THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 7, NO. 19. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 803.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

The SENTINEL is published every Wednesday, at Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio. by

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per annum, payable in advance,	$1,50
" " If paid within the year,	2,00
" " If paid at the end of the year,	2,50

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

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	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
One square, (11 lines,)	$ 50	$ 75	$1,00
Two " (22 "),	1,00	1,50	2,00
Three " (33 "),	1,50	2,00	2,50

	3 months	6 months.	12 months
One square,	$ 2,50	$ 4,00	$ 6,00
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Half column,	15,00	20,00	30,00
One column,	25,00	35,00	60,00

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BUSINESS CARDS.

ALPHONSO HART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Seymour's Block, over Poe & Brother's store, Ravenna, Ohio. [January 4, 1860.

J. L. & H. C. RANNEY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on Mainst., one door west of the bank. Ravenna, Ohio

P. R. CONANT,
Attorney at Law. Office No. 3 Phœnix Block Ravenna, Ohio.

J. DEMPSTER HORTON,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Also, General Collection and Insurance Agent. Office in the Court House, Ravenna, O. [Apl. 14, '59-y

LUTHER DAY,
Attorney at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, Main Street, second entrance up stairs, over H. L. Day's Store, Ravenna, O. March 17-1y.

S. W. M'CLURE.] [E. SPALDING.
McCLURE & SPALDING,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over Robinson, King & Co., No. 1 Phœnix Block. March 24, 1859.

E. B. TAYLOR.] [H. H. WILLARD.
TAYLOR & WILLARD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phœnix Block, over Coffin & Pitney's Store. [Oct. 21, '58-1y.

O. P. BROWN.] [L. D. WOODWORTH.
BROWN & WOODWORTH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, directly over the Store of A. G. Coffin & Co., Ravenna, Ohio. [Feb. 24, 1859-1y.

MICHAEL STUART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public Ravenna, Ohio. Office in the east end of the large brick block, over E. Bradshaw's Grocery Store.—Deeds, mortgages and all legal instruments carefully and plainly drawn or acknowledged. Pensions and Land Warrants obtained. April 15, 1858.

C. S. LEONARD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on the south side and east end of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. [July 11, 1860.

E. L. MUNGER, M. D.] [G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.
MUNGER & PROCTOR,
Physicians and Surgeons, Shalersville, Portage co., Ohio. [April 11, 1860-1y

A. BELDING, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over D K. Wheeler's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, on Main Street. Residence on Cedar Street. Ravenna, November 23, 1859.

G. W. ESSIG,
Mason, Plasterer and Cementer, is prepared to perform all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms. White-washing attended to. He may be found at his residence on Chestnut st. Ravenna, April 18, 1860-1y

BAIRD & WAIT,
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c., Smith's Building, Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

H. L. DAY,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries etc., No. 2 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

J. T. GREEN,
Dealer in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Ladies' Furs, etc., No. 3 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

JOHN C. BEATTY,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries Carpets, etc., No. 5 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

VANCE & HINMAN,
Dealers in Furniture, Upholstery, Pictures, Looking Glasses, etc., No. 7 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

L. W. HALL & SON,
Dealers in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Fancy Goods, etc.. *Democrat* Building, Ravenna, O.

D. W. GOSS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries Hardware, etc., Edinburg, Portage co., Ohio.

POE & BROTHER,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, &c., north side of public square, Ravenna

STREATOR, DAILY & CO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hedware, &c, Shalersville, Portage county, Ohio.

CURTIS HATCH,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, together with Flour Salt, etc., No. 6 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

CHARLES E. SWIFT,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, north side of public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

WILLIAM FRAZER,
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Saddlery etc., Wheeler's Block, directly opposite the Court House, Main st., Ravenna, O.

R. B. WITTER,
Sadle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, three door east of Phœnix Block Main street, Ravenna Ohio

HENRY JAMES,
Barber and Hair-dresser. Shop opposite Phœnix Block. Shaving, Hair-cutting, and Shampooing done promptly and in the most fashionable style.

E. G. RUSSELL,
Sign and Ornamental Painter and Gilder. Carved Letters furnished to order. Stencil plates of any desired pattern cut with neatness and dispatch. Shop one Building west of the Democrat office, up stairs.

BARRED and Embroidered Curtain Mull Paper Curtains, Oil Shades, etc., at POE & BRO'S. April 30, 1857

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
SNOW WHITE ZINC,
PURE WHITE LEAD,
GREEN COLORS, FOR BLINDS,
PAINTS, BRUSHES & PUTTY,
SUPERIOR LINSEED OIL,
VARNISH & TURPENTINE,
Very cheap for cash,
June 20, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
PINT FLINT JARS,
GLASS QUART FRUIT JARS,
ONE QUART FRUIT JARS,
TWO QUART FRUIT JARS,
For sale
June 20, 1860. BY CHARLES E. SWIFT.

Meat Market.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he still continues to supply his customers daily with FRESH MEAT of all descriptions at his Market, under the Grocery of C. A. Pitkin, on Main street. J. A. DAVIDSON.
Ravenna J ly 11, 1860. 1y

LINSEED OIL and Paints of all kinds for sale by CHARLES E. SWIFT.
Sept. 21, 1859.

JOCKEY CLUB, Verbena and Citronelle rich Perfumes, for sale by the ounce, at SWIFT'S,
October 26, 1859.

Poetical.

The Old Man's Memories.

BY HENRY H. TRACY.

Blow on fierce winds! Ye cannot tear from out my soul
The memory of those golden, happy hours
I've passed while traveling forward to this distant goal,
With friends and lovers in the wayside borders,
Where pilgrims in the dusty track of life
Rest their weary limbs, grown faint with toil and strife,
And plume anew Hope's wings amid the wayflowers.

In youth a mother's love fell on my soul, like dew
That feeds the vitals of the opening rose;
Her smile shone ever tender on me, ever new—
When flushed with sports, or wrapt in soft repose:
Her blessings followed all my truant ways,
And shed a halo o'er my early days,
That tinges yet the stream of life that feebly flows.

And when I stepped with free and lightsome tread
On manhood's threshold, in my early prime,
Fair maidens greeted me; and one most fair I wed,
And swore to love and cherish through our mortal time.
Her love was my delight and solaced many years;
Our hopes, our joys, our duties, cares and tears
Were mingled in one stream, whose flow made life sublime

The years flew by on sweeping pinions, and my cup
O'erflowed with gladness, when a bright-eyed boy
At my fond heart in beauty and strength grew up,
To brim my beaker with that sweetest joy
Which mortals taste in all the feasts of earth—
That fount of love which opened at its birth
And through his life flowed purely on without alloy.

And still the years flew o'er my head, till one by one
My blessings withered and my hopes decayed;
Mother and friendly maidens, wife and darling son
Within the wounded breast of earth were laid—
While I alone am left, a blasted oak,
Scathed by the tempest and the lightning stroke,
With none to sorrow when my weary life is done.

And yet, fierce winds, ye cannot tear out from my soul
The memory of those golden, happy hours—
Ye cannot drown the echoes of old songs that roll
In harmony above your untuned powers;
Nor can ye steal the perfume and the bloom
From flower and bud, transplanted in the tomb,
That shed their fragrance still in memory's bowers.

Miscellaneous.

The Mysterious Widow.

Years ago, before the province of New Brunswick was the populous place it is now, there stood on the sea-coast, several miles from where the city of St. John now stands, a little straggling sort of a village, composed principally of fishermen's cottages. Little better than huts they were; and a rough unpolished, but honest and hard working set were their occupants. In winter, when the snow was piled high, and the freezing winds blew piercingly cold, the inhabitants of M—— met in some of the cottages, where with dance and song, they beguiled the evening hours, as happy as though they knew nothing of the bustling, busy world, shut out by their native hills. And in summer, the pleasant moonlight evenings were spent in sailing over the bright waters of the bay, or in wandering pairs through the dim woods—some sturdy, sun-browned youth, whispering in the ear of his inamorata the "old, old story." Everything flowed on in that little sea coast village for years and years, in the same calm monotonous way; almost forgotten by the inhabitants was the fact, that there existed any other world but the little one in which they lived. Sometimes, it is true, rumors would reach them of the bold manner in which the revenue was cheated by the smugglers of Eastport; but the honest fishermen, secure in their rock-bound retreat, cared little for this. At length, however, the inhabitants were aroused from their stagnation by quite a little romance, of which the following is a brief summary:

Standing on a bleak, desolate sort of eminence, that projected somewhat from the main-land, was a little ruinous stone cottage. It had formerly been built by one of the fishermen, who finding he could not reside in such a cold, cheerless spot, had deserted it, and the hut had long been without an inmate. It was ever here the wind blew coldest in winter, and here the sun's rays fell hottest in summer. The summit of the dreary hill was crowned with stunted spruce, dwarfed and blackened by the intense frosts of many winters. Over the rocks below broke, with a dull, sullen roar, the waves of the Bay of Fundy; and oftentimes, in the spring, the tides would rise so high, as to entirely surround it, cutting it off like an island from the mainland. The inhabitants had very appropriately named it Bleak Point.

Such was the state of things when, one raw spring morning, the news went flying through the village that "Bleak Point Shanty" had got an occupant. A low, black, rakish-looking schooner had come up the bay the night before, a boat had pushed off from her, leaving a woman on Bleak Point. Then it had returned to the schooner, which before daylight was off and away.

Of course, everybody was all aglow to discover who she was, and what a woman, hardy and courageous enough to live in so lonely a place, could look like. This curiosity was soon satisfied; for after the first few days, the newcomer did not seem disposed to conceal herself. Let them rise as early in the morning as they pleased, they would find her up before them, strolling about among the rocks. This wonder was still further augmented at finding her young and eminently handsome, with a healthy brown face, and the brightest, vivacious black eyes in the world. The young men of the village could speak of nothing but her beauty; and the hours they should have spent in catching fish, were wasted in devising schemes to catch her. The ladies of the village were, however, absolutely scandalized by the utter indifference which she manifested in regard to dress—and indeed her garments generally looked as though she jumped into them. She dispensed altogether with hat and bonnet, and wore in its place a silk handkerchief, knotted under her chin, after the fashion of the French women. Still, even the jealous village belles were obliged to own, that nothing could have set off better the dark, bright style of her beauty than the rich, brilliant hues of her head dress.

For a time the villagers held aloof from the newcomer; but finding their reserve was met with careless indifference on her part, they soon began to change their tactics. A few of the village maids and matrons called at Bleak Point Shanty, and though shocked beyond measure at the universal disorder reigning without and within, they left, on the whole, rather favorably impressed by its mistress. There was a wicked twinkle in her bright, black eye, as she begged them to excuse the state in which they found things, on the plea that she wasn't use to housekeeping. All their efforts to discover her name and business, proved, however, to be vain, but from several accidental remarks dropped by her, they concluded she was a widow. As it was impossible for her to be spoken of without a name, they resolved to give her one themselves—and admiring her black, bright eyes, and jetty locks, they concluded to give her that of Black. Accordingly, the name by which the handsome stranger was known in the village was "The Widow Black"—a name which, after a laugh at first, she professed her willingness to be known by.

Weeks passed away, and the Widow Black remained the sole dweller on Bleak Point. During this time she became the reigning belle, and prime favorite of the good people of M——, in spite of the mystery in which she was enveloped. She accepted every invitation to parties and picnics, and quilting frolics, and "candy spreas," always, without exception, in the tumbled dress and everlasting silk handkerchief.—Such songs as she could sing, in *such* a voice, such a splendid dancer as she was, such stories as she could tell, now keeping the audience convulsed with laughter, and now bringing tears into eyes all unused to the melting mood. No party of pleasure was complete without the Widow Black; no wonder then, every unmarried man in the village had his heart pierced by the black eyes of the lively widow, and every woman under forty was wild with jealousy and envy.

But the handsome Widow moved on her way, as if totally unconscious and indifferent as to what people thought of her. In fact, different from all other widows that ever were heard of, she showed at all times a decided preference for the society of young ladies, and rather laughed at all the tender devotions of her rustic swains.

One night old Miles Judson, being out unusually late, casting his nets, was surprised to see the same low, black, suspicious looking schooner that had left among them the Widow Black, enter the bay. Wondering whether she had come to carry off the the widow again, he secreted himself to watch her. Presently a boat was lowered, several bales were hoisted over the vessel's side, and the boat rowed to the land, and disappeared in one of the numerous islets surrounding Bleak Point. More and more mystified, the old man determined to watch their motions; and three hours after he beheld the boat return to the schooner which instantly weighed anchor and made off.

The same day old Miles Judson sat talking to a stranger from St. John, who had arrived that day. Seated within was the handsome Widow Black, chatting away with Miles' daughter, Ruth, a "Bluenose" maiden, with as bright an eye as ever flashed back sunlight.

"Have you heard anything lately about that celebrated smuggler, Capt. R——?" said the man, mentioning the name of a noted smuggler.

"No, we hear nothing here," grumbled old Miles, while Ruth looked up with surprise at the widow's sudden start.

"Well, people are talking of nothing else in Eastport and St. John," said his companion,—"he's a regular dare-devil, and cheats the revenue so boldly that one cannot help feeling sympathy for him. Some how the custom-house discovered he was hovering around Eastport, and a dozen or two revenue cutters were sent out to watch him, but lo! the schooner run the gauntlet of them all, delivered her cargo somewhere, in spite of their teeth, and where, the beaks cannot discover. It was a valuable one, too, she was loaded with rum and sugar."

The Widow Black had suddenly ceased her conversation, and sat listening with a look of interest to this recital. As he ceased she bit her lip, and stooped down to conceal the smile that, in spite of all her efforts, broke over her countenance. The motion was observed by Miles; the incident of the preceding night flashed across his mind, and in a moment he felt convinced he had seen the smugglers, and that the widow was connected in some way with them.

Miles Judson was a prudent man, and he determined to keep his discovery to himself, and to set out for St. John the next day, and inform the authorities. Acting on this resolution he adroitly changed the conversation. Keeping his eye fixed on the widow, who, all unconscious of his gaze, was now flirting most desperately with Master Bill, the old man's son and heir.

"Don't you find it kinder lonesome up there by yourself?" said Bill, with a tender glance toward the "widder."

"Oh! I'm used to it now, and like it well enough," she replied carelessly.

There was a pause after this. Bill sat gnawing his finger-nails, and evidently trying to say something that stuck in his throat. The widow sat, tapping the floor impatiently with one foot and waiting for the return of Ruth, who had left them.

"Widder! I want to get married," said Bill at length, with startling suddenness.

"*Do you?*" said the widow, lifting her bewildering, black eyes to his face, astonished at the abruptness of the avowal.

"Widder," continued Bill, plucking up courage by a desperate effort, "wouldn't you like to get married again?"

"Married *again!*" replied the lady, "how do you know I ever was married?"

"Why every one calls you a widder, and I never heard tell of any one being a widder without fust bein' married," replied Bill.

"Yes," said the lady, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "every one calls me a widow; but whether I am one or not, is another thing.

"Well," said Bill, who, as he afterwards expressed it, was determined to "go the whole hog." "I am a chap as is pretty well off. I'm going to build a new shanty, and get a new boat some of these times, and I'm a pretty good looking feller—hem! so—hem! Widder, if you'll have me, you and me'll get spliced!"

Amazement, for a moment, kept the widow silent; and she stared in the face of her sheepish admirer, who blushing, startled, sat crossing one leg uneasily over the other. Then every other feeling gave way to her sense of the ridiculous, and leaning back in her chair, she burst into a peal of laughter, that made the old house ring.

The unusual sound brought the whole household to the spot. There was pretty Ruth laughing from sympathy, without the slightest idea of what the fun was about, there was old Miles staring at them with mouth and eyes wide open, there sat Bill, looking irresistibly sheepish and there sat the widow, laughing and laughing until the tears stood in her eyes.

"What—what—what the dickens is the matter?" roared the old man, staring first at one, and then at the other, in utter bewilderment.

"I—I must go," said the widow, in a voice faint from excessive laughter, "come up this evening, Ruth, I have something to tell you." And still laughing, the "widder" vanished.

That evening, two events worthy of notice took place in the little village of M——. Old Miles departed, full of an important secret, to the city, and Ruth Judson and the Widow Black sat for an hour, or more, in close conference on the rocks of Bleak Point. What Ruth learned there she did not disclose, but sundry expressions of delight, proved that it was far from disagreeable.

The following evening, when the gloaming was falling over the rock bound coast of New Brunswick, the Widow Black sat in her little cottage, gazing in the fire, and lost in thought. Suddenly, the tramp of feet approaching Bleak Point, fell on her quick ear. Springing to her feet, she saw several constables, headed by old Miles, approaching her cottage. Scarcely had she time to draw the bolt, when a heavy knock came to the door, and a stern voice commanded her to open in the name of the law.

"Not until I know your business," said the widow, boldly, "who are you? and what do you want?"

"We are officers of the law. You are suspected of being connected with smugglers, and of concealing contraband goods about your premises; and our business is to arrest you, and search for them," was the reply.

"Then let me assure you, your trouble will be all for nothing. The smuggled goods you speak of were here, but are now where the eye of the custom house will never fall on them. As to arresting *me*, a poor, lone 'widder,' I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to do it."

"Open the door or I will break it open," shouted the enraged officer.

"Break away," retorted the provoking widow, with the utmost coolness.

With an oath, the officer rushed against the door, at the same moment the widow drew the bolt, and he fell head first into the room, while old Miles, who rushed after, lay sprawling on top of him. Before they could rise, the widow seized the remaining officer, and hurled him with the greatest ease over his fallen companions. Then drawing the door after her, and securing it on the outside, the widow was off, and away.

Search was made for the widow, but in vain. No trace of any one answering the description given of her could be found.—Neither could any smuggled goods be discovered on Bleak Point, although they easily discovered they had lately been there.

A few weeks after, late one night, a handsome young fellow, dressed as a sailor, entered the village of M——. Advancing to the house of Miles Judson, he fastened a paper to the door, then with a loud, peculiar whistle, crouched under one of the windows. A few moments after, and the door slowly opened, and Ruth appeared. Tucking her under his arm, the young man led the way to where a boat lay on the shore; and a few minutes after, they were rapidly skimming over the bay, toward St. John.

A few hours after sunrise, every man, woman and child in M——, were crowding round the cottage of old Miles. And there written in large flourishing capitals, they read:

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Be it known to all men by these presents, that I, Ned Brysom, being one of the crew of the smuggler commanded by Capt. R., finding we were continually watched by the confounded authorities, resolved on a plan to land our contraband goods. Disguised as a woman, I came to reside in M——, where, finding it convenient to land them safely, and safely dispose of them, I remained until within a few weeks ago. For the gracious manner in which I have been entertained, I feel profoundly grateful.

"To Mr. Wm. Judson, I would say, I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my marrying him at present, and sharing that new shanty; but wishing to show my gratitude to the family, I have taken off his sister, to whom I will be 'spliced,' wind and weather permitting, to morrow.

NED BRYSOM,
alias the 'WIDDER BLACK.'"

It only remains for us to say, that the above facts are strictly true. Ned Brysom was prevailed upon by his pretty wife to give up smuggling, and settle down in some more honest way of living. They resided in St. John for several years, and then went to California, where they may be living yet, for all we know to the contrary.

[Correspondence of the Watchman and Reflector.]

Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Herculaneum and Pompeii are seldom forgotten by sojourners at Naples, and well worth visiting they are, indeed, especially the latter. The approach to Herculaneum is through a gate leading from the long street which runs around the edge of the bay, of which I have spoken heretofore, and the first the visitor knows, he is taken down a stairway into the bowels of the earth, and his course, on landing, conducts him around and in the various compartments of the ancient theatre, which seems to have been buried by lava. He is taken all around it, and can see the various seats and steps as they were in days of yore. Inscriptions, such as were customary on such buildings, are found in his progress, and he is interested in reading the names of public men who lived many centuries ago. A little distance from this place, nearer the sea, are found some buildings that have been excavated, the rooms and different apartments of which seem to have been on a small scale, but which, in their different features, answer to our general ideas of what the style of such buildings was. They are curiously painted, and in many cases the colors are singularly clear and bright. If this is a *first* view of ancient excavations, as it was ours, the interest felt is very intense, and everything is examined with a curious eye. But they are very small and uninteresting compared with those of Pompeii, which are indeed one of the wonders of the world.

Pompeii is farther from Naples than Herculaneum, and in the same general direction. It is not so near the sea, though there seems to be evidence that it was anciently situated on the shore, so that a portion of the city looked out upon the water. For centuries its position remained unknown, and the soil lying over it was cultivated. Its discovery was in consequence of digging a well, when portions of a building came in view, which led to the excavations that have resulted in revealing a city that looks, in many respects, as it did eighteen hundred years ago. About two thirds of the whole has been uncovered, and the work is still going on, though not very rapidly. The city, I should judge, orinally stood on a plain, when the shower of ashes came that buried it, a mound or hillock was formed the whole extent of the space covered by the buildings. Gradually soil accumulated over it, and nothing remained to indicate the spot where, in profound repose, the buried city was lying. The ashes and cinders filled every nook and corner of the streets and dwellings, and being very dry, everything covered by them was more perfectly preserved. It is interesting, in walking along a street of this long buried city, to see it suddenly terminate in a high bank, and the buildings at the terminus only partially exhumed, the top of a column, it may be, just raising its head out of the precipitous side, while just below it another has succeeded in getting its principal part out into the light and air. The pavement of the street, too, runs up to and under the bank, and as you look up to the top, you see soil several feet thick, with large trees imbedded in it, and crops growing on it; and a little farther on, a substantial and somewhat ancient looking farm-house stands, tenanted by living men, literally over the homes of the departed. It is indeed curious and impressive, to see the dead past succumbing to the living present, while it is gloriously suggestive, to contemplate this resurrection of the dead, as appearing before your very eyes. Thus life and death, and even the past and present, are in a close proximity to each other. And though the past may be forgotten, the time is coming when the true connection between them shall be revealed, as well as their combined influence upon, and relations to, the unbounded future.

How is it possible to describe Pompeii? I had read repeated attempts to describe it, and had seen stereoscopic views of portions of it; but my ideas of it were most inadequate. I had no conception of its size, and did not suppose the excavations were one-fourth what they are. Entering one side of the ancient city, you find yourself in one of the streets, regularly paved with flat stones, which, from appearance, had been in use for centuries. Deep ruts are seen worn in the stones by the carriage wheels. The buildings on each side of the street are very low, generally but one story high, the ancient style, and the streets are very narrow. On your right is the mansion of Diomede, as it is called, and you go through its different apartments, the Roman names of which I will not mention, and see what was the home of a patrician of the empire. You go into the garden, at whose gate the skeleton of Diomede himself was found, attempting to escape, as is supposed, when the sudden ruin came, and down into the cellar, where wine jars still stand, and see the marks against the wall made by the bodies of Diomede's wife and children, who there found their graves.

You pass up the street, beholding tombs in near neighborhood to houses, and some of them you enter. Here you see a bakery, as indicated by its oven and its other apparatus for preparing bread,—there is an oil store, as shown by its jars standing around,—and yonder is a barber's shop, where, as at the present day, men had their heads and faces shaved, in subserviency to the wondrous power of custom and habit. Wine shops, too, are easily distinguishable, where men were accustomed "to tarry long" then, as now. Some of the houses were on a much grander scale than others, showing the rank or wealth of their owners. In the floors of some of them you see beautiful mosaics; on the walls of the dining-room fine paintings of lobsters, fish, fowls, and viands, strongly intimating the epicurean propensities of their lordly possessor; and in the sleeping apartments, which were generally very small, pictures that were deemed appropriate to them. The bath appeared to be sometimes in a room by itself, and sometimes in the court, but facilities for enjoying the luxury of water, on rising, were not found in the chambers. Occasionally is seen still standing a piece of statuary, or some other ornamental work; but such things have been generally removed to the Museum in Naples, for exhibition. Some public baths are shown, which, from their structure, are very curious. Arrangements appear in them for enjoying a warm bath, and for a vigorous gymnastic exercise in connection with it.

There are remains of what must have been some fine old temples, whose altars and paraphernalia of sacrifice are still remaining. A "forum" is found there as well as at Rome, where the people were in the habit of meeting for the transactions of public business, and listening to the eloquence of their orators. On one side of the city, and from appearance I should judge not to have been so completely covered by the ashes as the rest, was a spacious amphitheatre, where the people could find the entainment which all Romans loved too well. This building, with its cruel sports, seemed to be a Roman institution, as remains of them are found in connection with all larger Roman towns.—Theatres for tragedy and comedy are seen, and a Hall of Justice, with its prisons where criminals were kept, and from which they were brought to receive their sentence.

The number of buildings is large, the streets generally run at right angles, and thus an appearance of great regularity is presented. All of the structures are roofless, inasmuch as the roofs, being of wood, were consumed by the hot cinders and ashes which fell upon them. *All* the streets are paved, and are of course kept very clean, being trodden only by the feet of visitors. But as one wanders through these narrow ways, and thinks of what they were of the thousands who once thronged them, and made many a busy and exciting scene in them,—of the strife and conflict of human passions, the pulsations of hope and the paroxysms of despair, the glow of success and the doom of disappointment, the pomp of pride of power, and the mortification of disgrace, which they have witnessed in past ages, in contrast with the silence and solitude that now reign there, impressively deep and dreadful, he is conscious of emotions different in kind, probably, from any that ever before sprang up within him. Here is a city of the past. Time seems to be annihilated. He is ready to ask where all the the people have gone. Are they at the amphitheatre, where a company of Christians are to be given to the wild beasts? Are old and young, from the grandsire to the cradled infant, freed men and slaves, are they all gone to witness some entertainment so attractive as to cause a complete desertion of houses, shops, temples and market places? Hark! can we not hear the deep shout of the multitude, as it comes from the distance through the clear air? We listen, but in vain. Every voice is silent, as well as every place deserted. They who once thronged these streets are gone never to return. Wonderfully, mysteriously, but for some wise purpose, their homes, their fire sides, are discovered to us just as when they left them; but the occupants of those homes themselves are not to be found there! The tool of the mechanic, the furniture that was used in the domestic circle, the elaborate work of art that graced luxurious homes,—a thousand things that were employed for purposes of utility, beauty and pleasure are still found; but the hands that used them, and the eyes that gazed upon them, and the hearts that swelled with pride at the possession of them, have all passed away! Even base material seems to have had a longer lease of existence than they who had the shaping of it to their wants and purposes.—Where could we go to find a more impressive lesson?

A detailed description of Pompeii would be a more severe infliction upon those who honor these letters with a perusal that I am disposed to bestow. The minutiæ of such a scene are for the eye, not for the pen.—And, moreover, one who would comprehend the whole of this wonderful city, must spend days instead of hours there in investigations. This was one of the few things I saw which far exceeded my expectations, and I hope at some other time to be able to repeat the visit.

The most of the curious and valuable articles found in this buried city have been taken to the museum at *Naples*, as I have said, and in some respects they are no less interesting than the locality from which they came. They are classified and arranged in different apartments. In one you will see a large collection of frescoes and paintings, some of which are exquisite; in another, mosaics that have been taken, in a state of fine preservation, from the floors of some of the best houses; and in another still, you will perceive any quantity of statuary, some of which is of the highest order of merit. You pass through rooms in which there would seem to be enough of kitchen furniture to stock a city, and almost every such article in modern use you will discover there. The more you look the greater will be your astonishment.

Surgical instruments and those of dentistry are there. In fact, so long is the catalogue, that it would be useless to attempt to specify, and you come at last to the same conclusion with Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun." In other rooms, there are many fancy articles of exceeding beauty, and in another, jewelry, of rare value. Even some of the bread made eighteen hundred years ago is seen. Vases and urns and lamps, of curious patterns and workmanship, are found among other things. It would take a long time to examine these objects in detail, and the doing of it would only tend to increase one's wonder at the state of civilization, in matters of domestic economy, eighteen hundred years ago.—Pompeii is only half seen, when one surveys the uncovered city. That is the outside.—But the Museum shows the interior, its inner life and character. One apartment contains pictures of what Paul represents to be the state of the Romans, morally, in the first chapter of his epistle addressed to them, and to the honor of Pius IX. be it said, that he gave orders that that room should be walled up. Better still it would have been had its contents been utterly destroyed.

Introduced to the Duke of Newcastle.

During the visit of the Prince to this city, an incident occurred of rather a pleasant and peculiar character, especially so to those who witnessed it, and one we will guarantee that will not be forgotten by the Duke of Newcastle, who will undoubtedly relate it on the other side of the water, as an evidence of politeness not altogether laid down in the rules of Lord Chesterfield's celebrated work on etiquette.

We will give the affair as we heard it, and which is vouched for as being correct, notwithstanding the chagrin and discomfort of the Duke, who, at that time, was so anxious to find out more concerning the history of the said individual, who was so generous as to remind him of historical events of an unpleasant nature.

The Duke, shortly after his arrival at the Burnet House, by chance or otherwise, was introduced to a certain individual who had held one or two official positions of honor and trust in the county. The said individual, presuming on this introduction, hastened home, and informed his wife of the above occurrence, and told her to don her best dress, and he would immediately take her to the Burnet House and introduce her to the distinguished Duke.

Highly delighted with the prospective honor, she was soon ready to accompany her liege lord, and share the pleasures of an introduction. They arrived at the hotel at an opportune time, as the ex-official discovered the Duke in the parlor conversing freely with those around him. Undaunted, the ex-official, with his wife upon his arm, strutted with an air of pride into his presence, although entirely unnoticed by the Duke, as introductions was so numerous to him that it was impossible for him to recollect all the introduced.

The ex official was, however, determined that his wife should receive an introduction, and finally, as a last resort to make his presence known, he caught hold of the lappel of the distinguished nobleman's coat, and giving it a slight jerk, he said, "Duke! Duke!" The nobleman, by this time, noticed him, and wondered we suppose, who it was that was so familiar with him. The ex-official's countenance beamed with delight when he found that, at last, he was about to accomplish his object. The Duke still wondered, when the ex-official, presenting his wife, continued: "*Duke, this is my wife, niece of Col.* ——, *who was killed by the d—d British.*"—*Cin. Times.*

☞ A one dollar bill on a Decatur, Illinois, bank has lately come up, bearing this inscription: "This one dollar bill is all I received for marrying Mary Somers and John Bradford, after riding five miles in the snow and storm, and paying three dollars for a horse. Samuel R. Jones, Clergyman." Perhaps, after all, Jones had the best of the bargain.

☞ There is more goodness in virtue, kindness and cheerfulness of heart, than in all the cold, canting solemnity, that was ever put on as a mask of selfishness.