever."

His eyes kindled like fire when he spoke, but he smiled again benignantly and proceeded in a softer tone.

"If you will get into the bucket and come down the well with me, I and my brother gnomes will do our best to entertain you; and moreover, make you a present of whatever you choose."

"Oh, yes," said Crispus, eagerly, for the benevolent face of the gnome, added to his own curiosity, banished fear. "Yes, let us go."

His brother and sister hesitated a moment, but assured, by his fearlessness, they nodded their heads in assent.

"But the bucket will not hold us all," said Crispus; "and the chain is old and rusty; it might break."

"Never fear!" answered the gnome, and he laughed heartily. "Only get in, you would be safe with me were you held up by nothing but a spider's thread." So they climbed into the tall iron bound bucket and down they went.

It was quite dark when they stopped with a jog at the bottom, and the gnome helped them all out; but in another instant they were dazzled with a burst of light like noonday—the little brown man had opened a door in the side of the well, and led his companions into a magnificent hall. The ceilings arched upward higher than the tallest forest trees, the walls seemed made of gold and precious stones, and it was filled with thousands of little men and women busy at work.

In one place they were making golden hair. They would take a lump of the pure ore and beat it on their tiny forges, and then draw it out into long, fine bright curls.—"This will be charming for a pretty maiden to wear," said one, "when she goes to see her lover in her dreams."

In another place they were making a coach, and harnessing snow-white horses to it. "The king wants a new coach," said they. "We are going to take this one and show it to the coach-maker, when he is asleep to-night, and it shall be his model."

In another corner a party were fixing wings on their shoulder. "There is a poor boy in danger of shipwreck to night," said one of them; "his mother sits crying, we must fly over the seas, and when the ship goes down we will seize him by his brown curls and bring him safe ashore."

So there was no end to the variety of occupations there. The three children were bewildered, but not frightened; for as they passed along, each gnome turned and smiled kindly on them and bade them welcome.

After a while, he who had brought them there, said, "it is time for you to go home; but first, I will redeem my promise; choose each of you what you will, and it shall be yours."

Crispus' brother spoke first, "I see yonder a great castle, with wood and parks; I shol'd like that or one like it."

"You shall have it," replied the gnome.

The sister spoke next, "I would like the diamond necklace, and the coach and horses."

"You shall have them," answered the gnome.

Lastly, Crispus spoke: "Good gnome, you are wiser than I, give me whatever is best for me, whatever will make me happiest."

"You are a sensible boy," quoth the gnome; and with great ceremony he presented to Crispus a little wooden cup.

"Not empty," said a voice; "look within." And behold Crispus saw a drop like water at the bottom. "Drink that," said the gnome. And when he had done so, he said, "I am contented with my present; it is the best, or you would not have given it to me."

Once more they were all three put into the moonlight. Then the little man took them across the fields to their father's house, and climbed into a window and put them safely into their beds. They were very tired, and soon fell asleep; and the next day the first thing Crispus did was to look at his cup.

"My brother and sister had grand things promised to them," thought he: "I wonder what I am to do with a wretched wooden cup; I will put it in the kitchen; it is no better than other cups."

But as he looked he saw, as on the previous night, a single clear drop in the bottom, and as before he drank it.

"I am well satisfied with my cup," exclaimed he; "there is some magic in it—time will show."

Many a long talk did the three children have about their adventure at the well; and in vain did the other two try to drink from the mysterious cup. They might hold it upside down as long as they pleased, the drop clung to the bottom; they might try to touch it; it disappeared without wetting their fingers. Only Crispus could enjoy it; and the moment he sipped it out another one filled its place as bright as ever.

They made several more expeditions to the well; but they saw only the moonlight streaming down into the darkness, and heard only the night breeze stirring the long grass. So at last they gave up going there, and in time ceased talking of the occurrence, and seemed all to have forgotten it, except Crispus, whose wooden cup was his remembrancer; and ofttimes when worldly matters were wrong with him, when his old father was peevish, and his customer's feet were hard to fit (he had taken up his father's trade,) when bad debts made their fare and fire scanty, when after stitching at shoes all day he had to stitch up the holes in his shabby garments by night, under all these afflictions, often and often would he sip up the little pearly drop in the bottom of his cup, and be as merry and light-hearted as ever.

II.

In a far off country over the ocean, events were transpiring which were soon to change the fortunes of the cobbler's humble home. In a magnificent chamber in a great marble palace, an old man lay dying. One thought only had engrossed his whole life—to hoard up riches; but as he lay now under his silken coverings, attended only by strangers and menials, some images came flitting across his memory he had not found time to entertain in his days of health.

"My poor old brother," said he, "I doubt if he is living yet. But he has two boys, and the youngest is my name sake. Yes, he shall have all my money."

And thus the matter was settled, and all his possessions—his ships and merchandise, his house and lands, his gold and jewels—were all poured, like a very fairy gift, into the humble cottage of the poor old cobbler.

"This must be what the gnomes promised you," whispered Crispus to his brother, when the news came. "Now you will take your sister to your grand castle, and then she will have the diamond necklace and ride in the grand coach which they promised to her, while I must stay and take care of my old father, with only my wooden cup."

With that he sighed, and took up his cup; the drop was very large and bright at the bottom, and he drank it off.

"Never mind," said he, "it is not castles and diamonds that make people happy.—Who knows but I may be the merriest of the three after all."

So the brother and sister departed to their grand home, and to riches without stint or measure. They found something, too, which they had not bargained for, lawsuits and losses, vexation and mortifications from abroad, and strife and contentions at home, for poor little Nelly had found a husband who liked better to spend her money than to love her.

"What care I for all this splendor," said she, as she walked over velvet carpets. "I am not half as happy as when I played with the flowers in our homely garden, or sat on my father's work bench while he made the shoes."

Ah, poor Nellie, you found pleasant things, too, sometimes, and might have enjoyed them, had you not always been pining after something pleasanter still.

"Let us go and see Crispus," said the grand brother one day to her; for he was a gentleman now, and Crispus would hardly have known him. "Let us see how he and his wife live."

So after a journey of many days in great style, with coaches, footmen and outriders, they arrived at the cobbler's cottage.

Their old father had long been sleeping in the churchyard, and Crispus had taken his place, to mend, as he had done, all the shoes in the village.

He had a wife now and some rosy children, but he had never been able to grow rich; and, though he was seldom troubled about the matter, yet when the grand company arrived that day he looked at his pine table and bare floors, and wooden chairs and benches, and the brown crockery on the shelves, and their hard beds, and said, "What a fool I was not to take something better from the gnomes." Then he looked at his wife and children. Such red, rough hands she had, and such scanty skirts, and that tight little cap on her head, and the blue woolen jacket she wore. "What a fright she must seem to my sister," thought he.

He had but one resource, and he turned to it; it was his wooden cup. He drank off the bright drop and looked about him.—"Welcome to you," said he to his brother and sister. "Come in! we are poor, but come in! You shall have the best we have got; and we are happy if we are poor!"—Just then his wife came along with her bright, smiling face, and the little children ran out a merry laugh, which made one laugh to hear it; and Crispus thought he had never before seen them all look so beautiful. The wooden chairs were soon drawn to the table, and they sat down to a nice supper, prepared by Crispus' wife. What, if her hands were red and rough? Hands made a humble home happy and beautiful, even in the sight of angels.

Thus they spent the time in pleasant talk; and when they were about to depart the brother said to Crispus, "I cannot offer you anything, for you seem to have all you want."

"Not exactly," said Crispus. "No one has all he wants. But I have what will make up for many deficiencies, and what I would not give away—no, not for all your possessions. I have what the good gnome gave me—the best he had to give me—the drop of contentment in the bottom of my little wooden cup."

Thirty-Six Stars--Adventures of the Seedy Man--He tries to Vote.

From the Cincinnati Times.

About noon to-day, a seedy looking man, considerably shattered by corn juice, staggered into our sanctum, and dropping into a chair, inquired:

"*Times* ede'r in?"

We were in; several of us.

"Willin' to publish statement from (hic) stranger?"

It was raining out of doors, local items were scarce, and we were disposed to listen to the seedy man of shattered appearance.—The following was the

SEEDY MAN'S STORY.

"I 'side in In'nap'ls—was on An'y Johnson's 'ception c'mittee. When An'y went away he left cons'tution and thir'-six 'bottles of *star* whiskey on my hands. My heart's full of cons'tution, and my sys'em's full of (hic) star whiskey. I've been swinging 'round the circle—it's the Knights of the Gold'n Circle—ever since. Woke up this mornin' and thought I was home. Sun'ly 'lected that t'was 'lection day. Havin' gone to bed with boots and hat on, didn't take long to dress. Took gincocktail t' breakfast. Started for the polls—little bewildered by gincocktail—run against polls fust thing—one was pole t'n omnibus, t' other was telegraph pole—both 'fused to 'celve my vote.

Saw hack with br'ns marked "Sec'n Ward," got in and was taken up polls.—Thought's my ward in na've c'y In'apolis.—Called for Dem'cratic ticket, and (hic) d—n man that won't. Saw "Nash'nal Union" on ticket, got mad, tol' 'em didn't want any Union ticket—want Dem'cratic ticket. Man took me aside and whispered that '*twas* Dem'cratic ticket—"Nash'nal Union" only a trick to catch 'publican votes. All right; tried to 'posit it—to leave it with the star and (hic) thi'y six Const'ution in the hands of the Judges of 'lection. Asked me where I lived—tol' him that I lived right here in In'apolis sixteen years (with 'ception of two year in Can'da during the war) and he ought to know me. Was 'mediately 'rested and led out. Told me ought to go back to In'apolis at once, that I was in Cin'nati—good joke on Cin'nati—being here, thought I would a few times any how.

Went to the Fourteenth Ward next.—Being seedy and (hic) drunk—of which I'm proud—I's Dem'cratic—had lo's of Dem'ratic ballots stuffed into my vest (hic) pocket.

A vile ab'lit'nis challenged my vote—asked me who I was—tol' him I was 'umble (hic) 'vidual who settled that Ward—had to lay it on (hic.)

Vote was refused; got on box and made speech—tol' em I'd been drunk with every officer from Alderman to (hic) President—everything I saw was swing' round the circle—policeman told me to hush up and move on. Asked him if he'd got a small bottle of cons'tution bitters to leave in my hands—I showed fight—policeman vetoed me over the head with a club—saw thirty-six stars on his coat—knew he'd seen An'y Johnson som'er and it was zall right.

Went to Sixth Ward next; no success there Policeman said he would take me to the right polls—took me to the Ninth Street Station House. Got out on the plea that I was a political pro(hic)cession. Finally went to Fourth Ward. Fourth Ward all right, took my vote 'thout a word. Goo' fellers in Fourth Ward; want to 'turn thanks to cizzens Fourth Ward for cour'cy to stranger from In'aplis. Tol' me to come and vote 'gain after (hic) dinner—guess I'll go 'f I con fin' it. "Rah 'f Johnson."

Exit seedy individual, with the thirty-six bottles of *star* wiskey in his system, and his *constitution* not greatly improved, although the best he has left in his hands.

Nonsense.

Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half fell in the arms of young gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

"Son," said a careful Quaker to a spendthrift, "thou art a sad rake." "Nay, father," replied the promising youth, "thou art the *rake*, and I am the *spreader*."

It is given out that the Children of Israel were once severely punished for adoring false calves. The ladies of modern times should take warning, especially the lean ones.

"I know a gal so modest, Sam, that she ordered her beau out ob de house." "What for, Pompey!" "Bekase, in a conversation on de subjec' ob de weddor, he said de wind had *shifted*."

A Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled an election box, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote!

An eccentric old fellow at Toledo deposited the following ballot last Tuesday: "For President of the United States, General Ulysses S. Grant. To learn the shoemaker's trade, Andrew Johnson."

The alderman who was lately injured by the accidental discharge of his duty, is reported to be in a fair way of recovery. He says he'll never be caught that way again while in the full possession of his senses.

A colored cook, expecting company of her own kin, was at a loss how to entertain them. Her mistress said, "Chloe, you must make an apology." "La! missus, how can I make it? I've got no apples, no eggs, nor no butter, no nuffin to make it wid."

"Willie," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul, my child? The soul is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders; "but there is something deeper in.—You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," Willie said, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"