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WHOLE NO. 140.

SELECT POETRY

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling era of Freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strong
The woman's foot had.

His thing the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And from whose springs were yet unfound
Purled for away the starting sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river soft and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales, where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath
And, from the sons of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of iron-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yester eve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors hitheraway,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun:
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sword
Hallowed to Freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke absorbed—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

SELECTED STORY.

From America's Own.

THE

AMERICAN TROOPER.

A Page in the History of the Revolution.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

CHAPTER I.

It was night upon the Hudson, and the darkness was wonderful solemn by the stillness which ruled around on every hand. The stars shone gently in the sky above, where not a cloud was seen, nothing but the pale streaks of the long line of the "milky way." The dark cliffs rose grandly as ever from the river, whose black flood rolled on beneath the moonlight against the solid rock, and then flowing on, disappeared round some sharp projections. Trees, which crowned the crest of the river's rocky shores, cast upon the scene a deeper, a more solemn gloom. Here rose the dark fir-trees, whose somber shade—there the towering pines, which stretched their mighty arms aloft. Here extended the long lines of oaken trees, their leaves rustling quietly in the gentle breeze—there might be seen the dark shadows of groves and orchards which surrounded some country dwelling. How different was all this from the state of the land where it lay! For war and desolation was riding triumphant over where. The road of the tyrant had been laid heavily upon the people, and they had risen to fight—to sacrifice their all—to yield their lives for freedom. Yet through far away the sound of tumult and battle was rising, how it was as yet unheard, and the Hudson flowed on slumberously—peacefully!

Soon amid the quietness and stillness but sounds were heard, far away, which seemed to approach gradually nearer. Yet they were so far off that they could scarcely be distinguished. Amid the darkness might also be seen a faint light flashing distinctly against the gloomy sky. It came from a large dwelling upon the summit of a hill, and had long been burning and still it blazed, yet with the glow of a dying fire. No people were near—no cattle could be seen—no tinkling of bells or bawling of herds—the house was burning, but there were none to extinguish the flames.

The low sounds became gradually louder and more distinguishable as they approached; they sounded like the trampling of hoofs. Soon the rattling of swords could be heard, and occasionally a shout of encouragement from men and a neigh of excitement from the swift horses. On they came, down a road which passed on the side of a hill, and loud thundered the footsteps of the horses as they passed over a bridge which crossed a gully at the bottom; they crossed and soon began to ascend towards the summit.

There were fifty men in a troop, yet their muscular forms and the strength of their horses might well cause fear in an enemy of double their number. Their leader was a young man of not more than twenty-five. He rode a spirited horse with admirable grace, his glance was bold and daring, and his whole bearing proud and chivalrous. As yet they were too far down the hill to see the burning house upon the top, but the rebuffs of the sky attracted their gaze and riveted their attention.

"Murray," said the leader to his companion, "do you see how red the sky is over Sandford's house?"
"Ha! what! thunder and guns, Caston! what can it be?"
"How intensely red it is!"
"May be the forest is on fire far away."
"It is too near, though. It must be—heavens! I tremble to think of it!"

"See, see!" exclaimed Murray, as winding around a projection into the road, they came in full view of the blazing ruin. "Ah! good heavens! Sandford's house!"

There it lay before them almost consumed to the ground. Smoke was streaming from one side as though there the flames had been partly extinguished. From the other a lurid glare ascended, blazing forth fitfully—fitfully. Bars lay in ruins around; heaps of furniture, still smoldering, could also be seen. Caston drew up his horse and gazed on, as if he were suddenly turned to marble. But his heart beat fiercely within his breast, and as the fire shone upon his face, it appeared pale as death, and from it his eyes gleamed beneath his frowning brows like coals of fire, while his teeth were tightly pressed against his bloodless lips. A moment he stood there, and then, lashing and spurring his horse, he rushed towards the blazing house, while all the troop followed after.

He spoke not a word, but dismounted, and with Murray by his side walked around. If the scene had been overwhelming to him as he viewed it at a distance, it was now tenfold more so. Pictures and curtains lay trampled on the ground, or half burnt by smoldering embers. Ornaments and costly works of art, such as then could seldom be seen in America, lay broken and scattered on every side. All was confusion, and wild, wanton ruin and desolation.

"By all that's sacred!" cried Murray, vehemently, whoever did this shall pay dear. The scoundrels! the infamous villains!"

Caston spoke not a word but walked on.
"Major, what do you think? How many were there in this house?"
"But six; the old man and Celia, with the four servants."

"Where are they now? Good heavens! how came this to pass?"

A groan burst from Caston. "He clenched his hands together, and his whole frame trembled with repressible emotion."
"O God! O Celia!" he groaned in a hoarse voice. "Gone! dead! and I not near! 'tis too much!"

"Be calm, Caston," said Murray, soothingly. "This could not have been done more than an hour or two since. Who could have done it? I cannot imagine. The British—?"

"How could they have done it? No British soldiers are about here; they are all in New York now?"

"But who else could have done it?"
Caston replied not, but walked on in silence. Walking on together, the two friends searched the surrounding groves narrowly and earnestly, hoping to find a living being who might tell them of this horrible scene—hoping, they scarcely knew why, that perchance they might find the unhappy Sandford. They entered a small grove, distant about a hundred yards from the house, and started upon entering, for the sound of low moans became audible.

"Ha! listen, Murray; do you hear?" and Caston pressed eagerly forward to see whence they came. A red coat met his eye among the bushes, and a moment after he stood beside a wounded English soldier.

"Wretch! who are you? how came you here? Speak!"
"O, mercy! mercy! noble captain. I am not an enemy. I'll turn. I'll be an American. I'll—"

"Peace! Speak and answer me. Who are you?"
"A wounded soldier, noble sir, but—"

"How came you here?"
"I came down the river with my detachment."

"Down? You lie villain! No soldiers have come down the river!"
"O, pardon me, I came up from New York, and—"

"When?"
"This noon."
"This noon. Who led you?"
"Colonel Grober."

"Grober! Grober! Heavens and earth! Grober!" cried Murray. "What—the same who was treated so kindly by them in New York—who was so friendly, so—O, if I could meet him now!"

"Now, tell me truly, you scoundrel, or you die," cried Caston, in a fiercer voice, "who did that?"

"We did it. Grober led us here. The old man implored mercy. He would give none. He carried both away. He ordered me to seize the girl. I attempted to do it, and the old man shot—shot me. O, sir, it is a dreadful wound!"

Caston trembled with rage. "Where have they gone?"
"By boats down to—Musby's—lan—land—land—land, and with a deep groan, and half articulated words, his head fell nervously back, and all was over."

"How long? but ha—he is dead. Grober! O, villain more accursed and vile than any fiend. When you see me you will see your death—Musby's landing. Murray, where is that?"
"Five miles down."
"They are there. It is a place they have chosen in which to pass the night, I suppose."
"Just the place for them. It is secret, and hidden by lofty hills and trees."

"Do you know the road?"
"As well as I know my own home, major. And I will lead you there as quickly and straight as you can desire."
"It is ten miles."
"Only nine by land. We can go it in a ve-

ry little time, for the road is better than it was where we have traveled to-day."

"Murray, it maddens me to think of Grober—after receiving such kindness of this family, to do this deed of villainy. O, Murray, old friend! you know why I feel thus."

"I know well," he replied, grasping the hand of Caston. "I know well, and it shall go hard with me if I do not set you soon face to face with this scoundrel."

By this time they had returned to the troop.
"Mount! Mount! Ride like the wind to Musby's landing!" cried Caston, in a voice of thunder. "Do you see that ruin? The British did that! The murderers are before us! On!"

Loud rose the wild cheer from the enthusiastic and excited soldiers. "Down with the murderers! by their cry; and Caston, with all his men following after, rode like the wind down the hill. Again the horses' hoofs struck against the rocky ground. Again they thundered over the bridge; then the sounds died away in the distance, and all was still as before.

CHAPTER II.

The hills, all rocky, rose high above the place called "Musby's landing." It was formed by a small projection into the river, and the little spot of ground which lay here, hidden by the neighboring hills, was scarcely visible to those coming down the river. For its secrecy it was chosen at times for an encampment. From the hills above sentries could see an approaching foe, and when any alarm was given the camp could instantly be broken up, and strongly entrenched among the hills.

Here lay a small encampment at the time. A large fire blazed at the foot of a rock, the tents were near it, arms were piled, horses put to rest, and all was ready for the night. By the glare of the fire the forms of a few soldiers could be seen as they walked up and down with measured steps.

Guards were placed at one tent which stood nearer the fire than the others. Within this tent the light shone and disclosed the form of a young girl, who sat upon the ground, her head bowed weeping bitterly. She was young and very beautiful, her features possessing delicacy and gracefulness; but her eyes were red with weeping, and her hair was disheveled.

"Father! father!" she cried, "where are you? Ah, heaven! it is bitter for me to endure all this, but how much more so for you, so old and feeble!"

"Celia," said a voice near by.
"Father," she cried in surprise, as a dark form crept into the tent. "O, God! you are alive!"

"Yes, Celia, my child," said he embracing her. "But I did not know what had become of you. I thought they had killed you. I thought that even now the form of my daughter lay low with those of my murdered servants."

"O, it might have been better for me had it been so!"
"Say not so, my daughter. Say not so. O, Heaven, look down upon us and save us—protect my daughter from this murderer! Save her! O, save her!"

"They came so suddenly, father—"

"And the sight of Grober—Grober transformed to a villain was too much. Where was Caston then?"

Caston—Henry—he will be there soon and will find us gone."

"If he had come to-day it would not have been so. O, if I had but seen his gallant troop. If I could have heard their cry, then all would have been well, for this would have been prevented, and the infamous Grober, the murderer and hypocrite, would—"

"Ah, ha, you pleasant old gentlemen, so you are here, are you?" cried a mocking voice.
"How very free you are with my name, to be sure."

"Grober!" uttered both, while the old man, making an effort to escape, suddenly recollected that he had been heard, and remained still.

"Not so fast, my aged friend," cried Grober, coming in, "not quite so fast. You are to wait here awhile, since you are here. What do you suppose I stormed your castle for? What! don't know? Really?"

Both remained silent.
Grober laid aside his tone of mockery, and went on.

"Why was it? It was because you were a rebel, Sandford—a rebel, an infamous traitor to your king—"

"This false! You know that I am an old man, and desirous of peace. What can I do?"
"You had money, and could help the rebels."
"Did I never help a royalist? Did I never lend thousands of pounds to a hypocrite—to a certain Grober?"

"Ha! you, my prisoner, dare to talk thus to me?" cried Grober, in fury, drawing up his huge form to its full height. "By the Lord, sir, I won't stand it, so do not be presumptuous. I took you prisoner because you were a traitor, old man, and deserved to die the death of one."
"You cannot believe so. You are speaking falsely," said Sandford, calmly.

"What's that? Do you mean to say that I lie?" roared Grober. "Very well; the noose is waiting for you, and will not long be empty."

"O, then!" she cried, falling at his feet, but shuddering as she did so; "Grober—Colonel Grober, if you are a man, and have in you my pity, O, pity him! Have mercy on his gray hairs! Spare him!—O, spare my father!"

"You are beautiful," he cried, "as you kneel there. I can spare him for your sake. There is one condition."
She shrank back.

"Be mine, Celia Sandford. Am I not good enough for you? Be mine, and your father's life shall be spared. Your home shall be restored to you, or rather a new one shall be given you. Speak. What! Silent?"

The fair young girl trembled and bowed her head in an agony of sorrow. The old man seemed overwhelmed by some blow.

"Never," he gasped, "never. Fool! do you think I would beg my life? No! I would rather die a thousand deaths than live on such terms. Scoundrel! can I, who have fought a hundred battles in my youth, fear death or how to you? Kill me! hang me! General Sandford cannot fear death. But there are those who will hear of this. There are friends of mine in both armies—close friends, and my gray hairs shall not wantonly be dishonored."

"Pooh, man!" said Grober, but he seemed somewhat affected by what General Sandford had said. "You were a general, but you have sold out. You are a rebel, and deserve a double death. But all shall be forgiven if your lovely daughter shall be mine."

"Who will forgive me on those terms?"
"I!"
"You? you, a colonel of a small detachment of horse. You forgive for treason? By what right?"

"I will let you go."
"And do you not know that if I am suspected I can again be tried for the crime?"
"You will not be condemned."
"And do you not know, fool and villain," cried Sandford, more fiercely, "that I can turn on you for robbing a royalist, and carrying him off, thus proving you to be a traitor!"

"Bah! old man—I am a master now. Speak to your daughter or your die."
"Never!"
"Celia, will you be mine?"
"O, my father!" she cried, weeping, and clasping him in her arms.

"Celia, my life shall not be saved thus. I would not ask you. I would die first. Celia, scorn him and let me die."
"Then, Miss Sandford, you will have one hour in which to think. I will return then and know. If you do not decide, I will hang your father. Hang him! do you hear that? and do you know what it is to have a friend hang?"

"Perhaps the day may come," said Sandford, in a low and hollow voice, "when you will know what it is to die thus."
"Peace, old man!" said Grober; but, as if seized with superstitious terror, he trembled at the looking words, and after a time he left the tent with an oath. Suddenly he came back.

"I will leave you together. Talk over this. Old man, your life may be saved. Girl, you may save your father's life. And recollect, both of you, and you particularly, Miss Sandford, that if you refuse, and thus kill your father, you will yet be in my power."

"Wretch!" she cried, suddenly, bowing up her form to her full height, while the tears had all departed from her flashing eyes. "Do your worst. You will know me better if you try to overcome me."

Grober stood for a moment astonished, and then departed.

"Do not yield to him, Celia. Show a spirit such as you did but now and you will do well. As for me, I can die. But you can never break your vows to Caston. It would be a base wrong to him, and I would rather die than allow it."—Be firm; those are the times to try the soul, but be firm, Celia."

"I have this with which to defend myself," said the fair girl, and she drew a small dagger from beneath her dress. "This will be plunged into his heart if he offers violence—and if all else fails it shall enter mine and free me from a life of misery."
"Alas! my Celia—my daughter."

CHAPTER III.

Nearly an hour had passed and still the father and daughter sat in the tent, she with a beating heart and despairing soul, thinking on his coming death—on his ignominy, on the fiendish exultation of Grober, he, trembling with apprehension for the future fate of his child. The hour would soon be up. His last moments were passing swiftly away, his minutes of existence were numbered, soon time would be at an end with him.

They sat silent, for not a word was spoken by either, but each sat involved in saddest expectation.

"Farewell, farewell, my poor child!" he exclaimed at length. "I hear Grober's voice. I heard him order his men to be ready. He is coming and my fate will soon be sealed. But, Celia, keep up your spirit, and do not yield to my murderer."

"Never, never!" cried Celia, with a voice scarcely audible.

"Now," cried Grober, entering, "old man, your time is up. Are you prepared to yield, Celia, or will you die?"
"I am ready—lead me to death."
"I spoke not to you, but to her who can save you. Answer, Celia—shall your father die, or not?"

"He shall!" she answered, in a stern and steady voice. "He shall die—but there is another world; there is a God above, Grober, and remember there is a hell!"

"I shall. Soldiers approach, lead this traitor to the gallows. Ah, you going? Well, then, come, lean on your father—his death may soften you."

All was still as Sandford was borne on, with blinded eyes, and hands bound behind him. All was still, and they approached the fatal cord which hung from the branch of a gigantic tree, whose stately form rose beneath the hill.

"Miss Sandford, there is your father."
She spoke not, she made no sign, but kissed her father, and the last words of farewell were spoken.

Suddenly she started. Her quick ears detected a sound far away, gradually increasing, gradually approaching—she trembled, her heart beat quickly once more, hope revived, for well she knew the sounds. Such sounds always announced the coming of Gaston.

But she alone seemed to notice it, for Grober heedless of all things else, gave orders for Sandford's death. "Place the noose around the traitor's neck, and be ready, men, to pull him up between earth and heaven."

"The cord was fastened around that venerable head, whose lips moved as though breathing a prayer."
"Once more Miss Sandford, speak."
She folded her arms and answered not a word.

"Your father in five minutes shall die, and you try not to save him. Unnatural girl! you—it is you who are his destroyer."
"Still not a word. She heard the sounds coming nearer. The other soldiers heard them—they looked fearfully towards Grober."

"Hang him—pull him up," yelled Grober furiously, to his men. "Fool, obey me—what are you staring at?"

One of them pointing at the hill and said, "the rebels." The sound of coming horses was heard rising loudly through the air—the loud thunder of their tramp over a rocky road; they were close at hand.

"Hang this fellow first, and then meet the rebels. Fools! Ah, fury!"
He rushed towards the camp, crying, "To arms! up, soldiers! the rebels!" and all through the camp went the startling cry of, "the rebels!"

And now came the trumpet's notes—loudly, wildly, piercingly through the air, and the rushing of the coming foes was heard, as the soldiers instantly seized their arms and poured forth to meet them. Through the gloom light could be seen and Celia, finding all full of excitement and herself unnoticed, loosened her father, and stole fast and far away up the rocky hill. Reaching a rugged height, she stopped to let her father rest, and then they both looked down. By the blazing fire they could see all.

The British soldiers hastily leaped upon their steeds and seized their arms. Trumpets sounded, and the voice of Grober was heard as he cursed his soldiers and gave them his commands.

Down came the troop upon them—down they rushed from the hills with the speed and fury of a whirlwind. The long and rough road the former fatigue of the day, all were forgotten, and nothing remained but the unquenchable ardor of battle and fierce thirst for vengeance.

"Liberty! Down with the king! Death to the British!"

The shout rose shrilly on high as the Americans came on. There rode the flower of their cavalry—there Celia could distinguish the noble form of Caston, and could hear his voice as its deep tones cried out, "On, upon them!"

"God save the king, and down with the rebels!" was the cry of Grober's band as they stood to meet the enemy. This was but for a moment. On came the horses, and then amid long volleys of musketry, and dust and smoke, shrieks of agony and shouts of triumph, clashes of arms, and neighing of furious horses, the troops closed.

For a while nothing could be seen but a wild confusion of soldiers and horses—nothing heard but one vast outcry. Carbines and guns could no longer be loaded; they fought with swords and guns used as clubs.

"Revenge!" shouted Caston. "Remember Sandford!"

"Death to the rebels!" yelled Grober "Furies!" he screamed. "Down with them!"

His men, panic-stricken by the fierceness of the Americans, whom they had been taught to despise, and overpowered by their individual strength began to waver.

Then the men of Caston grew fiercer still, and their swords darted quickly and fatally around. They drew closer to one another—they rushed more furiously into the broken ranks of the British.

"Fly," cried they, as terrified they beheld the Americans once more riding victorious among them. Caston rode amid the hottest of the fight, searching for Grober, whose voice was yet heard, but more tremulous than before. He sought him out, and came up, sword in hand. His pale countenance, over which hung his raven hair in wild disorder—his compressed and colorless lips, his blazing eyes, made him appear like some spirit, some demon.

"Grober, I have found you. Die!"
"Quarrel," cried the British soldiers running. "Why fight longer? I yield. But had I true Britons instead of these Hessians, no American could withstand me," and Grober threw down his sword.

"Coward," cried Caston, with a hoarse voice. "You fear to fight me."
"I do not; but I ask for quarter, rebel!"
"What! will you insult me?" cried Caston—and flinging away his sword he seized Grober, and with herculean strength hurled him from his horse to the earth.

All conflict had ceased. The British, or rather Hessians—for this was a troop of the Hessian cavalry which England had sent out—yielded themselves prisoners. Grober was bound and led before Caston. The fire was replenished—the troop of Americans busied themselves in securing the prisoners, and putting their horses to rest.

From the rock above Celia had seen all—had seen her lover triumphant, and now sitting to seal the doom of her enemy. Instantly the old man and his daughter went down to meet their deliverer.

"Grober," said Caston, gazing sternly upon him, "do you know who I am?"
"A fiend—for none but a fiend has such a glance, or strength."
"Be wary how you answer. Do not tempt me. Your life hangs by too brittle a thread."
"My life? How?"
"You shall be hung as a murderer of the innocent."

"What! Dare you speak thus to a British officer? Hang—"

"Where is Mr. Sandford?"
"I know not."
"You have murdered him. I have come too late to save him."
"He was a rebel, and therefore I seized him."
"Was his daughter a rebel? Why did you seize her?"

"For particular purposes."
"Why did you destroy his house, plunder it, murder the servants, and the venerable man who befriended you? Answer," rejoined Caston indignantly.

"I will answer those who have a right to question me. Take care of me until I stand before your commander."
"I will take care of you for one half hour, and then a greater Being will judge you."
"What?"
"Is the rope ready, Murray?"

"There is one upon yonder large tree, with a weight attached, all ready. The villains have used it on poor Sandford."
Caston's eyes flashed more terribly—his face wore a more despairing look—his voice was hollow.

"Where is Celia?"
"Grober, who did not imagine that they would dare to put an English officer to death began to tremble."

"Tell me where Celia is before you die."
"Will you surely kill me?"
"I will."
"By hanging?"
"Yes. Where is Celia Sandford?"

"I know not—I swear I know not!" replied Grober, supplicatingly.

"Scoundrel! murderer!" cried Caston, overcome with rage and bitter anguish—and seizing Grober, he held him by the wrist with a grasp like that of a vice.

"She—she escaped—she did truly!"
"Where has she gone?"
"I know not. Both have escaped. I do not—upon my honor—I do not know."
"Your honor," cried Caston, bitterly. "What is—"

"Caston—Caston—there they are, by thunder!" cried Murray, in a tone that made Caston turn suddenly round. Ah! what a sight. Ah, what a sudden revision from despair to joy, from anguish to bliss! There was the old man walking towards them—and by his side, assisting him, was Celia all lovely, all beautiful, like some angel suddenly come from on high. How could the transport of joy which rushed through Caston's bosom be described? the thrill of rapture with which he again welcomed Celia to his arms!

"Celia! Celia! from the dead you appear to come, for I have mourned you as dead, and there was no hope—no hope for me, Celia."
"Ah, Henry, death I feared not. The bitterness of death with me was passed when the rope was put round my father's neck."
"What? Does he come from the dead, too?"
"He has suffered more pain from Grober than death could give."

"Grober! See, there he stands."
The wretched man now saw there was no hope, for here were those whom a short time before he had cruelly used. He could not cry for mercy—his tongue seemed incapable of motion.

"Hurry away, Celia, I have a duty to perform."
Celia and her father departed—then Caston spoke:

"Wretched man! you have five minutes to prepare. I am your judge here. For murder you are to be hung!"

Grober spoke not. He looked round, but in the inflexible countenance of Caston and Murray there was no ray of hope to be gathered.

"Off with him!" said Caston. "The five minutes are up."

Two years passed away, and again it was a beautiful evening on the Hudson. But peace reigned all over the country, for the war was ended and America was free. The mansion of Mr. Sandford was rebuilt, and stood proudly on the summit of the hill. A bright light gleamed from it, but not the light of a conflagration. It was the glare of lamps which illuminated the hall, in which five hundred guests witnessed the espousals of Henry Caston and Celia Sandford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TOUCHING RELIC OF POMPEII.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser covering on his heap; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of the painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains, among the splendid evidences of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster, as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of the field of battle.

Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had a bag of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track, and vain their wealth, their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of his mistress, and to die at her feet.

Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chattering over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear with them the troubled swell of the waters in the bay? see, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden darkness, how the sky opens overhead