

# SISTERS OF THE Venus de Milo.

FOUND  
In a Cave At Carthage.

Priceless Art Treasures of Ancient  
Greece.

(Copyright, 1893, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)



The Head of the Goddess Ceres Discovered at Carthage.

THREE beautiful, classical statues, worthy of rivals of the immortal Venus de Milo, have been unearthed in the ruins of ancient Carthage.

One statue is that of the African Ceres, the goddess of corn and tillage, who was held in very great estimation by the Carthaginians, because Northern Africa, where they dwelt, was in their time the grain field of the civilized world.

This work is only one of many which have recently been discovered at Carthage. They are the most splendid treasures of classical art which have been recovered within this generation.

They are relics of a civilization that has been dead for two thousand years. They come to light to remind us of a lost art that is greater than any we possess to-day, to remind us of a splendid civilized world that perished before modern art and thought crept out of the darkness.

Compare this head of the statue of Ceres with that of the Venus de Milo and you will perceive that they are worthy to rank together. Both have a fidelity to nature combined with a grandeur, a purity of line, a noble simplicity, which no artist can over hope to excel.

Carthage was one of the great cities of the ancient world from the time of its foundation by Dido and the Phoenicians, in the ninth century before Christ, down to its destruction by the Saracens, in the ninth century of the present era. At one time it was the greatest and richest city in the world. Its destruction by Scipio, the Roman, only marked a temporary decline of its fortunes.

Its site is at present occupied by the city of Bizerta in Tunis, now under French protection. Ancient Carthage has been erased to an extraordinary degree—more so, perhaps, than any great city of antiquity. This is due to the barbarity of the Mohammedan conquerors. Until recently the only visible remnants of the ancient city were an arch and a building used as a Roman Catholic monastery.

M. Gauckler, an eminent archaeologist, has been conducting an excavation of the site of Carthage under the authority of the French Government. For some months he has been exploring the great temple of Jupiter Ammon, and it is here that he has made the wonderful discoveries already referred to.

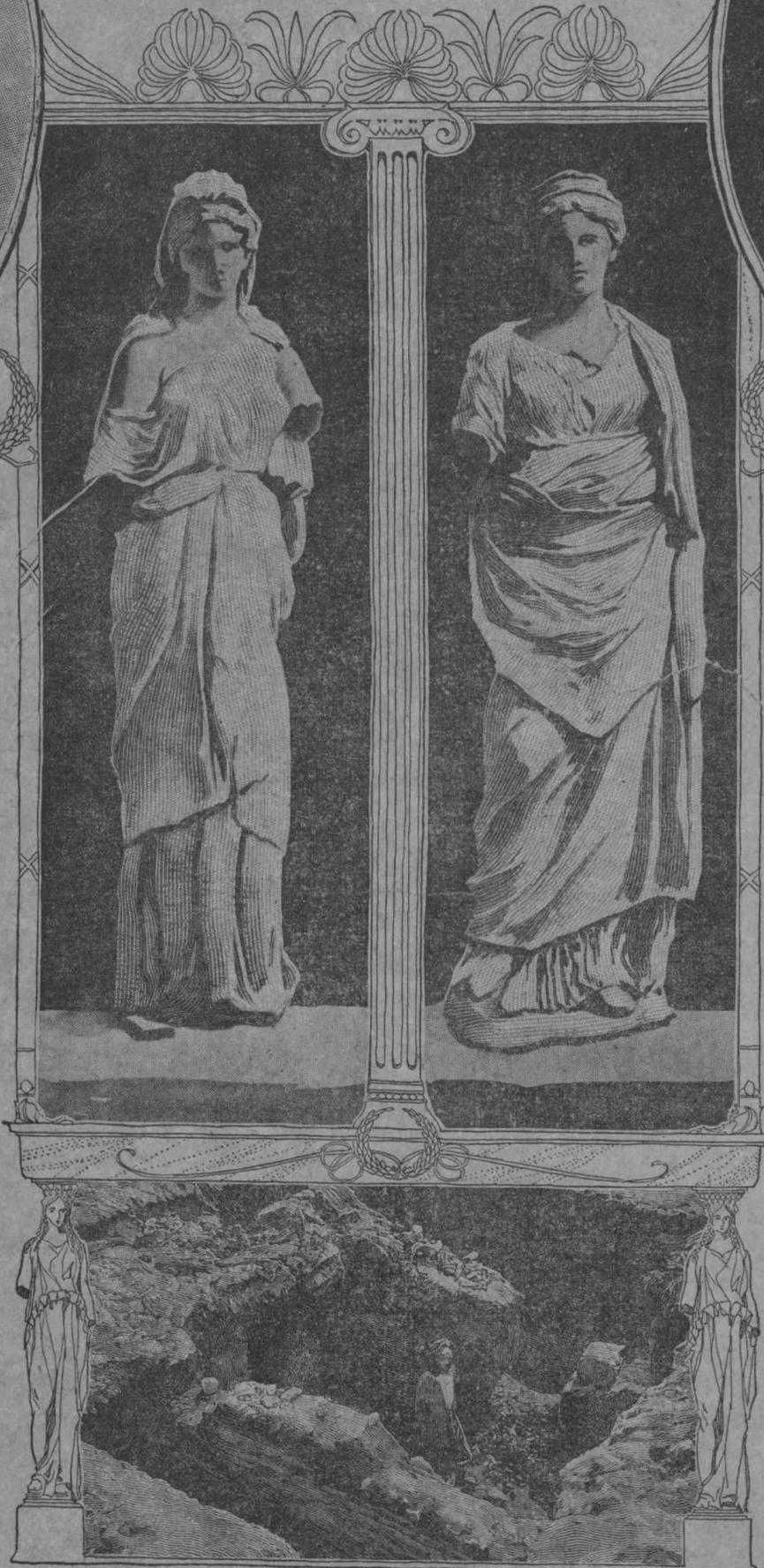
In the very farthest corner of the temple, in the very lowest stratum of superimposed ruins, M. Gauckler came upon four statues of white marble that were in almost perfect condition.

Three of them were evidently works of the highest type of Greek art, while the fourth, a veiled goddess, was not so finely executed. Of the three statues, the most beautiful represents the Greek goddess Demeter, known to the Romans as Ceres Africana, who replaced the Phoenician Tanit at Carthage. A second statue also represents Ceres and a third is that of a priestess, a young woman entirely draped in transparent veils.

The marble is of a golden tint and of a very fine grain. The art is so perfect that the figures create the illusion of life even to-day. Their state of preservation is perfect.

The statues had been concealed at the back of a vault, which was afterward carefully filled in and covered with a mosaic which entirely concealed its existence. M. Gauckler makes the curious conjecture that they were hidden by the priests of Jupiter Ammon and Ceres to hide them from the Christians, who were then becoming dominant in Carthage. Paganism never regained its power, however, and the statues remained hidden for centuries to serve only as a memento of a lost civilization to the modern world.

M. Gauckler made his excavations near the cisterns of Bordj-Djedid, in ground on the side of a hill leased to him by the Ben Attar family. This ground extends between the great cutting in which Verray, in 1855, found the first Carthaginian tombs and the Punic acropolis of Douimes, and which has since been explored with great success by Father Delattre. This region is one of the most important of Carthage. Successive vanished civilizations have here left traces which appear in



Two of the Beautiful Classical Statues Unearthed at Carthage and the Vault Where they Were Found.



The Head of the Famous Venus de Milo.

the form of superposed strata of sediment from twenty-three to twenty-five feet in thickness.

Upon clearing the ground he at first met with various debris that had been brought to the surface by the plough, such as terra cotta facing tiles, coins, lamps, etc. Beginning at a depth of five feet, Byzantine tombs were found. Beneath this were a few structures of this epoch, and, among others, a Roman house apparently dating back to the period of Constantine, although it contained debris of a more remote era.

This house is very interesting. In the centre of it is a fountain which spurts into a basin. Further along there are two rooms paved with mosaic. The larger of the mosaics, which is 13x19 feet, represents a maritime landscape. In the centre there is a turreted pavilion shaded with trees, while all around are numerous ancient Carthaginians fishing or boating. The fishermen are seen handling the scoop and the lines, casting the net and harpooning porpoises with the trident. At the lower part of the picture there are grouped various mythological scenes. Amphitrite, bedecked with jewels, contemplates herself in a mirror, and comes out of a huge shell which is held by two monsters of the deep. On each side there are medallions representing, in half-length busts, a male with female triton blowing conch shells. The second mosaic is smaller, and represents a hunt for wild beasts. From the style and drawing we can hardly assign these pavements to a period remoter than the fourth century. They are mosaics of the Christian epoch.

There is one, however, of which the subject is of purely pagan implication. The reason of this is simple: After the two mosaics had been taken up and carried to the Museum of Bizerta it was found that they concealed structures that were ancient and entirely covered with rubbish. Upon removing the latter a narrow passage and the steps of a stairway were discovered. Upon descending the steps a very remarkable hall was discovered. The debris of painted and moulded stuccoes covered the floor, and breccias were methodically grouped upon the walls. The dimensions of this hall had doubtless been subsequently diminished by dividing it through the middle by means of a wall. On the other side of the latter there were collected debris of every nature—Christian lamps of the fish, palm and cross types, and fragments of pillars and stuccoes painted in bright colors, and of a style thoroughly Pompeian.

One of these fragments represented a maiden in priestess, no doubt clothed in white drapery, and her forehead surmounted by a lotus flower. In her left hand she held a large staff terminating in a cross. Alongside there were pagan divinities in marble, exhibiting ancient fractures and marks of deterioration, which demonstrated that they had not been spared by the hammer of the iconoclast. The excavators found a Venus pulchra with the dolphin, a Jupiter seated with the eagle, a Bacchus offering a drink to a panther, a youth seated and wearing the chlamys, a head of Amor, a mask of Silenus, a lion's head forming a waterspout, two terra cotta statues of Mithra (one of which represented the god treading under foot the head of a bull), some pottery, the lower part of a statuette with the bust of the horse of Carthage, a mask of a disarmed goddess, and a portrait of a woman.

In a remote corner of the hall there was found fastened against the wall a large slab of white marble bearing a dedication to Jupiter Ammon, identified with the sylvan god whom the barbarians adore. In these words: "Jovi, Hammoul, Barbaro, Sylvano." Beneath this another hand had more recently added a second dedication. At the foot of this double dedication there was, in the first place, the white marble head of a votive bull, carrying between its horns a cressant with an inscription dedicated to Saturn, and a score of granite basylis and stone balls, some of the latter having bronze rods attached to them.

A considerable number of these balls had already been found in Carthage. It was supposed that they were old cannon balls, possibly fired by the Turks when Bizerta was besieged by them in the sixteenth century. M. Gauckler has now decided that they were votive offerings brought to the pagan shrines.

After this they came upon a mosaic, and after removing this they found themselves in the secret vault, where they found the art treasures already described.

## Now Business Women Can Be Comfortable on Six Dollars a Week.

THE problem, "How can a woman live comfortably and respectably on \$6 a week?" has been solved. It has been solved by the "Home for Business Women," at No. 352 Pacific street, Brooklyn.

There have been many attempts to establish small hotels where self-supporting women may live at a reasonable rate, but there have been two obstacles. Either the rate of living was beyond the means of the average woman wage-earner, or the institutional atmosphere was too marked and the institutional regimen too rigid.

Both of these objections have been removed by the Business Women's Home. Young women may live there at \$3.50 a

There is a matron, who is the housewife and house mother. There are no rules about rising or retiring. No one ever hears it called an institution.

Rev. C. C. Rennie, of Brooklyn, conceived the plan for such a home. He was convinced that if the house was once thoroughly furnished it could be made self-supporting. He gave \$500 himself toward renting and furnishing it, and secured contributions through Rev. A. G. Dixon and others. Two rooms yet remain to be finished.

## "NOTHING LASTS BUT LOVE" --- A WORD TO MOTHERS ABOUT BRINGING UP CHILDREN, THE FUTURE BATTLEFIELD --- A MASTERFUL FORECAST BY ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS.

From Mrs. Florence Hull Winterburn's "From the Child's Standpoint," Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., N. Y.

By Emile Zola.

ONE of the things happily hid from us is a knowledge of the twists and knots made in our characters by the struggles undergone early in life. It is customary to say, with some complacency:

"I had a pretty hard time in my young days, but I haven't made the worst man (or woman) for it."

How do we know that? Perhaps we were made narrow, unsympathetic, selfish, by the very trials that seemed to have left no mark. Adversity tells us that the pluck, against the animal, and it does not let man escape without hurt.

The doctrine of misery being good for people is exploded. Happiness is good for them, and there is no need to wish for hardships for our children to develop their character. As well wish that they should stand perpetually with rain beating on their uncovered heads so they might be hardened against a possible storm. There is no better bulwark against the inevitable miseries in an adult's life than the mental health built up from a carefully guarded and happy childhood. Strains made then tell on us in some way in maturity, surely, though we do not know it.

Nothing more forcibly betrays the lack of a good understanding between a child and his parents than the sort of conduct in public, which is sometimes called "making advantage." In the cars, in the street, in places of amusement, there are perpetual manifestations of this wayward spirit, and the observer is led sometimes to wonder at the patience and forbearance of

parents who endure teasing and defiance of advice with seemingly unruffled equanimity.

Why is it that the child who is somewhat on his guard about giving offence when at home, becomes a veritable tip of perversity in public? It must be because he derives a sense of security from the presence of spectators. He has learned that his mother or father has a "company manner," that the pleasant voice and smile that go with outdoor garments will not lightly be exchanged for frowns and reproaches. The simplicity of a two-year-old child penetrates the secret of that conventional law which obliges persons to restrain themselves when under observation, and with infantile lack of foresight he trusts to his parents' bad memory as an escape from the reckoning whisperingly promised.

The only real security we can have that our child will not become a cause of uneasiness and mortification when strangers are present to protect him from punishment, is in the possession of his friendship and good will. Is it too great a concession for a parent to be on really friendly relations with his child, to lay aside that cumbersome "dignity of office" which interferes with his kindly intentions, and rely upon personal influence and affection to bring about what is best. Instead of upon a dread authority? It is not going too far to say that whenever a child is led to do right through fear of punishment only, he might as well, so far as concerns the effect upon his own character, do wrong.

WHERE is it, the little village? How are its white houses disposed? Do they cluster around the church, or are they at the foot of a slope? Or along a country road, all in a row? Or do they climb a hill as waggish goats, one built above the other, their red roofs half hidden in green foliage?

And it is a well-sounding name, the little village? A soft name, that will slip off easily over your lips, or a hard one, full of hissing sounds, hoarse as a raven's croak.

And do they celebrate harvest home or vintage in the little village? Is it a wine country or a grain country? What do its inhabitants do now, at this very hour, in the hot sun, out in their fields? Do they stop for a little while on their way home evenings, to send another glance over their eye fields and praise the Lord for all the summer's bliss?

I like to imagine it on rising ground. So modestly does it rest there between yonder trees that from afar you would take it for the ruins of a castle overgrown with moss. But the smoke floats up, and on the road that leads down some children push a cart before them. Then you look on as with a feeling of envy, and from that spot you take a sweet recollection of the little nest that you saw, as with a bird's eye.

But, no, I rather imagine it in a wide plain, next to a creek. It is so little that a row of poplar trees conceal it from view. Its huts will disappear between the willows along the banks, as shy bathing girls would. A patch of green meadow serves as a carpet; a hedge surrounds it from all

sides like a park. Thus you will pass by and never see it. The dittles of washerwomen sound over like the lark's song. Not the least pillar of smoke! It sleeps in peace behind its green bed curtains.

Nobody knows it. Hardly that the nearest city is aware of its existence. It is so modest that no geographer cares for it. It is nothing. Its name will awake no memories. Among all the cities of high-sounding names, it is without history, without glory or shame—a stranger who stands modestly aside. And therefore, perhaps, it can smile so prettily, the little village.

Its peasants live drowsily along; its children play; its women spin in the shade of the trees. The little village is happy in its non-celebrity and contented with the radiance of the heaven above. It is so far from the noise and the noises of great cities. It is satisfied with its sun; it enjoys its quietness, its green row of poplars, which hides it from all the world.

And to-morrow, perhaps, the whole world will know about the little village and its existence. Alas! the river will reddish bullets will whirl through the poplars and the huts will silently show despairing human beings through their torn walls. And the little village will become famous—a battle field.

No more songs from washerwomen, no children's play on the slope, no harvest, no stillness, no more happy contentment. The little village is a new name in history, the abstract of victory or defeat, a bloody remembrance, a new stain on the earth, reeking with the blood of our children.