

LIFE IN ITALY.

Stray Leaves From Mr. A. W. Campbell's Note Book.

SOME INTERESTING MEMORANDA

In Regard to Things Roman and Italian--The Enormous Burdens the Italians are Obligated to Carry. Weighed Down by a Great Army and an Expensive Government--An Income Tax of Thirteen and Three-Tenths Per Cent.

Special Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

VENICE, ITALY, May 3.--It was the boast of the Emperor Augustus that he found Rome brick and stone and changed it into marble. This was a figurative expression of course. He never had so fine a city as is here to-day. Ancient Rome does not survive so strikingly in marble, even in what there is of it, as in stone--massive stone--the Trevortine blocks, for instance, of the Colosseum, the Peperino blocks of the Great Sower, the Tufa blocks of the Servian wall, and the prostrate granite columns of the forum. To look upon walls and arches and aqueducts and columns that are not only older than America, but are older than all other nations as well--older than England, France, Germany, Russia and Austria--older than any spoken language--older by far than christianity--so old that they were hoary with age, indeed were ruins long enough before the era of gunpowder or the mariner's compass--this, it is, that fascinates the imagination at Rome.

Rome to-day, whatever Augustus left it, is back to stone again. The main walls and the inner walls of every house are stone--all fire proof (even if they used fire)--all of them constructed of rubble or cobble stone laid in a cement that cements and endures, and faced with stucco that gives the whole city a light and bright appearance and makes it look outwardly surprisingly clean. The poor were never so well housed as now, the result of accident and not of design. In the last twenty years Rome has immensely overbuilt herself, and is in a bad way financially in consequence. Beyond the Tiber, within rifle shot of St. Peter's, there is a perfect waste of huge buildings of the kind described; put up on speculation--put up by boomers who followed the political and military operations of Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi & Co. with a grand scheme for rebuilding Rome on a scale truly Augustan, and so they went to work and borrowed and mortgaged and built on a tremendous scale, not only beyond the Tiber, but on this side as well, and dragged into the speculation the banks, the money-lending corporations of one kind and another, and all sorts of private capitalists, and but for the government coming to the rescue of the banks there would have been a collapse and a crash such as would have caused the old Colosseum, and the very walls themselves, to topple if not to fall.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

Well, the consequence of this collapse in real estate values is that these great four storied blocks of cream colored houses having become both unsaleable and unrentable are occupied for the time being by nominal renters--by poor people, indeed, who have filled the lower stories with wine shops and meat shops and truck stalls and all sorts of small fry business, while up stairs, in each successive story, live the unkempt people who hang out of their windows all the family washing, and there it flaunts in the breeze, red shirts and white, and other garments, male and female, that have been patched worse than Joseph's coat of many colors; a sight that would kill any region dead that did not have a St. Peter's church to keep it alive.

This state of things is the compensation to the poor for the prostration in business that cuts short their employments. How can people pay much rent, whose average wage, for common labor, is only about 30 cents per day, and who eat less than a pound of meat per head per week; who live on poicente (mush) and scant vegetables, or soups concocted out of still scantier meat bones; or macaroni made out of mixed wheat and chestnut flour; who never use tea or coffee and but little or no milk, and who never bat by a good fire and felt real warm in winter in their lives?

Yes, a poor man can live very cheap in Italy, but this is the way he will live. Some a little better and some a little worse than the above average in Rome. Living the same way in America he could live still cheaper, at all events quite as cheap, and would have the advantage of higher wages. I am glad that the Italians as a whole are so attached to their native land that they would rather endure all this than to emigrate to America. We get more than enough as it is.

WHAT WEIGHS ITALY DOWN.

At Washington, in 1880, I had a slight acquaintance with a foreign minister to the United States, which I have renewed here at Rome. I talked over this situation with him the other day in company with our consul-general. He admires Italy very much and has of course a very intelligent understanding of her people and resources. He sympathizes with her situation thoroughly, and said, among other things, how happy these people might be if they were only on their normal footing in a military way instead of being under this fearful strain.

"But," I said, "they are fearful of the consequences if they let go the alliance. They have the ghost of the past haunting them."

"Nonsense," said he. "The past is gone never to return. Who is going to attack Italy? Not France nor Austria, and if not those, who else? No, she is entirely secure from attack, and she should throw overboard this immense military budget and cultivate peace and prosperity. How happy her people could be if they would only get rid of this foolishness."

On the other hand, ex-United States

Minister George P. Marsh holds that army life is regenerating Italy; revitalizing her lost manhood, and that for the sake of the future she should endure it. The people have great pride in the army and the army has also a great deal of pride in itself. There is no mistake about it, Italy has a splendid army, as it strikes me, a formidable army; an army that is thoroughly disciplined and that will fight. But then she has no money to fight with. She would be bankrupt on the first round; in fact, is very close to the verge of bankruptcy now. Her finances are so precarious and peculiar that gold is at a premium of 5 per cent. You never get the same price for sterling exchange twice in succession. The natural par for an English pound is 25 francs, and say ten or twenty centimes for exchange (according to the balance of trade), but you get one week twenty-five centimes, twenty-six the next, and twenty-eight thirty, forty or fifty the next as the case may be.

TAXATION.

Meanwhile taxation gradually cuts a little deeper. It is now thirteen and three-tenths per cent on incomes. Think of that. This necessitates intense economy. You should see how economically hotels can be run in Italy--how they watch and cut down the smallest minutia of expense, such as the lights and the service and even the waste paper. You should see all hands waiting on the table, the book-keeper and even the proprietor lending a hand. The wages paid at a hotel are very scant. The employees are expected to reconquer themselves off the guests. The porter, or concierge, who presides at the doorway, and who "welcomes the coming and speeds the parting guest," he is the main man--he gives you information, sells you stamps, calls the cabs, procures you opera tickets, he expects the first and highest take out of any remaining surplus you may have after your bill is paid. Next to him comes the head waiter, to whom you must look for an eligible seat at the table, for something warm if you are late, for a lunch to carry with you on an excursion, for the preservation of your wine between meals, he, next to the concierge, is a man to be regarded and feared. Then of course there is boot, as they call him--he is important also, for what is a tourist in public or private estimation, whose shoes do not shine. Then follows the chamber maid who brings you warm water in the morning, the boy who attends the "lift," if there happens to be one, the man (who is sometimes "boots") who brings down your baggage, and finally the man who stands on the steps of the omnibus and rides to the depot, he too expects at least a franc. They are all hired and all work on the principle and understanding of tips, and these tips are their main if not their only pay.

I have never been able to find out just what people who are in what is known as the genteel employments of life--such as clerks--actually receive, but I am familiar with one or two cases that may serve as an illustration or at least throw light on the subject. I have a friend in the person of a young man who is the secretary of a circulating library in the Piazza di Spagna, where I go to hire books and occasionally to sit down and read. He is the son of a surgeon at Tivoli, a beautiful city in the Sabine hills where I spent a delightful day--the Sabine hills that figure so conspicuously in the early history of Rome, where the Sabine maidens came from that were carried off from a feast at Arnis by the first settlers on the Palatine hill, and thus became ancestral Roman wives and mothers. This young man was liberally educated, read Latin at sight, speaks English, keeps the books of the library, and for these accomplishments receives the sum of twenty-five dollars per month, out of which he pays four or five dollars for a room, two dollars for washing and mending, and with the balance supplies his commissary and wardrobe. In the morning he takes a cup of chocolate, which he warms from a supply of figs or two of cold stuff on hand in his room, over a spirit lamp, and this constitutes his breakfast. At noon he buys a half-franc lunch and at night, when his work is done, he treats himself to a meat dinner costing from two and a half to three francs, making an average daily expense of say three francs for living, or sixty cents, or say \$18 per month; to which add his room rent and his wash bill, (\$5 more), making a sum total of \$24. Thus you see he has a dollar left for clothes, or rather, as he tells me, has a deficit of about \$5, which his father makes good. The poor fellow has just been drawn for the army for three years, and he seemed rather to enjoy the prospect of army life. After his time is out in the army he says that he will go to America for a few years.

A WHEELING MAN.

Speaking of this young man and his accomplishments, reminds me that I have met here in Rome quite an accomplished young man from Wheeling, the solitary fellow citizen, I may remark, upon whom I have happened thus far in my travels. His name is Patrick McDermott, whose mother, a widow lady, lives out on Eighteenth street, East Wheeling. He is in Rome under the patronage of Bishop Knain, studying for the priesthood at the American college and attending the lectures at the Propaganda. I met him one morning at the latter place where I went to hear two of the noted theologians who lecture there. He enjoyed one great advantage over me, he understood the lectures, and I did not, which is of course, a poor compliment to the time I spent studying Latin many years ago. I suppose that even if my Latin had not been in ruins I could not have understood their pronunciation of it here. But my friend Patrick understood it all as did two or three hundred other young fellows who were seated with us on those Spartan benches and occasionally they all smiled simultaneously at something humorous in the lecture. An Archbishop of the Jesuit order was the first lecturer, and the ready and voluble manner in which he decried to the boys in the language of Cicero and Tacitus on the subject of the Faith, which is his specialty, and the way the boys took it all in was something new in my experience in the line of lectures. He was a regular Italian in his looks, in his gestures, in the shrines of his shoulders, in the half closing of his eyes and his ease of manner, whereas the professor who followed him, on morals, was a large German looking man, somewhat heavy and hesitating in his style, formerly a jurist they told me, and evidently a man of weight with the

young seminarians. As I could not very well become absorbed in these lectures, I had plenty of leisure to look round and speculate upon the situation. Here, thought I, is my idea of the unity and universality of language--here are Americans, English, French, Germans and Spaniards who cannot understand each other, but who can all understand the lecture, and hence, geometrically speaking, things that are equal to the same thing ought to be equal to one another; or, in other words, there ought to be one equivalent language for all these languages, and that equivalent should be a modern language and not a dead one. I should like to have taken the sense of the boys on this point--their consensus of opinion, if they had had one--as to whether it wasn't about time in the history of the world to drop their vocabularies and agree on a volapuk in the shape of English. I am speaking of a medium for every day life and not of a church language.

My old Wheeling friend, the late John Bishop, had a plan for the rectification of many ills growing out, as he said, of the inability of the world to properly understand itself, the first step in which was a universal language, a thing that he contended could be brought about in five years in all civilized nations by the adoption of English school books. Of course English was his idea of the language to be adopted, on account of its omnivorous and aggressive and progressive character, as shown in its history during the last hundred years, in which time it has bridged the earth and made the most wonderful progress ever known in the history of speech. There were only about twenty millions of English speaking people on earth at the outset of this century--in America and England--whereas now there are nearly six times that number, and like Aaron's rod it is swallowing up all other languages with an accelerated momentum. Why not then, as the boys in the street say, "call half a day a full day and quit," quit now at this noon in the history of civilization and agree on English as the universal medium of intercourse?

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

You see that after the struggle I have had here in Europe with the polyglots and the dialects, I can fully appreciate my old friend's scheme. The subject is, however, such a very large one that I shall not by any means regard it as exhausted in this letter, and may refer to it again.

Akin to the general topic is the raid being made here in Rome on Archbishop Ireland, of America, on account of his position in favor of English as against the polyglots of the Northwest. I have met the Archbishop two or three times over at the American college, and on one visit took occasion to call his attention to your commendatory editorial paragraph in regard to his position on this subject, which, I am sure, pleased him very much. He is not a politician by any means, but, confidentially, I may tell you that he is a decided Republican and an especially warm Blaine man. He and the accomplished rector of the American college, Rev. Dr. O'Connell, formerly of Virginia, are a stand-off in politics, as are the two assistant rectors, Dr. Rooker, of New York, and Dr. Farrelly, of Tennessee. A house thus properly balanced, not divided, against itself ought to stand a good while, and I judge that this will be the case with the very hospitable American college at Rome.

The Rome correspondent of the Paris edition of the N. Y. Herald says that it is on the cards to make a cardinal of the archbishop. That may be, but I judge they do not take much stock in the rumor over at the college. They go very slow in Rome in the making of American cardinals. An Italian cardinal can get up any time on a day or two's notice. The Italian cardinals are supposed to have, what in Chicago would be called, a corner on the business. They run the business, so to speak, to suit themselves--that is to say, out of a full college of seventy, they always contrive to have a working majority, say forty to forty-five of the whole number. As I remember, the statistics or statement put forth at the Baltimore plenary council two or three years ago, the American catholics claim to number about nine millions, which is not one-third of the population of Italy, and yet Italy has, in a full board, forty or more cardinals to the solitary one in America. I sincerely hope they will make a cardinal out of the estimable Archbishop Ireland, for he is a live and progressive man, and they need that kind of a man among so many Italians.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Decoration Day at Grafton.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad announces special trains in addition to regular train service and the sale of round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates to Grafton from Parkersburg, Wheeling, Morgantown, Keyser and all intermediate stations, for Decoration Day, May 30. Tickets sold at the reduced rates will be valid for passage going on May 29 and 30, and will be good for return journey until May 31 inclusive, on all regular trains scheduled to stop at stations where tickets were purchased. The day will be a gala occasion, and every accommodation will be offered by the railroad company for the convenience and comfort of passengers. In the grand procession will be ten brass bands, the Rowlesburg Military, Morgantown Cadets with artillery, and 500 G. A. R. Veterans. Hon. R. D. Johnson will be the orator of the day. Speeches will be made by other distinguished gentlemen. In the afternoon there will be five trotting races at the fair grounds. For rates and time of special train consult appended table. For time of regular trains see schedule published elsewhere in this paper.

Rheumatism Cured in Three Days.

Miss Grace Littlejohn is a little girl, aged eleven years, residing in Baltimore, Ohio. Read what she says: "I was troubled with rheumatism for two years, but could get nothing to do me any good. I was so helpless that I had to be carried like a babe when I was advised to get a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I got it from our druggist, Mr. J. A. Kumbler, and in three days I was up and walking around. I have not felt any return of it since and my limbs are as limber as they ever were. 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists."

REPUBLICAN CLUB LEAGUE.

The National Convention will be the Opening Gun of the Campaign.

PITTSBURGH, May 19.--A. B. Humphreys, secretary of the national league of Republican clubs, has written State Secretary Randolph, of this city, that the place of holding the next annual convention will probably be changed from Buffalo to New York city, and the date changed from two weeks after the Minneapolis convention to the last week in August. President Clarkson's idea in making the change is to make the convention the opening gun of the presidential campaign.

His Personal Experience.

Hon. James W. Husted, while serving his sixth term as Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York, writes:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, Jan. 10, 1890.

I desire once more to bear my testimony to the value of ALLCOCK'S PLEASANT PLASTERS. I have used them for twenty-five years past, and can conscientiously commend them as the best external remedy that I have known. Years ago, when thrown from a carriage and seriously injured, I gave them a thorough trial. In a very short time the pain that I was suffering disappeared, and within a week I was entirely relieved. On another occasion, when suffering from a severe cough, which threatened pulmonary difficulties, which I was recommended to go to Florida to relieve, I determined to test the plaster again. I applied them to my chest and between the shoulder blades, and in less than a fortnight was entirely cured. On still another occasion when suffering from an attack of rheumatism in the shoulder to such an extent that I could scarcely raise my arm, I again resorted to the plaster, and within a very few days the rheumatism entirely disappeared. I have them constantly by me, whether at home or abroad. My family as well as myself have found them to be a sovereign remedy, both for external and internal troubles. I never had but one kidney difficulty in my life, and the application of the plaster cured me in a week. I desire, as I said before, to bear my testimony in a public way to their efficacy, and I know of no better way of doing it than by giving you my personal experience."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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