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LIFE IN POMPEII.

The excavations which have been made in Pompeii enable the traveller to realize, with extreme vividness, the ordinary daily life of a Roman city. Among other objects of new and curious interest, we may mention the characteristic signs which mark out the various shops, taverns, and places of business. These are, in some cases, figured in baked clay, and colored, in others painted on the walls. Over a wine shop, two men carry an amphora slung on a pole. Over another, a goat is supposed to indicate the trade of a milkman. Here a large statue of Priapus points out the shop of an amulet-maker. A rude painting of two men fighting, while the master stands by holding a laurel crown, marks a fencing establishment, or school of gladiators. A painting of one boy horsed on another's back, and undergoing flaggelation, is an ominous indication that the schoolmaster was there at home. An inn in the newly discovered *Via del Lupenare* bore the sign of an elephant enveloped by a large serpent, and tended by a pigmy. This no longer exists. On the door-posts of another tavern were painted some checkers. Into the edifice of ill repute which gave its name to that street, the writer for obvious reasons, forbears to conduct his readers. That a similar degree of caution was not unknown at the time when the golden youth of Pompeii might plead the authority of Cato for venturing within those dangerous precincts, we have a highly curious proof. On the walls of a villa hard by the *forum Boarum* or cattle-market, was found an inscription, by way of advertisement, to the effect that "on the estate of Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, are to let a bath, a venereum, nine hundred shops, with booths and garrets, for a term of five continuous years from the first to the sixth of the ides of August." The notice concludes with the formula S. Q. D. L. E. N. C., which is taken by Romanelli to stand for *si quis domi lenocinium exerceat ne conducito* "let no one apply who keeps a brothel." We get many a curious insight into the common or lower life of the Pompeiians from the numerous *graffiti*, or rude scratchings and scribblings in chalk or paint, with which the walls abound. Many a party cry or political dislike, or even the rough Fescennine chaff of the streets, has here come down to us in expressive, though often very dubious, Latinity, or is embodied in outlines of rude but often highly grotesque art. A more than common refinement of taste is met with when, in the back-room of a thermopolium, is scrawled the first line of the Æneid. Perhaps, of all the relics of eighteen centuries here laid bare, what most touches the feelings is the reproduction, in plaster, of the group of bodies found in the year 1863. By the skill of Signor Fiorelli in filling up the cavity left in the soft *lapilli* by the decay of these human forms, the figures are moulded in all the ghastly reality of the death-struggle. In the pair engraved by Dr. Dyer, which is probably familiar to many of our readers as a stereoscopic group, the profile of the young girl is plainly to be traced. Her little hands clench her veil round her head in the last struggle to keep the mouth free, while her little feet are drawn up in agony. The smooth young skin looks in the plaster like polished marble. The woman, probably the mother, who lies feet to feet with her, lies quietly on her side. Her arm hangs loosely down. Her finger still bears her coarse iron ring. Besides this group, Niccolina gives the figure of a man of the lower classes, perhaps a soldier, of colossal size, who had lain himself down calmly on his back to await death. "His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin, and tight-fitting breeches of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked, the mouth open as in death, some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster." We are sorry to find the affecting story of the sentry found erect in his box, still grasping his lance, dismissed as a fable. Much doubt has been attached to the recent report of an amphora of stone having been met with, closely sealed, half full of water. It may be remarked, however, that the bronze cock of a water-pipe was found at Capri, in which the metal joints had been hermetically closed by rust for seventeen or eighteen centuries, yet which, on being shaken, gives audible proof of the water being still unabsorbed within. It may be added that the numerous metal pipes met with in Pompeii, together with the general arrangements of the fountains, place beyond doubt the fact, which has so frequently been questioned, that the property of water to find its level was well known at that epoch.

It has naturally been throughout a question of the liveliest interest whether Pompeii might be found to yield any trace of the new religion, pushing its way among the inmates of the classical Pantheon. The only indication which has even been held plausible depends on an unsatisfactory story told by Mazois.

Evidences of Egyptian worship are not unfrequent. An elegant temple disinterred next to that of Esculapius is shown by an inscription over the entrance to have been dedicated to Isis, to have been overthrown by an earthquake, and to have been restored by Numerius (or Nonnius) Popidius Celsinus, at his own expense. This earthquake was probably that of the year 63, A. D., sixteen years before the destruction of the city. From this temple were taken the famous Isiac table of basalt, now in the museum at Naples. This fine relief contains fourteen figures, thirteen of which are turned toward the first, which is supposed to represent Osiris. Beneath are twenty-five lines of hieroglyphics, which have been interpreted by M. Champollion, *fils*, to be an invocation of Osiris or Isis. It is, however, denounced by Overbeck as a sham. In a niche on the court wall, fronting the temple, stood a painted figure of Sigaleon or Harpocrates, otherwise called Orus, the son of Osiris. Beneath this was a shelf, intended, perhaps, to receive offerings, and under it a board supposed to be for the knees of the worshippers. In another part of the court was found a beautiful statue of Isis, with the *systrum* and the key of the Nile sluices, her drapery painted purple, and in part gilt. From several of the pictures and *bas-reliefs* we obtain interesting evidence of the influence exercised by classic symbolism upon Christian art. An instance of this occurs in the ugly conventional glory with which the heads of sacred personages are commonly encircled. This usage was borrowed by the Italian painters from the Greek artists of the Lower Empire, in whose paintings it generally assumes the appearance of a solid plate of gold. In a small house at Pompeii, decorated with subjects from the Odyssey, a painting of Ulysses and Circe was copied by Mazois in 1812, which is remarkable as exhibiting the head of Circe, crowned with a halo or aureole of this precise kind. The outer limb or circumference is solidly and sharply defined, not shaded off and divided into rays, as we usually see it in works of the Italian school. This painting has since perished. A similar aureole surrounds the grand figure of Jupiter in the house of Zephyrus and Flora. The god is here sitting in a contemplative attitude, the eagle at his feet, and his golden sceptre in his hand. His mantle is of violet color, and lined with azure, the throne and footstool are golden, ornamented with precious stones, a green drapery covering the back of the throne. These pictures, like most of those discovered at Pompeii, were executed on the plaster of the wall. It appears, however, that moveable pictures were not unknown. In the handsome house in the street of Stabiæ, excavated in 1847, and assigned, on the evidence of an inscription, to M. Lucretius, a Flamen of Mars and Decurio of Pompeii, the walls of the *tablinum* are painted with architectural subjects. Among these are spaces for two large paintings, which have either been carried away, or had not yet been fixed in their places when Pompeii was overwhelmed. Of the mosaics, the best is, beyond comparison, that discovered in the house of the Faun, not less than eighteen feet long by nine broad, supposed to represent one of the battles of Alexander and Darius, probably that at the Issus! Few paintings of any age can excel in fire and animation the celebrated head of Achilles giving up Briseis, in the house of the tragic poet. And *statuettes* like those of the dancing Faun, the Silenus, and those of sundry animal figures, are not surpassed by the finest remains of classic art.

A GREAT FRENCH GIANT.—The Libertie says: "A new giant, born in the department of the Vosges, and measuring eight feet and a half in height, visited the Exhibition last week, having made the journey to Paris principally with the object of measuring himself with the Chinese giant. He at once proceeded to the establishment which the latter shares with a dwarf, and challenged him, measure in hand; the result of the trial was that the Chinaman had to acknowledge himself vanquished in stature."

When a counterfeit is presented at the Bank of England, the gold is instantly paid for it. If it comes from some known person, he is only asked where he got it. If from a stranger, the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting, and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the bank is in possession of the stranger's biography. The offender, once arrested, is likely to be tried, convicted, and sentenced within two days; wherefore Great Britain is not an inviting field for that branch of industry.

WAR INCIDENTS

The counties of Virginia bordering upon the Potomac furnished some of the most gallant, as well as most desperate, men of the war. Splendid horsemen, quick with the pistol, they naturally attached themselves to Colonel Mosby, and supported the cause of his "Confederacy" throughout the war. After the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, followed by that of Mosby's command, there still remained in arms three men who had sworn never to surrender. These men were Nicholas Carter, or "Nick Carter," as he was better known—Lake and Charles McDonald. After the surrender, 1865, they were outlawed by the Federal Military authorities, and a price set upon their heads. They took to the mountains, and led a wandering life, appearing mounted and armed at different points in Loudon and Prince William. Nick was an outlaw by all the laws of civilized life. He was charged with the murder of a negro man and woman in cold blood; also a United States Quartermaster, whom he met upon the public highway. McDonald had personal wrongs to avenge. His sister was carried off from her home at Charlestown, and imprisoned in the old Capitol at Washington, where she died. From that time, which was during the war, McDonald swore never to take another prisoner nor spare an enemy, no matter under what circumstances he met him. For every one killed by his own hand, he notched his pistol, and when our informant encountered the avenger, his weapon was covered with death tokens.

One day the trio stopped at the residence of Captain Charles Berkeley, near Aldie, in Loudon. Lake was at the spring near the house, washing, when a company of Federal cavalry rode up, surrounding him, and inquired for Nick Carter. Lake was caught. Answering evasively, he was notified to consider himself a prisoner; and in this condition, without a coat, he was marched forward towards the house where he knew Nick was enjoying a *siesta* after the night's ride. How to get into the house and alarm him before it was too late, was a question that involved life and death, with the chances ten to one in favor of death. He made an apology for his coat, and was allowed to go on ahead and get the garment. Reaching the porch he rushed in, shut and held the door, exclaiming to Carter, who was lying upon the sofa, boots off and arms beside him, "Get up, Carter, here are the Yankees!" Carter was seldom caught napping, but this time he was fairly caught. Springing up he shouted, "Fight them!" and handed a revolver to Lake, who held the door, while he flourished the other. The Yankees now crowded into the hall, confident of their game, and threw the weight of their bodies against the door that yielded inch by inch. "Must I let them in?" gasped Lake, whose strength was giving way. "No!" said Carter; "wait a second," and he fired through the door. "Now give way!" And the door was thrown wide open. Both Carter and Lake, who had fallen back a few feet, met the throng with a terrific volley of revolver shots, that killed and placed *hors du combat* a half dozen Yankees, then sprang over them and escaped, Carter in his stocking feet.

One day McDonald, who had grown desperate and reckless, rode his horse into Middleburg alone, and got on the porch of the public house. The citizens urged him to flight, as a company of cavalry was then in town looking for Carter, Lake and himself. McDonald never budged, but taking out his revolver and counting the capped nipples of the chambers, said, "I have five loads here for the Yankees and one for myself. Let them come!" He sat there until his pursuers came around the corner, when he sprang up like a demon possessed with the fury of a legion of devils, and mounting his horse, charged at speed upon a full company, firing as he advanced, killing and dismounting several.

Reserving one barrel for an emergency, McDonald then wheeled his horse and spurred him towards the mountains. But fate was in his path. A hog ran from a hedge between the forelegs of his horse, and horse and reckless rider rolled to the earth together. His pursuers closed upon him, firing, but anxious rather to take him alive than dead. McDonald raised himself, uttered a shout of defiance, placed the muzzle of the pistol to his head and blew out his brains with the loaded barrel reserved for the emergency he had foreseen.

Carter subsequently left the country; so did Lake, and the last "Rebels" of the war were extirpated.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEF.—There is a touching fact related in the history of a Highland chief, of the noble house of Mac Gregor, who fell wounded by two balls, at the battle of Prestonpans. Seeing their chief fall, the clan wavered, and gave the enemy an advantage. The old chieftain beholding the effects of his disaster, raised himself on his elbow, while the blood gushed in streams from his wounds, and cried aloud, "I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty." These words revived the sinking courage of the brave Highlanders. There was a charm in the fact that they still fought under the eyes of their chief. It roused them to put forth their mightiest energies, and they did all that human strength could do to turn and stem the dreadful tide of battle.—*Chris. Treasure.*

DURATION OF ONE LIFE.

Among the death notices in the Ledger this morning is that of Mrs. Alana L. Clark, who died in this city on Friday last, at the advanced age of one hundred and seven years. What volumes of history have been made in the world during the period since her birth. Her lifetime connects the ancient and modern history of our city and State.—When she was born, George the Second was King not only of Great Britian, but of Pennsylvania, and the whole of our State was held as a domain by the family of the original proprietary. Philadelphia was a small town, confined between Fourth street and the river Delaware. The thoughts of the people were yet occupied by the events of the "old French war," Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg, having been taken but two years before, and Wolfe, having just startled Europe, as well as America, by his marvellous ascent of the heights of Abraham, near Quebec, closing the long campaign victoriously for his King, but losing his own life in the heroic effort. Frederick the Great was still fighting the battles of the renowned "seven years' war," and Europe was still ringing with the artillery thunders of Prague, Miaden, Maxen, and Olmutz. We had not yet got into the preliminary controversy with Great Britian that led to the Revolution. Washington was a young man about twenty-eight, just newly married to the widow Custis, and just coming into political life as a delegate to the Virginia House of Burgesses; although he had achieved some distinction as a gallant and able young soldier against the French and Indians. Mrs. Clark was five years old when Massachusetts made the first proposition for a General Congress of the Colonies; she was a girl of thirteen at the date of the "Boston tea party;" sixteen at the time of the Declaration of Independence; twenty-two at the close of the war; twenty-eight when Washington was made President under the Constitution; and forty-ty-eight when Jefferson retired, the latter event being one that none but very old men can remember now. She was thirty years old when Pitt, Fox and Sheridan were fighting their great parliamentary battles, the very history of which seems to us now so far back in the past. Her life spans all the features of our history—colonial, revolutionary, confederate and constitutional—and under the latter she has survived the terms of sixteen Presidents, and more than two years of the term of the seventeenth. But in the advancement of civilization—social, scientific, political, mechanical and humanitarian—what a progress has she seen. The history of it embraces the whole era of steam engines, steam-ships, railroads, telegraphs, photography, lightning printing presses, modern chemistry, geology, the humane treatment of prisoners, the destruction of the old madhouses and bedlams, and the almost world-wide diffusion of republican ideas of government. Thus may a single life link together remote generations, and the greatest revolutions in the history of the world.—*Phila. Ledger.*

HOPEFUL SIGNS—THE NEW CRISIS.

We have, for some time past, indulged the hope that the eyes of the people of the North were being opened to the grave and terrible realities of the situation. We have been led to believe that this reaction would grow and exhibit itself the more, as the results of registration, under the operation of the Military Acts, developed themselves in the South. Such is the case, and we are cheered at the manifestations of returning reason. The wholesale frauds that were perpetrated in the Tennessee election, under the first practical experiment of unqualified negro suffrage, and the frightful anticipations to which it has given rise, have had their effect in still further arousing the most serious alarm at the North, in view of the dangers that lie in the probable Africanization of the Southern States. We need no better evidence of this than is to be found in the following extracts from the N. Y. Herald, of the dates of the 8th and 9th, respectively. No paper in the country is so apt, as the Herald, in reading the signs of the times, or so prompt at following the tide of public opinion, when it begins to flow. Read:

"Granting that the Northern States are prepared for the recognition and acceptance of equal suffrage to the blacks, is New York, or is Pennsylvania, or is Ohio prepared for the full-blown experiment of negro supremacy in ten Southern States, as contemplated by the republican radicals in Southern reconstruction? Assuming that if, with a conservative acting Secretary of War in the place of Stanton, and with five military commanders of Mr. Johnson's way of thinking in the places of the five commanders who think and act according to the gospel of Mr. Stanton—assuming that the result will be to delay the work of Southern restoration for ever two or three years—will this not be wiser than to rush headlong into this danger of Southern negro supremacy? Will not the inevitable tendency of negro supremacy in South Carolina, for example, be to drive out the white population or to precipitate that war of races which, if commenced, will be apt speedily to ripen into a war on both sides of indiscriminate extermination? Will social harmony or peace, or financial confidence or active and systematic industry, ever be restored to the South under the threatening danger of negro supremacy?

We cannot answer these questions truly without recognizing the sagacity and wisdom of President Johnson's policy of giving to the Southern whites, as far as possible, under the terms of Congress, a chance to recover their lost ground, and to take the lead in Southern reconstruction. We are, indeed, so far impressed with the idea that in this view of the question he stands in a strong position, that we feel bound to advise him to make the most of his opportunity in bringing the issue before the people of the Northern States for their "sober second thought" upon it in the coming fall election. There is no security, and there are a thousand dangers, in the radical programme which now distinctly foreshadows the placing of the late governing whites of the South under the political control and subject to the caprices and revenges of the black race, relieved but yesterday from the moral darkness, oppressions, wrongs and disabilities of African slavery. These dangers are so menacing that they must be appreciated by thinking Northern men. We hold, accordingly, that the time at last has come for a Northern reaction, and the time therefore, for decisive measures on the part of President Johnson."

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"Now, is the time for President Johnson to make the issue between his method of executing the laws of reconstruction, which means Southern white supremacy, and the Stanton method, which means Southern negro supremacy and twenty or thirty negroes in the two houses as a beginning before the expiration of the present Congress. Let Mr. Johnson prepare at once to try New York and Pennsylvania on this test, and he will discover before the reassembling of Congress that they are not yet ready to be jostled by Sambo in the United States Senate."

KRUPP'S CANNON FOUNDRY.

A correspondent of the Boston Post has been on a visit to the world-renowned cannon foundry, situated at Essen, Prussia:—"Krupp's works now cover over five hundred acres; consume daily fifteen thousand hundred weight of coal, and the steam generated in one hundred and twenty boilers; are lighted by seven thousand gaslights, and employ, as already mentioned, upward of eight thousand men and boys, who draw an annual pay of two million five hundred thousand thalers, and, besides, enjoy many other advantages. The iron ore for this enormous demand is taken partly from Krupp's own mines in Nassau, near Coblenz, partly purchased. These mines yield the well-known specular iron. The conversion of iron into steel is accomplished by the usual process of puddling, and bar-iron only is obtained by means of the Bessemer process. The specular iron contains much of the noxious manganese, but is almost entirely freed from it by puddling, so much so as to contain nearly ninety-eight per cent. pure iron—the remaining two per cent. consisting of carbon, flint, cobalt, nickel, copper, and an insignificant quantity of phosphorus. We must abstain here from a description of the puddling process, and, for the benefit of the uninitiated, will merely mention that it consists chiefly in a thorough stirring of the melted iron—the hottest and most fatiguing part of this gigantic labor. That part of the metal which is to be used for cannon must be softer than common steel, in order to obtain a certain elasticity to resist the sudden concussion at firing. This softness is obtained by the admixture of a portion of bar-iron. Iron and steel are cut up into small bars of about six inches long, then put into black lead crucibles, holding from thirty to sixty pounds. These crucibles of Krupp's have long been a precious secret, but, at present, those of Ruel, in London, and the Patent Crucible Company, of Battersea, are esteemed almost equal to them. The foundry is an enormous building, with furnaces enough to melt at one time, in twelve hundred crucibles, all the iron and steel required for casts of the largest size. In each furnace there is room for nearly ten crucibles, which rest on movable iron bars, that can easily be taken out. The heat in these furnaces rises to such a degree that the best Scotch firebrick, with which they are lined, and, in fact, the very crucibles themselves, often melt; the latter, therefore, are never used more than once."

A HOGGISH DUTCHMAN.—A German tavern keeper in Cincinnati, who entertains porkmen and caters to the taste both of his countrymen and patrons, had roasted pig for dinner on Sunday.—The animal (a small one) was served up whole, and as it was placed on the table sent forth an appetising and savory smell that pervaded the dining room, and made every occupant wish for a slice, but to the astonishment of every guest, a burly, hirsuted Teutonic pork dealer from the country sat down opposite the dish, and incontinently appropriated the entire roast. The landlord happened to be absent, and good breeding prevented any of the guests from entering a protest, so Hans made such a havoc of the dish, and wiped his lips with such evident relish, that one of the waiters with a keener sense of the fun, approached him, and inquired if he would have anything else. Hans' beaming face brightened in a moment and he asked in reply, "Got any more ov dem leetle hogs?"

A NEW LOVE-TEST.

The English papers tell of a sentimental individual named Stanhope, who, having become possessed with the notion that his wife was not so fond of him as she should be, resolved to put her love to test. This he did by hanging himself in effigy in the attic, and concealing himself where he could watch the effects of the spectacle. Here is the sequel:

After awhile his daughter came up after the skipping rope, and caught a glimpse of the suspended figure. She ran down the stairs screaming: "Oh, mother, mother! pappy has hung himself!" Now for it," thought Felix, in ambuscade, "we shall have a touching scene presently." "Hung himself!" he heard Mrs. Stanhope repeat, as she walked leisurely up stairs. "He has not got pluck enough for such a thing, or he would have done it long ago. Well, I believe he has done it, however," she continued, as she came in view of Felix's representative. "Moll" (to the little girl) "I think he ought to be cut down. You had better go into the kitchen and get a knife, my dear; but don't go down too fast, or you might fall and hurt yourself. Stay, I forgot. There's no knife in the kitchen sharp enough. You can go round to Mr. Holmes, the shoemaker—he's only four streets off—and ask him to lend us his paring knife; tell him to whet it before he sends it. And, Molly, when you are in the neighborhood, you can stop at Aunt Sukey's and ask how the baby is. And, Molly, you can stop at the green grocer's shop as you come back, and get a pound of sugar. Poor Felix!" sighed Mrs. Stanhope, when her daughter had departed, "I hope we can get him down before the vital spark's extinct; for these buryings are very troublesome, and cost money. He wanted to put an end to himself, too; and I think I ought to let him have his own way for once in his life; he used to say I was always crossing him. I wish he hadn't spoiled that new clothes line; an old rope might have answered his purpose." Here a voice, which sounded like that of the supposed suicide, broke in upon Mrs. Stanhope's soliloquy with: "You confounded Jezebel, I'll be the death of you!" Mrs. Stanhope, thinking this must of course be a ghostly exclamation, uttered a wild scream, and attempted to escape down the narrow staircase. Felix starting from his place of concealment, gave chase, Mrs. Stanhope stumbled midway on the flight of stairs, and Mr. Stanhope, having just reached her and made a grasp at her disheveled hair as it streamed backwards the amiable pair were precipitated to the bottom together. Both were badly bruised.

America Slighted by Russia.

After all the talk and writing about the friendly alliance between these two countries, the following, written to an American journal, reads strangely:—"The neglect of the Czar to visit the American Courts of the Exhibition, raised a good deal of astonishment. It was universally expected that he would have visited them among the first portions of the palace. He seems to have studiously avoided putting his foot in them, although he visited courts of other countries in their immediate vicinity. Extraordinary as this conduct was, his subsequent behavior is still more astonishing. After the attempt to assassinate him, some Americans here met together and prepared an address to him, such as several English societies had presented. They applied for an audience. The Czar's secretary replied that the Czar could not receive their address directly from them, but, if they wished to present it, they must do so through the Russian Ambassador. This reply was the more astonishing, as the English societies had been received at the Elysee, and the Czar talked to them in the most cordial manner. It was furthermore noticed, fewer invitations were issued to Americans by the Russian Ambassador when he gave his ball, than they received to any of the recent entertainments."

LUXEMBURG—A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—A curious incident in the modern Luxemburg is related by the German papers. Some thirty years ago the oldest church in the country stood in the capital of Luxemburg, on the present Wilhelm's places. Being in a ruinous state, it was taken down and its religious relics deposited in the Liebfrauen Church, situated close by. The historical monuments of the old church were not treated with equal respect, but strange to say, came under the auctioneer's hammer, and went for the most part for a song.

A lawyer bought the coffin and corpse of John the Blind, Count of Luxemburg, and King of Bohemia, for ten francs. Corpse and coffin afterwards came into the possession of a manufacturer on the Saar, where the remains of the chivalrous king were as disrespectfully stowed out of the way as before. Years afterwards, when King Frederick Wilhelm the IV travelled through the Rhine provinces, he visited the factory, which had formerly been a fine abby.

The proprietor, in showing his royal guest over the place, said, jestingly, that "he was sheltering another king," and related to his majesty the singular adventures of the corpse. The anger of the king was only pacified when the proprietor respectfully placed at his disposal the mortal remains, affording thus an opportunity to atone for the heavy guilt of the Luxemburg country.