

A Graveyard under a Church.

Grace Greenwood, in a letter from Rome to the *National Era*, speaks thus of the cemetery of the monks underneath the church of St. Maria della Concezione:

From the church we descended to the cemetery underneath, where one of the most curious, and certainly the most horrible sights I have ever beheld, met my eyes. Within four low vaulted chambers are kept the bones of ten thousand monks.

When a member of this fraternity dies, he is buried in his coarse brown robe, in the cemetery, the earth of which was brought from Jerusalem; but, after some months, his bones are taken up and arranged in a variety of ways about the walls of the cemetery. The skeletons of the most eminent or holy fathers are preserved entire, and recline on couches of skulls, or stand in bone-built niches, wearing the coarse brown robes and cowls they lived and died and were buried in, and holding rosaries and crucifixes. All about them are bones—columns and altars of skulls—festooned with vertebrae, finger and toe joints—ribs made into crosses—arm-bones and collar-bones made into lamps—leg-bones supporting shelves of shoulder-blades and knee-pans—bones of all sorts arranged in all sorts of emblematical forms, such as scythes, scales, hour-glasses. On the ceiling overhead, in horrible mockery of frescoes of smiling Cupids and Ganymedes, small, shining skeletons grin down upon you, and seem about to strike you dead. To the robed skeletons in the niches some dried flesh and portion of skin adhere, and from the chins of two or three yet depends a long grizzly beard.

It was evidently expected, from the position in which these defunct fathers are placed, that they would wear a look of devotion or pious meditation; but the attempt has not been altogether successful. Expression varies in these death's-heads quite as much as in living faces. For instance, there is one who seems chuckling with sly merriment under his worm-eaten cowl, one who has a foxy look of cruelty and cunning—one who seems to have died cursing, and one who seems to have never died at all, but as he lies stretched out, with his cowl shading his face, his beard on his breast, and his mouth open, looks simply like an emaciated, massacred old monk, sound asleep and snoring.

This underground cemetery is so small and ill-ventilated—the earth above the buried monks seems so light, that one feels that the air must be surcharged with pestilence and death. Yet the monks perform masses there, wander and meditate there, breathe in the musty atmosphere of the bones of the long-departed ten thousand, and the exhalations from the uncoffined bodies of the lately departed ten. How strange it must be for them to contemplate the certain disposition of their own poor remains, their skulls labelled and packed in arches, and their bones builded and wreathed into ghastly ornaments! Perhaps old friends talk to one another in this wise: "You will see, brother Anselmo, that they do not scatter my bones too much—you yourself will place my skull where you can come and see it sometimes."

On one night in the year this cemetery is illuminated. Can you imagine a scene more grandly horrible? From yellow lamps and swinging chandeliers of bones, the ghastly light graves and skeletons—flashing on polished skulls, and searching into thousands on thousands of eyeless sockets! Think of the awful shadows lurking in the arches and about the niches where lie and stand the dead monks, robed and cowed. Think of processions of dark-gowned, long-bearded monks, passing slowly through

while the cowed heads of the skeletons nod, and the lamps swing, and all the small bones rattle at their tread.

The Number Nine.

This is a peculiar figure, with which numerous tricks may be performed; not to mention the fact that the fundamental rules of arithmetic are proved by the figure 9, there are among others, the following curiosities connected with the figure:

Add together as many nines as you please, and the figures indicating the amount, when added together, will be 9 or 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying any number of times, the sum of the figures in the product will be 9 or a number of nines. For instance:

Twice 9 are 18—1 and 8 are 9;
Three times 9 are 27—2 and 7 are 9;

Four times 9 are 36—3 and 6 are 9;

And so on until we come to eleven times 9 are 99; here we have two nines, or 18, but 1 and 8 are 9.

Twelve times 9 are 108—1 and 0 and 8 are 9.

The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement.

Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9 when multiplied by the digits, the products being 18, 27, 36, 45, &c., reverse these and we have the remaining products 54, 63, 72, 81.

The nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, when added, amount to 5 nines, or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last and the product will be the 5 mysterious nines, or 45, and 4 and 5 are 9.

Once more, let the digits as written be

123456789

987654321

111111110

and we have 9 ones and of course 9, once more.

Or let the upper series of numbers be subtracted from the other:

987654321

123456789

864197532

Add the figures of this difference, and once more we have the 5 9s, or 45, or 9.

We will now multiply these same figures by 9:

123456789

9

111111101

and we have 9 ones again, or 9.—

Granite Farmer.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW IN TEXAS.—Public sentiment in Texas is fast increasing in favor of a legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance have unanimously passed a resolution recommending a prohibitory law, and asking the concurrence of all the Divisions in Texas. In eastern Texas, petitions are in circulation among the people asking for legal prohibition. Richmond on the Brazos, sent up a petition to that effect to the Legislature.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Buffalo, among other incidents relating to the Pres. General Assembly now in session at that place, states that said body may be set down as a "teetotal Maine law Assembly," and that "the church they represent may also be put down as adopting to a great extent the same principle."

England will send 524 objects to the N. Y. Crystal Palace; France 326; the Zollverein 500; Holland 142. Italy will send 100 statues.

Picking a Living from the Streets.

That you have rag-pickers in New York, I know, but that you have individuals who get their food in the streets, I doubt. I mean literally, their food—who pick up such rejected morsels as the servants have thrown on the pavements. From my window I see one of these horrible creatures every morning; he is regular as a watchman upon his beat. The chiffoniers, or rag-pickers, exclude him from their society; he is admitted to none of their convivialities, and never takes part in their annual banquet at the Barrier. If you can conceive of a grade lower than that occupied by the chiffoniers, he certainly fills it; but there can be no rank below him. His clothes are so penetrated with grease and filth, that if he were so unwise as to take them off, they would fall to pieces from the effect. They are tied on to his limbs by bits of twine and old remnants of handkerchiefs or towels that he has found in the gutters. Whenever he stumbles upon a piece of carpet, or upon a ragged dishcloth, he generally finds some exposed part of his person upon which to utilize it; and thus, incidentally, while looking for his breakfast, he finds his raiment. He has no shoes nor boots, nor any leather at all about his feet. They are enveloped thickly in wads of rags and tatters, till they have lost all human form, and have become shapeless clouts—a foot through. He never washes, nor shaves, nor combs his hair; he never changes his linen, nor sleeps in a bed. He sleeps *a la corde*—that is, he lies down on the floor in company with others of his sort, placing the nape of his neck in a rope extended from the wall to fall about six inches above the ground. He pays two sous a night for this accommodation. Where he obtains his two sous I cannot tell; he gets nothing in the street that can be converted into money. He is a collector of refuse in a double sense; for not only does he take what has been left behind by the more fastidious chiffonier, as valueless and unpalatable.—He walks slowly and shufflingly, never scampers to a pile with greedy haste, to be the first to explore its contents; for he knows that what is the object of his search will wait till he comes. He kneels down over the heap, with a squalid basket in one hand, using the other to turn over the horrible mass. A cabbage leaf, a fragment of lettuce, sometimes an onion or the peeling of an onion, a few turnip tops or slicings of radishes, are the more usual god-sends that reward his search. They form the basis of his morning meal, and are the ingredients of his vegetable soup. He may sometimes give it a savor of flesh, if he is lucky enough to find a bone, or some remnant of a chicken's carcass. He upturns, from time to time, a slice of toast, or the end of a loaf, that a careless servant has tossed into the waste pan; if it is soaked with muddy water—as the gutter usually flows close by—he treads upon it to press out the humidity, and then gently places it in with the onion and the turnip-tops. He even collects potato-parings, if the knife has been unskillful, and has left any portion of the potato clinging to the skin. I have seen him gather up, with trembling fingers, a quantity of coffee-grounds, as if he was collecting pinches of snuff. All this is to be cooked over and made into an olla podrida. So as the pot must be made to boil, he is on the look-out for odds and ends of fuel, if any come in his way—half burned pieces of coal, charred wood, and anything that will hold fire and evolve heat. The same basket carries both cinders and dinner, he sorts them when he gets home; and thus he lives from day to day.—It would astonish no one when he dies, to learn that he has left two or three

thousand francs in coin, and that having no heir, and leaving no will, his treasure reverts to the hospital, or is claimed by the *Domain Publique*.—*Paris Correspondent of the New York Daily Times.*

Drunkness and Sabbath Breaking.

For a few weeks past, some of the liquor sellers in this city have pursued the work of their calling with unusual boldness. The *Daily Courier* of Monday, June 5th, gives the following account of a disgraceful row at Bernhard's doggery, on last Sabbath. We rejoice to see the independence of the *Courier*, and believe that by the united efforts of the conductors of the public press, a "law will soon be enacted, which will scathe and wither the liquor seller, and in part prevent him from defying the law, scoffing at religion, desecrating the Sabbath, despising morality, corrupting our youth and disgracing our city.—*Christian Messenger.*

VERY DISGRACEFUL.—On yesterday the peace and good order of our city was disturbed, and the Sabbath desecrated by a drunken row at Bernhard's bakery and doggery. This establishment is located on Main street, above Seventh. This certainly is a fine state of affairs! Has it come to this, that rum holes and doggeries are to be found on Main street in our city, and that, too, open on the Sabbath? Is there no end to this work of ruin? Has all sense of shame forsaken us? or are we at the mercy of the law-defying, Sabbath-breaking rumseller? This same Bernhard stands indicted at the present term of our court, for selling liquor; and yet, on the very next Sabbath, and while the court is still in session, he shows his respect for the law and the court by selling liquor, and exciting a drunken row.

The persons engaged in this row were arrested, put in the watch house until this morning, and were then brought before the Mayor for trial. Where is the rum-seller, the man who furnished the liquor? Is he, to-day, prosecuting his illegitimate calling, making drunk our fathers and our young men? Are we not a law-abiding people? How long will we suffer such things? Has the city no laws, and no power to execute them? Shall such men put the law at defiance, scoff at religion, despise morality, corrupt youth, and disgrace our city with impunity? We say, if there be laws, let them be executed; if there be none, let them be speedily enacted. Let both the law and the scathing, withering wrath of public opinion set a mark upon these men; and if they will not desist, let them be driven from our midst by a stern and uncompromising necessity. Let them feel the weight of that power before whose majestic presence the puny arm of the rumseller is raised in vain; that power before which princes tremble, and thrones totter; we mean the unconquerable, undying, legal and moral power of the people. "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" Is not our city sufficient for these things? Is she too weak to contend successfully with a few rum-sellers? Does she fear the contest? Is fear to stand against duty? Does not duty, the salvation of our children, and the peace, prosperity and happiness of society beckon us to the conflict? Will we shrink, or will we on—to battle?—*Zanesville Courier.*

The price of paper upon which newspapers are printed, has advanced fifteen per cent. within the past three months, on account of the scarcity of rags, the latter being largely retained on the backs of many of the newspaper-conductors.