

The Social and Political Life of the Inhabitants of Pompeii.

The cities which have been buried by Vesuvius have not answered the expectation and hopes which the first discoverers and excavations awakened. The antiquarian and classical scholar were full of hope to retrieve a number of ancient writings which are lost; the missing books of Livy and Tacitus, the last Greek works which have been translated and copied by Roman authors, and many other valuable relics were expected to come forth safe and well preserved from under the ashes and lava which had hidden these cities for centuries. The artists and dilettanti were looking for statues and groups of ancient sculpture—nay, even for the paintings which were to justify the presumptive assertions of philologists, that the ancients were acquainted with the secret of the art of painting. Of all these hopes and expectations none have been fulfilled. Neither Livy nor Tacitus could be completed from what has been found in the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, nor have any additions been made to the large collections of antiquities at Rome, Florence and Naples. But with regard to the knowledge of domestic life, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, these excavations have proved highly interesting and important. We are now enabled to form a far better and more correct idea of Roman life in general.

The inscriptions on the walls of Pompeii yield, in this respect, a rich harvest; they consist of three classes. The first are engraved upon marble or stone, either on the gable of a temple or on a pedestal of a statue, and give us notice who built the first or who is represented by the latter. The second class answers to what to-day we call wall advertisements; they are not carved with the chisel, but are painted with red or black color. They serve to recommend a candidate for election; or to indicate the day and subject of a theatrical representation; or to make known to the people concerned that an apartment is to be let in a house; or to recommend a certain hotel to the travelers, where they might find a good table and all sorts of accommodations; or to direct public attention to a theft which had been committed; or to a lost object.

An urn of wine disappeared from my store; he who brings it back to me will receive 65 sestertii (\$2.75); he who indicates the thief to me will receive double this sum. The third class of inscription consists of such as are simply scratched with the point of a pin or with a knife. Their authors are partly lovers, who publicly declare their admiration of a young girl, partly jokers who want to give their jokes the benefit of a large circulation, partly calumniators who declare Euzaphra to be a drunkard, Anomalius a lounging and Oppius a thief. The inscriptions engraved on temples and statues, are destined to last as long as the building or the work upon which they are carved. The two other kinds had not been calculated to reach posterity, and it must be considered as a particular good fortune that the sudden disaster of Pompeii preserved them. They have all been collected in the work published by Padre Garrucci under the title "Grafitti de Pompeii."

It is impossible to visit Pompeii without being astonished at the cheerful character which that city, even in its ruins, preserves. It does not seem that there were many poor in the city. Without mentioning the slaves, who were not counted, there were then much fewer people than at present who were obliged to work for their living. They enjoyed more leisure time, and passed it in a more joyful manner. If the buildings destined for public entertainments were numbered, one would believe that the people of Pompeii only thought of enjoying themselves. In this point the inscriptions are in complete harmony with the buildings; for they speak almost exclusively of love, pleasure and spectacles. The latter seems to have been the particular enjoyment of the inhabitants of Pompeii. In Rome these were also much loved, but this was still more the case in the province where people had not so many other distractions. In Pompeii public amusements were frequented with a real passion, and there were all kinds of them—bull fights, chases of bears and boars, fights of gladiators, and from time to time, pantomimes. There were five troops of gladiators, and advertisements of their fights are found on the walls in great number. The advertisement gives the whole programme of the spectacle, and usually mentions that after the fight a lottery or tombola is to be drawn. Sometimes the day of the spectacle is made dependent on fair weather; sometimes it is said that the representations will take place under any circumstances.

The favor which fights of gladiators enjoyed in Pompeii appears from the only passage where Tacitus speaks of the little city. According to him, the citizens of Pompeii and those of Nuceria, on the occasion of such a fight, got into a quarrel which soon degenerated into a serious combat which cost the life of many spectators of Nuceria. The Senate punished the guilty by prohibiting all gladiatorial spectacles in Pompeii for ten years. It would have been difficult to imagine any punishment more severe for the inhabitants of that city. This is proved by the numerous representations of gladiatorial fights which cover all the walls. The rough execution of these drawings show that they were not made by artists, but by men of the people, often by children.

Pompeii was a city of pleasure. This being known in the surrounding country, people from all parts assembled there as the Greeks used to go to Corinth. There is no doubt that one of these visitors, enchanted by his enjoyments, wrote the words which may still be read: "This is a blessed place!" The man was not wrong, for Pompeii well deserved the name which had been given it—the Colony of Venus. This Venus, the principal goddess of the little city, which must not be confounded with Venus Urania, was so passionately venerated, that sometimes she was called Venus Pompeiata. Her name is found on the public monuments, and still more frequently on the inscriptions on the walls.

Declarations of love are frequently seen on the walls, and both their style and their orthography prove that they were written by all classes of society. Some of them are satisfied with celebrating their beloved ones with verses, particularly from Ovid. There are also passages from poets whose works are lost, and some of the lovers make their verses themselves. "May I die," you read on the wall, "if I would be a god without thee!" Most of them speak in prose, and sometimes in tolerably barbarian prose. Some of the inscriptions declare love or wrath with great frankness. "My dear Sava love me, I pray thee!" "Nonia greets her friend, Pagurus." "Meta, the actress, loves Contus with her whole heart. May the Pompeian Venus be propitious to them, and let them ever live in harmony!" "Assellia, mayst thou wither!" "Virgilia to Tertius: Thou art too ugly for me." Only in one inscription does a husband express love for his wife; another reveals the whole of a little romance. A poor lover deserted by his fair one, finds her again after having long searched for her, and writes on the house where she lives: "There she is, there she is, no more doubt as to this; Romula lives here with a rascal."

Although most of the time was devoted to pleasure, affairs were not entirely forgotten. Every year the regular election of the magistrates interrupted the usual distractions of the inhabitants and occupied them in a manner which astonishes us. The inscriptions do not permit the least doubt as to that. We must here remark that the despotism of the Emperors at the beginning was not allied to any centralization. Later this was introduced, but under the first Emperors the affairs of the Province were not interfered with. Pompeii, as a Roman Colony, was one of the most favored cities, and with regard to its domestic administration, enjoyed an unlimited freedom. The only magistrates who are made mention of, were city functionaries.

The greatest power was vested in the Senate, which was composed of one hundred members, and had about the same attributes as the Roman Senate. Two Decemviri pronounced sentence, two aediles superintended the markets and administered the police, two quaestors were placed over the finances. The Senate consisted of the most respectable men of the city; the other magistrates were elected every year. Suffrage was universal, and the voting took place secretly. Even strangers participated in it, provided they were Roman citizens. The elections always aroused the passions, and not rarely there arose real storms, at which, to be sure, the haughty inhabitants of the capital scoffed, calling them "storms in a glass of water."

In Pompeii remarkable traces of this electioneering fever have been preserved. As there were then no newspapers yet in which the candidates might be recommended, the walls were made use of. A great many such inscriptions have been found in Pompeii, and new ones are every day discovered. The formula rarely changes; either it is a corporation or a single person that recommends their candidates to the electors. Sometimes the inscriptions assume a modest tone. "I beseech you to elect A. Vettius Firmus as aedile; Felix desires it." "The grain merchants recommend Holconius Priscus as ducevir."

Sometimes the inscription assumes an authoritative tone: "Firmus votes for Marcus Holconius;" "The virtuous elect Peptius Rufus." The virtues of the candidates are not forgotten; he is always a distinguished and honest man, worthy of the office. In Pompeii every class had their candidate, and worked to secure his election. There were the proteges of the bakers, gardeners, cooks, mule drivers, millers, and even to the ball players and gladiators. The schoolmasters also present themselves with their advertisements which are not always commendable by their orthography. The women combine with their husbands or children, or step forth singly, and sometimes speak in a very imperious tone: "Hilario, with his wife, prays; Sema, with her sons, recommends, Fortunata desires; Animula is for N. N." etc.

Editorial Quarrels in Colorado. A certain newspaper in Montana, (it is not the Democrat,) is striving to make some writer for the Post exchange epithets with it, and indulge in its low personalities. The style of the following articles will meet with their approval, but we wish all parties to understand that in such a vulgar war of words, we prefer to remain at home and advocate peace. The sheet that employs this language is not the Gazette that is printed in "Terra's Hall" in Montana, as many would suppose, if they based their opinion upon the choice of the terms that are used, but a journal that is published in Colorado:

"We remember the time when the drunken deserter of the Journal spunged on a poor father for his board bill, and could not raise a cent to save his soul. When, if his miserable soul had taken leave of his more miserable carcass, his assets couldn't have furnished a headstone for his grave. We remember the time when out of charity and sympathy for the poor wretch, we got him the situation as local on the Commonwealth."—Gazette.

To this the Mining Journal replies and pays the Gazette in its own coin. We are glad to state that "the gallant Shoup" is a highly respectable trader in Virginia City:

"We remember the time when Stanton resigned his commission (?) as keeper of the "Governor's Guards" to keep from exposing his cowardly hide to the chance of being hit by a stray arrow or bullet. We do not believe there is an Indian between the Atlantic and Pacific, who would shoot him intentionally, and, if captured, they would turn him over to the tender mercies of their squaws as an object beneath the notice of an Indian brave—when that militia company almost unanimously volunteered and served under the gallant Shoup. We remember Stanton when he was a retailer of strychnine whisky and villainous cigars. We remember him as drayman—until he starved his team to death—the only time we ever knew him to even attempt to earn an honest living. We remember him as a "rat" when an employe, and a "rat" as an employe. Charcoal would make a white mark on his character."

Report of a Mining Engineer on Montana.

The Brooklyn Daily Union contains the following article, which we respectfully commend to the attention of certain exchanges in the adjoining States and Territories, that copy with such avidity the gloomy remarks of lazy or unfortunate gold-seekers in Montana. Mr. Atkin is thoroughly versed in his profession, and capitalists in New York will invest thousands of dollars in the mining property of the Territory if he makes favorable reports. As his reputation and fortune are dependent upon the accuracy of his observations, great weight should be attached by disinterested parties to his statements:

Mr. George Atkin, a practical engineer well known in Brooklyn, left this city on the 9th of August last for Virginia City, Montana, via the overland stage route, taking Denver City, Colorado, and Salt Lake City in his route. He arrived at Virginia City, which is in the heart of the mining districts of Montana, on the 31st of August. Mr. Atkin was sent out in the interest of the incorporators of the "Golden Ore Mining and Prospecting Company of Montana," a Brooklyn organization, to make a personal survey and estimate of the value of a series of some thirty-two gold quartz lodes to be transferred to them; to select one on which to commence work, and to erect the mill buildings preparatory to the reception of the machinery.

In his letter announcing his arrival at Virginia City, Mr. Atkin says: I have seen the rock from the different lodes, all so rich that it is difficult to decide without seeing the lodes which is the best, as all contain free gold in great quantities. * * * The fact is you can scarcely take up a piece of rock which has not gold or silver in it. But more: "No. —" is the richest red bromide of mercury (quicksilver) that we could wish for. I consider it worth — dollars. All we want to work it is a retort or furnace. * * * I feel so glad at having mercury so rich and good, and fire-clay and coal, that I am satisfied with my journey, knowing now that there is no doubt of success.

In his second letter, written several days after the above, Mr. Atkin says: Having returned from the Hot Spring District, I report I saw the "Pony Lode." It is in every respect a first class one. It is scarcely possible to take up a piece of rock without finding the free gold sticking out on every side. "B—" (another lode) is sticking out of the ground six feet wide. I brought some home, and got ninety cents out of one pound for at the rate of \$1,800 per ton of two thousand pounds. * * * There is no doubt in my mind that the lodes are all they are, or ever were, represented to be by persons connected with this property. I am going to visit the other lodes, so as to be able to report on them, though I doubt if I will be able to see anything better to begin on, as we already have:

- 1. Plenty of rich rock.
2. Good water, and a continuous supply.
3. Wood or coal near the works.
I visited the Madison region, and there are some fine lodes there—well watered and wooded, fine land, and everything necessary. * * * The weather here is cool, sixty-four degrees, with the heat varying ten degrees up or down from that point. I feel it cool after the frizzling I got in the States before I started. On the 18th of August, after spending two weeks in the mines, Mr. Atkin wrote as follows:

I have selected a lode called "Uncle Tom"—first, for its admirable site; second, for its supply of superior water without a cent of outlay; third, after taking out sixty feet on the side of the hill for the erection of our mill, I will strike the lode at sixty feet depth by tunnelling only twenty feet. The vein shows a thickness of solid pyrite rock two feet seven inches, and is widening as we descend, with two inches on each side of fire clay; and two good side walls of granite rock; sand, surrounded by plenty of timber, and near to coal beds. It is at the foot of Madison Valley, on Meadow Creek. I am sure it will pay handsomely from the start. There are twenty-eight lodes here—all one class of rock—varying so little that we cannot distinguish them from each other in the quality of the ore. * * * I have spent two days at Brown's Gulch, two days at Summit, four days at Hot Spring, and three days at Meadow Creek, and nearly every lode is first class. Meadow Creek and Hot Spring are decidedly the best rock, easy to work, no rivers intervening; the best of land; thousands of acres of grass; plenty of salmon trout (can catch thirty per hour by rod and line); antelope, hares, elk, deer, bears, beavers, etc., with mountains on each side covered with snow, from which we get our water, with a fine climate. Wheat, potatoes, cabbages, etc., all grow finely. But it must be seen. No man can explain it. It seems to men from the States queer that it can be so, but so it is. * * * You must not blame me for not writing sooner. I wanted to be satisfied, so that I could write intelligently, and that there could be no mistake. I am pretty sure I can give to the company seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars clear in twelve months, above all expenses.

This testimony in regard to the richness of the Montana mines, which is simply corroborative of what has been told us before, will be received as conclusive by those who have any knowledge of the writer. The Territory is undoubtedly the richest in mineral wealth of any which have been organized in the vast tract of our possessions which has until within a few years been terra incognita.—Brooklyn Daily Union.

REVOLUTION IN POLITICS.—Our readers must have observed the wonderful changes in the political sentiments of the press, and especially that of New York. Raymond has performed another somersault; the Herald, Times, Post, Springfield Republican, and other journals that sustained the course of the President, have deserted, and are now battling for the Republican platform. Our neighbor of the Democrat is alarmed, and sees in his visions the rats that always leave the sinking ship.

The Son of the Great Napoleon.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times says: Since the recent mediation of the Emperor of the French, which has perhaps saved Austria from total annihilation, there is reason to believe that the desire of France to possess the ashes of the young prince who was a few hours Napoleon II. has been acceded to by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and that the mortal remains of the King of Rome will soon be placed beneath the dome of the Invalids, side by side with those of his illustrious father. Thus the great Napoleon and his son, separated by death in life, will at last be united in death. Both died in the land of exile, and neither will have found repose upon the soil of France until after many years' sleep far from her shores—one upon a rock bound island in a distant ocean, and the other in the funeral vault of an Austrian palace.

Little is generally known in America of the last years of Napoleon II., and the present moment seems opportune to give a sketch of his brief and melancholy career. Joseph Charles Francis Napoleon, King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt, was born at Paris on the 20th of March, 1811. All the good fairies seemed to have assembled around his cradle and all appeared to predict for him honors, riches and power; not one intimated doubt of his future grandeur and lustre! Yet, despite the happy presages which accompanied his birth, scarcely three years after he came into the world as the heir of Napoleon, the young prince left France, on the 2d of May, 1814, never to return during life. On arriving in the dominions of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, his title was suppressed; the name he bore was prescribed; every fact in history which recalled the glories of his father, and the humiliation of his enemies, was carefully concealed from the child's knowledge, and at seven years of age the son of Napoleon became the Duke of Reichstadt.

An Imperial decree, promulgated July 22d, 1818 (the 22d of July was also the date of his death), conferred upon him the title of an Austrian Duke, fixed his rank at the Court of Vienna, the arms he was to bear, the honors to which he was to be entitled, and the position he was to occupy as a member of the Imperial family of Austria. No trace of Napoleon was left, and the name itself was formally suppressed by the decree.

Afterwards, as he grew up and learned what a hero had been his father, he suddenly awoke as from a long slumber. When he read in secret the story of Napoleon's immortal campaigns, and comprehended the glory and power to which the genius of his father had attained, it seemed to him that he had at once entered another world, illuminated by the history of gigantic exploits.

Then, despite those who surrounded him, despite the incessant watch kept over him, he determined to know all. He obtained and eagerly devoured every work in which Napoleon's name was mentioned, and finally, when he realized how great his father had been, what humiliations had been heaped upon him, the young Prince was filled with an immense hatred of those who had accomplished the banished soldier's long martyrdom. His indignation was also excited against the degree which had deprived him of the name which he justly regarded as the most glorious of those he bore, and he immediately and resolutely signified his intention to be called Napoleon. Like his father, he was fond of the profession of arms, but his tall, thin body could not withstand the arduous exercises to which he attempted to school himself. Appointed Colonel of the Gustavus Vasa Regiment, he assumed active command, took part in every fatiguing ceremony, in all weather, no matter how ill he was, or how much his physicians remonstrated. His dreams were of glory. He studied the art of war in the numberless descriptions of his father's battles, either in reading them or inducing others to recount them to him, with the map of Europe beneath his eyes.

He would never consent to lie down, except when his feebleness absolutely forced him to do so. He well knew that he must soon die, but he had only one regret in leaving the world, and that was to have done so little to prove himself worthy to bear the name Napoleon. I remember having often seen, in America, an engraving representing him grasping his father's sword and lamenting his powerlessness to wield the weapon which had so long "made all Europe tremble." The phrase attributed to him may be apocryphal, as regards the strict letter of the expression, but that such were in reality his feelings cannot be doubted for an instant.

His mother—a woman whose heart seemed insensible to any ennobling emotion, and who had not the dignity to remain the widow of Napoleon—wept at his bedside when the fatal moment drew near. "Mother! mother!" he whispered, "I am dying!" It was the 23d of July, 1831, and these were the last words of Napoleon II., expiring in a murmur upon his lips, with his last breath. Thus died the son of the Great Captain, at the age of twenty-one years. Six days after his death, on the 29th, a post mortem examination of the remains was made at Schonbrunn. The following is an extract of the medical report:

"The body completely emaciated; the chest, in proportion to the body, long and narrow; the sternum flattened; the neck wasted." He was interred at Schonbrunn with princely honors, and visitors to his tomb, at the present day, will see upon it a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation: "To the eternal memory of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt; son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and of Maria Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria. Born at Paris, the 20th of March, 1811; died at Schonbrunn, July 23, 1832." He had himself written an epitaph, which he wished placed upon his tomb, but which was rejected. It was brief and to the purpose: "Here lies the son of the great Napoleon. He was born King of Rome; he died an Austrian Colonel!"

T. H. DOUGHTY, METALLURGIST and Mining Engineer, No. 5 Jackson street, Virginia City, M. T., over John S. Beckwith's store. Ore Analyzed and Assayed. Advice given and plans furnished for working of different ores. Mines examined, surveyed, and reported upon. oct-11-1866

LETTER LIST.

- Letters remaining uncanceled in the Post-Office, Virginia City, Montana Territory, Oct. 11, 1866. To obtain these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters, give the date of this list, and pay two cents for advertisement. Adams Ignatius, Adams Eliza, Ashop Thos, Armstrong Henry J, Baker Chas, Baker J C, Barnard John L, Baekman C W, Blackmer W A, Booth W B, Brunson W, Brown Jas W, Browning Jas, Brook E, Bushard D, Bucklin J W, Campbell Miles E, Cavanaugh M M, Canada Robt, Caldwell Robt, Child Frank P, Chapman Geo T, Cobb Jonathan, Coldren W H, Coleman Lewis, Cone John, Cooper B T, Comer J J, Crawford Andrew J, Davidson C H, Davis E F, Dickinson Geo, Dunn Richard, Elinger A, Eling Henry, Evans David, Faine Jos, Farrer Sam, Ferguson Duncan, Fisher Robt J, Phillips or Freidlin, Fisher M C, Gallett G W, Gannas John, Geary Bartlet, Ginnam Stephen, Gordon C F, Griffith J M, Griffith J P, Graves W F, Gruwitts A F, Harsh B F, Harshley E P & R J, Hubbard W C, Haynes E O, Hall W H, Hatchel W, Hatch C K, Hardgrove J W, Hall S F, Hawthorn W B, Heilstrom John, Herd A B, Henthorn N G, Hogan Thos, Hutchins F M, Ingram B H, Johns W, Jones Isaac S, Johnson R J, Jones W, Kent J C, Kellogg E D, Knepp Wilhelm, Kenyon P D, Kramer Fred, Kyne Patrick, Leach Robt B, Lagen John, Lane Green S, Lehman G, Lander John, Livermore Ira, Luther Chas, Loring Jas E, Loring John, Lucey John, McConnell Robert, McNulty John, McCarthy Mrs Ann, McKnight W, McEvoy Hugh, McFarl John, McDowell Thos H, Mack Geo F, Massey Thos, Michler C H, Martin D, Marshall M M, Marshall David, Main John E, Mason R G, Mason D C, Milliken James, Moore J D, Moore J, Morrison Dan A, Mosley E C, Murray M V, Murray C, Norella O, Nixon G W, Nevins John, Ochiltree M, Pratt E L, Phillips S J, Park R W, Peterson West, Pearce S S, Pearce Isaac C, Perrine G H, Rope Emanuel J, Robertson A C, Robinson D H, Robinson P H, Riegel P H, Reed Sam D C, Ray Thos, Randall R E, Smith Levi, Smith A E, Seidman O A, Saunders C M, Scanlan J H, Sevey R, Speer W W, Spiker John, Sycara Louis, Short Henry, Shrake Abner, Stockford Charles, Spangle Jacob, Stewart D M, Stone Fred, Stewart H H, Sloan J M D, Stevens Daniel, Stewart R W, Talbot W H, Terrell C J, Temple Jenny, Taylor Joseph, Thompson N G, Thomy Michael, Trout J S, Trembels John, Van Orsman W J, Vaunstrand G, Walling Stephen, Walter Warren, Ward W, Walling George, Wallace Elias J, Weston F L, Williams H J, Wilbert C F, Wilham Frank, Wilson David, Whipple Miss E, Whray Thos R, Wood W D, Woodward Charles, Woodlock Patrick, Zigler John.

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