FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

A DAY AT POZZUOLI.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

NICE, May 5th, 1870.—The drive along the China, at Naples, is almost interminable, when one gets off a little later than was intended, and is bound to do a whole day's sight-seeing accordingly. So we were rather vexed than pleased at the constant interruptions from objects which had elsewhere full of interest. The strings and baskets of donkeys with carts, and drawn with panniers, and donkeys with both carts and panniers, all filled, piled up and overhung with vegetables and fruits, attended by picturesque salesmen, who extolled their wares with great energy and shrillness—these shouting and their attendants, we say, were, on the inopportune morning of March twenty-first, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy, a "vexation of spirit." The bagpipes of the vagabond musicians, and the pipe of Pan, which they professed to accompany, but really overwhelmed, sounded most discordant. We had no music in our soul that morning, and wished rather that there was none in the voice of the instruments! The venders of corral, lava and shell jewelry, who crowded around the carriage waiting in frequent halts, had their trouble for their pains; for we would not have purchased Vesuvius, with all its possible wealth, by a single look at the crater. We were bound for Pozzuoli and its unknown wonders, and we were late getting off; and the driver was surly, and took infinite pains, so we thought, to make the most of every obstacle. Briefly, we were cross; and therefore the bright sun was too warm, and the fresh breeze blowing over the restless bay was too cold; and there was too much dust and noise, and too many donkeys and other abominations, towards the upper end of the China, to allow us to settle down quietly and grow good-natured under the soothing influence of a ride along the shore of the blue sea, where spring was waving its magic wand over the trees and shrubs and plants, and inviting to the *dolce far niente*.

But when we finally arrived at the point where the road ceases to follow the shore, and ridge which enclosses Naples on the land side, and saw the perpendicular walls on either hand cut smooth down for a hundred feet or more from the summit of the hill, we forgot our vexation and began to be interested. We were hardly beyond the business of the city, and yet quite as much in the country as we would be two hours hence. On our left appeared a small door, opening on steps which conducted to the top of the hill, and on the door was a notice that at once dissipated the foul vapors that befogged our mind: "The Tomb of Virgil"! O, we must go there at all events, and no time is half so favorable. Hold on, driver! we are in no hurry to reach Pozzuoli; we have no doubt the old town will stay there a few hours longer. Turn your horses! and so we went up to the tomb of Virgil. Literally, we *went* up to the tomb, and we were pretty well blown when we reached the summit of the hill, and were glad to stop and admire the mean charming view of the Bay and Vesuvius which we have ever had.

After a few minutes spent in admiring the prospect, we turned to the right, wound around among the beds of a vegetable garden, threw a stone at a vicious-looking dog which was looking at us from the top of an adjacent bank, picked our way over some loose stones and earth that formed a dangerous path for a few feet along the edge of the precipice, and suddenly we found ourselves in a lovely grotto, with a notice that a half a franc must be paid at that point by persons visiting the tomb. This trifling demand complied with, we descended a few steps and entered into a small chamber with niches for funeral urns on each side, and a modern-looking tombstone at the end opposite the entrance. The back of the tomb overhangs the road a hundred feet or more, perpendicularly, below; and the whole affair, notwithstanding its modern appearance, seems ready to topple over on the passing wagons.

Descending from this perch, we entered at once into the *Grotto di Pozzuoli*, a tunnel nearly a half mile long, and varying in height from twenty-five to eighty feet, through which runs the most direct road to Pozzuoli. Classic writers speak of this tunnel, as well as many others in the environs of Naples; and in the time of Nero the *Grotto* was used for its present purpose, although it had not probably reached its present dimensions. The tunnel is now lighted with gas, the pavement is good, and the roof seems to have gotten rid of any primitive roughness it may once have had, dripping pieces of stone on the heads of passengers. When we went through it in the morning, the air was sufficiently cold, but when we returned in the evening the temperature was the same as under be open sky—the traffic of the day having changed it.

Beyond the tunnel we passed through a dilapidated-looking village, and thence on to the plain, which reaches to the sea. Rows of trees lined the roadside and lengthened out and lost in the dim perspective. The fields were planted with trees and vines. The usual number of beggars displayed the usual deformities and uttered the usual appeals for charity. Some boys ran with the carriage, swimming ahead, sometimes alongside, asking for *bianchi*, and making grotesque appeals by means of gesticulating and pantomime, until there was no resisting them.

After a time we came to the sea. The island of Nosida was on our left; in front, the islands of Procida and Ischia. We turned sharp to the right and rode along the bluffs, down hill a huge, gray wall rose up before us, frowning terribly on all new comers, and shutting out the view beyond. We climbed the hill, silenced the beggars with a few coppers, turned to the right, then to the left, then to the right again, and were in Pozzuoli.

The town is not roughly beautiful, and it smells villainously. The dresses of the people are picturesque, but not white or clean. The streets are not clean. The houses are not clean. The churches are not clean. If anything is more offensive than the filth and odors remember it is the season of Lent—if anything is more offensive at Pozzuoli than the smell of fish it is the smell of garlic; and if there is anything more offensive than the smell of garlic it is the smell of fish.

The harbor of Pozzuoli seems, to our unnautical eye, far superior to that of Naples. Certainly it was one of the principal ports for the trade of the East during the period of the Emperors. To the Christian, interest attaches to it as the place where St. Paul landed on his first voyage toward Rome. To the classical student it is interesting as the favorite residence of Cicero, and especially as the place where villas cover every spot around. Rome, too, may be seen more than one-half of the 20 miles of the breakwater celebrated by Seneca and Strabo. As the breakwater was constructed of masses separate from each other, so as to permit the water to flow in and out, the harbor was not filled up with silt; and it is more than probable that Caligula carried his bridge from the end of these *moles Puteolanus*, over to Baiae—the bridge given in his history, save as the freak of a madman.

Another place of interest at Pozzuoli is the Thermal establishment—the so-called *Temple of Jupiter Serapis*. In the centre of a large triangle are found the remains of 16 columns, standing in the stream formerly fed by the Thermas, which are supposed to have stood in front of the temple, are found to be pierced at some distance up by marine boring shells. Hence, say some, the sea was once at this elevation. No, say others, these columns were once sunk by some natural convulsion, and again elevated. We concluded, however, that they were put in their present place in their present condition, and were appealed to in confirmation with some of the traditions or superstitions with which the Pagans loved to surround their altars, temples and shrines.

From this "temple" we drove around the edge of the hill, on a road overlooking the harbor and adjacent shores, up to the amphitheatre back of the town. It is very perfect yet, the seats being many of them in their places, and the subterranean room, galleries and vaults complete and whole. We were shown apartments where the gladiators went to assemble, the school of athletes, the chambers for arms, and all the instruments connected with the cruel sports to which the building was devoted. In this amphitheatre it is said that St. Januarius, a vial of whose blood is so carefully kept at Naples, and which liquefies at certain seasons, was martyred in the reign of Diocletian. A number of self-constituted guides, consisting of boys and other beggars, had appropriated to themselves the different portions of the building, and were fine in refusing permission to enter, save on the payment of some sums varying from five sous to one franc! A party immediately ahead of us had complied with the modest demands of a Sicilian, with the ordinary readiness of Americans to pay what is demanded, no matter how much or for what. But an appeal to the ordinary custode of the place at once sent the scamps of the guides scattering, laughing and jeering at the partial success of their well-planned stratagem.

Of course, we were *enthusiasted* and pathetic, and "lost in thought," and reflected for the entire period, and went away, as we felt profoundly convinced of something, we didn't know what, and impressed with something else, or the same thing, until we found out that we had amazing appetites, and that we felt as if our impressions and emotions to this vulgar cause, and were not a bit ashamed!

Like the "Seven Wonders of Rome" when they were hungry, we "parcook of refreshments" and "felt refreshed" and "felt as if we started for the Solfatara. We went up hill on a bad road, which became rapidly worse, until the horses stopped and had walked out warned us to take to the foot. A boy of sixteen, or thereabouts, proposed at once to guide us, the offer seemed to have left to guard the ladies "who felt unequal to the fatigue." Presently a fork in the road showed us one path yellow with sulphur, and another white with dust. Our youthful guide promptly took the latter with great confidence, while we, somewhat doubtful, made inquiries of the omnipresent beggar, and were directed to take the former. The beggar was right, and the boy wrong; yet it was not to say that the boy did his best, and really had never been there before, and knew nothing of the Solfatara or anything else in the neighborhood. But our delightful guide he happened to be sunning himself on his travels suggested to his ready mind an opportunity for the exercise of that peculiar industry which characterizes the Italian vagabond more than any other vagabond.

We reached the Solfatara. It is a semi-extinct volcano—the crater of which is a level plain, bounded on one side by the ridge of the former cone, which ridge rises perhaps a hundred feet above the plain of the crater. Opposite the entrance a stream of smoke was rising from the ridge, and from the side of the hill, Mr. Bingham made a report to the Executive Committee on the Fifteenth Amendment bill, which it was agreed should be voted upon to-day. Mr. Lynch's Navigation bill was considered, pending which the House adjourned.

ILLIBERAL LIBERALISM—MISSIONARIES.

One of the wittiest contributors to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

German philosophers have invented a very nice little word, *unsicchtbar*, which means to think something back to some other thing, say to its source, for instance. This kind of intellectual exercise has always pleased me very much, and I used frequently to indulge in it with reference to the peculiarities of various countries I had the pleasure of visiting. In England, however, I seldom derive any satisfaction from this exercise. In a great majority of cases my thinking-back of this or that England peculiarity only bewilders me, without ever giving the hope of disclosing the source I look for. Especially so is it with regard to reverend matters, and last Friday I had again to witness something highly interesting and thoroughly English, but of which I could not properly make out either the practical meaning or the original source. It was this sixty-second annual meeting, of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. What a meeting, forsooth, what a bodiness, what a disinterestedness implies the mere idea of a society spending sixty-two years in promoting a belief among people who have obstinately refused to accept it for nearly 2,000 years. None 100 Englishmen could have framed and put into work anything of this description. It would appear but a purposless and highly expensive moral sport to every man who has Roman and Gallic descendants have, indeed, tried to convert the Jews; but then they used quite different means. There was nothing in their proceedings which could be described as a peaceful work of mercy and preaching their belief to the whole House of Israel, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." And such a proceeding by the Jews, if it ever meeting to be "the great work which the Society is called upon to fulfil." Sufficiently enough one bends his head before a conception of this nature, but it does not prevent one from wishing to know what special purpose you have in carrying out such an idea and for for you have this purpose.

Misionarism has always been a special feature of this country. I remember that long years ago, when I was a child, I had among my colored prints one which represented two Indians, Christians dressed in a *debardeur* costume, and about to start on a voyage round the world, with a Bible in one hand, and a gun in the other. By and by, when I grew older, I perceived that the Bible and the gun were merely accessories, and that the real meaning of misionarism was to civilize the world chiefly with a view throw open a large a market for your industry as you could possibly get. This was a very intelligible scheme—and a very practical one. A scheme the realization of which is the foundation of your greatness and glory. But what can you expect to arrive at by changing the faith of a few men—belonging to a race which carried it through nearly twenty centuries of the most atrocious persecutions and which succeeded in preserving itself as a distinct part of humanity without ever having been allowed to form a nation? Where does the profit come in? Where could do nothing, a few Englishmen in white necktoths, and with second-hand sermons in their pockets, and hope to do something! To be sure, such a degree of hopefulness and self-reliance you will meet nowhere but on your islands, and you are, so far, rightly entitled to be proud of the fact. But if you attempt to make out the practical value of an undertaking of this kind, or to think it back to its source, I am sure you will be quite as bewildered as me. In preaching your belief to Indians, to Chinamen, to some savage antipodes, or even to me and my countrymen, you have a definite purpose of making all your pupils think and live as you do, and use all the produces you may choose to send them. But the Jews are living among you, they are quite safe people, they are even more business-like than you, and, as far as I know, frequent the public-houses much less, and, therefore, contribute much more to the preservation of peace and order. What objection can you then have to leaving them alone, and allowing them to believe what they choose? You think that your belief is more correct than theirs, and they think just the same about yours. As regards the social results which are expected from all the various faiths, there is not much difference. The respectable Jew, the respectable Englishman, as well as the respectable Turka, pursue almost the same line of social conduct, only the standards may vary which they pursue it are different; and these can hardly ever be the same. For instance, when you behave yourself properly in this world you do so because you expect that for such conduct you will be rewarded by a certain kind of agreeable life in Paradise. But your notions about paradise and enjoyment must be very different from mine. You would, for instance, be only shocked at some of the pastimes I expect to have when I come into Paradise and more especially at the number of ladies I expect to sing there over me; while I, although there can be no fear of my being shocked, might easily find no interest at all in those enjoyments which you expect to have in your Paradise. Just the same must it be with the Jews too. A Jew is brought up in a certain kind of ideas, which it is hardly possible to eradicate if they have been properly planted in him. You may expect to convert only the indifferent man, or one who has a material benefit to expect from accepting your belief, and in both these cases it is scarcely worth while taking the trouble. Besides this, if you convert a Jew, you will not support him in his struggle for life as his late coreligionists would have done. Having consulted him according to your fancy, you will throw him into what you call the open market of labor, where he is sure to meet Jews, who will persecute him still more cagely than they would otherwise have supported him. And there he will for more, ample chance for his immediate return to the old persuasion, unless he be a very, very man who changes his religion for the sake of getting easier into Parliament or into high life. A report, which a gentleman read on Friday, stated how many Jews have been baptized all over the world during the past year. It was rather detailed, and I am sorry I have not noted all the numbers given; but it was to the effect that it was in some instances as many as two or three, in one instance it seemed to be a dozen; but in most events the total number was not very large, and absolutely nothing was stated as to how many of this not very large number still remained Protestant, and how many got back to Judaism. At the same time the income of the Society has been stated as being £22,872 5s. 6d., and the expenditure £21,253 9s. 1d. I should be inclined to think that the number of converted Jews was 31 1-0, in which case each convert would cost England £1,000 and supposing even that 100 multiplied was 3100, each convert costs £100. Now, to be fair and business-like towards the subscribers, an account should certainly have been given of how many out of these dearly-purchased converts can be expected to remain in stock.

Still, if you are carrying on this expensive enterprise only at home, one would not mind, as, after all, this money would remain in the country; but you spend it abroad as well, and the Jews in Turkey and in Asia Minor are much more troubled than those residing in the city. The meeting passed, for instance, the resolution of "reoccupying Damascus as a distinct station, regarding the present condition of liberality of the Ottoman Government towards European residents as a sufficient call for extended efforts among the many thousands of Jews dwelling in that vast and important empire." I should think that if there really is a continued liberality of the Ottoman Government towards European residents, it would be much better to turn it to some advantage with regard to the increase of peace and good-will in the Orient, rather than to that of the number of converted Jews, especially after you have had a long experience that Protestantism constantly fails in the East, as the fanciful Eastern imagination does not adapt itself to this matter-of-fact and talkative religious form. You may say that this does not apply to the Jews, but only to the revived Armenians, Greeks, and kindred peoples. But at all events it bears upon the chief question of throwing money away for a purpose from which nobenefit can be expected. If you think that to convert a few Eastern Jews to Protestantism is a Christian work, one would have a right to think that a much more Christian work would be to spend this money upon poor people starving in your own country, and already belonging to the same Church, whose microscopical progress in the East you are paying so dear for. Within 2,000 a year there would be ample means for sending five thousand destitute emigrants to your colonies, and for giving the schooling of something like twelve thousand poor children; and as the Church of Christ is understood to the teaching of Christianity, I think that such employment of money would be a far less general heresy than that to which so colossal sums have been annually devoted for sixty-two years by the ladies and gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of seeing on Friday, at Exeter Hall.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT, for the Quarter ending March 31, 1870, presented at the Sabbath School Emporium, 56 North street, Philadelphia.

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Are enabled to offer a

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Distilled from WHEAT, and being made from the grain, possesses all its

Medicinal Qualities,

and can be relied upon to be strictly as represented, having been carefully prepared for sale by a skilled chemist, who has had charge of the distillery for many years, which I was enabled to do by the purity of the spirits and flavors for medicinal purposes, and any who would convince themselves we seek a trial thereof.

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Messrs. T. J. Martin & Co.—Gentlemen: I have carefully analyzed a sample of your Whiskey, purchased at the Keystone Pure Wheat Whiskey, and found it to be a very pure article, containing no Fusel Oil, which is the cause of most injurious substances. Its purity, and its freedom from Fusel Oil, rendered it peculiarly suitable for medicinal purposes.

Yours truly, P. A. GETHI-

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Messrs. T. J. Martin & Co.—Gentlemen: The sample of Keystone Pure Wheat Whiskey, purchased at the Keystone Pure Wheat Whiskey, is perfectly free from Fusel Oil, and is, as such, I highly recommend it for medicinal purposes.

Respectfully, etc., M. H. BRECKNER,
Analyst, and Consult. Chemist.

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Prof. Chemistry, Pharmacy, etc.

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North Penn's R. R. and Master st.
Ridge road and Willow street.
Willow St. Wharf, Delaware Ave. and Walnut st.
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6 Per Cent. First Mortgage Gold Loan.
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We offer for sale $1,700,000 of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company's First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Gold Bonds, free from all taxes. Interest due March and September, at NINETY (90) and interest in currency accrued date of purchase.

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The Company owns in fee about 9,000 acres of coal lands in the Wyoming Valley, near Wilkesbarre, at present producing at the rate of 300,000 tons per annum, with work made in progress which contemplate a large increase at an early period, and also upon valuable Water Power and Lands.

A sinking fund of ten cents per ton mined, and all of the revenue derived from the sale of Stock, vests per ton thereafter, is established, and The Fidelity Insurance Trust and Safe Deposit Company are the trustees under the mortgage, collect these sums and invest them in these Bonds, which are held in trust for the benefit of the holders.

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TAKEN VERY CHEAP.

CITY
WARRANTS,
Of large amounts,
TAKEN VERY CHEAP.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

DISRAELI is again an invalid.

KING WILLIAM closed the sessions of the Prussian Ritchstag yesterday.

The Indian delegation in Washington visited General Sherman last evening.

SALMANIA has nearly completed the new Cabinet. Tranquillity reigns throughout Portugal.

Five men were killed and many wounded by a boiler explosion in Staffordshire, England, yesterday.

THOMAS CARPENTER, a deputy collector of revenue, was run over and killed by the cars, at Providence, R. I., yesterday.

The Schoeppe case was argued before the Supreme Court at Harrisburg, yesterday. Argument will be concluded today.

At Baltimore, yesterday, a game of base ball between the Atlantics and Pastimes was won by the former, the score standing 22 to 5.

GREAT preparations are being made by the Grand Army of the Republic for the decoration of the soldiers' graves in the neighborhood of Washington.

TORONTO, May 26.—The Fenians advanced across the line about two miles to Henderson's ville, near Huntingdon. The Canadian troops are preparing to attack them. The telegraph wires have been cut.

ST. ALBANS, May 26, 9 P. M.—The Fenians hold Huntingdon and Island Point. This intelligence is officially received. The greatest excitement prevails. The whole force of Canadians will go to Malone in the morning.

Italian citizens have been arrested by United States soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Fenian trains laden with men, are leaving every few minutes for the front.

INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTH IN PHILADELPHIA.

(From the Ledger of this date.)

In these days of publicity and notoriety, when few things are done in secret that are not at once proclaimed to the world, it is gratifying to turn our gaze backward to some of the quiet, noiseless acts of benevolence that have emanated from our Society. Many of them, whatever may be said of their departure, have taken place in the Quaker City, Philadelphia, still retain, in their patient, quiet, thoroughness of devotion to any good work, a noble persistence, which should be a lesson to the Commonwealth.

We have never visited a school where a finer grace of intellectual development, and it is a complete refutation of the prejudice against colored teachers. We have rarely seen two hundred pupils more attentive to their purpose, where such an air of cheerful rest and cheerful industry prevailed. Nothing, we seemed to look up to the excellent lady who is the principal head of the school, and there, left no doubts of her influence over their hearts and minds. I said to one young girl, "You are very happy here, are you?" "Yes, ma'am, she's splendid," was the answer, given with a fervor and warmth, that stamped a reality with Miss ——, and felt ourselves at once in the society of a superior person. Her influence, we felt, was a high, lofty, high composition, and said, with that tone of voice and that expression of face, "I love it,—it will be any fault if they don't." So then went on to give us some of her ideas. In reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, language, she wished her young people, above all things, to read plainly and well, so that the sense they could from the best authors, on any given subject. She would have them read all they read, so that they could tell what it was about, let them write for a week or more after they read, so that they could tell what the thoughts would be their own, and must be interesting.

The day of our first visit was the day after the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, and her whole soul was full of an unutterable joy, which illumined her fine, expressive face. "Why, Miss ——, I feel as if I could do anything,—I could do nothing else," she said. She afterwards said that it seemed as if all the warm, the noble, the good, had rushed out in one common platform as all others. "I want to be hung for crime, when they deserve it, as well as other men," she said, "but there is nothing now to keep them back from that platform of manhood, for which God intended them. He only knows what that measure is," she added, quietly; "the world must decide; but I feel as if I could no longer a heavy hand upon them, to prevent their reaching it."

We would fain give the history, in detail, of this noble woman, whose whole soul is bound up in the interests of her race, but time is too fleet for us to do it. We may, however, say, for the encouragement of all women, Here is a woman who was born a slave; and though old in years, is young in the principal of large school, which she conducts in a manner that reflects great credit on the institution. A graduate of Oberlin College, she was for six years a valued teacher there, to large classes of white men and women. Her mind is strong, she was told at the outset that both her sex and her color would be against her success, but the word *fail* was never written in the book of her fate, and she has proved, for one example, if one were needed, to show that no obstacles are overpowering to the resolute will of a determined and earnest woman.

In visiting the Shipper Potter School, we found a class of twenty, with their teacher in the midst of her boys, preparing the large reading-room for an evening lecture to their parents, and coming, as she said, to them about Europe, and show them pictures and photographs, illustrative of his lecture. The boys were bringing in benches, and placing them according to Miss ——'s directions. An air of the most familiar liberty pervaded the little group, and the cordial deference they paid to their teacher, unspoiled by familiarity, indeed, nothing struck us more forcibly than the demeanor of the whole school. A natural politeness seems peculiarly to characterize the race, and perhaps belongs to all Southern races, *par excellence*. Certainly it has eminent greatly needed in our society; and if the admission of this gentler race to all our privileges conduces to an improvement in Christian politeness, we may well hail the freedom of the Southern slaves as a blessing to our own sakes as well as theirs. We had at this time but few words with the large group of happy young people and their teacher; but she told us that the reading-room brought together every evening, the young men on one side the scholars, all hungry for information, and anxious for the best books, and we could be surprised," said Miss ——, "to know how many inquire for John Stuart Mill,